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Containing

The Connoisseur,
The Citizen of the World,

&c. &c.
The Babler.



T. D. G. L. D. A.

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HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE
CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,
CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

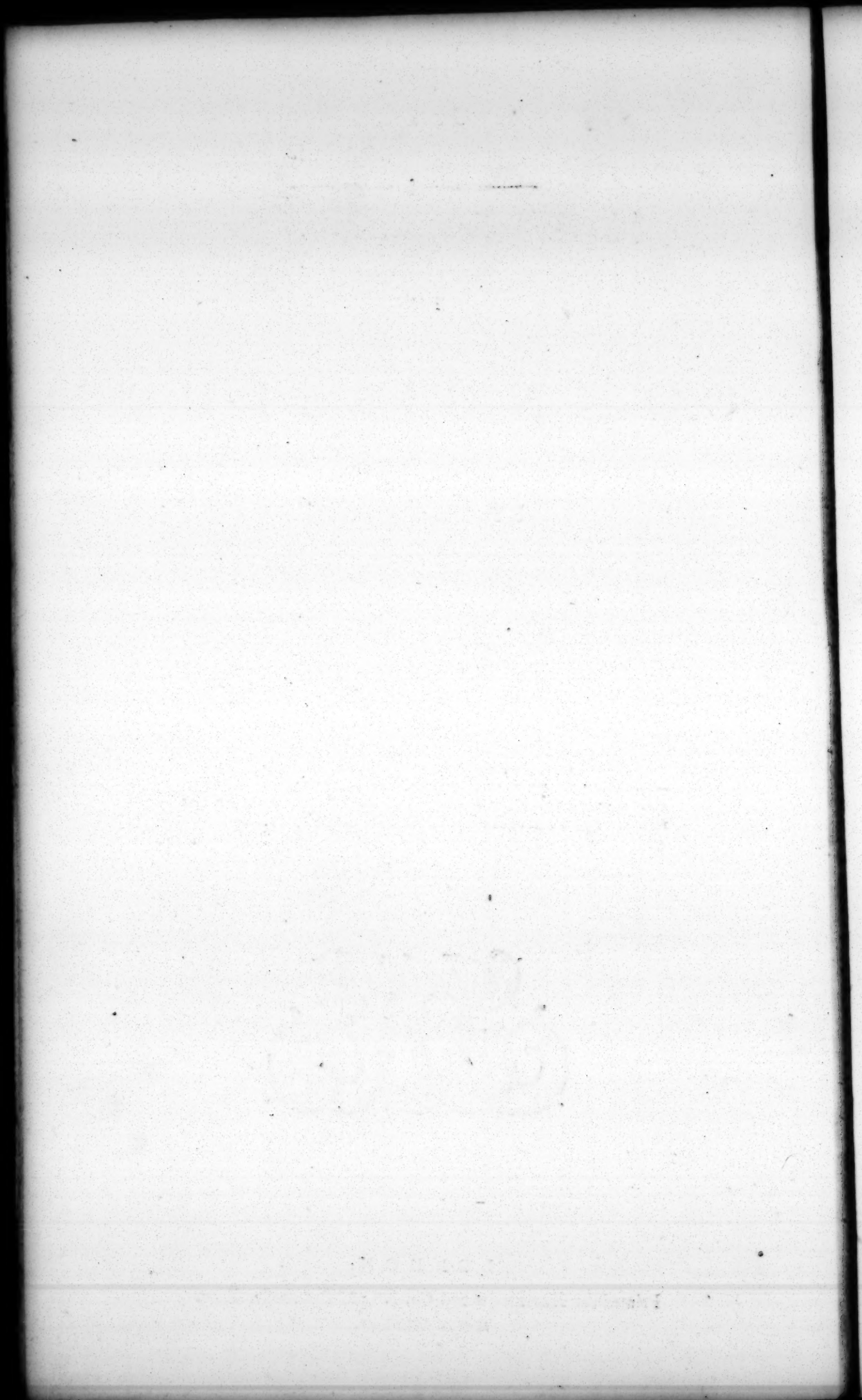
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

— NON DE VILLIS DOMIBUSVE ALIENIS,
NEC MALE NECNE LEPOS SALTET; SED QUOD MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, ET NESCIRE MALUM EST, AGITAMUS. —
Hor.



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THE
CONNOISSEUR.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

N^o I. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

ORDINE GENTIS
MORES, ET STUDIA, ET POPULOS, ET PRÆLIA DICAM.

VIRG.

THEIR STUDIES AND PURSUITS IN ORDER SHEWN,
'TIS WINE TO MARK THE MANNERS OF THE TOWN.

AS I have assumed the character of CENSOR-GENERAL, I shall follow the example of the old Roman Censor; the first part of whose duty was to review the people, and distribute them into their several divisions. I shall therefore enter upon my office, by taking a cursory survey of what is usually called *The Town*. In this I shall not confine myself to the exact method of a geographer, but carry the reader from one quarter to another, as it may suit my convenience, or best contribute to his entertainment.

When a comedian, celebrated for his excellence in the part of Shylock, first undertook that character, he made daily visits to the centre of business, the *Change* and the adjacent coffee-houses; that by a frequent intercourse and conversation with 'the unforefokinn'd race,' he might habituate himself to their air and deportment. A like desire of penetrating into the most secret springs of action in these people has often led me there; but I was never more diverted than at Garraway's a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only

could read hope, fear, and all the various passions excited by a love of gain, strongly pictured in the faces of those who came to buy; but I remarked with no less delight, the many little artifices made use of to allure adventurers, as well as the visible alterations in the looks of the sellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occasion to raise or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of these bubble-brokers impressed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds seemed so dead to all other sensations, that one might almost doubt, where money is out of the case, whether a Jew 'has eyes, 'hands, organs, dimensions, senses, 'affections, passions.'

From Garraway's it is but a short step to a gloomy class of mortals, not less intent on gain than the stock-jobber: I mean the dispensers of life and death, who flock together, like birds of prey watching for carcases, at *Batson's*. I never enter this place, but it serves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal assemblage of sible suits, and tremendous perukes! I have often met here a

A

most

most intimate acquaintance, whom I have scarce known again; a sprightly young fellow, with whom I have spent many a jolly hour; but being just dubbed a graduate in physic, he has gained such an entire conquest over the risible muscles, that he hardly vouchsafes at any time to smile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular importance of a veteran, on the possibility of Canning's subsisting for a whole month on a few bits of bread; and he is now preparing a treatise, in which will be set forth a new and infallible method to prevent the spreading of the plague from France into England. Batson's has been reckoned the seat of solemn stupidity: yet is it not totally devoid of taste and common sense. They have among them physicians, who can cope with the most eminent lawyers or divines; and critics, who can relish the *sal volatile* of a witty composition, or determine how much *fire* is requisite to *sublimate* a tragedy *secundum artem*.

Emerging from these dismal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air in St. Paul's Coffee-house: where (as I profess the highest veneration for our clergy) I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of those 'tatter'd crapes,' who are said to ply here for an occasional burial or sermon, with the same regularity as the happier drudges, who salute us with the cry of—'Coach, Sir,' or—'Chair, your honour.'

And here my publisher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter Coffee-house, which is frequented by those encouragers of literature, and (as they are styled by an eminent critic) 'not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers.' The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a *good* book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book, in the phrase of the CONGER, is best, which sells most: and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post. There are also many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of less accurate observers. A few nights ago I saw one of these gentlemen take up a

sermon, and after seeming to peruse it for some time with great attention, he declared, 'it was very good English.' The reader will judge whether I was most surprised or diverted, when I discovered, that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the *type*; which, it seems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We must not, however, think the members of the CONGER strangers to the deeper parts of literature; for as carpenters, smiths, masons, and all mechanics, smell of the trade they labour at, booksellers take a peculiar turn from their connections with books and authors. The character of the bookseller is commonly formed on the writers in his service. Thus one is a politician or a deist; another affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and sententious.

The Temple is the barrier that divides the city and suburbs; and the gentlemen who reside there, seem influenced by the situation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room; but the holiday smartness of a prentice, heightened with some additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itself in every thing they do. The Temple, however, is stocked with its peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every character in the gay world: and it is a thousand pities, that so pretty a society should be disgraced with a few dull fellows, who can submit to puzzle themselves with cases and reports, and have not taste enough to follow the genteel method of studying the law.

I shall now, like a true student of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticism; and hope to be excused for not stopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a greater variety of nearly the same characters. This coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and *bon mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This school (to which I am myself indebted for a
great

great part of my education, and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope, and the rest of that celebrated set, who flourished at the beginning of this century; and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of an happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I shall now take leave of Covent Garden, and desire the reader's company to White's. Here (as Vanbrugh says of Locket's) 'he may have a dish no bigger than a saucer, that shall cost him fifty shillings.' The great people, who frequent this place, do not interrupt their politer amusements, like the wretches at Garraway's, with business, any farther than to go down to Westminster one session to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it. Nor do they trouble themselves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themselves more fashionably at whist for the trifle of a thousand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lye of the day.

From this very genteel place the reader must not be surprised, if I should convey him to a cellar, or a common porter-house. For as it is my province to delineate and remark on mankind in general, whoever becomes my disciple must not refuse to follow me from the Star and Garter to the Goose and Gridiron, and be content to climb after me up to an author's garret, or give me leave to introduce him to a route. In my present curfory view of The Town, I have indeed confined myself principally to coffee-houses; though I constantly visit all places, that afford any matter for speculation. I am a Scotchman at Forrest's, a Frenchman at Slaughter's, and at the Cocoa-Tree I am—an English-

man. At the Robin Hood I am a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a physician, a metaphysician, a casuist, a moralist, a theologist, a mythologist, or any thing—but an Atheist. Wherever the World is, I am. You will therefore hear of me sometimes at the theatres, sometimes perhaps at the opera; nor shall I think the exhibitions of Sadler's Wells, or the Little Theatre in the Haymarket beneath my notice; but may one day or other give a dissertation upon Tumbling, or (if they should again become popular) a critique on Dogs and Monkeys.

Though the Town is the walk I shall generally appear in, let it not be imagined, that vice and folly will shoot up unnoticed in the country. My cousin VILLAGE has undertaken that province, and will send me the freshest advices of every fault or foible that takes root there. But as it is my chief ambition to please and instruct the ladies, I shall embrace every opportunity of devoting my labours to their service: and I may with justice congratulate myself upon the happiness of living in an age, when the female part of the world are so studious to find employment for a Censor.

The character of Mr. TOWN is, I flatter myself, too well known to need an explanation. How far, and in what sense, I propose to be a CONNOISSEUR, the reader will gather from my general motto—

———*Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos saltet; sed quod magis
ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, apitamus.*
HOR.

Who better knows to build, and who to dance,
Or this from Italy, or that from France,
Our Connoisseur will ne'er pretend to scan,
But point the follies of mankind to man.
Th'important knowledge of ourselves explain,
Which not to know all knowledge is but vain,

As Critic and Censor-General, I shall take the liberty to animadvert on every thing that appears to me vicious or ridiculous; always endeavouring 'to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature, to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very Age and body of the Time his form and pressure.'

T

N^o II. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

COMMISSA QUOD AUCTIO VENDIT
STANTINEUS, OENOPHORUM, TRIPODES, ARMARIA, CISTAS.

Juv.

MAIN'D STATUES, RUSTY MEDALS, MARBLES OLD,
BY SLOANE COLLECTED, OR BY LANGFORD SOLD.

I Have already received letters from several Virtuosi, expressing their astonishment and concern at my disappointing the warm hopes they had conceived of my undertaking from the title of my paper. They tell me, that by deserting the paths of *Virtù*, I at once neglect the public interest and my own; that by supporting the character of Connoisseur in it's usual sense, I might have obtained very considerable salaries from the principal auction-rooms, toy-shops, and repositories; and might besides very plausibly have recommended myself as the properest person in the world to be keeper of Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.

I cannot be insensible of the importance of this capital business of Taste, and how much reputation as well as profit would accrue to my labours, by confining them to the minutest researches into nature and art, and poring over the rust of antiquity. I very well know that the discovery of a new *Zoophyte*, or species of the *Polype*, would be as valuable as that of the *Longitude*. The cabinets of the curious would furnish out matter for my essays, more instructing than all the learned lumber of a Vatican. Of what consequence would it be, to point out the distinctions of originals from copies so precisely, that the paltry scratchings of a modern may never hereafter be palmed on a Connoisseur for the labours of a Rembrandt! I should command applause from the adorers of antiquity, were I to demonstrate, that merit never existed but in the schools of the old painters, never flourished but in the warm climate of Italy: and how should I rise in the esteem of my countrymen, by chastising the arrogance of an Englishman in presuming to determine the *Analysis of Beauty*!

At other times I might take occasion to shew my sagacity in conjectures on rusty coins and illegible marbles. What profound erudition is contained in an half-obliterated antique piece of copper!

TRAJ. IMP. P. VII. COSS. MAX.

*** TREB. V. P. P. S. C.; and how meretricious, most courteous and polite worthy reader, would the barbarous inscription of some ancient monument appear to thee, and how pleasant to thyne eye mytheall; thus preserved in it's obsolete spelling, and original Black Character! To this branch of Taste, I am more particularly pressed. A correspondent desires to know, whether I was of the party, that lately took a survey of Palmyra in the Desert; another, if I have traversed the Holy Land, or visited Mount Calvary. I shall not speak too proudly of my travels: but as my predecessor the SPECTATOR has recommended himself by having made a trip to Grand Cairo to take measure of a pyramid, I assure my reader that I have climbed Mount Vesuvio in the midst of it's eruptions, and dug some time underground in the ruins of Herculaneum.

I shall always be solicitous to procure the esteem of so respectable a body as the Connoisseurs; since I cannot but be sensible, could I any way merit it by my labours, how much more important the name of Mr. Town would appear, dignified with the addition of F. R. S. or *Member of the Society of Antiquarians*. I therefore take this early opportunity of obliging the curious with a letter from a very eminent personage, who, as well as myself, is lately become a Connoisseur, and is known to have gone abroad for no other purpose than to buy pictures.

TO MR. ****

DEAR SIR,

THE hurry in which I left England must have convinced you how much I was in earnest, when I talked of making a valuable collection of pictures. By my frequent attendance on sales, I already know almost as much of painting, as I do of the funds; and can talk

as learnedly of light and shade, figure, proportion, drapery, &c. as of the rise and fall of stocks. I have, however, been very much embarrassed in getting together a collection, suitable to the religion I profess. The famous painters were most of them such bigots to their own way of thinking, that they have scarce left any thing behind them but Holy Families, Dead Christs, and Madonas; subjects, which to me and my tribe are odious and abominable. A picture, since it has the property of being the language of all mankind, should never be particular in its subject; but we should paint, as the English are taught to pray, 'for all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics.'

When I have made the tour of Italy, I will send you a compleat list of all my purchases: in the mean time the following short specimen will enable you to judge of my precautions, in selecting pieces suitable to my character, and not offensive to my principles.

The first that I bought was 'The Elevation of the Golden Calf.' This I shall set up in the Royal Exchange, as a typical representation of myself, to be worshipped by all brokers, insurers, scriveners, and the whole fraternity of stock-jobbers.

The second is 'The Triumph of Gideon.' This I intended, if a late project in favour of our brethren had not miscarried, should have been hung up in St. Stephen's Chapel, as a memorial of our victory over the Uncircumcised.

The third and fourth are 'Peter denying his Master,' and 'Judas betraying him for thirty pieces of silver;' both which I design as presents to our two worthy friends, the B—— of —— and ——.

The next which I shall mention to you, deserves particular notice; and this is 'The Prophet of Nazareth himself, conjuring the devil into an herd of swine.' From this piece, when I return to England, I intend to have a print engraved; being very proper to be had in all Jewish families, as a necessary preservative against Pork and Christianity.

I shall not tire you with a particular detail of some other lesser pieces; such as, The Deluge, in water colours—The New Jerusalem, in perspective—Some

Ruins of the Temple—A Publican at the Receipt of Custom—and—a Samson in miniature.

Besides these, I have employed an ingenious artist here to execute a design of my own. It is a picture of Fortune; not standing (as in the common file) upon a kind of cart-wheel, but on the two wheels of the lottery, with a representation of a net cast over the lesser engrossers of tickets, while a Chief Manager is breaking his way through the meshes.

I must not forget to tell you, that I have picked up an infamous portrait, by an English hand, called Shylocks; with the following inscription under it, taken, I suppose, from the London Evening Post, or that impudent Fool the Gazetteer: 'They have disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laugh at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies;—and what's the reason?—I am a Jew.'

As soon as the parliament is dissolved, you may expect to see me in England; till when, I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

I shall here subjoin a letter of a very different stamp; which points out to me another walk as a Connoisseur, not less extensive perhaps, and more agreeable to the modern taste, than that of *Virtu*.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Suppose Connoisseur is only another word for a Knowing One. So write me a few papers in defence of cards, dice, races, and gaming in general; and I will admit you *upon the square*, introduce you at White's, *set you upon the turf*, the next meeting at Newmarket, and make your fortune at once. If you are the man I take you for, you will be wise, and do this directly; and then the odds are for you. If not, I'll hold you an hundred pounds to a China orange, that your paper is neglected as low and vulgar, and yourself condemned as an unfashionable blockhead.

Yours, as you behave,

WILL. HAZARD.

T

N^o III. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

SUAVE MARI MAGNO, TURBANTIBUS ÆQUORA VENTIS,
 E TERRA MAGNUM ALTERIUS SPECTARE LABOREM.

LUCRET.

WHEN RAGING WINDS THE RUFFLED DEEP DEFORM,
 WE LOOK AT DISTANCE, AND ENJOY THE STORM;
 TOST ON THE WAVES WITH PLEASURE OTHERS SEE,
 NOR NEED THEIR DANGERS, WHILE OURSELVES ARE FREE.

WE writers of essays, or (as they are termed) periodical papers, justly claim to ourselves a place among the modern improvers of literature. Neither Bently nor Burnam, nor any other equally sagacious commentator, has been able to discover the least traces of any similar productions among the ancients: except we can suppose, that the history of Thucydides was retailed weekly in sixpenny numbers; that Seneca dealt out his morality every Saturday; or that Tully wrote speeches and philosophical disquisitions, whilst Virgil and Horace clubbed together to furnish the poetry for a Roman Magazine.

There is a word, indeed, by which we are fond of distinguishing our works, and for which we must confess ourselves indebted to the Latin. Myself, and every petty journalist, affect to dignify our hasty performances by stiling them *Lucubrations*; by which we mean, if we mean any thing, that as the day is too short for our labours, we are obliged to call in the assistance of the night: not to mention the modest insinuation, that our compositions are so correct, that (like the orations of Demosthenes) they may be said to 'smell of the lamp.' We would be understood to follow the directions of the Roman satirist 'to grow pale by the midnight candle;' though perhaps, as our own satirist expresses it, we may be thought

Sleepless ourselves to give our readers sleep.

But, as a relief from the fatigue of so many restless hours, we have frequently gone to sleep for the benefit of the public: and surely we, whose labours are confined to a sheet and half, may be indulged in taking a nap now and then, as well as those engaged in longer works; who (according to Horace) are to be excused, if a little drowsiness sometimes creeps in upon them.

After this preface, the reader will not be surprised, if I take the liberty to relate a dream of my own. It is usual on these occasions to be lulled to sleep by some book; and most of my brethren pay that compliment to Virgil or Shakespeare: but as I could never discover any opiate qualities in those authors, I chose rather to doze over some modern performance. I must beg to be excused from mentioning particulars, as I would not provoke the resentment of my contemporaries: nobody will imagine, that I dipt into any of our modern novels, or took up any of our late tragedies.—Let it suffice, that I presently fell fast asleep.

I found myself transported in an instant to the shore of an immense sea, covered with innumerable vessels; and though many of them suddenly disappeared every minute, I saw others continually launching forth, and pursuing the same course. The seers of visions, and dreamers of dreams, have their organs of sight so considerably improved, that they can take in any object, however distant or minute. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that I could discern every thing distinctly, though the waters before me were of the deepest black.

While I stood contemplating this amazing scene, one of those good-natured Genii, who never fail making their appearance to extricate dreamers from their difficulties, rose from the sable stream, and planted himself at my elbow. His complexion was of the darkest hue, not unlike that of the *Demons* of a printing-house; his jetty beard shone like the bristles of a blacking-brush; on his head he wore a turban of imperial paper; and

There hung a calf-skin on his reverend limbs, which was gilt on the back, and faced with

with robings of Morocco, lettered (like a rubric-post) with the names of the most eminent authors. In his left-hand he bore a printed scroll, which from the marginal corrections I imagined to be a proof-sheet; and in his right he waved the quill of a goose.

He immediately accosted me.—

‘Towa,’ said he, ‘I am the Genius, who is destined to conduct you through these turbulent waves. The sea that you now behold is the Ocean of Ink. Those towers, at a great distance, whose bases are founded upon rocks, and whose tops seem lost in the clouds, are situated in the Isle of Fame. Contiguous to these, you may discern by the glittering of its golden sands, is the Coast of Gain, which leads to a fertile and rich country. All the vessels, which are yonder sailing with a fair wind on the main sea, are making towards one or other of these: but you will observe, that on their first setting out they were irresistibly drawn into the Eddies of Criticism, where they were obliged to encounter the most dreadful tempests and hurricanes. In these dangerous straits, you see with what violence every bark is tossed up and down: some go to the bottom at once; others, after a faint struggle, are beat to pieces; many are much damaged; while a few by sound planks and tight rigging are enabled to weather the storm.’

At this sight I started back with horror: and the remembrance still dwells so strong upon my fancy, that I even now imagine the torrent of Criticism bursting in upon me, and ready to overwhelm me in an instant.

‘Cast a look,’ resumed my instructor, ‘on that vast lake divided into two parts, which lead to yonder magnificent structures, erected by the Tragic and Comic Muse. There you may observe many trying to force a passage without chart or compass. Some have been overfet by crowding too much sail, and others have foundered by carrying too much ballast. An * Arcadian vessel (the master an Irishman) was, through contrary squalls, scarce able to live nine days: but you see that light Italian gondola, † Gli Amanti Gelosi, skims along pleasant-

ly before the wind, and out-strips the painted frigates of her country, ‡ Done and Artaserse. Observe that triumphant squadron, to whose flag all the others pay homage. Most of them are ships of the first rate, and were fitted out many years ago. Though somewhat irregular in their make, and but little conformable to the exact rules of art, they will ever continue the pride and glory of these seas: for, as it is remarked by the present Laureat in his prologue to *Papal Tyranny*—

Shakespeare, whose art no play-wright can excel,
Has launch’d us fleets of plays, and built them well.

The Genius then bade me turn my eye, where the water seemed to foam with perpetual agitation. ‘That,’ said he, ‘is the strong Current of Politicks, often fatal to those who venture on it.’ I could not but take notice of a poor wretch on the opposite shore, fastened by the ears to a terrible machine. This, the Genius informed me, was the memorable Defoe, set up there as a landmark, to prevent future mariners from splitting on the same rock.

To this turbulent prospect succeeded objects of a more placid nature. In a little creek, winding through flowery meads and shady groves, I descried several gilded yachts and pleasure-boats, all of them keeping due time with their silver oars, and gliding along the smooth, even, calm, regularly flowing Rivulets of Rhyme. Shepherds and shepherdesses playing on the banks; the sails were gently swelled with the soft breezes of amorous sighs; and little Loves sported in the silken cordage.

My attention was now called off from these pacific scenes to an obstinate engagement between several ships, distinguished from all others by bearing the Holy Cross for their colours. These, the Genius told me, were employed in the Holy War of Religious Controversy; and he pointed out to me a few Corsairs in the service of the Infidels, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion.

I observed in different parts of the

* *Philoclea*, a tragedy; founded on Sir Philip Sydney’s *Arcadia*.

† An admired *Burletta*,

‡ *Operas*.

ocean several gallies, which were rowed by slaves. 'Those,' said the Genius, 'are fitted out by very oppressive owners, and are all of them bound to the Coast of Gain. The miserable wretches, whom you see chained to the oars, are obliged to tug without the least respite; and though the voyage should turn out successful, they have little or no share in the profits. Some few you may observe, who rather chuse to make a venture on their own bottoms. These work as hard as the galley-slaves, and are frequently cast away: but though they are ever so often wrecked, necessity still constrains them to put out to sea again.'

——— *Reficit rates*
Quassas, indicilis pauperiem pati.

HOR.

Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit;
For who to starve can patiently submit?

It were needless to enumerate many other particulars, that engaged my notice. Among the rest was a large fleet of Annotators, Dutch-built, which sailed very heavy, were often a-ground, and continually ran foul on each other. The whole ocean, I also found, was infested by pirates, who ransacked every rich vessel that came in their way. Most

of these were endeavouring to make the Coast of Gain by hanging out false colours, or by forging their passports, and pretending to be freighted out by the most reputable traders.

My eyes were at last fixed, I know not how, on a spacious channel, running through the midst of a great city. I felt such a secret impulse at this sight, that I could not help enquiring particularly about it. 'The discovery of that passage,' said the Genius, 'was first made by one Bickerstaff, in the good ship called The Tatler, and who afterwards embarked in The Spectator and Guardian. These have been followed since by a number of little sloops, skiffs, hoys, and cock-boats, which have been most of them wrecked in the attempt. Thither also must your course be directed.'—At this instant the Genius suddenly snatched me up in his arms, and plunged me headlong into the inky flood. While I lay gasping and struggling beneath the waves, methought I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name; which awaking me, I with pleasure recollected the features of the Genius in those of my publisher, who was standing by my bed-side, and had called upon me for copy.

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N^o IV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1754.

CONJUGIUM VOCAT, HOC PIETATEXIT NOMINE CULPAM.

VIRG.

WHERE MATRIMONY VEILS TH' INCESTUOUS LIFE.
AND WHORE IS SHELTER'D IN THE NAME OF WIFE.

IT is with the utmost concern I have heard myself within this week past accused at several tea-tables, of not being a man of my word. The female part of my readers exclaim against me for not having as yet paid my particular addresses to the fair. 'Who is this Mr. Town?' says one: 'Where can the creature live? He has said nothing yet of the dear Burletta girl.' Another wonders that I have not recommended to the ladies Mr. Hoyle's New Calculation of Chances; for understanding which nothing more is required, we are told, than the First Principles of Arithmetic; that is, to know how to tell the pips, and set up one's game. But I find the whole sex in general have expected

from me some shrewd remarks upon the Marriage-bill. To oblige them in some measure, I shall at present recommend to their notice the following advertisement, which has been sent me with a request to make it public.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE REVEREND MR. KEITH,
(WHO HAS HAD THE HONOUR TO PERFORM BEFORE SEVERAL OF THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, AND OTHERS,) GIVES THIS PUBLIC NOTICE,

THAT he shall continue at his chapel in May Fair no longer than the present month. He will then set out on his progress through the principal Market-towns,

towns, where he will exhibit publicly, without loss of time, any hour of the day or night. He will perform to no less than two persons, and will wait on any gentleman and lady privately at their own houses.

* * We have no connection with the Fleet parsons, or other pretenders. Beware of counterfeits. *Ego sum solus.*

I may perhaps take a future opportunity of enlarging on this very important subject, the Marriage-Bill; but shall at present oblige the ladies by celebrating an order of females lately sprung up among them, usually distinguished by the denomination of Demi-Reps — a word not to be found in any of our dictionaries.

This order, which seems daily increasing upon us, was first instituted by some ladies eminent for their public spirit, with a view of raising their half of the species to a level with the other in the unbounded licence of their enjoyments. By this artifice the most open violation of modesty takes the name of innocent freedom and gaiety; and as long as the last failing remains a secret, the lady's honour is spotless and untainted. In a word, a Demi-Rep is a lady, whom every body thinks, what nobody chuses to call her.

It is absolutely necessary, that every lady of this order should be married. Custom has given a certain charm to wedlock, which changes the colour of our actions, and renders that behaviour not improper, which in a state of celibacy would be accounted indecent and scandalous. As to the promises made in marriage, 'to love, honour, and obey,' custom has made them also merely ceremonial, and in fact as little binding as the wedding-ring, which may be put on or pulled off at pleasure.

Religious and political writers have both for different reasons endeavoured to encourage frequent marriages: but this order, if it maintains its ground, will more certainly promote them. How inviting must such a state appear to a woman of spirit! An English wife, with all the indiscretions of a girl, may assume more than the privileges of a woman; may trifle publicly with the beaux and smart, introduce them to her toilette, and fix it as a certain rule in all her conversation and behaviour, that when once marriage has (in Lucy's phrase) 'made an ho-

'nest woman of her,' she is entitled to all the licence of a courtesan.

I have lately seen, with a good deal of compassion, a few forward maiden ladies investing themselves with the dignities, and encroaching on the privileges of this order. It may not be improper to caution them to recede in time. As their claim to these liberties is unwarranted by custom, they will not retain that ambiguous reputation enjoyed by the Demi-Reps, whose whole system of conduct is founded on the basis of matrimony. Every lady, therefore, inclined to indulge herself in all those little innocent freedoms, should confine herself within the pale of matrimony, to elude censure; as insolvent debtors avoid a jail by lodging within the verge of the court.

A Demi-Rep then must necessarily be married: nor is it easy for a lady to maintain so critical a character, unless she is a woman of fashion. Titles and estates bear down all weak censures, and silence scandal and detraction. That good-breeding too, so inviolably preserved among persons of condition, is of infinite service. This produces that delightful insipidity so remarkable in persons of quality, whose conversation flows with an even tenor, undisturbed by sentiment, and unruffled by passion: insomuch that husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, cousins, and in short the whole circle of kindred and acquaintance, can entertain the most thorough contempt and even hatred for each other, without transgressing the minutest article of good-breeding and civility. But those females, who want the advantages of birth and fortune, must be content to wrap themselves up in their integrity; for the lower sort are so notoriously deficient in the requisites of politeness, that they would not fail to throw out the most cruel and bitter invectives against the pretty delinquents.

The great world will, I doubt not, return me thanks for thus keeping the *Canaille* at a distance, and securing to them a quiet possession of their enjoyments. And here I cannot but observe, how respectable an order the Demi-Reps compose, of which the lovely sisterhood must all be married, and almost all Right Honourable.

For this order, among many other embellishments of modern life, we are indebted to the French. Such flippant gaiety is more agreeable to the genius

B of

of that nation. There is a native bashfulness inherent in my countrywomen, which it is not easy to surmount: but our modern fine ladies, who take as much pains to polish their minds as to adorn their persons, have got over this obstacle with incredible facility. They have so skilfully grafted the French genius for intrigue upon British beauty and liberty, that their conduct appears perfectly original: though we must do the French the justice to allow, that when a lady of this airy disposition visits Paris, she returns most wonderfully improved. Upon the whole, France appears the properest school to instruct the ladies in the theory of their conduct; but England, and more especially London, the most commodious place to put it in practice. In this town, indeed, a lady studious of improvement, may in a very short time become a considerable proficient, by frequenting the several academies kept constantly open for her profit and instruction. The card-tables and masquerades in particular have trained up some ladies to a surprising eminence, without the least assistance from a foreign education.

It is observed, that the difference between the several species in the scale of beings is but just sufficient to preserve their distinction; the highest of one order approaching so near to the lowest of the other, that the gradation is hard to be determined; as the colours of the rainbow, through an infinite variety of shades, die away into each other imperceptibly. The Demi-Reps hold this intermediate station, in the characters of females, between the modest women and the women of pleasure; to both which they are in some measure connected, as they stand upon the utmost verge of reputation, and totter on the brink of infamy. It were therefore to be wished, that these ladies wore some symbol of their order, or were distinguished by

some peculiar mode of dress. The Romans assigned different habits to persons of different ages and stations; and I hope, that when the bustle of the ensuing elections is over, the new parliament will take this matter into consideration, and oblige the several classes of females to distinguish themselves by some external marks and badges of their principles.

Till some act of this nature shall take place, I shall propose a method, by which every lady may exactly learn in what class she may be reckoned. The world must know then, that my very good friend Mr. Ayscough has at length with infinite pains and study constructed a thermometer; upon which he has delineated, after the manner that the degrees of heat and cold are marked on the common sort, the whole scale of female characters, from the most inviolable modesty to the most abandoned impudence. It is of a commodious size to wear at a watch: the liquor within the tube is a chemical mixture, which being acted on by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, will rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer. He will very shortly publish a large assortment of them, to be sold at his shop on Ludgate Hill: and I flatter myself, there are many women in England who will be glad to purchase such an effectual regulator of their passions. Every lady, therefore, may avail herself of the instructions of this pocket-monitor; a monitor, who will give her the most profitable lessons, without the usual impertinence of advice. It will be of equal efficacy, if worn by the men. But I expect my friend will have but little of their custom; for as the mere reputation of chastity is the utmost aim of a fine lady, to preserve even that, in a fine gentleman, is accounted mean and unmanly,
O.

N^o V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

Σκηΐας ἔλαυνει λοιμός ἐχθρὸς πόλιν.

SOPHOCLE.

A PLAGUE HAS SEIZ'D US, AND THE TAINTED CITY
IS ONE WIDE PEST-HOUSE TEEMING WITH CONTAGION.

TO MR. TOWN.

WATSON'S COFFEE-HOUSE,
FEB. 26, 1754.

SIR,

I Must beg leave to trouble you on a most serious and melancholy subject; a subject, which I fear will be attended with the most dreadful consequences to the whole nation. Notwithstanding the last mail brought the college positive assurances from the French King's physicians, that the late PLAGUE at Rouen was entirely ceased, I have the strongest reasons to apprehend, that the contagion is already spread to this city. My own practice daily furnishes me with lamentable instances, that manifestly indicate a pestilential disorder in the blood and humours.

I was first induced to suspect, that some epidemical distemper was taking root among us, from my being called in to a noble patient, who (as the public prints have informed you) has lately been afflicted with a violent boil on his back. From this patient there have issued continually great quantities of corruption of a yellow hue. His complaint seems to be in some sort constitutional, as it commonly breaks out with extraordinary virulence every seven years; and as this is the crisis, we cannot pronounce our noble patient out of danger, till he has got over the ensuing spring. It is moreover to be feared, that the contagion has likewise reached Ireland; where we hear that the best physicians are using the most forcing medicines, and are of opinion that nothing can relieve the unhappy people, till they have voided a STONE. A great man there labours also under the above-mentioned complaint of having a violent BOYLE on his back*.

I shall now proceed to give you the history of some other cases, which have fallen under my notice, and are to me an indisputable proof that the Plague has got footing among us. It's malignancy shews itself particularly about

the court; and we are assured, that some parts of the country are also tainted with it. I have had the honour to attend several members of parliament, whose cases are very desperate. Some I found in a declining way, given over by all their friends; others are so weak, that they can't stand alone; and many are so restless, that they are continually turning from side to side. As I found they had great need of support, I have advised them to drink plentifully of strong liquors, and guard against the ill consequences of a *Return*.

I visited the other day a young gentleman, who has lately been promoted to a command in the Squadron designed for the East-Indies. I found him in a most languishing condition; his spirits were quite depressed; he had a violent palpitation of the heart; and the whole nervous system was relaxed. I would have prescribed the well-known diet-drink brought into practice by the late Bishop of Cloyne; but he told me, every thing went against his stomach that favoured of TAR. However, I at length prevailed on him to submit to a long course of sea-water. I have observed the same prognostics in some of our land-officers; to whom I have recommended the frequent use of exercise, together with a course of steel, and a powder composed of nitre and sulphur.

A friend of mine, one of the common-council men of this city, is infected to a strong degree with the present pestilence. His chief complaint is a canine appetite; and his wife assures me, she has often felt the wolf in his belly. The seat of this distemper is originally in the palate, and discovers itself by a watering of the mouth from the salival glands, and a grinding of the teeth as in the action of mastication. This disorder being very common in the city, and likely to spread among the livery, I have directed him to perform quarantine for forty days, by abstaining from flesh during the present Lent.

* Alluding to some disputes in Ireland.

I know another, a very worthy alderman, who now lies in a most deplorable condition. He is swelled to a most enormous size; his whole face, and particularly his nose, is crusted over with fiery pustules of the confluent kind. He is afflicted with an insatiable thirst, and is very subject to falling-fits. I was sent for last night, when one of these fits had just seized him. He lay to all appearance dead on the floor, wallowing in the midst of a foetid mass, partly solid, partly fluid, which had issued from his mouth and nostrils with repeated eructations. I would immediately have administered to him a proper dose of *Aq. Font. tepesact.* but on offering him the draught, he shewed the strongest symptoms of a confirmed *hydrophobia*.

I went out of charity to see a poor tragic author, (no reflection upon any of the profession, Mr. Town) who has been obliged to keep his room all the winter, and is dying by inches of an inveterate *atrophy*. By his extravagant ravings, sudden starts, incoherent expressions, and passionate exclamations, I judged his disorder to be seated in the brain, and therefore directed his head to be blistered all over. I cured another, a comic author, of a lethargy, by making a revulsion of the bad humour from the part affected with stimulating cathartics. A short squabby gentleman of a gross and corpulent make was seized with a kind of St. Vitus' dance, as he was practising Harlequin for the masquerade: his whole body was convulsed with the most violent writhings and irregular twitches; but I presently removed his complaint by applying blisters to the soles of his feet.

The Plague, as I observed before, puts on different appearances in different subjects. A person of quality, one of the club at White's, was seized with the epidemical phrenzy raging there, which propagates itself by certain black and red spots. He had suffered so much loss by continual evacuations, that his whole substance was wasted; and when I saw him he was so reduced, that there were no hopes of a recovery. Another nobleman caught the infection at Newmarket, which brought upon him such a *running*, that he is now in the last stage of a *galloping* consumption. A reverend divine, lately made a dignitary of the church, has unhappily lost his memory; and is so blind withal, that he

hardly knows any of his old acquaintance: the muscles of his face are all contracted into an austere frown, his knees are stiff and inflexible, and he is unable, poor gentleman! to bend his body, or move his hand to his head. I have observed others seized at times with a strange kind of deafness; and at certain intervals, I have found them so prodigiously hard of hearing, that though a tradesman has bawled ever so loudly in their ears, it has had no effect upon them.

By what means this Plague has been introduced among us, cannot easily be ascertained;—whether it was imported in the same band-box with the last new head, or was secretly conveyed in the plaits of an embroidered suit:—but that it came over hither from France, plainly appears from the manner in which it affects our people of fashion, especially the ladies, who bear about them the most evident marks of the *French disease*. This is known to affect the whole *habit* of body, and extends it's influence from head to foot. But it's strongest attacks are levelled at the face; and it has such an effect upon the complexion, that it entirely changes the natural colour of the skin. At Paris, the face of every lady you meet is besmeared with unguent, cerufs, and plaister; and I have lately remarked, with infinite concern, the native charms of my pretty country-women destroyed by the same cause. In this case I have always proposed calling in the assistance of a surgeon to pare off this unnatural *Epidermis* or scarf-skin, occasioned by the ignorance of Empirics in the immoderate application of *Alteratives*.

From what I have been able to collect from observations on my female patients, I have found little variation in the effects of the Plague on that sex. Most of them complain of a lassitude, a listlessness, an uneasiness, pains they don't know where, vapours, hysterics, want of rest, want of spirits, and loss of appetite: consequently the same regimen may serve for all. I advise them to use a great deal of exercise in driving about the town, to dilute properly with tea, to perspire freely at public places, and in their seasons to go to Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, or Scarborough.

I was indeed surprised with an extraordinary new case the other night, when I was called out of bed to attend a maid
of

of honour, who is frequently afflicted with fits of the mother. Her abdomen, I found, upon examination, to be preternaturally distended: the tumour has been gradually increasing; but I would not attempt to discuss it, as it was not yet arrived to maturity. I intend soon to remove her into the country for a month, in order to deliver her from the complaint she labours under.

I have been induced, Sir, to write to you on this occasion, as you are pleased to take this city under your immediate care. So alarming an evil calls upon us all to oppose its progress: for my own part, nothing shall deter me from a diligent discharge of the duty of my profession; though it has already exposed me to the greatest dangers in the execution of it. An old captain of a man of war, who is grievously troubled with choler and overflowing of the gall, on my only hinting a clyster, swore vehemently that I should take one myself, and applying his foot directly to my fundament, kicked me down stairs. This very morning I escaped almost by miracle from the contagion, which raged in the most violent degree through a whole

family. The master and mistress were both of them in a very high fever, and quite frantic and delirious: their tongues were prodigiously enflamed, with the tip very sharp, and perpetually vibrating without the least intermission. I would have prescribed some cooling and lenitive medicines; but the husband in the height of his phrenzy flung my tye-wig into the fire, and his wife sluiced me with extravasated urine. As I retired with precipitation, I heard the same wild ravings from the nursery, the kitchen, and every other quarter, which convinced me that the pestilence had seized the whole house. I ran out of doors as fast as possible, reflecting with Terence—'If Health herself would save this family, she could not.'

—————*Ipsa se cupiat Salus,
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.*

Upon the whole, I may conclude with the aphorism of Hippocrates—'That no people can possibly be afflicted with so many and so terrible disorders, unless the PLAGUE is among them.'

I am, Sir, your's &c.

W

B. G.

Nº VI. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

—————*QUID ALAT FORMETQUE POETAM.*

HOR.

PRACTICE ALONE MUST FORM THE WRITER'S HEAD,
AND EVERY AUTHOR TO THE TRADE BE BRED.

I Remember to have seen, in some old Italian poet, a fable called 'The Education of the Muses.' Apollo is there said to have taken them at their birth under his immediate care, and as they grew up, to have instructed them, according to their different capacities, in the several branches of playing and singing. Thalia, we are told, was of a lively turn, and took delight in the most comic airs; but was at first with difficulty restrained from falling into ridiculous drolleries, and what our author calls *extravaganzas* in her manner. Melpomene, who was of a serious and grave disposition, indulged herself in strains of melancholy; but when she aimed at the most pathetic strokes, was often harsh, or run into wild divisions. Clio, and the rest of the Nine, had not yet learned to temper their voices with sweetness and variety; nor could they

tell how to regulate the stops of their flutes, or touch the strings of their lyres, with judgment and grace. However, by much practice, they improved gradually under the instructions of Apollo, till at last they were able to exert all the powers of music: and they now form a compleat concert, which fills all Parnassus with the most enchanting harmony.

The moral to be drawn from this little fable is naturally applied to those servants of the Muses, Authors; who must necessarily rise, by the same slow degrees, from their first lame attempts in cultivating the arts of Apollo. The best of them, without doubt, went through many more stages of writing, than appears from the palpable gradations still remaining in their works. But as it is impossible to trace them from their first setting out, I shall here present

present the reader with the sum of my own experience, and illustrate, in the life of Mr. TOWN, the progress of an author.

Right or wrong, I have ever been addicted to scribbling. I was famous at school for my readiness at crambo and capping verses: I often made themes for other boys, and sold my copy for a tart or a custard. At nine years old I was taken notice of for an English distich; and afterwards immortalized myself by an holiday's task in the same language, which my master, who was himself a poet, pronounced to be scarce inferior to his favourite Blackmore. These were followed by a multitude of little pieces; which, like other fruits that come before their season, had nothing to recommend them but their early appearance.

Filled, however, with great conceptions of my genius and importance, I could not but lament, that such extraordinary parts should be confined within the narrow circle of my relations and acquaintance. Therefore, in order to oblige and amaze the public, I soon became a very large contributor to the monthly magazines. But I had the unspeakable mortification to see my favours sometimes not inserted, sometimes postponed, often much altered, and you may be sure always for the worse. On all these occasions, I never failed to condemn the arrogance and folly of the compilers of these miscellanies; wondering how they could so grossly mistake their own interest, and neglect the entertainment of their readers.

In the mean time a maiden aunt, with whom I lived, a very pious old lady, turned Methodist, and often took me with her to the Tabernacle, the Foundery, and many private meetings. This made such an impression upon my mind, that I devoted myself entirely to sacred subjects, and wrote several hymns, which were received with infinite applause by all the good women who visited my aunt; and (the servants being also Methodists) they were often sung by the whole family in the kitchen. I might perhaps in time have rivalled Wesley in these divine compositions, and had even begun an entire new version of the Psalms; when my aunt, changing her religion a second time, became a Moravian. But the hymns usually sung by the United Brethren, contain sentiments so sublime and incomprehensible, that notwithstand-

ing my late success in that kind of poetry, and the great opinion I entertained of my own talents, I durst not venture on their stile and manner.

As love and poetry naturally produce each other, it is no wonder, that before I was seventeen I had singled out my particular Sacharissa. This, you may suppose, gave birth to innumerable songs, elegies, and acrostics. In the space of two years I had written more love-verses than Waller, or any other poet; when, just as I imagined I had rhymed myself into her good graces, I had the mortification to find that my mistress was married to a cornet of horse, a fellow, who I am sure never wrote a line in his life. This threw me into such a violent rage against the whole sex, that I immediately burnt every syllable I had written in her praise, and in bitterness of soul translated the sixth satire of Juvenal.

Soon after this, the son and heir of Lord Townley, to whom I have the honour of being a distant relation, was engaged in a treaty of marriage with a rich heiress. I sat down immediately with great composure to write an epithalamium on this occasion. I trimmed Hymen's torch, and invited the Loves and Graces to the wedding: Concord was prepared to join their hands, and Juno to bless them with a numerous race of children. After all these pains, when every thing was ready for the wedding, and the last hand put to the epithalamium, the match was suddenly broke off, and my poem of course rendered useless. I was more uneasy under this disappointment than any of the parties could possibly be; till I was informed of the sudden marriage of a noble lord with a celebrated beauty. On this popular occasion, promising myself universal applause, I immediately published my epithalamium; which, like Bayes's prologue, was artfully contrived to serve one purpose as well as another.

As my notions had been hitherto confined within a narrow sphere of life, my literary pursuits were consequently less important, till I had the opportunity of enlarging my ideas by going abroad. My travels, of which I have before hinted something to the reader, opened to me a new and extensive field for observation. I will not presume to boast, that I received any part of my education at Geneva, or any of those celebrated

celebrated foreign universities, in which alone an Englishman can be grounded in the principles of religion and liberty: but I may say without vanity, that I gleaned some useful knowledge from every place I visited. My propensity to writing followed me wherever I went; and were I to meet with encouragement by a large subscription, I could publish several volumes of curious remarks, which I made in my tour. I had, indeed, like to have got into some unlucky scrapes, by turning author in places, where the liberty of the press was never so much as heard of. At Paris I narrowly escaped being put into the Bastille for a little *Chanson à boire*, reflecting on the mistress of the Grand Monarque; and I was obliged to quit Rome a week sooner than I intended, for fixing on Pasquin a prayer for the Pope's Toe, which was then laid up with the gout.

It was not till my return from abroad, that I formally commenced a professed critic, for which I now thought myself thoroughly qualified. I could draw parallels between Marseilles and Denoyer, compare the behaviour of the French parterre with the English pit; and have lately made a figure by affecting an indifference about the present burlettas, as I took care to let every body know, that I had often seen them in Flanders. My knowledge in theatrical affairs naturally led me to write a great number of occasional pamphlets on those topics; such as 'Examens of New Plays, Letters to the Managers, &c.' Not content with this, I had a strong inclination to shine in the drama. I often pleased myself with computing—'Three benefit nights—let me see—six hundred pounds at least—an hundred more for the copy—besides a perpetual freedom of the house.' These were temptations not to be resisted. I sat down therefore to a tragedy; but before I got through the first act, despairing to make it sufficiently *pathetic* for the modern taste, I changed my scheme, and began a comedy; then again reflecting, that most of our comedies were in reality nothing but over-grown farces, contented myself with writing,

what authors are now pleased to call a comedy of two acts. This I finished with a great deal of pains, and very much to my own satisfaction: but not being able to get it on the stage, as one house was entirely taken up with pantomimes, and the manager of the other had so many farces of his own, I generously made a present of it to an actor for his benefit—when to my great surprize it was damned.

I have at last resolved to bend all my attention, and dedicate all my powers, to the carrying on this my present elaborate undertaking. I am sorry to own, that the success has not at all answered my expectations: I flattered myself with being universally known, read, and admired; but I find quite the contrary. I went into a coffee-house the other day by Whitechapel Mount, where on asking for the Connoisseur, the woman stared at me, and said she did not know what I meant. I dined last week at a foreign ambassador's; and not a word about me or my works passed at table. I wrote to a relation at Caermarthen, desiring to know what reputation my paper has in Wales; but he tells me, that nothing in the literary way comes down there but the King's Speech and the London Evening Post. I have enquired into the sale of my first number, my second, my third, my fourth, and the last: yet I cannot assure my readers, that I have sold three thousand of any one of them. In short, I give this public notice once for all, that if I do not find myself taken in all over England, by the time I have published two or three hundred papers—let them look to it—let them look to it—I'll bid adieu to my ungrateful country, go directly to Berlin, and (as Voltaire is discarded) employ my pen in the service of that encourager of literary merit the King of Prussia. O

. As several correspondents, since the first publication of this number, have desired to know, from what Italian author the fable at the beginning of this paper is borrowed: we think it necessary to acquaint them, that the fiction is entirely our own,

N^o VII. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

PENITET HOSPITI, CUM ME SPECTANTE LACERTOS
 IMPONIT COLLO RUSTICUS ILLE TUO.
 OSCELA CUM VERO CORAM NON DURA DARETIS,
 ANTE OCULOS POSUI POCULA SUMPTA MEOS.

OVID.

I LOATH'D THE DINNER, WHILE BEFORE MY FACE
 THE CLOWN STILL PAW'D YOU WITH A RUDE EMBRACE;
 BUT WHEN HE TOY'D AND KISS'D WITHOUT CONTOUL,
 I TURN'D AND SCREEN'D MY EYES BEHIND THE BOWL.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Shall make no apology for recommending to your notice, as Censor-General, a fault that is too common among the married people; I mean the absurd trick of Fondling before company. Love is, indeed, a very rare ingredient in modern wedlock; nor can the parties entertain too much affection for each other: but an open display of it on all occasions renders them ridiculous.

A few days ago I was introduced to a young couple, who were but lately married, and are reckoned by all their acquaintance to be exceeding happy in each other. I had scarce saluted the bride, when the husband caught her eagerly in his arms, and almost devoured her with kisses. When we were seated, they took care to place themselves close to each other; and during our conversation he was constantly piddling with her fingers, tapping her cheek, or playing with her hair. At dinner, they were mutually employed in pressing each other to taste of every dish; and the fond appellations of—'My dear, my love,' &c. were continually bandied across the table. Soon after the cloth was removed, the lady made a motion to retire; but the husband prevented the compliments of the rest of the company by saying—'We should be unhappy without her.' As the bottle went round, he joined her health to every toast; and could not help now and then rising from his chair to press her hand, and manifest the warmth of his passion by the ardour of his caresses. This precious fooling, though it highly entertained them, gave me great disgust: therefore, as my company might very well be spared, I took my leave as soon as possible.

Nothing is more common than to see a new-married couple, setting out with a splendor in their equipage, furniture, and manner of living, which they have been afterwards obliged to retrench. Thus it happens, when they have made themselves remarkable by a shew of excessive love. They begin with great *eclat*, are lavish of their fondness at first, but their whole stock is soon wasted; and their poverty is the more unsupportable, as their former profusion has made it more conspicuous. I have remarked the ill consequence of this indiscretion in both cases: one couple has at last had separate beds, while the other have been carried to the opera in hackney chairs.

Two people, who are to pass their whole lives together, may surely find time enough for dalliance without playing over their pretty tricks in public. How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large assembly every one should select his mate, and the whole company should fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine's day! And it is surely no less absurd, to see a man and his wife eternally trifling and toying together—

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

HUDIBRAS.

I have often been reduced to a kind of awkward distress on these occasions; not knowing which way to look, or what to say. I consider them as playing a game, in which the stander-by is not at all interested; and would therefore recommend it to every third person in these circumstances, to take it as an hint, that the parties have a mind to be alone, and leave the room without further ceremony.

A friend of mine happened to be engaged in a visit to one of these loving couples. He sat still for some time, without

without interrupting the little endearments that passed between them. Finding them at length quite lost in nods, whispers, ogles, and in short, wholly taken up with each other, he rang the bell, and desired the servant to send in my lady's woman. When she came, he led her very gravely to the settee, and began to indulge himself in certain freedoms, which provoked the damsel to complain loudly of his rudeness. The lady flew into a violent passion, and rated him severely for his monstrous behaviour. My friend begged her pardon with great politeness, hoped she was not offended, for that he thought there had been no harm in amusing himself a little while with Mrs. Betty, in the same manner as her ladyship and Sir John had been diverting themselves these two hours.

This behaviour, though at all times improper, may in some sort be excused, where perhaps the match had been huddled up by the parents, and the young people are such new acquaintance, that they scarce ever saw each other till their marriage. A pair of loving turtles may be indulged in a little amorous billing at their first coming together: yet this licence should expire with the honeymoon, and even in that period be used but sparingly.

But if this conduct is blameable in young people, how very absurd is it in those advanced in years! Who can help laughing, when he sees a worn-out beau and belle, practising at threescore the very follies that are ridiculous at sixteen? I could wish that such a pair of antiquated lovers were delineated by the pencil of an Hogarth. How humorously would he represent two emaciated wrinkled figures, with eyes sunk into their heads, lank cheeks, and toothless gums, affecting to leer, smile, and languish at each other! But this affectation is still more remarkable, when a liquorish old fool is continually fondling a young wife: though perhaps the sight is not so disgusting to a stranger, who may reasonably suppose it to be the overflowings of a father's tenderness for his daughter.

It sometimes happens, that one of the parties perceives the folly of this behaviour. I have seen a sensible man quite uneasy at the indiscreet marks of kindness shewn by his lady. I know a clergyman in the country, who is often put to the blush by the strange familiarities

which his wife's love induces her to take with him. As she has had an indifferent education, you would often be at a loss to know, whether she is very kind, or very rude. If he dines abroad, she always sees him get on horseback, and before he has got twenty yards from the door, hollows after him—'Be at home 'in time, my dear soul, do.' I have known her almost quarrel with him for not buttoning his coat in the middle of summer; and she once had the good-nature to burn a very valuable collection of Greek manuscripts, lest the poring over those horrid crooked letters should put her dear Jack's eyes out. Thus does she torment the poor parson with her violent affection for him; and, according to the common phrase, kills him with kindness.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of those luscious love-scenes, that have so great a share in our modern plays; which are rendered still more fullsome by the officiousness of the player, who takes every opportunity of heightening the expression by kisses and embraces. In a comedy, nothing is more relished by the audience than a loud smack, which echoes through the whole house; and in the most passionate scenes of a tragedy, the hero and heroine are continually flying into each other's arms. For my part, I am never present at a scene of this kind, which produces a conscious smiler from the boxes, and an hearty chuckle of applause from the pit and galleries, but I am ready to exclaim with old Renault—'I like not these huggers.'

I would recommend it to all married people, but especially to the ladies, not to be so sweet upon their dears before company: but I would not be understood to countenance that coldness and indifference, which is so fashionable in the polite world. Nothing is accounted more ungentle, than for a husband and wife to be seen together in public places, and if they should ever accidentally meet, they take no more notice of each other, than if they were absolute strangers. The gentleman may lavish as much gallantry as he pleases on other women, and the lady give encouragement to twenty pretty fellows, without censure: but they would either of them blush at being surprised, in shewing the least marks of a regard for each other. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

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N^o VII. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

PANITET HOSPITII, CUM ME SPECTANTE LACERTOS
IMPONIT COLLO RUSTICUS ILLE TUO.

OScula cum vero coram non dura daretis,
ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos.

OVID.

I LOATH'D THE DINNER, WHILE BEFORE MY FACE
THE CLOWN STILL PAW'D YOU WITH A RUDE EMBRACE;
BUT WHEN HE TOY'D AND KISS'D WITHOUT CONTROUL,
I TURN'D AND SCREEN'D MY EYES BEHIND THE ROWL.

TO MR. TOWN.

572,

I Shall make no apology for recommending to your notice, as Censor-General, a fault that is too common among the married people; I mean the absurd trick of Fondling before company. Love is, indeed, a very rare ingredient in modern wedlock; nor can the parties entertain too much affection for each other: but an open display of it on all occasions renders them ridiculous.

A few days ago I was introduced to a young couple, who were but lately married, and are reckoned by all their acquaintance to be exceeding happy in each other. I had scarce saluted the bride, when the husband caught her eagerly in his arms, and almost devoured her with kisses. When we were seated, they took care to place themselves close to each other; and during our conversation he was constantly piddling with her fingers, tapping her cheek, or playing with her hair. At dinner, they were mutually employed in pressing each other to taste of every dish; and the fond appellations of—'My dear, my love,' &c. were continually bandied across the table. Soon after the cloth was removed, the lady made a motion to retire; but the husband prevented the compliments of the rest of the company by saying—'We should be unhappy without her.' As the bottle went round, he joined her health to every toast; and could not help now and then rising from his chair to press her hand, and manifest the warmth of his passion by the ardour of his caresses. This precious fooling, though it highly entertained them, gave me great disgust: therefore, as my company might very well be spared, I took my leave as soon as possible.

Nothing is more common than to see a new-married couple, setting out with a splendor in their equipage, furniture, and manner of living, which they have been afterwards obliged to retrench. Thus it happens, when they have made themselves remarkable by a shew of excessive love. They begin with great *éclat*, are lavish of their fondness at first, but their whole stock is soon wasted; and their poverty is the more unsupportable, as their former profusion has made it more conspicuous. I have remarked the ill consequence of this indiscretion in both cases: one couple has at last had separate beds, while the other have been carried to the opera in hackney chairs.

Two people, who are to pass their whole lives together, may surely find time enough for dalliance without playing over their pretty tricks in public. How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large assembly every one should select his mate, and the whole company should fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine's day! And it is surely no less absurd, to see a man and his wife eternally trifling and toying together—

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

HUDIBRAS.

I have often been reduced to a kind of awkward distress on these occasions; not knowing which way to look, or what to say. I consider them as playing a game, in which the stander-by is not at all interested; and would therefore recommend it to every third person in these circumstances, to take it as an hint, that the parties have a mind to be alone, and leave the room without further ceremony.

A friend of mine happened to be engaged in a visit to one of these loving couples. He sat still for some time, without

without interrupting the little endearments that passed between them. Finding them at length quite lost in nods, whispers, ogles, and in short, wholly taken up with each other, he rang the bell, and desired the servant to send in my lady's woman. When she came, he led her very gravely to the settee, and began to indulge himself in certain freedoms, which provoked the damsel to complain loudly of his rudeness. The lady flew into a violent passion, and rated him severely for his monstrous behaviour. My friend begged her pardon with great politeness, hoped she was not offended, for that he thought there had been no harm in amusing himself a little while with Mrs. Betty, in the same manner as her ladyship and Sir John had been diverting themselves these two hours.

This behaviour, though at all times improper, may in some sort be excused, where perhaps the match had been huddled up by the parents, and the young people are such new acquaintance, that they scarce ever saw each other till their marriage. A pair of loving turtles may be indulged in a little amorous billing at their first coming together: yet this licence should expire with the honeymoon, and even in that period be used but sparingly.

But if this conduct is blameable in young people, how very absurd is it in those advanced in years! Who can help laughing, when he sees a worn-out beau and belle, practising at threescore the very follies that are ridiculous at sixteen? I could wish that such a pair of antiquated lovers were delineated by the pencil of an Hogarth. How humorously would he represent two emaciated wrinkled figures, with eyes sunk into their heads, lank cheeks, and toothless gums, affecting to leer, smile, and languish at each other! But this affectation is still more remarkable, when a liquorish old fool is continually fondling a young wife: though perhaps the sight is not so disgusting to a stranger, who may reasonably suppose it to be the overflowings of a father's tenderness for his daughter.

It sometimes happens, that one of the parties perceives the folly of this behaviour. I have seen a sensible man quite uneasy at the indiscreet marks of kindness shewn by his lady. I know a clergyman in the country, who is often put to the blush by the strange familiarities

which his wife's love induces her to take with him. As she has had an indifferent education, you would often be at a loss to know, whether she is very kind, or very rude. If he dines abroad, she always sees him get on horseback, and before he has got twenty yards from the door, hollows after him—'Be at home 'in time, my dear soul, do.' I have known her almost quarrel with him for not buttoning his coat in the middle of summer; and she once had the good-nature to burn a very valuable collection of Greek manuscripts, lest the poring over those horrid crooked letters should put her dear Jack's eyes out. Thus does she torment the poor parson with her violent affection for him; and, according to the common phrase, kills him with kindness.

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N^o VIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

O QUANTA SPECIES CEREERUM NON HABET !

PHÆDR.

IN OUTWARD SHEW SO SPLENDID AND SO VAIN,
'TIS BUT A GILDED BLOCK WITHOUT A BRAIN.

I Must acknowledge the receipt of many letters containing very lavish encomiums on my works. Among the rest a correspondent, whom I take to be a bookseller, is pleased to compliment me on the goodness of my print, and paper; but tells me, that he is very sorry not to see something expressive of my undertaking, in the little cut that I carry in front. It is true, indeed, that my printer and publisher held several consultations on this subject; and I am ashamed to confess, that they had once prevailed on me to suffer a profile of my face to be prefixed to each number. But when it was finished, I was quite mortified to see what a scurvy figure I made in wood: nor could I submit to be hung out, like Broughton, at my own door, or let my face serve like the canvas before a booth, to call people in to the shew.

I hope it will not be imputed to envy or malevolence, that I here remark on this part of the production of Mr. Fitz-Adam. When he gave his paper the title of *The World*, I suppose he meant to intimate his design of describing that part of it, who are known to account all other persons Nobody, and are therefore emphatically called *The World*. If this was to be pictured out in the head-piece, a lady at her toilette, a party at whist, or the jovial member of the *Dilettanti* tapping the *World* for Champagne, had been the most natural and obvious hieroglyphics. But when we see the portrait of a philosopher poring on the globe, instead of observations on modern life, we might more naturally expect a system of geography, or an attempt towards a discovery of the longitude.

The reader will smile perhaps at a criticism of this kind; yet certainly even here propriety should be observed, or at least all absurdities avoided. But this matter being usually left to the printer or bookseller, it is often attended with

strange blunders and misapplications. I have seen a Sermon ushered in with the representation of a shepherd and shepherdess sporting on a bank of flowers, with two little Cupids smiling over head; while perhaps an Epithalamium, or an Ode for a Birth-day, has been introduced with death's heads and cross-marrow-bones.

The inhabitants of Grub Street are generally very studious of propriety in this point. Before the halfpenny account of an horse-race, we see the jockeys whipping, spurring, jostling, and the horses straining within sight of the post. The last dying speech, character, and behaviour of the malefactors, presents us with a prospect of the place of execution; and the history of the London Prentice exhibits the figure of a lad standing between two lions, and ramming his hands down their throats. A due regard has been paid to this article, in the several elegies from that quarter on the death of Mr. Pelham. They are encompassed with dismal black lines, and all the fable emblems of death: nor can we doubt, but that an author, who takes such care to express a decent sorrow on the outside of his work, has infused a great deal of the pathetic into the piece itself.

These little embellishments were originally designed to please the eye of the reader; as we tempt children to learn their letters by disposing the alphabet into pictures. But, in our modern compositions, they are not only ornamental, but useful. An angel or a flower-pot, at the beginning and end of every chapter or section, enables the bookseller to spin out a novel, without plot or incident, to a great number of volumes; and by the help of these decorations, properly disposed, I have known a little piece swell into a duodecimo, which had scarce matter enough for a six penny pamphlet.

In this place I might also take notice of

of the several new improvements in the business of Typography. Though it is reckoned ungenteel to write a good hand, yet every one is proud of appearing in a beautiful print; and the productions of a man of quality come from the press in a very neat letter, though perhaps the manuscript is hardly legible. Indeed, our modern writers seem to be more solicitous about outward elegance, than the intrinsic merit of their compositions; and on this account it is thought no mean recommendation of their works, to advertise that they are 'beautifully printed on a fine paper, and entire new letter.' Nor are they only indebted to the press for the beauty of the type, but often call in its assistance to explain and enforce the sentiment. When an author is in doubt whether the reader will be able to comprehend his meaning, or indeed whether he has any meaning at all, he takes care to sprinkle the sentence with *Italics*; but when he would surprise us with any thing more striking than ordinary, he distinguishes the emphatical words by large staring CAPITALS, which overtop the rest of their fellows, and are intended, like the grenadiers caps, to give us an idea of something grand and uncommon. These are designed as so many hints to let the reader know where he is to be particularly affected; and answer the same purpose with the marginal directions in plays, which inform the actor when he is to laugh or cry. This practice is most remarkable in pieces of modern wit and humour: and it may be observed, that where there is the least of these lively qualities, the author is most desirous of substituting these arts in their room; imagining, that by a judicious distribution of these enlivening strokes in different parts of it, his work, however dull in itself, will become smart and brilliant.

And here I cannot but take notice, that these arts have been employed to very great advantage in the service of the theatres. The writer of the play-bills deals out his Capitals in so just a proportion, that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letter in which his name is printed. When the present manager of Drury Lane first came upon the stage, a new set of types two inches long were cast on purpose to do honour to his extraordinary merit.

This indeed is so proper, that the severest critics on the drama cannot be offended at this piece of theatrical justice.

There is lately sprung up among us a new species of writers, who are most of them persons of the first rank and fashion. At this period the whole house of commons are turned authors: and we cannot sufficiently admire the propriety of stile and sentiment in those elegant addresses, by which they humbly offer themselves as candidates, and beg the favour of your votes and interest. These gentlemen avail themselves greatly of the arts of printing above-mentioned; whether they would raise the merits of their own cause, or throw out invectives on the opposite party. The courtier sets before your eyes in large letters his steady attachment to King GEORGE, while his opponent displays in the same manner his zeal for LIBERTY and the CONSTITUTION. This must undoubtedly have a wonderful effect on the electors: and I could almost assure any patriot certain success, who should manifest his regard for *Old England* by printing his addresses in the *Old English Character*.

But, in the whole republic of letters, there are none perhaps who are more obliged to the printer, than the writers of periodical essays. The SPECTATORS, indeed, came into the world without any of the advantages we are possessed of. They were originally published in a very bad print and paper, and were so entirely destitute of all outward ornaments, that, like Terence's Virgin—

—*Ni vis boni*

In ipsâ inesset formâ, hæc formam extinguerent.

Unless the soul of beauty had breathed through the compositions themselves, these disadvantages would have suppressed the least appearances of it.

As it requires no genius to supply a defect of this nature, our modern essays as much excel the SPECTATORS in elegance of form, as perhaps they may be thought to fall short of them in every other respect. But they have this additional advantage, that by the fineness of their paper they are rescued from serving many mean and ignoble purposes, to which they might otherwise be applied. They also form themselves more

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commodiously into volumes, and become genteeler appendages of the tea-table. The candid reader will undoubtedly impute this extraordinary care about externals to the modesty of us present essayists, who are willing to compensate for our poverty of genius, by bestowing these outward graces and embellishments on our works. For my own part, I never reflect on the first unadorned publication of the *SPECTATOR*, and at the same time take up one of my own papers, set off with every ornament of the press, but I am afraid that the critics will apply, what a facetious peer is said to have remarked on two different ladies; that

‘ the first is a soul without a body, a
‘ the last a body without a soul.’

As in this fashionable age there are many of Lord Foppington’s opinion, that a book should be recommended by its outside to a man of quality and breeding, it is incumbent on all authors to let their works appear as well dressed as possible, if they expect them to be admitted into polite company. Yet we should not lay too much stress on the decorations, but rather remember Tully’s precept to all who build, that ‘ the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.’

T

Nº IX. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

— SOLVITQUE ANIMIS MIRACULA RERUM,
ERIPUITQUE JOVI FULMEN, VIRESQUE TONANTI.

MANIL.

WE FREED OUR MINDS FROM DREAD OF THINGS ABOVE,
AND SNATCH’D THE THUNDER FROM THE HAND OF JOVE.

THE publication of Lord Bolingbroke’s posthumous works has given new life and spirit to Free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship’s system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament, now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes that the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of Free-thinking, in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood; where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assem-

ble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was— ‘ Whether Lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the Apostles or Evangelists?’ As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprised to find such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoemaker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by Lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the *Idea of a Patriot King*, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of Free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the Gospel by unsainting the Apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society have, indeed, almost induced me to wish, that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning’s affair

affair to maintain, in opposition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least the woman might—'For else,' said he, 'how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts?' I answer to this, a barber surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the Wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a lye: for he had sailed round the world with Lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow labourer, that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his Bible, in a dispute concerning the Miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the First, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the SUPPER at Cana.

This affectation of Free-thinking, among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toying at the alehouse, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations, little better than Free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside: and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can ever fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient, that they are taught to believe themselves angels: it would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls; though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady, that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by Free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all

the absurd and impracticable notion which they so stiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I Believe that there is no God, but that Matter is God, and God is Matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe, that the World was not made; that the World made itself; that it had no Beginning; that it will last for ever, World without End.

I believe, that Man is a Beast; that the Soul is the Body, and the Body the Soul; and that after Death there is neither Body nor Soul.

I believe, that there is no Religion; that Natural Religion is the only Religion; and that all Religion is Unnatural.

I believe not in MOSES; I believe in the *First Philosophy*; I believe not the EVANGELISTS; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftsbury: I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. PAUL.

I believe not REVELATION; I believe in Tradition: I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the BIBLE: I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in CHRIST.

Lastly, I believe in all UNBELIEF.

AN ADDRESS

TO BOTH
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

EVER since We have thought fit to take these Kingdoms into Our immediate Care, We have made it Our earnest Endeavour to go Hand in Hand with Your Wisdoms in promoting the Welfare and Prosperity of the People. The important Business of Taxes, Lotteries, Marriages, and Jews, We have left to Your weighty Consideration; while Ourselves have been employed in the Regulation of Fashions, the Establishment of Taste, and Amendment

ment of the Morals. We have the Satisfaction to find, that both Our Measures have hitherto met with Success: and the Public Affairs are at present in so prosperous a Condition, that the National Vices seem as likely to decrease as the National Debt.

The Dissolution of Your Assembly is now at Hand; and as Your whole Attention will naturally be engaged in securing to Yourself and Friends a Seat in the next Parliament, it is needless to recommend to You, that Heads should be broken, Drunkenness encouraged, and Abuse propagated; which has been found by Experience to be the best Method of supporting the Freedom of Elections. In the mean Time, as the Care of the Nation must be left to Us, it is necessary, that during this Interval Our Prerogative, as CENSOR-GENERAL, should be considerably extended, and that We should be invested with the united Power of Lords and Commons.

When We are entrusted with this important Charge, We shall expect, that every different Faction shall concur in Our Measures for the Public Utility; that Whig and Tory, High-Church, and Low-Church, Court and Country, shall all unite in this Common Cause; and that opposite Parties in the Body Politic, like the Arms and Legs in the Body Natural, shall move in Concert, though they are on different Sides. In Our Papers, which We shall continue to publish on Thursdays, under the Title of *THE CONNOISSEUR*, every Misdemeanor shall be examined, and Offenders called to the Bar of the House. Be it therefore enacted, that these Our Orders and Resolutions have an equal Authority with Acts of Parliament: as We

doubt not, They will be of equal Advantage to the Community.

The extraordinary Supplies requisite for the Service of the current Weeks, and for the Support of Our Own Privy Purse, oblige Us to demand of You, that a Sum, not exceeding Two-pence, be levied Weekly on each Person, to be collected by our trusty and well-beloved the Booksellers. We must also particularly request of You, that the same Privilege and Protection be extended to Us, which is enjoyed by Yourself, and is so very convenient to many of Your honourable Members. It is no less expedient, that We should be secured from Let or Molestation: Be it therefore provided, that no one presume to Arrest or cause to be Arrested Our Person, or the Persons of Our Publisher, Printer, Corrector, Devil, or any other employed in Our Service.

We have only to add, that You may rely on Our Care and Diligence in discharging the high Trust reposed in Us, in such Manner as shall merit the Thanks of the next Parliament. We shall then recommend it to Their Consideration, whether it would not be for the Interest of these Kingdoms, that We should have a Woolpack allotted Us with the Bishops, or be allowed a perpetual Seat among the Commons, as the Representative of the Whole People. But if this should be deemed too great an Honour, it will at least be thought necessary, that We should be occasionally called in, like the Judges, to give Our Opinion in Cases of Importance.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR,
CRITIC, AND CENSOR-GENERAL.
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N^o X. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

Νηπιον, ὅπου εἶδοθ' ἑλπίων πολέμοιο,
Οὐδ' ἀγορεύων, ἵνα τ' ἀνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθωσι.

HOMER.

WHAT KNOWS THE STRIPLING OF THE SOLDIER'S TRADE,
BEYOND HIS REGIMENTALS AND COCKADE?

LEARNING, as it polishes the mind, enlarges our ideas, and gives an ingenuous turn to our whole conversation and behaviour, has ever been esteemed a liberal accomplishment; and is, indeed, the principal charac-

teristic that distinguishes the gentleman from the mechanic.

This axiom being universally allowed, I have often observed with wonder the neglect of learning that prevails among the gentlemen of the army; who,

who, notwithstanding their shameful deficiency in this main requisite, are generally proposed as the most exact models of good behaviour and standards of politeness.

The art of war is no easy study: it requires much labour and application to go through what Milton calls 'the rudiments of soldiership, in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims.' With all these every officer should undoubtedly be acquainted; for mere regimentals no more create a soldier, than the cowl makes a monk. But, I fear, the generality of our army have made little proficiency in the art they profess; have learnt little more than just to acquit themselves with some decency at a review; have not studied and examined, as they ought, the ancient and modern principles of war;

Nor the division of a battle know,
More than a spinster.

SHAKESPEARE.

Besides the study of the art of war itself, there are many collateral branches of literature, of which, as gentlemen and as soldiers, they should not be ignorant. Whoever bears a commission in the army, should be well read in history. The examples of Alexander, Cæsar, or Marlborough, however illustrious, are of little concern to the generality of readers, but are set up as so many land-marks, to direct those who are pursuing the same course to glory. A thorough knowledge of history would furnish a commander with true courage, inspire him with an honest emulation of his ancestors, and teach him to gain a victory without shedding blood.

Poetry too, more especially that of the ancients, seems particularly calculated for the perusal of those concerned in war. The subject of the *Iliad* is entirely martial; and the principal characters are distinguished from each other chiefly by their different exertion of the single quality of courage. It was, I suppose, on account of this martial spirit, which breathes throughout the *Iliad*, that Alexander was so captivated with it, that he is said to have laid it every night under his pillow. The principal character in the *Æneid* is a general of remarkable piety and courage; and great

part of the poem is made up of war. These studies cannot surely fail of animating a modern breast, which often kindled such a noble ardour in the ancients.

If we look into the lives of the greatest generals of antiquity, we shall find them no mean proficient in science. They led their armies to victory by their courage, and supported the state by their counsels. They revered the same Pallas, as the goddess of war and of wisdom; and the Spartans in particular, before they entered on an engagement, always sacrificed to the Muses. The exhortations, given by commanders before the onset, are some of the most animated pieces of oratory in all antiquity, and frequently produced astonishing effects, rousing the soldiers from despair, and hurrying them on to victory. An illiterate commander would have been the contempt of Greece and Rome. Tully, indeed, was called the *learned Consul* in derision; but then, as Dryden observes, 'his head was turned another way. When he read the tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle.' I am particularly pleased with the character of Scipio *Æmilianus* as drawn by Velleius Paterculus, and would recommend it to the serious imitation of our modern officers. He was so great an admirer of liberal studies, that he always retained the most eminent wits in his camp: nor did any one fill up the intervals of business with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or study, always exercising his body with perils, or disciplining his mind with science. The author contrasts this amiable portrait with a description of Mummius; a general so little versed in the polite arts, that having taken at Corinth several pictures and statues of the greatest artists, he threatened the persons, who were intrusted with the carriage of them to Italy, 'that, if they lost those, they should give new ones.'

I would fain have a British officer looked upon with as much deference as those of Greece and Rome: but while they neglect the acquisition of the same accomplishments, they will never meet with the same respect. Instead of cultivating their minds, they are wholly taken up in adorning their bodies, and look upon gallantry and intrigue as essential

tial parts of their character. To glitter in the boxes, or at an assembly, is the full display of their politeness; and to be the life and soul of a lewd brawl, almost the only exertion of their courage; inasmuch that there is a good deal of justice in Macheath's raillery, when he says—'If it was not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury Lane would be uninhabited.'

It is something strange, that officers should want any inducement to acquire so gentleman-like an accomplishment as learning. If they imagine it would derogate from their good-breeding, or call off their attention from military business, they are mistaken. Pedantry is no more connected with learning, than rashness with courage. Cæsar, who was the finest gentleman and the greatest general, was also the best scholar of his age.

To say the truth, learning wears a more amiable aspect and winning air in courts and camps, whenever it appears there, than amid the gloom of colleges and cloisters. Mixing in genteel life files off the rust that may have been contracted by study, and wears out any little oddness or peculiarity, that may be acquired in the closet. For this reason the officer is more inexcusable, who neglects an accomplishment that would fit so gracefully upon him: for this reason too, we pay so great deference to those few who have enriched their minds with the treasures of antiquity. An illiterate officer either hardens into a bravo, or refines into a fop. The insipidity of the fop is utterly contemptible; and a rough brutal courage, unpolished by science and unassisted by reason, has no more claim to heroism, than the case-hardened valour of a bruiser or prize-fighter. Agreeable to this notion, Ho-

mer in the fifth Iliad represents the goddess Minerva as wounding Mars, and driving the heavy deity off the field of battle; implying allegorically, that wisdom is capable of subduing courage.

I would flatter myself, that British minds are still as noble, and British genius as exuberant, as those of any other nation or age whatever; but that some are debased by luxury, and others run wild for want of proper cultivation. If Athens can boast her Miltiades, Themistocles, &c. Rome her Camillus, Fabius, Cæsar, &c. England has had her Edwards, Henrys, and Marlboroughs. It is to be hoped the time will come, when learning will be reckoned as necessary to qualify a man for the army, as for the bar or pulpit. Then we may expect to see the British soldiery enter on the field of battle, as on a theatre, for which they are prepared in the parts they are to act. 'They will not then,' (as Milton expresses himself with his usual strength in his Treatise on Education) 'if intrusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them, for want of just and wise discipline, to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied: they would not suffer their empty and unrecruitable colonels of twenty men in a company, to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list and a miserable remnant; yet in the mean while to be overmastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, IF THEY KNEW OUGHT OF THAT KNOWLEDGE, THAT BELONGS TO GOOD MEN AND GOOD GOVERNORS, they would not suffer these things.'

O

Nº XI. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

—————PALLAS QUAS CONDIDIT ARCES
IPSA COLAT.—————

VIRG.

LET PALLAS DWELL IN TOWERS HERSELF HAS RAIS'D.

THE principal character in Steele's comedy of the Lying Lover is young Bookwit, an Oxonian, who at once throws off the habit and manners of an academic, and assumes the dress, air, and conversation, of a man of the town. He is, like other fine gentlemen, a cox-

comb; but a coxcomb of learning and parts. His erudition he renders subservient to his pleasures: his knowledge in poetry qualifies him for a sonneteer, his rhetoric to say fine things to the ladies, and his philosophy to regulate his equipage; for he talks of having
Peripatetic

' Peripatetic footmen, a follower of
' Aristippus for a *valet de chambre*, an
' Epicurean cook, with an *Hermetical*
' *chymist* (who are good only at making
' fires) for a scullion.' Thus he is, in
every particular, a fop of letters, a com-
pleat classical beau.

By a review I have lately made of the
people in this great metropolis, as Cen-
sor, I find that the town swarms with
Book-wits. The playhouses, park, ta-
vern, and coffee-houses, are thronged
with them. Their manner, which has
something in it very characteristic, and
different from the town-bred coxcombs,
discovers them to the slightest observer.
It is, indeed, no easy matter for one,
whose chief employment is to store his
mind with new ideas, to throw that
happy vacancy, that total absence of
thought and reflection, into his coun-
tenance, so remarkable in our modern
fine gentlemen. The same lounging air
too, that passes for genteel in an uni-
versity coffee-house, is soon distinguished
from the genuine careless loll, and easy
faunter; and bring us over to the notion
of Sir Wilful in *The Way of the World*,
' that a man should be bound prentice
' to a maker of fops, before he ventures
' to set up for himself.'

Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages,
the love of pleasure, and a few super-
numerary guineas, draw the student
from his literary employment, and en-
tice him to this theatre of noise and
hurry, this grand mart of luxury; where,
as long as his purse can supply him, he
may be as idle and debauched as he
pleases. I could not help smiling at a
dialogue between two of these gentle-
men, which I overheard a few nights
ago at the Bedford Coffee-house. ' Ha!
' Jack!' says one accosting the other,
' is it you? How long have you been
' in town?'—' Two hours.'—' How
' long do you stay?'—' Ten guineas.
' If you'll come to Venable's after the
' play is over, you'll find Tom Latine,
' Bob Clastic, and two or three more,
' who will be very glad to see you.
' What, you're in town upon the sober
' plan at your father's? But hearken ye,
' Frank, if you'll call in, I'll tell your
' friend Harris to prepare for you. So
' your servant; for I'm going to meet
' the finest girl upon town in the green
' boxes.'

I left the coffee-house pretty late; and

as I came into the piazza, the fire in
the Bedford-Arms kitchen blazed so
cheerfully and invitingly before me,
that I was easily persuaded by a friend
who was with me, to end the evening
at that house. Our good fortune led
us into the next room to this knot of
academical rakes. Their merriment
being pretty boisterous, gave us a good
pretext to enquire what company were
in the next room. The waiter told us,
with a smartness which those fellows
frequently contract from attending on
beaux and wits, ' Some gentlemen from
' Oxford with some ladies, Sir. My
' master is always very glad to see them;
' for while they stay in town, they never
' dine or sup out of his house, and eat
' and drink, and pay better, than any
' nobleman.'

As it grew later, they grew louder:
till at length an unhappy dispute arose
between two of the company, concern-
ing the present grand contest between
the Old and the New Interest, which
has lately inflamed Oxfordshire. This
accident might have been attended with
ugly consequences: but as the ladies
are great enemies to quarrelling, unless
themselves are the occasion, a good-
natured female of the company inter-
posed, and quelled their animosity. By
the mediation of this fair-one, the dis-
pute ended very fashionably, in a bet of
a dozen of claret, to be drank there by
the company then present, whenever the
wager should be decided. There was
something so extraordinary in their whole
evening's conversation, such an odd mix-
ture of the town and university, that I
am persuaded, if Sir Richard had been
witness to it, he could have wrought it
into a scene as lively and entertaining
as any he has left us.

The whole time these lettered beaux
remain in London, is spent in a conti-
nual round of diversion. Their sphere,
indeed, is somewhat confined; for they
generally eat, drink, and sleep, within
the precincts of Covent-Garden. I
remember I once saw, at a public inn on
the road to Oxford, a journal of the
town transactions of one of these sparks;
who had recorded them on a window-
pane for the example and imitation of
his fellow-students. I shall present my
reader with an exact copy of this cu-
rious journal, as nearly as I can re-
member.

D MONDAY.

MONDAY. Rode to town in six hours—saw the two last acts of Hamlet—At night, with Polly Brown.

TUESDAY. Saw Harlequin Sorcerer—At night, Polly again.

WEDNESDAY. Saw Macbeth—At night, with Sally Parker, Polly engaged.

THURSDAY. Saw the Suspicious Husband—At night, Polly again.

FRIDAY. Set out at twelve o'clock for Oxford—a damn'd muzzy place.

There are no set of mortals more joyous than these occasional rakes, whose pride it is to gallop up to town once or twice in the year with their quarterage in their pockets, and in a few days to squander it away in the highest scenes of luxury and debauchery. The tavern, the theatre, and the bagnio, engross the chief part of their attention; and it is constantly *Polly again* with them, till their finances are quite exhausted, and they are obliged to return (as Bookwit has it) 'to small beer and three-half-penny commons.'

I shall enlarge no further on this subject at present, but conclude these reflections with an ode, which I have received from an unknown correspondent. He tells me, it was lately sent from an academical friend to one of these gentlemen, who had resigned himself wholly to these polite enjoyments, and seemed to have forgot his connections with the university. All, who peruse this elegant little piece, will, I doubt not, thank me

for inserting it; and the learned reader will have the the additional pleasure of admiring it as an humorous imitation of Horace.

ICCI, BEATIS NUNC ARABUM INVIDES
GAZIS, &c. L: B. I. ODE 29.

SO you, my friend, at last are caught—
Where could you get so strange a thought,
In mind and body sound?
All meaner studies you resign,
Your whole ambition now to shine
The beau of the beau-monde.

Say, gallant youth, what well-known name
Shall spread the triumphs of your fame
Through all the realms of Drury?
How will you strike the gaping cit?
What tavern shall record your wit?
What watchmen mourn your fury?

What sprightly imp of Gallic breed
Shall have the culture of your head,
(I mean the outward part)
Form'd by his parent's early care
To range in nicest curls his hair,
And wield the puff with art?

No more let mortals toil in vain,
By w/e conjecture to explain
What rolling time will bring:
Thames to his source may upwards flow,
Or Garrick six foot high may grow,
Or witches thrive at Tring:

Since you each better promise break,
Once fam'd for slovenliness and Greck,
Now turn'd a very Paris,
For lace and velvet quit your gown,
The STAGYRITE for Mr. TOWN,
For Drury-Lane St. MARY's.

Nº XII. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

NEC VIRO HE SINE SORTE DATÆ, SINE JUDICE SEDES.

VIRG.

NOR SHALL THE FOUR-LEGG'D CULPRIT 'SCAPE THE LAW,
BUT AT THE BAR HOLD UP THE GUILTY FAW.

TURNING over the last volume of Lord Bolingbroke's works a few days ago, I could not help smiling at his lordship's extraordinary manner of commenting upon some parts of the Scriptures. Among the rest he represents Moses, as making beasts accountable to the community for crimes, as well as men: whence his lordship infers, that the Jewish legislator supposed them capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and acting as moral agents.

The oddity of this remark led me to reflect, if such an opinion should prevail in any country, what whimsical laws would be enacted, and how ridiculous they would appear, when put in execution. As if the horse, that carried the highwayman, should be arraigned for taking a purse, or a dog indicted for feloniously stealing a shoulder of mutton. Such a country would seem to go upon the same principles, and to entertain the same notions of justice, as the

the puritanical old woman, that hanged her cat for killing mice on the Sabbath-day.

These reflections were continued afterwards in my sleep; when methought such proceedings were common in our own courts of judicature. I imagined myself in a spacious hall like the Old Bailey, where they were preparing to try several animals, who had been guilty of offences against the laws of the land. The walls, I observed, were hung all round with bulls hides, sheep skins, foxes tails, and the spoils of other brute malefactors; and over the justice-seat, where the King's-arms are commonly placed, there was fixed a large stag's head, which overshadowed the magistrate with it's branching horns. I took particular notice, that the galleries were very much crouded with ladies: which I could not tell how to account for, till I found it was expected that a Goat would that day be tried for a rape.

The sessions soon opened; and the first prisoner that was brought to the bar, was a Hog, who was prosecuted at the suit of the Jews on an indictment for burglary, in breaking into their synagogue. As it was apprehended that religion might be affected by this cause, and as the prosecution appeared to be malicious, the Hog, though the fact was plainly proved against him, to the great joy of all true Christians, was allowed benefit of clergy.

An indictment was next brought against a Cat for killing a favourite Canary bird. This offender belonged to an old woman, who was believed by the neighbourhood to be a witch. The jury, therefore, were unanimous in their opinion, that she was the devil in that shape, and brought her in guilty. Upon which the judge formally pronounced sentence upon her, which I remember concluded with these words: 'You must be carried to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck nine times, till you are dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead; and the fiddlers have mercy upon your guts!'

A Parrot was next tried for *Scandalum Magnatum*. He was accused by the chief magistrate of the city, and the whole court of aldermen, for defaming them, as they passed along the street, on a public festival, by singing—

'Room for cuckolds, here comes a great company;

'Room for cuckolds, here comes my lord mayor.'

This Parrot was a very old offender; much addicted to scurrility; and had been several times convicted of profane cursing and swearing. He had even the impudence to abuse the whole court by calling the jury rogues and rascals; and frequently interrupted my lord judge in summing up the evidence, by crying out—'Old bitch.' The court, however, was pleased to shew mercy to him, upon the petition of his mistress, a strict Methodist; who gave bail for his good behaviour, and delivered him over to Mr. Whitfield, who undertook to make a thorough convert of him.

After this a Fox was indicted for robbing an Hen-roost. Many farmers appeared against him; who deposed, that he was a very notorious thief, and had long been the terror of ducks, geese, turkeys, and all other poultry. He had infested the country a long time, and had often been pursued, but they could never take him before. As the evidence was very full against him, the jury readily brought him in guilty; and the judge was proceeding to condemn him, when the sly villain, watering his brush, flitted it in the face of the jailer, and made off. Upon this a country squire, who was present, hollowed out 'Stole away!' and an hue and cry was immediately sent after him.

When the uproar, which this occasioned, was over, a Milch-Ass was brought to the bar, and tried for contumeliously braying, as she stood at the door of a sick lady of quality. It appeared, that this lady was terribly afflicted with the vapours, and could not bear the least noise; had the knocker always tied up, and straw laid in the street. Notwithstanding which, this audacious creature used every morning to give her foul language, which broke her rest, and flung her into hysterics. For this repeated abuse the criminal was sentenced to the pillory, and ordered to lose her ears.

An information was next laid against a shepherd's Dog upon the Game-Act for poaching. He was accused of killing an hare, without being properly qualified. But the plaintiff thought it advisable to quash the indictment, as

the owner of the Dog had a vote to sell at the next election.

There now came on a very important cause, in which six of the most eminent council learned in the law were retained on each side. A Monkey, belonging to a lady of the first rank and fashion, was indicted, for that he with malice prepense did commit wilful murder on the body of a Lap-dog. The council for the prosecutor set forth, that the unfortunate deceased came on a visit with another lady; when the prisoner at the bar, without the least provocation, and contrary to the laws of hospitality, perpetrated this inhuman fact. The council for the prisoner, being called upon to make the Monkey's defence, pleaded his privilege, and insisted on his being tried by his peers. This plea was admitted; and a jury of beaux was immediately impannelled, who without going out of court, honourably acquitted him.

The proceedings were here interrupted by an Hound, who came jumping into the hall, and running to the justice-seat, lifted up his leg against the judge's robe. For this contemptuous behaviour, he was directly ordered into custody; when to our great surprise he cast his skin, and became an Ostrich; and presently after shed his feathers, and terrified us in the shaggy figure of a Bear. Then he was a Lion, then an Horse, then again a Baboon; and after many other amazing transformations, leaped out an Harlequin, and before they could take hold of him, skipped away to Covent Garden theatre.

It would be tedious to recount the particulars of several other trials. A sportsman brought an action against a Race-Horse, for running on the wrong side of the post, by which he lost the plate and many considerable bets. For this the criminal was sentenced to be burnt in the fore-hand, and to be whipt at the cart's tail. A Mare would have undergone the same punishment, for throwing her rider in a flag-hunt, but escaped by pleading her belly; upon which a jury of grooms was impannelled, who brought her in quick. The company of Dogs and Monkeys, together with the Dancing Bears, who were taken up on the Licence-Act, and indicted for strollers, were transported for life.

The last trial was for high treason. A Lion, who had been long confined as a state-prisoner in the Tower, having broken jail, had appeared in open rebellion, and committed several acts of violence on his majesty's liege subjects. As this was a noble animal, and a prince of the blood in his own native country, he was condemned to be beheaded. It came into my thoughts, that this Lion's Head might vie with that famous one, formerly erected at Button's for the service of the GUARDIAN: I was accordingly going to petition for leave to put it up in Macklin's new coffee-house; when methought the Lion, setting up a most horrible roar, broke his chains, and put the whole court to flight; and I awaked in the utmost consternation, just as I imagined he had got me in his gripe. W

N^o XIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

COMMOTA FERVET PLEBECULA BILE.

PERSIUS.

INSPIR'D BY FREEDOM, AND ELECTION ALE,

THE PATRIOT-MOB AT COURTS AND PLACEMEN RAIL.

I Shall this day present my readers with a letter, which I have received from my cousin VILLAGE; who, as I informed them in my first paper, has undertaken to send me an account of every thing remarkable that passes in the country.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Have not been unmindful of the province which you was pleased to allot me: but the whole country has been

lately so much taken up with the business of elections, that nothing has fallen under my notice, but debates, squabbles, and drunken rencounters. The spirit of party prevails so universally, that the very children are instructed to list the names of the favourite chiefs of each faction; and I have more than once been in danger of being knocked off my horse, as I rode peaceably on, because I did not declare with which party I sided, though I knew

knew nothing at all of either. Every petty village abounds with the most profound statesmen: it is common to see our rustic politicians assembling after sermon, and settling the good of their country across a tomb-stone, like so many *Dictators from the plough*; and almost every cottage can boast its patriot, who, like the old Roman, would not exchange his turnip for a bribe.

I am at present in ****, where the election is just coming on, and the whole town consequently in an uproar. They have for several parliaments returned two members, who recommended themselves by constantly opposing the court: but there came down a few days ago a banker from London, who has offered himself a candidate, and is backed with the most powerful of all interests, money. Nothing has been since thought of but feasting and revelling; and both parties strive to outdo each other in the frequency and expence of their entertainments. This indeed is the general method made use of to gain the favour of electors, and manifest a zeal for the constitution. I have known a candidate depend more upon the strength of his liquor than his arguments; and the merits of a treat has often recommended a member, who has had no merits of his own. For it is certain, that people, however they may differ in other points, are unanimous in promoting the grand business of eating and drinking.

It is impossible to give a particular account of the various disorders occasioned by the contest in this town. The streets ring with the different cry of each party; and every hour produces a ballad, a set of queries, or a serious address to the worthy electors. I have seen the mayor with half the corporation roaring, hollowing, and reeling along the streets, and yet threatening to clap a poor fellow into the stocks for making the same noise, only because he would not vote as they do. It is no wonder, that the strongest connections should be broken, and the most intimate friends set at variance, through their difference of opinions. Not only the men, but their wives, are also engaged in the same quarrel. Mr. Staunch the haberdasher used to smoke his pipe constantly in the same kitchen corner every evening, at the same alehouse, with his neighbour Mr. Veer the chandler, while their ladies chatted together at the street-door: but

now the husbands never speak to each other; and consequently Mrs. Veer goes a quarter of a mile for her ink and tape, rather than deal at Mr. Staunch's shop; and Mrs. Staunch declares, she would go without her tea, though she has always been used to it twice a day, rather than fetch her half-quartern from that turncoat Veer's.

Wherever politics are introduced, religion is always drawn into the quarrel. The town I have been speaking of, is divided into two parties, who are distinguished by the appellation of Christians and Jews. The Jews, it seems, are those who are in the interest of a nobleman who gave his vote for passing the Jew-bill, and are held in abomination by the Christians. The zeal of the latter is still further inflamed by the vicar, who every Sunday thunders out his anathemas, and preaches up the pious doctrine of persecution. In this he is seconded by the clerk, who is careful to enforce the arguments from the pulpit, by selecting staves proper for the occasion.

This truly Christian spirit is no where more manifest than at their public feasts. I was at one of their dinners, where I found great variety of pig-meat was provided. The table was covered from one end to the other with hams, legs of pork, sparrs, griskins, haskets, feet and ears, brawn, and the like. In the middle there smoked a large barbecued hog, which was soon devoured to the bone, so desirous was every one to prove his Christianity, by the quantity he could swallow of that Anti-Judaic food. After dinner there was brought in, by way of dessert, a dish of hogs-puddings; but as I have a dislike to that kind of diet, (though not from any scruple of conscience) I was regarded as little better than a Jew for declining to eat of them.

The great support of this party is an old neighbouring knight; who, ever since the late Naturalization-Act, has conceived a violent antipathy to the Jews, and takes every opportunity of railing at the above-mentioned nobleman. Sir Rowland swears, that his Lordship is worse than Judas, that he is actually circumcised, and that the chapel in his house is turned into a synagogue. The knight had never been seen in a church till the late clamour about the Jew-Bill; but he now attends it regularly every Sunday, where he devoutly takes

takes his nap all the service: and he lately bestowed the best living in his gift, which he had before promised to his chaplain, on one whom he had never seen, but had read his name in the title-page to a sermon against the Jews. He turned off his butler, who had lived with him many years, (and whose only crime was a swarthy complexion) because the dog looked like a Jew. He feeds hogs in his park and the courtyard, and has guinea-pigs in his parlour. Every Saturday he has an hunt, because it is the Jewish Sabbath; and in the evening he is sure to get drunk with the vicar in defence of religion. As he is in the commission, he ordered a poor Jew pedlar, who came to hawk goods at his house, to Bridewell; and he was once going to send a little parish boy to the same place, for presuming to play in his worship's hearing on that unchristian-like instrument the *Jewsharp*.

The fair-sex here are no less ambitious of displaying their affection for the same cause; and they manifest their sentiments by the colour and fashion of their dress. Their zeal more particularly shews itself in a variety of poses for rings, buckles, knots, and garters. I observed the other night at the assembly, that the ladies seemed to vie with each other in hanging out the ensigns of the faith in orthodox ribbands, bearing the inscription of—'NO JEWS, CHRISTIANITY FOR EVER.' They likewise wore little crosses at their breasts; their *pompons* were formed into crucifixes, their knots disposed in the same angles,

and so many parts of their habits moulded into that shape, that the whole assembly looked like the court on St. Andrew's day. It was remarkable that the vicar's lady, who is a thorough-paced High-Churchwoman, was more religious in the decorations of her dress than any of the company; and, indeed, she was so stuck over from head to foot with crosses, that a wag justly compared her to an old Popish monument in a Gothic cathedral.

I shall conclude my letter with the relation of an adventure that happened to myself at my first coming into this town. I intended to put up at the Catherine Wheel, as I had often used the house before, and knew the landlord to be a good civil kind of fellow. I accordingly turned my horse into the yard; when to my great surprize the landlord, as soon as he saw me, gave me an hearty curse, and told me I might go about my business, for, indeed, he would not entertain any such rascals. Upon this he said something to two or three strapping country fellows, who immediately came towards me; and if I had not rode away directly, I should have met with a very rough salutation from their horse-whips. I could not imagine what offence I had committed, that could give occasion for such ill usage, till I heard the master of the inn hollowing after me—'That's the scoundrel that came here some time ago with Tom T'other-side;' who, I have since learnt, is an agent for the other party. I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

T

Nº XIV. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

TUM IN LECTO QUOQUE VIDERES
STRIDERE SECRETA DIVISOS AURE SUSURROS.
NULLOS HIS MALLEM LUDOS SPECTASSE. SED ILLA
REDDE AGE, QUÆ DEINCEPS RISISTI. ————— HOR.

IMPARTED TO EACH LAUGHTER-LOVING FAIR,
THE WHIZZING WHISPER GLIDES FROM CHAIR TO CHAIR:
AND ERE THE CONSCIOUS EAR RECEIVES IT HALF,
WITH TITTERINGS THEY BETRAY THE STIFLED LAUGH.
SUCH GIGGLING GLEE!—WHAT FARCE SO FULL OF MIRTH!—
BUT TELL THE TICKLING CAUSE THAT GAVE IT BIRTH.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,
AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be in-

serted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour

your

your to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

I received last week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company consisted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects, by their whispering each other, and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh and whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as *odious*, *horrible*, *detestable*, *shocking*, *HUMBUG*. This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is 'shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious.'

My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table: but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest by some awkward gesture I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. Sancho, when he was forbid to eat a delicious banquet set before him, could scarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might possibly encrease the mirth of my tormenters: at least their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whispering, like the two kings of Brentford.

Modest men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themselves

the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we must allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel, and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war;—poisoned arrows, and stabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

If the misconduct, which I have described, had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend's table, I should not have troubled you with this letter: but the same kind of ill-breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whisperers are innumerable; they beset us wherever we go; and it is observable, that after a short murmur of whispers out comes the burst of laughter: like a gun-powder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very severe upon the rest of the company; but all his waggery is spoken *aside*. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers; the dropping of a snuff-box, or spilling the tea, is sure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

This practice of whispering, if it is any where allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair-sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a curtsy, an ogle, or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to another, then presently whizzes along the chancel, from whence

whence it crawls up to the galleries, till at last the whole church hums with it.

It were also to be wished, that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête-à-tête* conferences at the opera or the play-house; which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In France, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air; but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a Vanburgh or a Congreve is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fashion; and a love-scene in the side-box has often been more attended to, than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused, when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy: but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, grin over the anguish of a *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, and fairly laugh *King Lear* off the stage.

Thus the whole behaviour of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man in a select company was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to our ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider, what

strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence, if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are discoursing upon topics, which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

Some excuse may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair-sex. Venus, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the *laughier-loving dame*; and by laughing, our modern ladies may possibly imagine, that they render themselves like Venus. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shews her dimples to so much advantage; another, who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view, by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair-sex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occasions their mirth. I must confess, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handsome: but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages and in both sexes; nor ought it ever to be practised, except in the round gallery at St. Paul's; or in the famous whispering place in Gloucester cathedral, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

K. L.

N^o XV. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

— TU DIC, MECUM QUO PIGNORE CERTES.

VIRG.

NAME YOUR BETT.

A Friend of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue arising from the duty

on cards and dice continues to increase every year, and that it now brings in near six times more than it did at first.

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This will not appear very wonderful, when we consider, that gaming is now become rather the business than amusement of our persons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at White's, than the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Thus it happens, that estates are now almost as frequently made over by whist and hazard, as by deeds and settlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said (like Count Basset's in the play) 'to roll upon the four aces.'

This love of gaming has taken such entire possession of their ideas, that it infects their common conversation. The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument; but the new way of adjusting all difference in opinion is by the sword or a wager: so that the only genteel method of dissenting is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The strange custom of deciding every thing by a wager is so universal, that if (in imitation of Swift) any body was to publish a specimen of *Polite Conversation*, instead of old sayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, and now or then a calculation of the odds.

White's, the present grand scene of these transactions, was formerly distinguished by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of the *TATLER*, Sir Richard Steele thought proper to date all his love-news from that quarter: but it would now be as absurd to pretend to gather any such intelligence from White's, as to send to Batson's for a lawyer, or to the Rolls Coffee-house for a man midwife.

The gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profess a kind of universal scepticism; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the issue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, besides the parties immediately concerned.

But the most extraordinary part of this fashionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called *PITTING one man against another*; that is, in plain English, wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner, people of the most opposite characters make up the subject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted against a duke, an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp with a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person, upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending; or one person of quality, whose death will not leave several of these kind of mortgages upon his estate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the subject of many bets, occasion very serious reflections in those who have ventured large sums on his life and death. Those who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight indisposition, watch all the stages of his illness, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other sides are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him, as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid; but when the person he was pitted against was expected to die every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Though most of our follies are imported from France, this has had its rise and progress entirely in England. In the last illness of Lewis the Fourteenth, Lord Stair laid a wager on his death; and we may guess what the French thought of it, from the manner in which Voltaire mentions it in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* 'Le Roi fut attaqué vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le Comte de Stair, ambassadeur d'Angleterre, *PARIA, selon le génie de sa nation*, que le Roi ne passeroit pas le mois de Septembre.—The King,' says he, 'was taken ill about the middle of August; when Lord Stair, the ambassador from England, *BETTED, according to the genius of his nation*, that the King would not live beyond September.'

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are at present very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, her ladyship has her rout at home. I am inclined to suspect, that our women of fashion will also learn to divert themselves with this polite practice of laying wagers. A birth-day suit, the age of a beauty, who invented a particular fashion, or who were supposed to be together at the last masquerade, would frequently give occasion for bets. This would also afford them a new method for the ready propagation of scandal; as the truth of several stories, which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the same test. Should they proceed further to stake the lives of their acquaintance against each other, they would doubtless bet with the same fearless spirit, as they are known to do at brag: the husband of one would perhaps be pitted against the gallant of another, or a woman of the town against a maid of honour. And perhaps if this practice should once become fashionable among the ladies, we may soon see the time, when an allowance for *bet-money* will be stipulated in the marriage-articles.

As the vices and follies of persons of distinction are very apt to spread, I am also much afraid, lest this branch of gaming should descend to the common people. Indeed, it seems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradesmen riding, walking, eating and drinking, for a wager. The contested election in the city has occasioned several extraordinary bets: I know a butcher in Leadenhall Market, who laid an ox to a shin of beef, on the success of Sir John Barnard against the field; and have been told of a publican in Thames Street, who ventured an hog's head of entire butt, on the candidate who serves him with beer.

We may observe, that the spirit of gaming displays itself with as much variety among the lowest, as the highest order of people. It is the same thing whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairmen in a night-cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. James's at a rubber of whist; and the E O table is but an higher sort of *Merry-go-round*, where you may get six halfpence for one, six pence for one,

and six two-pences for one. If the practice of Pitting should be also propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to stake their lives against each other; and two pick-pockets may lay which of them shall first go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a person of fashion, wholly employed in this manner, I shall conclude my paper with the character of Montano. Montano was born heir to a nobleman, remarkable for deep play, from whom he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he first went to school, he soon became the most expert of any of his play-fellows: he was sure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often strip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match at football or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is still talked of at the school, for a famous dispute he had with another of his own cast about their superiority in learning; which they decided, by tossing up heads or tails who was the best scholar. Being too great a genius for our universities at home, he was sent abroad on his travels, but never got further than Paris; where having lost a considerable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in Flanders, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he soon became universally known by frequenting every gambling-table, and attending every horse-race in the kingdom. He first reduced betting into an art, and made White's the grand market for wagers. He is at length such an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never lose. This he has effected, by what he has taught the world to call *hedging a bet*. There is scarce a contested election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately sent over commissions to Paris to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the first that struck out the above-mentioned practice of Pitting; in which he is so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person of quality may be said to bring him a legacy; and he has so contrived the bets on his own life, that, live or die, the odds are in his favour.

N^o XVI. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

—ALTIUS OMNEM
EXPEDIAM PRIMA REPETENS AB ORIGINE FAMAM.

VIRG.

I'LL TRACE THE CURRENT UPWARDS, AS IT FLOWS,
AND MARK THE SECRET SPRING, WHENCE FIRST IT ROSE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR, OXFORD, MAY 12, 1754.

YOUR last week's paper, on the subject of Bets, put me in mind of an extract I lately met with in some news-papers, from the 'Life of Pope Sixtus V. translated from the Italian of Gregorio Leti by the Reverend Mr. Farnworth.' The passage is as follows:

'It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said—"I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye." Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied—"I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh, that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, that if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair, said—"When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as this shall. Take a knife,

"therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

What induced me to trouble you with this, is a remark made by the editor, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is borrowed from this story. I should perhaps have acquiesced in this notion, if I had not seen a note in the 'Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queene, by Mr. T. Warton of Trinity College,' where he seems to have discovered the real source from which Shakespeare drew his fable, which (he informs us) is founded upon an ancient ballad. The admirers of Shakespeare are obliged to him for this curious discovery: but as Mr. Warton has only given some extracts, they would undoubtedly be glad to see the whole. This ballad is most probably no where to be met with but in the Ashmolean Museum in this university, where it was deposited by that famous antiquary Anthony à Wood: I have therefore sent you a faithful transcript of it; and you must agree with me, that it will do you more credit, as a Connoisseur, to draw this hidden treasure into light, than if you had discovered an Otho or a Niger.

A SONG.

SHEWING THE CRUELTY OF GERNU-
TUS, A JEW, WHO LENDING TO A
MERCHANT AN HUNDRED CROWNES,
WOULD HAVE A POUND OF HIS FLESH
BECAUSE HE COULD NOT PAY HIM
AT THE TIME APPOINTED.

IN Venice town not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

E 2

Gernutus

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor never yet did any good
To them in streets that lye.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Untill men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a hoord;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with this usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For fear the theefe doth him pursue
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a while,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every week a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see (likewise) you keep your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of his wife,
Her cow she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A merchant of great fame,
Which being distressed, in his need
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend,
For twelve moneth and a day,
To lend to him an 100 crownes,
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him
And pledges he should have:

'No,' (qd. the Jew with fleering lookes)
'Sir, aske what you will have.

'No penny for the loane of it
'For one yeere you shall pay;
'You may do me as good a turne
'Before my dying day.

'But we will have a merry jeast
'For to be talked long;
'You shall make me a bond,' (quoth he)
'That shall be large and strong.

'And this shall be the forfeiture,
'Of your own fleshe a pound,
'If you agree, make you the bond,
'And here's a hundred crownes.'

THE SECOND PART OF THE JEW'S CRUELTYE; SETTING FORTH THE MEA-

CIFULNESSE OF THE JUDGE TOWARDS THE MERCHANT.

'WITH right good will,' the merchant said,

And so the bond was made,
When twelve months and a day drew on,
That back it should be paid.

The merchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayd to him of curtesie
'I pray you bear with me.

'My day is come, and I have not
'The money for to pay:
'And little good the forfeiture
'Will doe you I dare say.'

'With all my heart,' Gernutus said,
'Command it to your minde:
'In things of bigger weight than this
'You shall me readie finde.'

He goes his way; the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a serjeant presentlie,
And clapt him on the backe;

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgment-day was come,
For judgment he doth call.

The merchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his 100 crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last, 10,000 crownes
They offered him to save,
Gernutus said—'I will no gold,
'My forfeit I will have.

'A pound of fleshe is my demand,
'And that shall be my hyre.'
Then said the judge—'Yet my good friend,
'Let me of you desire,

'To take the fleshe from such a place
'As yet you let him live;
'Doe so, and lo an 100 crownes,
'To thee here will I give.'

'No, no,' quoth he, 'no judgment here,
'For th's it shall be tryde,
'For I will have my pound of fleshe
'From under his right side.'

It

It grieved all the companie,
His crueltie to see;
For neither friend nor foe could help
But he must spoiled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand
To spoyle the blood of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
'Stay,' quoth the judge, 'thy crueltie,
'I charge thee to do so.

'Sich needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
'Which is of fleshe a pound:
'See that thou shed no drop of blood,
'Nor yet the man confound.

'For if thou doe, like murtherer,
'Thou here shalt hanged be;
'Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut
'No more than longs to thee.

'For if thou take either more or lesse,
'To the value of a mite,
'Thou shalt be hanged presently,
'As is both law and right.'

Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,
And wotes not what to say:
Quoth he at last—'10,000 crownes
'I will that he shall pay.

'And so I grant to set him free:
The judge doth answere make,
'You shall not have a penny given,
'Your forfeiture now take.'

At the last he doth demand,
But for to have his own:
'No,' quoth the judge, 'do as you list,
'Thy judgment shall be shewne.

'Eithertake your pound of fleshe,' (qd. he)
'Or cancell me your bond. —
'O cruel judge,' then quoth the Jew,
'That doth against me stand!'

And so with griped grieved minde
He biddeth them farewell:
All the people prays d the Lord
That ever this heard tell.

Good people that do hear this song,
For truth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as he
Doth live now at this day,

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthie man,
And for to trap the innocent,
Deviseeth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke,
That meaneth so to do.

Printed at London by E. P. for J. Wright
dwelling in Gilt-Spur-Street.

It will be proper to subjoin what the ingenious Mr. Warton has observed upon this subject.—'It may be objected,' says he, 'that this ballad might have been written after, and copied from Shakespeare's play. But if that had been the case, it is most likely, that the author would have preserved Shakespeare's name of Shylock for the Jew; and nothing is more likely, than that Shakespeare, in copying from this ballad, should alter the name from Gernutus to one more Jewish. Another argument is, that our ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakespeare's play; I mean, that if it had been written after the play, it would have been much more full and circumstantial. At present, it has too much the nakedness of an original.'

It would, indeed, be absurd to think, that this ballad was taken from Shakespeare's play, as they differ in the most essential circumstances. The sum borrowed is in the former an hundred crowns, in the latter three thousand ducats. The time limited for payment in the one is only three months, in the other a year and a day. In the play the merchant's motive for borrowing, (which is finely imagined by Shakespeare, and is conducive to the general plot) is not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. To these we may add, that the close of the story is finely heightened by Shakespeare. A mere copyist, such as we may suppose a ballad-maker, would not have given himself the trouble to alter circumstances; at least he would not have changed them so much for the worse. But this matter seems to be placed out of all doubt by the first stanza of the ballad, which informs us, that the story was taken from some Italian novel. 'Thus much therefore is certain,' as Mr. Warton observes, 'that Shakespeare either copied from that Italian novel, or from this ballad. Now we have no translation, I presume, of such a novel into English. If then it be granted, that Shakespeare generally took his Italian stories from their English translations, and that the arguments above, concerning the prior antiquity of this ballad, are true, it will follow, that Shakespeare copied from this ballad.'

Upon the whole, it is very likely, that
the

the Italian novel, upon which this ballad seems founded, took it's rise (with an inversion of the circumstances) from the above-mentioned story in the 'Life' of Pope Sixtus V. the memory of which must have been then recent. I should be glad if any of your readers can give any further light into this affair, and, if possible, acquaint the public from whence Shakespeare borrowed the other part of his fable concerning *Portia and the Caskets*; which, it is

more than probable, is drawn from some other novel well known in his time.

I cannot conclude without remarking, with what art and judgment Shakespeare has wove together these different stories of the Jew and the Caskets; from both which he has formed one general fable, without having recourse to the stale artifice of eking out a barren subject with impertinent underplots. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T

N^o XVII. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

— PAULO PLUS ARTIS ATHENÆ.

HOR.

SCARCE MORE WITH ATHENS SCIENCE CHOSE TO DWELL,
OR GRECIAN POETS GRUB-STREET BARDS EXCELL.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,
THOUGH many historians have described the city of London (in which we may include Westminster) with great accuracy, yet they have not set it out in the full light which at present it deserves. They have not distinguished it as an university. Paris is an university, Dublin is an university, even Moscow is an university. But London has not yet been honoured with that title. I will allow our metropolis to have been intended originally, only as a city of trade; and I will farther own, that scarce any sciences, except such as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it, till within these last thirty years. But from that period of time, I may say a whole army, as it were, of arts and sciences have amicably marched in upon us, and have fixed themselves as auxiliaries to our capital.

The four great faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, which are taught in other universities, are in their highest perfection here. The prosperity of the first may be seen by the crowded churches every Sunday, and the discipline of the second by the numberless young students who constantly dine in their respective halls at the several Inns of Court. These two faculties have of late received considerable improvements, but particularly that of Theology; as is manifest from several new and astonishing opinions, which have been started among us.

There have risen, within these two years, very numerous tribes of Methodists, Moravians, Middletonians, Muggletonians, Hutchinsonians, &c. In a word, our sects are multiplied to such an infinite degree, that, as Voltaire has before observed, 'every man may now go to heaven his own way.' Can the Divinity-schools boast such sound doctrine as the Foundery in Moorfields? Or were ever fellows of colleges such adepts in matrimony, as the reverend doctors of the Fleet, or the primate of May Fair?

The theory of Medicine may undoubtedly be taught at Oxford and Cambridge in a tolerable manner; but the art itself can only be learned, where it flourishes, at London. Do not our daily papers give us a longer list of medicines, than are contained in any of the dispensaries? And are we not constantly told of surprising antidotes, certain cures, and never failing remedies for every complaint? And are not each of these specifics equally efficacious in one distemper as another, from the Grand Restorative Elixir of Life, down to the Infallible Corn-Salve, as thousands have experienced? With what pleasure and admiration have I beheld the Machaon of our times, Dr. Richard Rock, dispensing from his one-horse chaise his Cathartic Antivenereal Electuary, his Itch Powder, and his Quintessence of Vipers! It may be asked, Is he a Graduate? Is he a regular Physician? No, he is superior to regularity. He despises the formality of academical degrees. He styles himself M. L. He is a London Physician,

Physician, or, as Moliere would express it, *C'est un Medicin de Londres*.

After Medicine let us consider Logic. How is that most useful art taught in the two universities? Is it not clogged with such barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound, rather than enlighten or direct the understanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almost said, in a Popish tongue? Is it not overrun with dry distinctions, and useless subtleties? Where then is it to be learned in all the purity of reason, and the dignity of language? Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, but at the Robin Hood Alehouse in Butcher Row, near Temple Bar.

From Logic let us proceed to Eloquence: and let us ingenuously confess, that neither of our universities can boast an orator equal to the renowned Henley. Has he not all the qualifications required by Tully in a complete orator? Has he not been followed by the greatest men of the nation? Yet has this modest divine never derived any title to himself from his own rhetoric, except such an one as his extraordinary elocution naturally bestowed upon him. Might he not have called himself President of the Butchers? Dean of Marrow-bones and Cleavers? or Warden of Clare Market? Certainly he might. Therefore, if it were for his sake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to assume the title of an University; and the butchers of Clare Market, who have so constantly attended Mr. Henley's Lectures, ought to be presented with honorary degrees.

I know not what pretensions the universities may have had originally to adopt Music among the rest of their sciences: perhaps they have assumed a right of bestowing degrees in Music, from their being called the seats of the Muses; as it is well known that Apollo was a fiddler, as well as a poet and a physician; and the Muses are said to have delighted in fiddling and piping. The young students, I am told, of either university, are more ambitious to excel in this science than any other, and spend most of their time in the study of the *Gamut*: but their knowledge in Harmonics is seldom carried farther than *I love Sue*, or *Aily Croker*. In this point London has undoubtedly a better title to be called an University. Did Oxford or Cambridge ever produce an Opera, though

they have the advantage of languages so very little known, as the Greek, and even Hebrew, to compose in? Had ever any of their professors the least idea of a Burletta? Or are any of their most sublime Anthems half so ravishing as *Foot's Minuet* from the hand organ of the little *Savoyard Duchess*? Are those classical instruments the *Doric Lute*, the *Syrinx*, or the *Fistula*, to be compared to the melody of the *Wooden Spoons*, the *Jew's Harp*, and *Salt-Box*, at Mrs. Midnight's?

But there are no doctrines more forcibly inculcated among us than those of Ethics, or Moral Philosophy. What are the precepts of Plato, Epictetus, or Tully, in comparison to the moral lessons delivered by our periodical writers? And are not you, Mr. Town, a wiser man than Socrates? But the age is more particularly indebted, for its present universal purity of manners, to those excellent rules for the conduct of life contained in our modern novels. From these moral works might be compiled an entire new system of Ethics, far superior to the exploded notions of musty Academics, and adapted to the practice of the present times. Cato, we are told, commended a young man, whom he saw coming out of the public stews, because he imagined it might preserve him from the crime of adultery; and the Spartans used to make their slaves drunk in the presence of their youth, that they might be deterred from the like debaucheries. For the same reasons, we may suppose, that our taverns and bagnios are so much frequented by our young people; and in this light we may fairly consider them as so many *Schools of Moral Philosophy*.

If we are willing to turn our thoughts towards Experimental Philosophy, can the several universities of the whole world produce such a variety of instruments, so judiciously collected, for Astronomical, Geographical, and all other scientific observations, as are to be seen in the two amazing repositories of Mr. Professor Deard in the Strand, and of Mr. Professor Russel at Charing Cross? It were endless to enumerate particulars; but I cannot help taking notice of those elegant little portable telescopes, that are made use of in all public places; by which it is evident, that even our fine ladies and gentlemen are become proficient in *Optics*.

The

The Universities seem to pride themselves greatly on their choice collections of curious and invaluable trifles, which are there preserved, only because they were not thought worth preserving any where else. But is the Ashmolean Collection of Rarities comparable to the Nicknackatory of Mr. Pinchbeck? Or are any of their Museums stored with such precious curiosities, as are frequently seen in Mr. Langford's Auction-room? Strangers, who think it worth while to go so far as Oxford or Cambridge to see sights, may surely meet with as much satisfaction at London. Are the two little pigmies, striking a clock at Carfax in Oxford, within any degree of comparison with the two noble giants at St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; to say nothing of their enormous brethren at Guild Hall? Are any of the College Halls in either of the universities, so magnificent as those belonging to our worshipful companies? Or can the Theatre at Oxford, or the Senate-house at Cambridge, vie with that stupendous piece of architecture the Mansion-house, set apart for our Chancellor the Lord Mayor? It may be alledged, perhaps, that these are trifling examples of supe-

riority, which the younger sister bears over her two elder: but at the same time, it cannot be denied, that she excels them both even in the *minutiae* of learning and antiquity.

We must confess, that Hydraulics, or the Motion of Fluids, seem to be taught exactly in the same manner, and with the same degree of knowledge, in London, as in Oxford or Cambridge. The Glass Tubes, and the Syphons, are formed very much in the same shape and fashion. The great Hydrostatical law, 'That all fluids gravitate *in proprio loco*,' is proved by the same kind of experiments. The several students, of whatever age or station, vie with each other in an unwearied application, and a constant attendance to this branch of mixed mathematics. The Professors, in each of the three Universities, are confessedly very great men: but I hope I may be forgiven, if I wish to see my friend Mr. Ryan, president of the King's Arms in Pall Mall, unanimously declared Vice-chancellor of the University of London. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

G. K.

N^o XVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

— NIHIL EST FURACIUS ILLO:
NON FUIT AUTOLYCI TAM PICATA MANUS.

MART.

COULD HE HAVE FILCH'D BUT HALF SO SLY AS THEE,
CROOK-FINGER'D JACK HAD 'SCAP'D THE TRIPLE TREE.

AN information was the other day laid before a magistrate by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, against one of his brethren for a robbery. The prosecutor deposed upon oath, that the other had called upon him to see his collection of medals, and took an opportunity of stealing a leathern purse, formerly belonging to the celebrated Tom Hearne, in which were contained, (besides an antique piece of copper-money, place, date, name, figure, and value unknown) a pair of breeches of Oliver Cromwell, a *denarius* of Trajan worth fifty shillings, and a Queen Anne's farthing value five pounds. He was with much ado dissuaded from carrying on his suit; as the magistrate convinced him, that however highly he might rate

his own treasures, a jury, who were no *Virtuosos*, would consider a farthing merely as a farthing, and look upon a copper coin of a Roman Emperor as no better than a King George's halfpenny.

I cannot, indeed, without great concern, as a Connoisseur, reflect on the known dishonesty of my learned brethren. The scandalous practices, wherever their darling passion is interested, are too notorious to be denied. The moment they conceive a love for rarities, and antiques, their strict notions of honour disappear; and Taste, the more it establishes their veneration for *Virtù*, the more certainly destroys their integrity: as rust enhances the value of an old coin, by eating up the figure and inscription.

Most

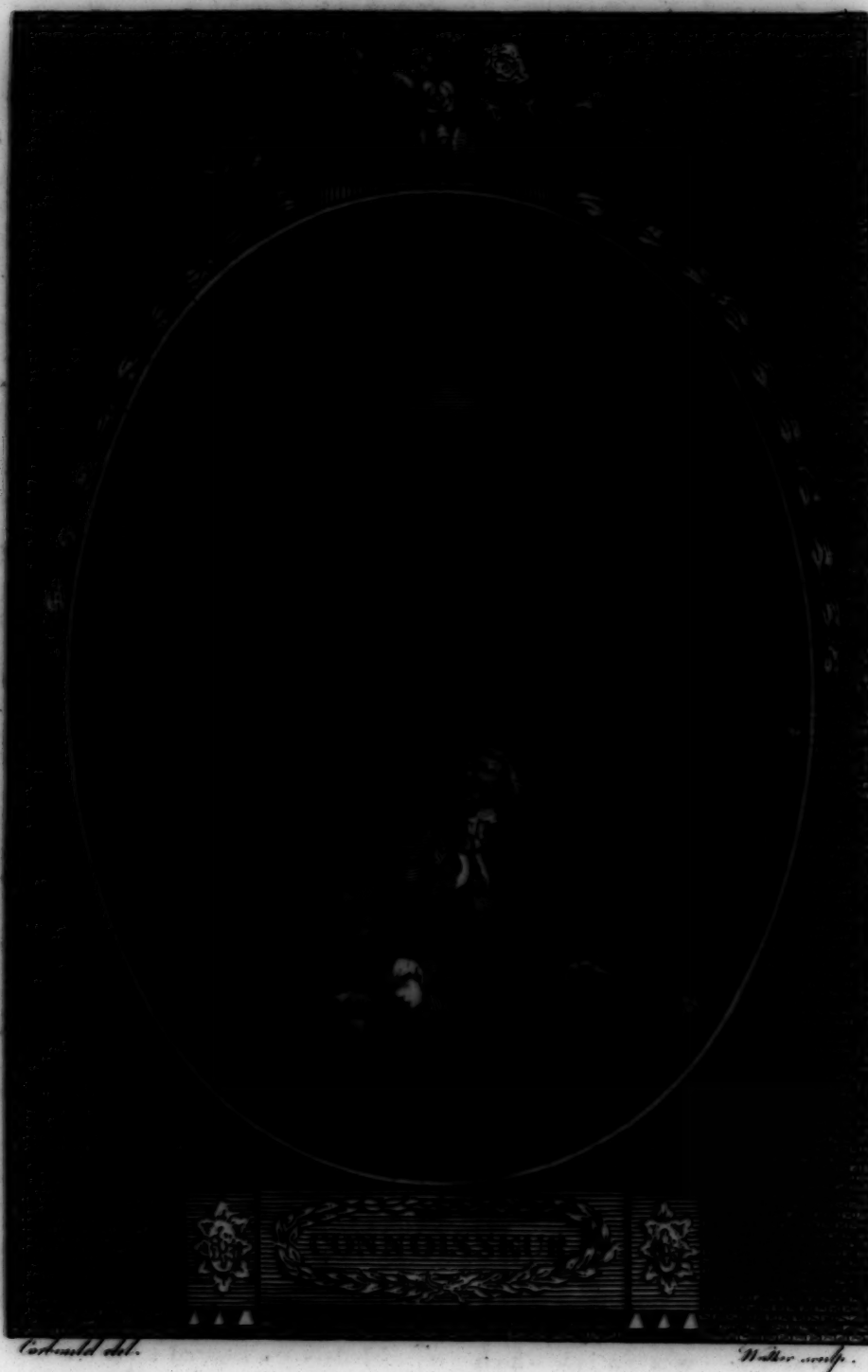


Plate V.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. Sept. 2. 1786.

Most people are masters of a kind of logic, by which they argue their consciences to sleep, and acquit themselves of doing what is wrong. The country squire of confirmed honesty in all other respects, thinks it very fair to over-reach you in the sale of an horse; and the man of pleasure, who would scorn to pick your pocket, or stop you on the road, regards it rather as gallantry than baseness, to intrigue with your wife or daughter. In the same manner the *Virtuoso* does not look on his thefts as real acts of felony; but while he owns that he would take any pains to steal an old rusty piece of brass, boasts that you may safely trust him with untold gold; though he would break open your cabinet for a shell or a butterfly, he would not attempt to force your escritoire or your strong box; nor would he offer the least violence to your wife or daughter, though perhaps he would run away with the little finger of the *Venus de Medicis*. Upon these principles he proceeds, and lays hold of all opportunities to increase his collection of rarities: and as Mahomet established his religion by the sword, the Connoisseur enlarges his Museum, and adds to his store of knowledge, by fraud and petty larceny.

If the libraries and cabinets of the curious were, like the daw in the fable, to be stripped of their borrowed ornaments, we should in many see nothing but bare shelves and empty drawers. I know a medalist, who at first set up with little more than a paltry series of English coins since the Reformation, which he had the good luck to pick up at their intrinsic value. By a pliant use of his fingers he became soon possessed of most of the *Talers*; and by the same slight of hand, he, in a short time after, made himself master of great part of the *Cæsars*. He was once taken up for coining; a forge, a crucible, and several dies, being found in his cellar: but he was acquitted, as there was no law which made it high treason to counterfeit the image of a Tiberius or a Nero; and the coin, which he imitated, was current only among *Virtuosos*.

I remember another, who piqued himself on his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was continually borrowing books of his acquaintance, with a resolution never to return them. He

would send in a great hurry for a particular edition, which he wanted to consult only for a moment; but when it was asked for again, he was not home, or he had lent it to another, or he had lost it, or he could not find it; and sometimes he would not scruple to swear, that he had himself delivered it into the owner's hands. He would frequently spoil a set by stealing a volume, and then purchase the rest for a trifle. After his death his library was sold by auction; and many of his friends were obliged to buy up their own books again at an exorbitant price.

A thorough-bred *Virtuoso* will surmount all scruples of conscience, or encounter any danger to serve his purpose. Most of them are chiefly attached to some particular branch of knowledge; but I remember one, who was passionately fond of every part of *Virtù*. At one time, when he could find no other way of carrying off a medal, he ran the risk of being choked by swallowing it; and at another, broke his leg in scaling a garden-wall for a tulip-root. But nothing gave him so much trouble and difficulty as the taking away pictures and ancient marbles; which being heavy and unwieldy, he often endangered his life to gratify his curiosity. He was once locked up all night in the Duke of Tuscany's gallery, where he took out an original painting of Raphael, and dextrously placed a copy of it in the frame. At Venice he turned Roman Catholic, and became a Jesuit, in order to get admittance into a convent, from whence he stole a fine head of Ignatius Loyola; and at Constantinople he had almost formed the resolution of qualifying himself for the Seraglio, that he might find means to carry off a picture of the Grand Signior's chief mistress.

The general dishonesty of *Connoisseurs* is indeed so well known, that the strictest precaution is taken to guard against it. Medals are secured under lock and key, pictures screwed to the walls, and books chained to the shelves; yet cabinets, galleries, and libraries, are continually plundered. Many of the maimed statues at Rome perhaps owe their present ruinous condition to the depredations made on them by *Virtuosos*: the head of Henry the Fifth, in Westminster Abbey, was in all probability stolen by a *Connoisseur*; and I know one who has at different times pilfered a great

part of Queen Catherine's Bones, and hopes in a little while to be master of the whole skeleton. This gentleman has been detected in so many little thefts, that he has for several years past been refused admittance into the Museums of the curious; and he is lately gone abroad with a design upon the ancient Greek manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum.

It may seem surprising, that these gentlemen should have been hitherto suffered to escape unpunished for their repeated thefts; and that a *Virtuoso*, who robs you of an *Unic* of inestimable value, should even glory in the action, while a poor dog, who picks your pocket of sixpence, shall be hanged for it. What a shocking disgrace would be brought upon Taste, should we ever see the dying speech, confession, and behaviour, of a *Connoisseur*, related in the account of malefactors by the ordinary of Newgate! Such an accident would doubtless bring the study of *Virtù* into still more contempt among the ignorant, when they found that it only brought a man to the gallows; as the country fellow, when he saw an attorney stand in the pillory for forgery, shook his head and cried—'Ay, this comes of your writing and reading.' It were perhaps

worthy the consideration of the legislature to devise some punishment for these offenders which should bear some analogy with their crimes: and as common malefactors are delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, I would propose, that a *Connoisseur* should be made into a Mummy, and preserved in the hall of the Royal Society, for the terror and admiration of his brethren.

I shall conclude this paper with the relation of a circumstance, which fell within my own knowledge when I was abroad, and in which I declined a glorious opportunity of signalizing myself as a *Connoisseur*. While I was at Rome, a young physician of our party, who was eaten up with *Virtù*, made a serious proposal to us of breaking into one of the churches by night, and taking away a famous piece of painting over the altar. As I had not quite taste enough to come at once into his scheme, I could not help objecting to him, that it was a robbery. 'Poh,' says he, 'it is a most exquisite picture!'—'Ay, but it is not only a robbery, but sacrilege.'—'Oh, it is a most charming piece!'—'Zounds, doctor, but if we should be taken, we shall all be broke upon the wheel.'—'Then,' said he, 'we shall die MARTYRS.' T

N^o XIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

POSCENTES VARIO MULTUM DIVERSA PALATO.

HOR.

NOW VERY ILL OUR DIFFERENT TASTES AGREE;
THIS WILL HAVE BEEF, AND THAT A FRICASSEE.

I Have selected the following letters from a great number, which I have lately been favoured with from unknown correspondents; and as they both relate nearly to the same subject, I shall without further preface submit them to the public.

SIR,

WHEN you was got into White's, I was in hopes that you would not have confined yourself merely to the gaming-table, but have given us an account of the entertainment at their ordinaries. A bill of fare from thence would have been full as diverting to

your readers, as the laws of the game, or a list of their bets. These gentlemen, we are told, are no less adepts in the science of eating than of gaming; and as Hoyle has reduced the latter into a new and compleat system, I could wish that their cook, (who to be sure is a Frenchman) would also oblige the world by a treatise on the art and mystery of sauces.

Indeed, Mr. Town, it surprises me, that you have so long neglected to make some reflections on the Diet of this great city. Dr. Martin Lister, who was universally allowed to be a great Connoisseur, and published several learned treatises

tises upon cockle-shells, did not think it beneath him to comment on the works of Apicius Cælius, who had collected together many valuable receipts in cookery, as practised by the Romans. If you would preserve your papers from the indignity of covering breasts of veal, or wrapping up cutlets *à la Maintenon*, I would advise you to lard them now and then with the ragouts of Helioabalus, or a parallel between our modern soups and the Lacedæmonian black broth. Your works might then be universally read, from the mistress in the parlour down to the cookmaid and scullion.

It is absolutely necessary for people of all tempers, complexions, persuasions, habits, and stations of life, however they may differ in other particulars, to concur in the grand article of eating. And as the humours of the body arise from the food we take in, the dispositions of the mind seem to bear an equal resemblance to our places of refreshment. You have already taken a review of our several coffee-houses; and I wish you would proceed to delineate the different characters that are to be found in our taverns and chop-houses. A friend of mine always judges of a man of taste and fashion, by asking, who is his peruke-maker or his taylor? Upon the same principles, when I would form a just opinion of any man's temper and inclinations, I always enquire, where does he dine?

The difference between the taverns near St. James's, and those about the 'Change, consists, not so much in the costliness as the substance of their viands. The round-bellied alderman, who breathes the foggy air of the city, requires a more solid diet than the light kickshaws of our meagre persons of quality. My Lord, or Sir John, after having whiled away an hour or two at the parliament-house, drive to the Star and Garter, to regale on Macaroni, or piddle with with an Ortolan; while the merchant, who has plodded all the morning in the Alley, sits down to a turtle-feast at the Crown or the King's Arms, and crams himself with Calipash and Calipee. As the city taverns are appropriated to men of business, who drive bargains for thousands over their morning's gill, the taverns about the court are generally filled with an insipid race of mortals, who have no-

thing to do. Among these you may see most of our young men of fashion, and young officers of the guards, who meet at these places to shew the elegance of their taste by the expensiveness of their dinner: and many an ensign, with scarce any income but his commission, prides himself on keeping the best company, and often throws down more than a week's pay for his reckoning; though at other times it obliges him, with several of his brethren upon half pay, to dine with Duke Humphry in St. James's Park.

The taverns about the purlieus of Covent-Garden are dedicated to Venus, as well as Ceres and Liber; and you may frequently see the jolly mess-mates of both sexes go in and come out in couples, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. These houses are equally indebted for their support, to the cook, and that worthy personage, whom they have dignified with the title of Pimp. These gentlemen contrive to play into each other's hands. The first, by his high soups and rich sauces, prepares the way for the occupation of the other; who having reduced the patient by a proper exercise of his art, returns him back again to go through the same regimen as before. We may therefore suppose, that the culinary arts are no less studied here than at White's or Pontac's. True geniuses in eating will continually strike out new improvements: but I dare say, neither Braund nor Lebeck ever made up a more extraordinary dish, than I once remember at the Castle. Some bloods being in company with a celebrated *fille de joye*, one of them pulled off her shoe, and in excess of gallantry filled it with Champagne, and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still further, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it: he pulled the upper part (which was of damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up in ragout; minced the sole; cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company, you may be sure, testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite *impromptu*: and as this transaction happened just after the

French king had taken a cobbler's daughter for his mistress, Tom Pierce (who has the stile as well as art of a French cook) in his bill politely called it, in honour of her name, *De foulier à la Murphy*.

Taverns, Mr. Town, seem contrived for the promoting of luxury; while the humbler chop-houses are designed only to satisfy the ordinary cravings of nature. Yet at these you may meet with a variety of characters. At Dolly's and Horseman's, you commonly see the hearty lovers of a beef-steak and gill of ale; and at Betty's, and the chop-houses about the inns of court, a pretty maid is as inviting as the provisions. In these common refectories you may always find the jemmy attorney's clerk, the prim curate, the walking physician, the captain upon half-pay, the shabby *violet de chambre* upon board wages, and the foreign count or marquis in dishabille, who has refused to dine with a duke or an ambassador. At a little eating-house in a dark alley behind the 'Change, I once saw a grave citizen, worth a plumb, order a two-penny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it; and when it was brought him, he scooped the crumb out of an halfpenny roll, and soaked it in the porridge for his present meal; then carefully placing the chop between the upper and under crust, he wrapped it up in a checked handkerchief, and carried it off for the morrow's repast.

I shall leave it to you, Sir, to make farther reflections on this subject, and should be glad to dine with you at any tavern, dive with you into any cellar, take a beef-steak in Ivy-Lane, a mutton-chop behind St. Clement's, or (if you chuse it) an extempore sausage or black-pudding over the farthing fries at Moor-Fields. Your humble servant,

PYE-CORNER.

T. SAVOURY.

MR. TOWN!

BY Jove, it is a shame, a burning shame, to see the honour of England, the glory of our nation, the greatest pillar of life, ROAST BEEF, utterly banished from our tables. This evil, like many others, has been growing upon us by degrees. It was begun by wickedly placing the Beef upon a side-table, and screening it by a parcel of queue-tail'd fellows in laced wait-

coats. However, the odorous effluvia generally affected the smell of every true Briton in the room. The butler was fatigued with carving: the master of the house grew pale, and sickened at the sight of those juicy collops of fat and lean, that came swimming in gravy, and smoking most deliciously under our nostrils. Other methods therefore were to be pursued. The Beef was still served up, but it was brought up cold. It was put upon a table in the darkest part of the room, and immured between four walls formed artificially by the servants with the hats of the company. When the jellies and slip-flops were coming in, the Beef was carried off in as secret a manner, as if it had gone through the ceremonies of concoction. But still, Sir, under all these disadvantages, we had a chance of getting a slice as it passed by. Now, alas! it is not suffered to come up stairs. I dare say, it is generally banished from the steward's table; nor do I suppose, that the powdered footmen will touch it, for fear of daubing their ruffles. So that the dish that was served up to the royal tables, the dish that was the breakfast of Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, the dish that received the dignity of knighthood from King James the First, is now become the food only of scullions and stable-boys. In what words can I vent my resentment upon this occasion; especially when I reflect, that innovations seldom come alone? Toasted cheese is already buried in rammekins: plumb-porridge has been long banished: I tremble for plumb-pudding. May we not live to see a leg of pork detested as carrion? and a shoulder of mutton avoided as if it were horse-flesh? Our only hopes are in the Clergy, and in the Beef-steak Club. The former still preserve, and probably will preserve, the rectitude of their appetites; and will do justice to Beef, wherever they find it. The latter, who are composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom, meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent-Garden theatre, and never suffer any dish except Beef-steaks to appear. These, indeed, are most glorious examples; but what, alas! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup-maigres! This, Mr. Town, is a national concern, as it may prove more destructive

to

to Beef than the distemper among the horned cattle: And should the modish aversion against rumps and furlouns continue, it will be absolutely necessary

to enforce the love of Beef by act of parliament.

Yours,

GOLIAH ENGLISH.

Nº XX. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

NON UMBRÆ ALTORUM NEMORUM, NON MOLLIA POSSUNT
PRÆTATA MOVERE ANIMUM.

VIRG.

NO RURAL CHARMS HER JOYLESS MIND CAN MOVE,
THE VERDANT MEADOW, OR THE LOFTY GROVE.

THE ladies of the present age are strangely altered from the unpollished females, who flourished in the days of Romance. What modern Pärthenissa would not prefer a tall young fellow to the most beautiful dwarf in the universe, or a coach and six to a white palfrey? The fair damsels of old were chiefly to be found in woods and forests; but our present heroines are distinguished by an utter aversion to the country, and would as soon be confined by a giant in an enchanted castle, as immured with old maiden aunts in the family mansion house. Nothing is more dreadful to our ladies of quality than the approach of summer: for what woman of spirit would chuse to leave the town to wander in solitudes and desarts; or what pleasure can the long days give to our fine ladies, when the pretty creatures are conscious, that they look best by candle-light? The general complaint against the country is want of amusement, or want of company: but these common inconveniences are trifles in comparison to the sufferings of the poor lady, who wrote the following letter, which was communicated to me with leave to make it public.

DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

I Have been plagued, pestered, teased to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever since I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again? Pope and the poets may talk what they will of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads: but I had rather live all my days among the cheesemongers shops in Thames Street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here; and then there has been such ado with

us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours: such a rout with their hissing and hollowing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces! If my Sir John must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might come in without all this trouble, and take his seat in the house, though he has never been within an hundred miles of the place.

Our house, my dear, has been a perfect inn ever since we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the county that is worth forty shillings a year; all my best floors are spoiled by the hobnails of farmers stumping about them; every room is a pig-stye; and the Chinese paper in the drawing-room stinks so abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would strike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have suffered, you would think I had the constitution of a washerwoman to go through it. We never sit down to table without a dozen or more of boisterous two-legged creatures as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worse than all, one of the beasts got tipsy, and nothing would serve him but he must kiss me, which I was forced to submit to for fear of losing his vote and interest. Would you think it, dear Charlotte?—do not laugh at me—I stood godmother in person to a large lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almost poisoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of sour ale and brown sugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not say, my lady is proud and above them.

Besides,

Besides, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my house-keeper; and yet I must be intimate with them all. Lady B** indeed is very near us; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we must not be seen to speak to each other here, because her lord is in the opposition. Poor Thomas got a sad drubbing at her house, when I innocently sent him at my first coming into the country with a how d'ye to her ladyship. The greatest female acquaintance I have here, are Mrs. Mayorefs, a tailor's wife, and Mrs. Alderman Gascoigne, who sells pins and needles on one side of the shop, while her husband works at his pestle and mortar on the other. These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table: I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards often doomed to sit down to whist and swabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayorefs is a very violent party-woman; and she has two pug-dogs; one of which she calls Sir John, and the other Colonel, in compliment you must know to my husband and his brother candidate.

We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir Humphry Chase, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing bears, which I have seen in the streets at London. A terrible mistake happened about precedence, which I fear will lose Sir John a good many votes. An attorney's wife was very angry, that her daughter, a little pert chit just come from the boarding-school, was not called out to dance before Miss Norton the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (she said) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I wish, my dear, you were to see my dressing-room; you would think it was a ribband-shop. Lettice and I have been busy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yesterday no milliner's prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on to the sweaty hats of country bumkins. And is it not very hard upon me? I must not even dress as I please; but am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in Macbeth.

But what is worse than all, Sir John tells me, the election expences have run so high, that he must shorten my allowance of pin-money. He talks of turning off half his servants; nay, he has even hinted to me, that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature!—But if he dares serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time; I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters in the county against him. I am your affectionate friend, &c.

This lady's case is, indeed, very much to be pitied: but as Sir John has had the good luck to gain his point after a strong opposition, he will doubtless be sensible of the great share his lady had in his success. For my own part, when I consider the vast influence which the fair sex must naturally have over my fellow-countrymen, I cannot help looking on their interesting themselves in these matters as a very serious affair. What success must a fine lady meet with on her canvass! No gentleman to be sure could be so rude or so cruel, as to refuse such a pretty beggar any thing she should ask; and an honest country farmer, who could withstand any other arguments, might be coaxed and wheedled, or bribed with a smile, into voting against his conscience. Many instances have been found, during the late elections, of husbands who have been forced to poll as their wives would have them; and I know a young fellow, that was brought over to give a vote against his inclination by his sweetheart, who refused to receive his addresses, if he did not change his party.

It may not perhaps be too bold an assertion, that half the members in the present parliament owe their seats to the direct or indirect influence of the other sex. It would therefore be highly proper for the legislature to provide against this evil for the future; and I hope, before the next general election, to see among the Votes the following resolution.

RESOLVED,

That it is an high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of Great Britain, for any peeress, or any other lady, to concern themselves in the elections of members to serve for the Commons in parliament.

T
N°

N^o XXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

STUDEO, BULLATIS UT MINI NUGIS
PAGINA TURGESCAT, DARE PONDUS IDONEA FUMO.

PERSIUS.

A TALE IN SOUNDING PHRASE I STRIVE TO TELL,
WITH POMPOUS TRIFLES THAT MY PAGE MAY SWELL:
THAT WORDY TRAPPINGS THE THIN SENSE MAY CLOKE,
AND ADD IMAGINARY WEIGHT TO SMOKE.

TQUASSOUW, the son of Kqvusfomo, was Konquer or Chief Captain over the Sixteen Nations of Caffraria. He was descended from N'oh and Hingn'oh, who dropt from the moon; and his power extended over all the Kraals of the Hottentots.

This prince was remarkable for his prowess and activity: his speed was like the torrent, that rushes down the precipice; and he would overtake the wild ass in her flight: his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds; the lion fell before him, and his lance drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest: he drew the rock-fish from their lurking holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the Hassagaye with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the soft dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassouw was one day giving instructions for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pitfalls for the elephant, he received information, that a tyger prowling for prey was committing ravages on the Kraals of the Chamouers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roe-buck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant when the enraged animal was about to fasten on a virgin, and aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to thank her deliverer: but when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms. He was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hogs of Hessaqua: he was ravished with the prest

gristle of her nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her navel.

Knonmquaiha, (for that was the virgin's name) was daughter to the Kouquequa or leader of the Kraal, who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex. She was fed with the entrails of goats, she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince in great transport embraced the soles of her feet: then ripping the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tyger of his skin, and sending it to the Kouquequa her father, demanded the damsel in marriage.

The eve of the full moon was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence, in which the bridegroom was arrayed, amazed all Caffraria. Over his shoulders was cast a Krossie, or mantle of wild cat-skins: he cut sandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant; he had hunted down a leopard, and of the spotted fur formed a superb cap for his head; he girded his loins with the intestines; and the bladder of the beast he blew up, and fastened to his hair.

Nor had Knonmquaiha been less employed in adorning her person. She made a varnish of the fat of goats mixed with soot, with which she anointed her whole body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun: her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of Buchu: her face, which shone like the polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the sable curtain of the night bespangled with stars; she sprinkled her limbs with wood-ashes,

asses, and perfumed them with the dung of the Stinkbingssem. Her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of an heifer: from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid: the wings of an ostrich overshadowed the fleshy promontories behind; and before she wore an apron formed of the shaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the several Kraals, who were summoned to assist at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, sitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees in token of reverence. In the centre the illustrious prince with his sable bride reposed upon soft cushions of cow-dung. Then the Surri or chief priest approached them, and in a deep voice chaunted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the Gom-gom; and at the same time (according to the manner of Caffraria) bedewed them plentifully with the urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious stream with extasy; while the briny drops trickled from their bodies, like the oozy surge from the rocks of Chirigiqua.

The Hottentots had seen the increase and wane of two moons since the happy union of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha, when the Kraals were surprised with the appearance of a most extraordinary personage, that came from the savage people who rose from the sea, and had lately fixed themselves on the borders of Caffraria. His body was enwrapped with strange coverings, which concealed every part from sight, except his face and hands. Upon his skin the sun darted his scorching rays in vain, and the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleasure, was white as the blossoms of the almond tree, and bushy as the fleece of the ram. His lips and cheeks resembled the red oker, and his nose was sharpened like the beak of an eagle. His language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beasts; nor could Tquassouw discover his meaning, till an Hottentot (who at the first coming of these people had been taken prisoner, and had afterwards made his escape) interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the stranger was sent from

his fellow-countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories, and that he was called, among them, MYNHEER VAN SNICKERSNEE.

Tquassouw, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the savage with extraordinary benevolence. He spread a mantle of sheep-skins, anointed with fat, for his bed; and for his food he boiled in their own blood the tripe of the fattest herds that grazed in the rich pastures of the Heykoms. The stranger in return instructed the prince in the manners of the savages, and often amused him with sending fire from an hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder. Nor was he less studious to please the gentle Knonmquaiha. He bound bracelets of polished metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glass: he filled the cocoa-shell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilarated her heart, and made her eyes sparkle with joy: he also taught her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves of Dacha, and to send forth rolls of odorous smoke from her mouth. After having sojourned in the Kraals for the space of half a moon, the stranger was dismissed with magnificent presents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochequa, and the forests of Stinkwood bounded by the Palamite river.

Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha continued to live together in the most cordial affection; and the Surri every night invoked the great Gounja Ticqua, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of N'oh and Hing'oh. The princess at length manifested the happy tokens of pregnancy; while her waist increased daily in circumference, and swelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, she was committed to the care of the Wise Women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly slain, and to facilitate the birth, gave her a portion of the milk of wild asses, and fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of child birth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coast, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obscured as with a veil. The Kraal echoed with shrieks and lamentations,

mentations, and the wise women cried out, that the princess was delivered of a MONSTER.

The offspring of her womb was WHITE. They took the child, and washed him with the juice of aloes: they exposed his limbs to the sun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls:—but his skin still retained it's detested hue, and the child was still WHITE. The venerable Surris were assembled to deliberate on the cause of this prodigy; and they unanimously pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the demon Cham-ouna, who had practised on the virtue of the princess under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snick-ernee.

The incestuous parent and her unnatural offspring were judged unworthy to live. They bowed a branch of an olive-tree in the forest of Lions, on which the white monster was suspended by the heels; and ravenous beasts feasted on the issue of Knonmquaiha. The princess herself was sentenced to the severe punishment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The Kouqueguas, who scarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now summoned to assist at her unhappy death. They were collected in a circle, each of them wielding an huge club of cripple-wood. The beauteous criminal stood weeping in the midst of them, prepared to receive the first blow from the hand of her injured husband. Tquassouw in vain assayed to perform the sad office: thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace of iron, and thrice dropped it in-

effectual on the ground. At length from his reluctant arm descended the fell stroke, which lighted on that nose, whose flatness and expansion had first captivated his heart. The Kouqueguas then rushing in with their clubs, redoubled their blows on her body, till the pounded Knonmquaiha lay as an heap of mud, which the retiring flood leaves on the strand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and distinction, were inclosed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was fattened to the point of a bearded arrow, and shot into the ocean. Tquassouw remained inconsolable for her loss: he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigiqua, and cast his eyes on the watery expanse. One night, as he stood howling with the wolves to the moon, he descried the paunch that contained the precious relics of Knonmquaiha, dancing on a wave, and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out with a lamentable voice, 'Bo, Bo, Bo:' then springing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle soaring on his prey. The paunch burst asunder beneath his weight; the green wave was discoloured with the gore; and Tquassouw was enveloped in the mass. He was heard of no more; and it was believed by the people, who remained ignorant of his catastrophe, that he was snatched up into the moon.

The fate of this unhappy pair is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage-rites have ever since concluded with a wish, 'That the husband may be happier than Tquassouw, and the wife more chaste than Knonmquaiha.'

W

N^o XXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

SCILICET EXPECTES, UT TRADET MATER HONESTOS
ATQUE ALIOS MORES, QUAM QUOS HABET?—— JUV.

THE SAME THEIR BREEDING, AND SO LIKE EACH OTHER,
MISS IS THE VERY MODEL OF HER MOTHER.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Remember, in a match between two persons of different religions, it was stipulated in the marriage articles, that the boys should be bred up in the persuasion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The consequence

of this was, that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a most pious contempt, and in the end it produced a separation. The sons followed the example of their father, and in order to avoid the least appearance of superstition and bigotry, turned out free-thinkers. The lady of the house retired

G

with

with her daughters to France, and to preserve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

The like method seems to be observed in the general education of children; who, as soon as they leave the nursery, are resigned over to the care and direction of their respective parents, according to their sex: whence it often happens, that families are as much distinguished by their peculiar manners, as by a certain cast of features or complexion. My young squire is put upon a little horse before he can well walk, and becomes (as his father was before him) the pupil and companion of the groom and the game-keeper; and if miss's mamma should chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality, though the wife of a substantial tradesman, the little lady is early instructed to value herself on her blood, and to despise her father's dirty connections with business.

To this method of education it is owing, that the same vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modish excesses of these times are in their nature the same with those which were formerly in vogue, though they differ somewhat in their shape and appearance. The present race of Bucks, Bloods, and Free-thinkers, are but the spawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire Club: and if our modern fine ladies have had their Masquerades, their Vauxhalls, their Sunday Tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their Morning Chocolate in the Hay-Market, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring Gardens, the New Exchange assignations, and the Morning Puppet-show, which employed the attention of their grandmothers. And as it is not apparent that our people of fashion are more wicked, so neither are they wiser than their predecessors.

When I contemplate the manner in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections farther than what merely concerns their own persons. Let our young men of fashion expose their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our universities at home;—let them trifle away their time in insipid amusements, and run loose about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery;—let our young ladies be

taught nothing but gallantry and whiff, and be seen only at routs and assemblies;—if the consequence extend not beyond themselves. But as these are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals of our next race must depend; it becomes a public concern, lest the reign of vice and ignorance should be supported, as it were, by hereditary succession, and propagated to distant generations.

The modern method of education is, indeed, so little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almost impossible that children should be wiser or better than their parents. The country squire seldom fails of seeing his son as dull and awkward a looby as himself; while the debauched or foppish man of quality breeds up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diseases into the family, and fresh mortgages on the estate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. Town, with a few remarks on this subject, you would do service to posterity: for the present, give me leave to illustrate what I have said, by the example of a very fashionable family.

Lady Belle Modely was one of the finest women in the last reign, as the colonel her husband was one of the smartest fellows. After they had astonished the world singly with the *eclat* of their actions, they came together: as her ladyship was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of fashion; while the colonel fell a sacrifice to her beauty, only because she was admired by every body else. They lived together for some time in great splendour: but as matrimony was a constraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the best company, is at the head of every party of pleasure, never misses a masquerade, and has card-tables constantly at her own house on Sundays. The colonel is one of the oldest members of the club at White's, runs horses at Newmarket, has an actress in keeping, and is protected from the impertinence of duns, by having purchased a seat in parliament at almost as great an expence as would have satisfied the demands of his creditors.

They have two children: the one has been educated by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the

the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to a grammar-school for a while; but Latin and Greek, or indeed any language except French, are of no service to a gentleman: and as the lad had discovered early marks of spirit; (such as kicking down wheel-barrows, and setting old women on their heads) the colonel swore Jack should be a soldier, and accordingly begged a pair of colours for him before he was fifteen. The colonel, who had served only in the peaceful campaigns of Covent Garden, took great pains to instil into Jack all that prowess so remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters with sharpers, his midnight skirmishes with constables, his storming of bagnios, his imprisonment in round-houses, and his honourable wounds in the service of prostitutes. The captain could not fail of improving under so excellent a tutor, and soon became as eminent as his father. He is a Blood of the first rate; Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broad sword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the *honourable* way; but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen, and most courageously run a waiter through the body. His scanty pay will not allow him to keep a mistress; but it is said that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

Such is the consequence of the son's education; and by this our people of distinction may learn, how much better it is to let a lad see the world, as the phrase is, than to lash him through a grammar-school like a parish-boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college-cloister. Lady Belle has not been less careful of her daughter Miss Harriot. Those who undertake the business of educating polite females, have laid it down as a rule to consider women merely as Dolls; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their persons. The ro-

mantic notions of honour and virtue are only fit for poor awkward creatures, who are to marry a shopkeeper or a parson; but they can be of no use to a fine girl, who is designed to make a figure. Accordingly Miss Harriot was committed to the care of *Madame Gower-nante*, who never suffered her to speak a word of English; and a French dancing-master, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As she grew up, her mamma instructed her in the nicest points of ceremony and good breeding: she explained to her the laws and regulations of dress; directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what fashions best became her; and what colours best suited her complexion. These excellent rules were constantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyship's own practice: above all, she unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue; recounted the stratagems she had herself employed in gaining new conquests, taught her when to advance and when to retreat; and how far she might venture to indulge herself in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

Miss Harriot soon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the most elegant accomplishments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whist than Mrs. Sharply, and to bet with more spirit at brag than the bold Lady Atall. She was carried about to Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, and every other place of diversion, by the mother; where she was exposed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the best bidder. But as Miss had some fortune at her own disposal, she had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage-articles, jointures, settlements, and pin-money; and (just before the late act took place) eloped with a gentleman, who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himself to Miss Harriot by a stature of six foot and a shoulder-knot.

O I am, Sir, your humble
servant, &c.

N^o XXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

QUI MODO SCURRA
AUT SI QUID HAC RE TRITIUS VIDEATUR,
IDEM INFICETO EST INFICETIOR RURE.

CATULL.

THE FOOL OF PANTOMIME, WHO NE'ER SPAKE WORD,
OR WORSE THAN FOOL, THE SENATOR OR LORD,
IN THE DULL COUNTRY HIS DULL TRADE PURSUING,
THE BLOCKHEAD UNDERDOES HIS UNDERDOING.

I HAVE lately received several letters from my cousin Village, concerning the entertainments of the country. He tells me, that they have concerts every evening in that part of the month in which the almanack promises it will be moon light. In one little town in particular, all the polite company of the place assemble every Sunday evening (after church) at the Three Compasses, which is kept by the clerk, to regale themselves with cakes and fine home-brewed in an arbour at the end of his cabbage-garden; to which they have given the genteel denomination of Little Ranelagh. I shall this day present my reader with his last letter; and only take notice of the grand difference between the summer amusements in town and country. In London, while we are almost smothered in smoke and dust, gardens are opened every evening to refresh us with the pure air of the country; while those, who have the finest walks and most beautiful prospects eternally before them, shut themselves up in theatres and ball-rooms, 'lock fair day-light out, and make themselves an 'artificial London.'

DEAR COUSIN,

WHEREVER the town goes, those who live by the town naturally follow. The facetious and entertaining gentry, who during the winter amused the world within the bills of mortality, are now dispersed into different parts of the country. We have had most of them here already. The Colossus, the Dwarf, the Female Samson, made some stay with us. We went for a week together to see Mr. Powell eat red-hot tobacco-pipes, and swallow fire and brimstone. The Hermaphrodite was obliged to leave the town on a scandalous report, that a lady used frequently to visit him in private. Mr. Church

for some time charmed us with concertos and sonatas on the Jew's-harp; and at our last ball we footed it to our usual melody of the tabor and pipe, accompanied with the cymbal and wooden spoons.

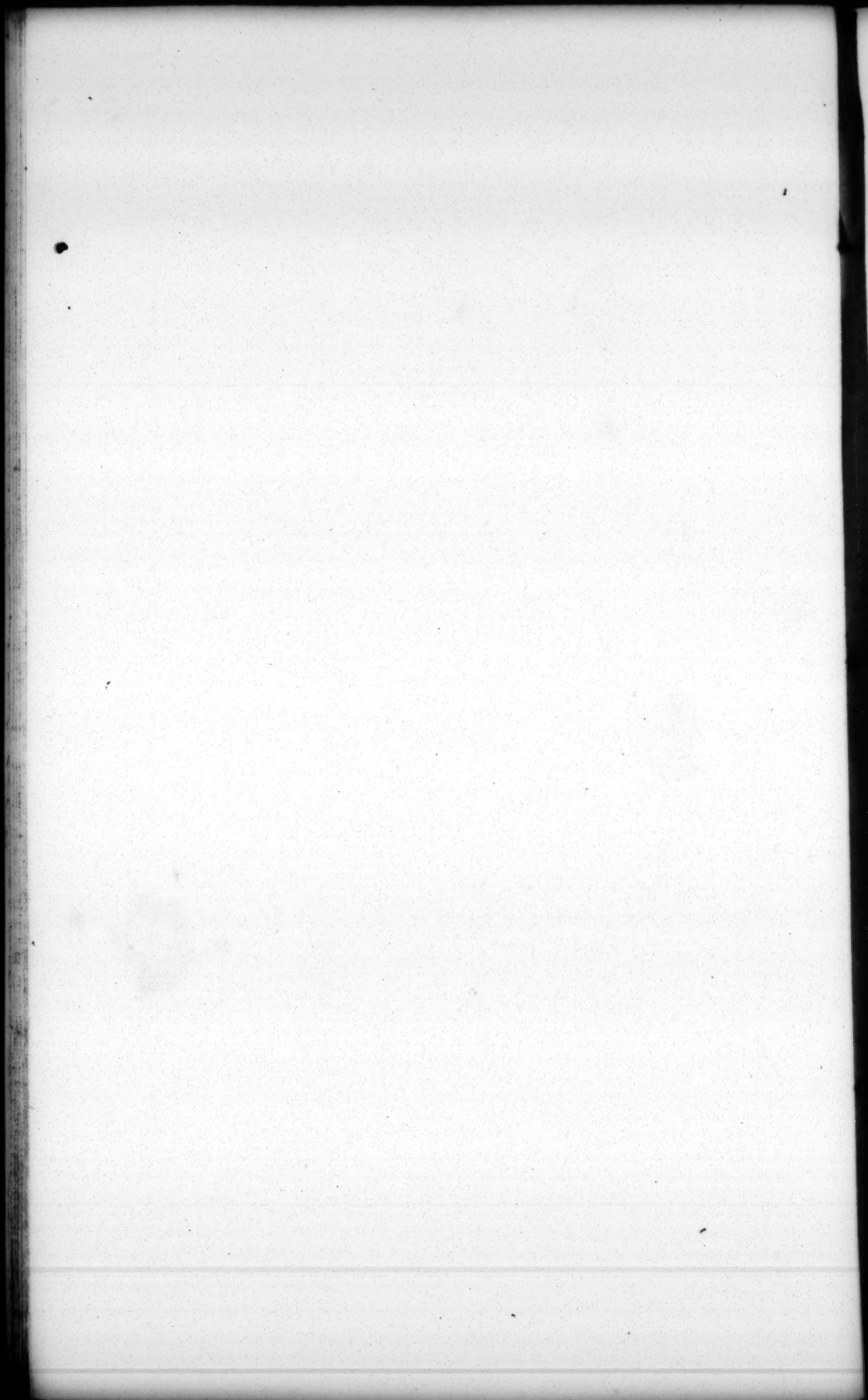
I will not tire you with a particular detail of all our entertainments, but confine myself at present to those of the Stage. About the middle of last month there came among us one of those gentlemen who are famous for the cure of every distemper, and especially those pronounced incurable by the faculty. The vulgar call him a *Mountebank*;—but when I considered his impassioned speeches, and the extempore stage from which he uttered them, I was apt to compare him to Thespis and his cart. Again, when I beheld the Doctor dealing out his drugs, and at the same time saw his Merry Andrew play over his tricks, it put me in mind of a tragi-comedy; where the pathetic and the ludicrous are so intimately connected, and the whole piece is so merry and so sad, that the audience is at a loss whether they shall laugh or cry.

After the Doctor had been here some time, there came down two or three emissaries from a strolling company, in order (according to the player's phrase) to *take the Town*; but the Mayor being a strict Presbyterian, absolutely refused to license their exhibitions. The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; and were therefore much alarmed at this disappointment: but when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayorefs, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue-theatre with the Merchant of Venice: and finding the Doctor's Zany a droll fellow, they



R. Smirke del.

North sculp.



they decoyed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt, the Doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those poultry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house; for (as their bills declare) they are a Company of Comedians from the Theatres Royal; and I assure you, they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us in enormous red letters, that the part of *George Barnwell* was to be performed by Mr. —, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. It is true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education in *Covent Garden*, or *Drury Lane*; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out *Andromache* or *Belvidera*; the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and message-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin: in short, he practises on *Congreve* and *Vanbrugh* all those distortions that gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of *Sir Harry Wildair*, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger; which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this singular gesture, when I discovered, that *Sir Harry* was no less a person than the dextrous Mr. Clippit the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see, how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played *Cato*; and their *Marcia* was such an old woman, that when *Juba* came on with his — ‘Hail! charming maid!’ — the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprised to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress’s arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to ‘hug her thus, and thus ‘for ever;’ though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance; but I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told, that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm’s length. The entertainment was *Lethe*; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied it’s place by gabbling in his native Welch.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the *property* of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. *Othello* raves about a checked handkerchief; the Ghost of *Hamlet* stalks in a postilion’s leathern-jacket for a coat of mail; and, in a new pantomime of their own, *Cupid* enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in *Venice Preserved*; and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood to besmear the daggers in *Macbeth*. *Macbeth* himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint pot at the sight of *Banquo’s Ghost*.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems, there had been a great contest between two of these mimic heroes, who was the fittest to play *Richard the Third*. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the Tent-scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed

rushed in upon the stage at once; and hawling out together 'Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,'

they both went through the whole speech without stopping. I am, dear cousin, your's, &c.

T

N^o XXIV. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

ILLE DABIT POPULO, PATRIBUSQUE, EQUITIQUE LEGENDUM.

MART.

BOOKS, THAT THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD CAN SHEW,
SUCH AS MIGHT PLEASE A LADY, OR A BEAU.

WHEN I consider the absurd taste for literature that once prevailed among our persons of distinction, I cannot but applaud the reformation which has been since brought about in this article by the polite world. A Duke of Newcastle made himself remarkable by a Treatise on Horsemanship; a Rochester supplied the place of Ovid in the closets of men of pleasure; and even the ladies of former ages sacrificed to love in Novels and Romances. I will not mention a Shaftesbury, as our present age has produced a Bolingbroke. We of this generation are wiser than to suffer our youth of quality to lose their precious time in studying the *belles lettres*, while our only care is to introduce them into the *beau monde*. A modern peer, instead of laying down the theory of horsemanship, is perfect in the practice, and commences jockey himself; and our rakes of fashion are content with acting the scenes which Rochester described. Our ladies are, indeed, very well qualified to publish a recital of amours; and one in particular has already entertained the world with memoirs of her own intrigues, cuckoldoms and elopements.

I am very glad to find the present age so entirely free from pedantry. Some part of the polite world read, indeed, but they are so wise as to read only for amusement; or at least only to improve themselves in the more modern and fashionable sciences. A Treatise on Whist has more admirers than a System of Logic, and a New Atalantis would be more universally read than a Practice of Piety. A fine gentleman or lady would no more chuse the mind of a pedant, than the person of a cook-maid or a porter. I cannot, therefore, but approve of the plan laid down by the

writer of the following letter, and would recommend it to all persons of fashion to subscribe to his proposals.

SIR,

I Have long observed with infinite regret the little care that is taken to supply persons of distinction with proper books for their instruction and amusement. It is no wonder that they should be so averse to study, when learning is rendered so disagreeable. Common creatures, indeed, as soon as they can spell, may be made to read a dull chapter in the Testament; after which the Whole Duty of Man, or some other useless good book, may be put into their hands; but these can never instruct a man of the world to say fine things to a lady, or to swear with a good grace. Among a few dirty pedants the knowledge of Greek and Latin may be cultivated; but among fine gentlemen these are justly discarded for French and Italian. Why should persons of quality trouble themselves about Mathematics and Philosophy, or throw away their time in scratching circles and triangles on a slate, and then rubbing them out again? All the Algebra requisite for them to know, is the combination of figures on the dice; nor could Euclid be of any use to them, except he had represented the most graceful attitudes in fencing, or drawn out the lines of a minuet.

In order to remedy these inconveniences, and that the erudition of persons of fashion may be as different from the vulgar knowledge of the rest of mankind as their dress, I have formed a project for regulating their studies. An old crabbed philosopher once told a monarch, that there was no Royal way of learning the Mathematics. First, then, as to the

the musty volumes which contain Greek, Latin, and the Sciences, (since there is no genteel method of coming at the knowledge of them) I would banish them entirely from the polite world, and have them chained down in university libraries, the only places where they can be useful or entertaining. Having thus cleared the shelves of this learned lumber, we shall have room to fill them more elegantly. To this end, I have collected all such books as are proper to be perused by people of quality; and shall shortly make my scheme public by opening an handsome room under the title of the *Polite Circulating Library*. Many of my books are entirely new and original; all the modern novels, and most of the periodical papers, fall so directly in with my plan, that they will be sure to find a place in my library; and if Mr. Town shews himself an encourager of my scheme, I shall expect to see peers and peeresses take up the pen, and shine in the CONNOISSEUR.

I intend in the beginning of the winter to publish my proposals at large, and in the mean time, beg you to submit the following specimen of my books to the public.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, &c.

Revelation, a Romance.

The Compleat Cook. By Solomon Gundy.

The Gentleman's Religion. By a Free-thinker.

Dissertation on Parties; or an Essay on Breaking of Eggs. Addressed to the Big and Little Endians.

A Defence of Alexander the Copper-smith against St. Paul. By the late Lord Bolingbroke.

The Practice of Bagnios; or the Modern Method of Sweating.

The Ladies Dispensatory: containing the most approved Recipes for Tooth-powders, Lip-salves, Beautifying Lotions, Almond Pastes, Ointments for Freckles, Pomatums, and Hyfteric Waters; according to the present Practice.

A Description of THE WORLD; with the Latitudes of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, the Opera-house, &c. calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

A Map of the Roads leading to Tyburn.

By James Maclean, Esq. late Surveyor of the Highways.

Essay on Delicacy. By an Ensign of the Guards.

The Art of Dissembling. From the French.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. From an Original published at Berlin.

The Spirit of Laws. With Notes on the Game-act, the Jew-bill, and the Bill for preventing Marriages.

Jargon *versus* Common Sense. By a Benchet of Lincoln's Inn.

Universal Arithmetic. Containing Calculations for laying the Odds at Horseracing, Cocking, Card-playing, &c. Optics, or the Use of Opera-glasses; with the Importance and Benefit of Near-sightedness considered. To which is added, a Dissertation on the portable Pocket Looking-glass.

The Modern Gymnasium. By Broughton.

Geometry made easy, and adapted to the meanest Capacity. By Nath. Hart, Dancing-master to Grown Gentlemen.

De Oratore, or the Art of Speaking on all Subjects. By Andrew Mac Broad, F. R. H. S. Fellow of the Robin Hood Society.

A Dissertation on the Miracle of the Five Loaves. By the Baker, President of the same Society.

Garrick upon Death; with an Account of the several Distortions of the Face, and Writhings of the Body; and particular Directions concerning Sighs, Groans, Ohs, Ahs, &c. &c. for the Use of Young Actors.

The Court Register; containing an exact List of all *Public Days*, Routs, Assemblies, &c. where and when kept.

The Englishman in Paris.

The Englishman returned from Paris.

The Whole Duty of Woman. Disposed under the Articles of Visiting, Cards, Masquerades, Plays, Drefs, &c.

A Dissertation on the Waters of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, Scarborough, and the Bath: shewing their wonderful Efficacy in removing the Vapours; with Directions how to assist their Operations by using the Exercise of Country-dancing.

The Traveller's Guide, or Young Nobleman's Vade Mecum. Containing an exact List of the most eminent Peruke.

Peruke-makers, Taylors, and Dancing-masters, &c. Being the Sum of a Gentleman's Experience during his Tour through France and Italy.

Honour, or the Fashionable Combat — Hounslow Heath, or the *Dernier Resort*. — The Suicide, or the *Coup de Grace*. — TRAGEDIES.

The Virgin Unmask'd. — Miss in her Teens. — The Debauchees. — She Would, if she Could. — The Careless

Husband. — The Wanton Wife. — The Innocent Adultery. — COMEDIES; as they are now acting with universal Applause.

The True Patriot, a FARCE.

Handeli, Geminiani, Degiardini, Chabran, Pasqualitti, Pasqualini, Passerini, Baumgar ten, Gaudoni, Frasi, Galli, ten aliorum Harmoniosissimorum Signorum et Signorum OPERA. T

N^o XXV. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

————— VIVIMUS AMBITIOSA
PAUPERTATE. —————

JUV.

A LAC'D, EMBROIDER'D, POWDER'D, BEGGAR-CROWD;
HAUGHTY, YET EVEN POORER THAN THEY'RE PROUD.

A Little Frenchman, commonly known in town by the name of *Count*, and whose figure has been long stuck up in the windows of print-shops, was always remarkable for the meanness, and at the same time the foppery of his appearance. His shoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his stockings, though often full of holes, were constantly rolled up over his knees. By good luck he was once master of half a guinea; and having a great longing for a feather to his hat, and a very pressing necessity for a pair of breeches, he debated with himself about the disposal of his money. However, his vanity got the better of his necessity; and the next time the *Count* appeared in the Mall, by the ornaments of his head, you would have imagined him a Beau; and by the nether part of his dress, you would have taken him for a Heathen Philosopher.

The conduct of this Frenchman, however ridiculous, is copied by a multitude of people in this town. To the same little pride of desiring to appear finer than they can afford, are owing the many rusty suits of black, the ties that seem taken from the basket of a shoeboy, and the smart waistcoats edged with a narrow cord, which serves as an apology for lace. I know a man of this cast, who has but one coat; but by now and then turning the cuffs, and changing the cape, it passes for two. He uses the same artifice with his peruke, which is naturally a kind of flowing Bob; but by the occasional addition of two tails,

it sometimes appears as a Major. Of this sort of men are composed the numerous fraternity of the shabby-genteel, who are the chief support of the clothiers in Monmouth Street, and the barbers in Middle Row.

Women are naturally so fond of ornament, that it is no wonder we should meet with so many second-hand gentry in that sex. Hence arise the red-armed Belles that appear in the Park every Sunday; hence it is, that facks and peten-lairs may be seen at Moorfields and Whitechapel; and that those who are ambitious to shine in diamonds, glitter in paste and Scotch pebbles. When I see the wives and daughters of tradesmen and mechanics make such attempts at finery, I cannot help pitying their poor fathers and husbands; and at the same time am apt to consider their dress as a robbery on the shop. Thus, when I observe the tawdry gentility of a tallow-chandler's daughter, I look upon her as hung round with long fixes, short eights, and rush-lights; and when I contemplate the awkward pride of dress in a butcher's wife, I suppose her carrying about her surloins of beef, fillets of veal, and shoulders of mutton. I was vastly diverted with a discovery I made a few days since. Going upon some business to a tradesman's house, I surprised in a very extraordinary dishabille two females, whom I had been frequently used to see strangely dizen'd out in the Mall. The fine ladies, it seems, were no other than my honest friend's daughters; and one, who always dresses the

the family dinner, was genteelly employed in winding up the jack, while the other was up to the elbows in soap-suds.

A desire of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it; but when it takes hold of those who can scarce furnish themselves with necessities, their poverty, instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule. Many families among those who are called middling people, are not content without living elegantly as well as comfortably, and often involve themselves in very comical distresses. When they aim at appearing grand in the eye of the world, they grow proportionably mean and sordid in private. I went the other day to dine with an old friend; and as he used to keep a remarkable good table, I was surprised that I could scarce make a meal with him. After dinner he rung the bell, and ordered the chariot to be got ready at six; and then turning to me with an air of superiority, asked if he should set me down. Here the riddle was out; and I found that his equipage had eat up his table, and that he was obliged to starve his family to feed his horses.

I am acquainted at another house, where the master keeps an account against himself. This account is exactly stated in a large ledger-book. What he saves from his ordinary expences he places under the title of **DEBTOR**, and what he runs out is ranged under **CREDITOR**. I had lately an opportunity of turning over this curious account, and could not help smiling at many of the articles. Among the rest, I remember the following, with which I shall present the reader.

DEBTOR.

Dined abroad all this week—My wife ill—Saw no company—Saved seven dinners, &c.

Kept Lent, and saved in table-charges the expence of four weeks.

Bated from the baker's bill half a crown.

Saved in apparel, by my family continuing to wear mourning three months longer than was requisite for the death of an aunt.

Received 21. 10s. of the undertaker, in lieu of a scarf, hatband, and gloves.

CREDITOR.

Went to the play with my wife and daughters—Sat in the boxes, instead

of the gallery, as usual. *Mem.* To go to no more plays this year.

Invited Sir Charles Courtly and Major Standard to dinner.—Treated with claret, and two courses, in order to appear handsome. *Mem.* To be denied to every body before dinner-time for these next three weeks.

Sunday—My wife had a rout—Lost at whist thirty guineas—Card-money received, fifty shillings. N. B. My wife must be ill again.

Gave at church to a brief for a terrible fire, six-pence.—Charity begins at home.

I should be sorry to have this method of balancing accounts become general. True oeconomy does not merely consist in not exceeding our income, but in such a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and consistent. We should laugh at a nobleman, who, to support the expence of running horses, should abridge his set to a pair; and, that his jockies might come in first for the plate, be content to have his family dragged to his country-seat, like servant-maids, in the caravan. There are many well-meaning people, who have the pride of living in a polite quarter of the town, though they are distressed even to pay the taxes; and nothing is more common than to see one particular room in an house furnished like a palace, while the rest have scarce the necessary accommodations of an inn. Such a conduct appears to me equally ridiculous with that of the Frenchman, who, (according to the jest) for the sake of wearing ruffles, is contented to go without a shirt.

This endeavour to appear grander than our circumstances will allow, is no where so contemptible as among those men of pleasure about town, who have not fortunes in any proportion to their spirit. Men of quality have wisely contrived, that their sins should be expensive: for which reason those, who with equal taste have less money, are obliged to be oeconomists in their sins, and are put to many little shifts to appear tolerably profligate and debauched. They get a knowledge of the names and faces of the most noted women upon town, and pretend an intimate acquaintance with them; though they know none of that order of ladies above the draggle-tailed prostitutes who walk the Strand.

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They talk very familiarly of the King's Arms, and are in raptures with Mrs. Allan's claret; though they always dine snugly at a chop-house, and spend their evening at an ale-house or cyder-cellar. The most ridiculous character I know of this sort, is a young fellow, the son of a rich tobacconist in the city, who (because it is the fashion) has taken a girl into keeping. He knows the world better than to set her up a chariot, or let her have money at her own disposal. He

regulates her expences with the nicest œconomy, employs every morning in setting down what is laid out upon her, and very seriously takes an account of rolls and butter, two-pence—for ribband, one shilling and four-pence—pins, an halfpenny, &c. &c. Thus does he reconcile his extravagance and frugality to each other; and is as penurious and exact as an usurer, that he may be as genteel and wicked as a lord.

O

Nº XXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

HIC DIES VERE MIHI FESTUS ATRAS
EXIMET CURAS. —————

HOR.

OF ALL THE DAYS ARE IN THE WEEK,
I DEARLY LOVE BUT ONE DAY;
AND THAT'S THE DAY, THAT COMES BETWEEN
A SATURDAY AND MONDAY.

OLD BALLAD.

A Gentleman of my acquaintance lately laid before me an estimate of the consumption of bread and cheese, cakes, ale, &c. in all the little towns near London every Sunday. It is incredible how many thousand buns are devoured in that one day at Chelsea and Paddington, and how much beer is swallowed at Islington and Mile End. Upon the whole, I was vastly entertained with a review of this estimate; and could not help approving the observation of Tom Brown, 'that the Sabbath is a very fine institution, since the very breaking 'it is the support of half the villages 'about our metropolis.'

Our common people are very observant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day; and which they also seem to understand as a licence to devote it to pleasure. They take this opportunity of thrusting their heads into the pillory at Georgia, being sworn at Highgate, and rolling down Flamstead Hill, in the park at Greenwich. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of London and Westminster, than a rainy Sunday: and how many honest people would be haulted of a ride once a week, if the legislature was to limit the hired one-horse chaises working on that day to a certain number, as well as the hackney coaches?

The substantial tradesman is wheeled down to his snug box; which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road-side as possible, where the pleasure of seeing carriages pass under his window, amply compensates for his being almost smothered with dust. The few smart prentices, who are able to fit an horse, may be seen spurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills: and the good-natured husband, together with his mate, is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot passenger, who (to compleat the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his side sweltering beneath the unusual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be supposed, that the country has in itself any peculiar attractive charms to those who think themselves out of the world, if they are not within the sound of Bow Bell. To most of our cockneys it serves only as an excuse for eating and drinking; and they get out of town, merely because they have nothing to do at home. A brick-kiln smells as sweet to them as a farm-yard; they would pass by a barn or an hay-stack without notice; but they rejoice at the sight of every hedge ale-house, that promises good home-brewed. As the rest of a cit's life is regular

regular and uniform, his Sunday diversions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might suppose that it would run much in the following manner.

SUNDAY.—Overslept myself—Did not rise till nine—Was a full hour in pulling on my new double-channelled pumps—Could get no breakfast, my wife being busy in dressing herself for church.

At ten—Family at church—Self walked to Mother Red Cap's—Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's. N. B. The beer not so good as at the Adam and Eve at Pancras.

Dined at one—Pudding not boiled enough, suet musty—Wife was to drive me in an one-horse chair to see Mother Wells at Enfield Wash, but it looked likely to rain—took a nap and posted seven pages from my day-book till five. *Mem.* Colonel Promise has lost his election, and is turned out of his place—to arrest him to-morrow.

At six—Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife—I hate their slip-flops—Called on my neighbour the Common-council-man, and took a walk with him to Islington.

From seven to eight—Smoked a pipe at the Castle, eat an heart-cake, and drank two pints of cyder. N. B. To drink cyder often, because neighbour tells me it is good for the stone and gravel.

At nine—Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey—Pulled off my claret-coloured coat, and blue fatten waistcoat—Went to club, smoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and slept very soundly, till the prentice called me to go and take out a writ against Colonel Promise.

As to persons of quality, like Lady Loverule in the farce, they cannot see why one day should be more holy than another: therefore Sunday wears the same face with them as the rest of the week. Accordingly, for some part of this summer, Ranelagh was opened on Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering that the custom did not continue. It must have been very convenient to pass away the time there, till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix assignations there than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amusements, as it is made a mere matter of diversion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worship from the same motives that they frequent other public places. To some it answers all the purposes of a rout or assembly—to see and be seen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, curtsies, and loud conversations, one might conclude, that they imagined themselves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of shewing their taste for dress. Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the music rather than the prayers; and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to sleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well-disposed Christian will go a mile from his own house to the Temple Church, not because a Sherlock is to preach, but to hear a Solo from Stanley.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amusement, yet upon modern principles it appears such a very odd one, that I am at a loss to account for the reasons which induced our ancestors to give into that method of passing their Sunday. At least it is so wholly incompatible with the polite system of life, that a person of fashion (as affairs are now managed) finds it absolutely impossible to comply with this practice. Then again, the service always begins at such unfashionable hours, that in the morning a man must huddle on his cloaths, like a boy to run to school, and in an afternoon must inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all these objections, and that some Ritual may be established in this kingdom, agreeable to our inclinations, and consistent with our practice, the following Scheme has been lately sent me, in order to submit it to the serious consideration of the public.

Imprimis, It is humbly proposed, that Christianity be entirely abolished by act of parliament, and that no other religion be imposed on us in its stead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at last be quite delivered from the influence of superstition and bigotry.

Secondly, That in order to prevent our ever relapsing into pious errors, and
H 2 that

that the common people may not lose their holiday, every Sunday be set apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the Churches be turned into Free-thinking Meeting-houses, and discourses read in them to confute the doctrine of a future state, the immortality of the soul, and other absurd notions, which some people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly, That a Ritual be compiled exactly opposite to our present Liturgy; and that, instead of reading portions of Scripture, the first and second lessons shall consist of a selection of the Posthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke, or of a few pages from the writings of Spinoza, Chubb, Maundeville, Hobbs, Collins, Tindal, &c. from which writers the preachers shall also take their text.

Fourthly, That the usual Feasts and Fasts, viz. Christmas Day, Easter Sun-

day, Trinity Sunday, &c. be still preserved; but that on those days discourses be delivered suitable to the occasion, containing a refutation of the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, That instead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two staves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or a cathedral choir singing anthems from the psalter, some of the most fashionable cantatas, opera airs, songs, or catches, be performed by the best voices for the entertainment of the company.

Lastly, That the whole service be conducted with such taste and elegance, as may render these Free-thinking Meeting-houses as agreeable as the Theatres; and that they may be even more judiciously calculated for the propagation of atheism and infidelity, than the Robin Hood Society, or the Oratory in Clare Market.

T

N^o XXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

BARBARA, CELARENT, DARIU, FERIO, EARALIPTON.

WORDS FULL OF SOUND, BUT QUITE DEVOID OF SENSE.

IT is a heavy tax upon authors, that they should always be expected to write sense. Some few indeed, who are rich in sentiment, pay this tax very cheerfully; but the generality endeavour one way or another to elude it. For this purpose some have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars; while others have laced down the side of a copy of verses with the letters of their mistress's name, and called it an acrostic: not to mention the curious inventions of rebuses and anagrams. For the same reasons, the modern song-writers for our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at present, entertain us with sonnets and madrigals in Crambo. Authors, who promise wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles; and with our writers of comedy, long swords, short jerkins, and tables with carpets over them, pass for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this sort has been so often and so successfully practised, as the immoderate use of uncouth terms and expressions. Words that mean nothing, provided they sound big, and fill

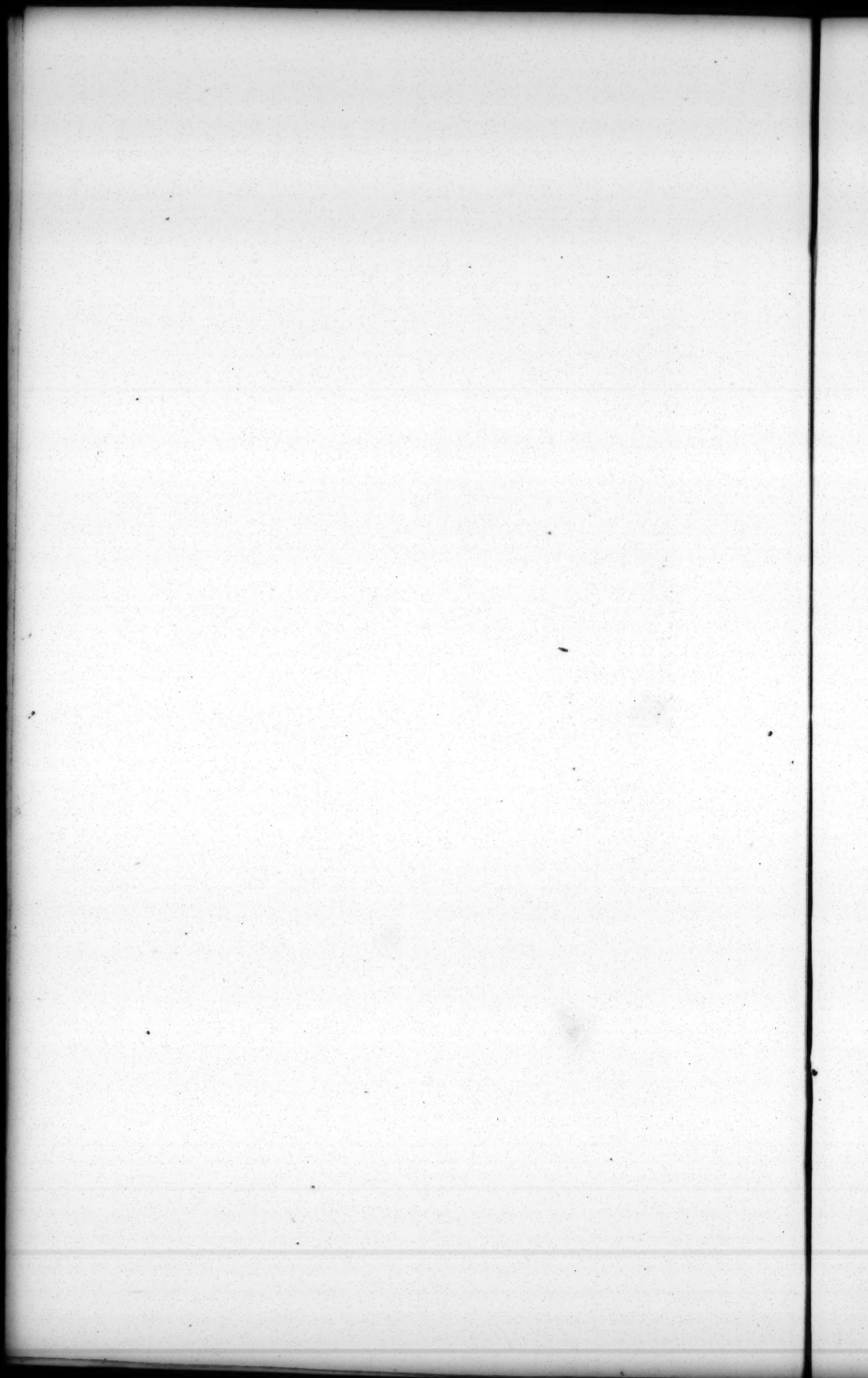
the ear, are the best succedaneum for sense. Nothing so effectually answers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to *elevate and surprise*; and the reader, though he sees nothing but straws float on the surface, candidly supposes, that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors, by availing themselves of this secret, have passed for very deep writers; and arrant nonsense has as often laid snugly beneath hard words, as a shallow pate beneath the solemn appearance of a full-bottomed periwig.

Those who are employed in what they call abstract speculations, most commonly have recourse to this method. Their dissertations are naturally expected to illustrate and explain; but this is sometimes a task above their abilities; and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very wisely bewilder him the more. This is the case with those profound writers, who have treated concerning the essence of matter, who talk very gravely of *cupperty, tablety, tal-low-candlety*, and twenty other things with as much sound and as little signification.



Plate I.

Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co. Aug. 3. 1780.



eation. Of these we may very well say with the poet—

Such labour'd nothings in so strange a stile,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned
smile. POPE.

No mode of expression throws such an impenetrable mist over a work, as an unnecessary profusion of technical terms. This will appear very plainly to those who will turn over a few pages of any modern collection of voyages. Descriptions of a storm make some of the finest and most striking passages in the best poets; and it is for these in particular that Longinus admires the *Odyssey*. The real circumstances of a storm are in themselves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers of voyages, will be so puzzled and perplexed with *Starboard Larboard*, the *Main-mast* and *Mizen-mast*, and a multitude of sea-terms, that he will not be the least moved at the distress of the ship's crew. The absurdity of this did not escape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock description of the same kind in his *Gulliver*. Those who treat military subjects, are equally ridiculous: they overwhelm you with *Counterescarps*, *Palisades*, *Bastions*, &c. and so fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is absolutely impossible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in technical terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his mistress out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the messuages, lands, tenements, barns, outhouses, &c. of which he will put her in possession, if she will *join issue* with him; and manifests his passion in the same manner that he would draw up a lease.

This affectation is never more offensive than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almost every audience that sits under our preachers, are ignorant and illiterate, and should therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, simple, and intelligible a manner, as possible. Hard words, if they have any meaning, can only serve to make them stare; and they can never be edified by what they do not understand. Young clergymen, just come from the university, are proud of shewing the world that they have been read-

ing the Fathers, and are fond of entering on the most abstruse points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and enforce the precepts of the Apostles and Evangelists, than retail the confused hypotheses of crabbed metaphysicians.

As to Essays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine that they must necessarily be written in the easy language of nature and common sense. No writer can flatter himself, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almost too abstrusely for the study, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latinisms. Yet this has been reckoned by many the standard stile for these loose detached pieces. Addison was proud that he could boast of having drawn learning out of schools and colleges into clubs and coffee-houses, as Socrates was said to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men: but these people (as Lord Bolingbroke pretends to say of the same Socrates) mount the clouds themselves. This new-fangled manner of delivering our sentiments is called writing sound sense: and if I find this mode seems likely to prevail, I shall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very suddenly oblige the world with a Connoisseur so *sensible*, that it will be impossible to understand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expressing ourselves never appear with so ill a grace as in our common conversation. In writing we expect some degree of exactness and precision; but if even there they seem harsh and disagreeable, when they obstruct the freedom of our familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the ancients, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the gods: in like manner some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine-spoken persons, disdain to mention the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the world; and scarce enquire how you do, or bid you good-morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always put me in pain to find a lady give into this practice: if she makes no blunder, it sets very ungracefully upon her: but it is ten to one, that
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the rough uncouth syllables, that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth; and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to lard his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil, who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, enter-

ed his chambers with an huge dictionary under his arm. The first compliments were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Garagantua. Here the pupil begged that he would stop a little; and after turning over his dictionary, desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary. This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous an elocution; unless we convert the orators themselves into lexicons to interpret their own phrases, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English. O

Nº XXVIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

SEQUAR ATRIS IGNIBUS ABSENS,
OMNIBUS UMERIS LOCIS ADERO, DAEIS IMPROBE POENAS.
VIRG.

THOU TO THY CRIME SHALT FEEL THE VENGEANCE DUE;
WITH HELL'S BLACK FIRES FOR EVER I'LL PURSUE;
IN EVERY PLACE MY INJURED SHADE SHALL RISE,
AND CONSCIENCE STILL PRESENT ME TO THY EYES.

TOM Dare-Devil, who was so much superior to the rest of our Bucks that he gained the appellation of Stag, finished a course of continual debaucheries, and was carried off last week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be present at his last moments; and the remembrance of him still dwells so strongly on my mind, that I see him, I hear him, in all the agonies of despair, starting, trembling, and uttering the most horrid execrations. His conscience at the approach of death had conjured up before him 'ten thousand devils with their red-hot spits,' who assumed the shapes of all those whom he had injured, and 'came hissing on him,' to retaliate their wrongs. 'Save me, save me,' he would cry, 'from that bleeding form!—He was my friend, but I run him through the heart in a quarrel about a whore.—Take away that old fellow—He would have carried us to the round-house—I knocked him down with his own staff—but I did not think the poor dog would have died by it.' When the nurse offered him a draught

to take—'Why,' said he, 'will you ply me with Champagne?—'tis a damnable liquor, and I'll drink no more of it.' In one of his lucid intervals he grasped my hand vehemently, and bursting into tears—'Would to God,' said he, 'I had died twenty years ago!' At length his unwilling soul parted from the body; and the last words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his Maker, whom he had blasphemed all his life. His shocking exit made me reflect on that fine passage in the Scriptures—'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.'

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful instance of the truth of that maxim, *There is no bell like a troubled conscience*. 'There needs, indeed, no ghost to tell us this.'—But it were to be wished, that the conscience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the same manner, and raise up such horrid apparitions to torment him. Where is the wretch so hardened, who would not be dismayed at these terrors? Or

Or who could persevere in a course of wickedness, when every fresh offence would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes?

Let us, for instance, take a view of the most glaring circumstances in the life of that arch-infidel Tom Daredevil: and let us at the same time conceive (if possible) what pangs he must have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the same phantoms that distracted him on his death-bed. First, then, let us contemplate him as a parricide; for so he may be called, who by repeated disobedience broke the heart of a most affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a sharper punishment, than in the midst of his debaucheries to have this father continually before his eyes, expostulating with him on his unnatural behaviour? 'O my son,' might he have heard him say, 'was it for this that thy mother, who died in giving thee life, begged me with her last breath to be kind to the boy? Was it for this that the country rung with joy for my being blessed with an heir?—O my child, who can I now call my heir? That estate, which I was so solicitous to improve for thy sake, is dissipated among jockeys, gamblers, pimps, and prostitutes.—If you should ever have a son, may his ingratitude never make you think of me!'

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from his children: he had too great a spirit to bear the shackles of matrimony, and lived in a state of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and disturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gentleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous disease. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which soon perished with its unhappy parent in a public hospital. By the same magic of the fancy let us raise up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantoning among his doxies, and lording it like a bathaw over the vassals of his lust. What remorse must this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addressed him in the following terms!—'Behold in the loathsome carcase of this babe the image of thyself; foul, rotten, and

corrupt.—How could I suffer so contemptible a creature to draw me from the comfortable protection of my parents?—It was just, indeed, that I should fall a victim to my folly: but was this diseased infant quickened only to proclaim my dishonour and thy infamy?—Why hadst thou the power left to propagate misery even to the innocent?'

Tom had often signalized himself as a duellist: his conscience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and being irritated with his losses, and suspecting foul play on the part of his antagonist, he took him by the nose, which consequently produced a challenge. He is hastening to the field of battle—but he fancies himself followed by the Manes of his friend, whom on the same unhallowed ground he had lately sacrificed to that idol Honour. He hears him call—'Turn, madman, turn, and look on me.—You may remember with what reluctance I met you—You forced me to the combat—and I was even pleased, that the victory was your's. You deprived me of life in an idle quarrel about a creature, whom, at your return from the murder of your friend, you detected in the arms of another.—It was Honour, that induced you to wound the bosom of one you loved.—The same Honour now calls you to give a fellow, whom you despise, an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to me.—What folly is it to put your life into the hands of a scoundrel, who you suspect has already robbed you of your fortune?—But go on, and let your death rid the world of a monster, who is desperate enough to put his own life on the hazard, and wicked enough to attempt that of another.' It happened, however, that Tom had no occasion for such a monitor, as the person whom he went to meet proved as great a coward as he was a cheat; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loss of his money, than the satisfaction of posting him for a scoundrel.

Though the hero of our story was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be said, like Nestor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows

lows of spirit were proud to be enrolled in the list of his companions; but as their constitutions were more puny than his, three sets of them had dropt into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boast of the many promising geniuses, who had fallen in the vain attempt of keeping pace with him in various scenes of debauchery. In this light we may consider him as an accessory to so many wanton murders. By the operation of his conscience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his passage; and in the midst of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have dashed down his glass, and imagined that he saw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts, which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-devil, the reader will easily conclude, that he must have been an Atheist. No creature, who believed in a Supreme Being, could have acted so vilely towards his fellow-creatures. Tom was president of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the most horrid blasphemies. The members of this most scandalous society must have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death.—Let us imagine, therefore, that they could figure to themselves his ghost appearing to them, warning them of their

errors, and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him setting forth, in the most pathetic manner, the consequences of their folly, and declaring to them, how convinced he now was of the certainty of those doctrines which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common sinners: but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even 'though one rose from 'the dead.'

What I have here supposed might have been the case of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every person to put in practice for himself. Nothing is a surer instance of the goodness of the Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed on every reasonable creature. This internal sense, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the sinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is commended for wishing, that he had a window in his breast, that every one might see into it: but it is certainly of more consequence to keep ourselves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We should therefore consider Conscience as a mirror, in which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in its proper colours. O

Nº XXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

GAUDENT SCRIBENTES, ET SE VENERANTUR.

HOR.

FROM SELF EACH SCRIBER ADORATION DRAWS,
AND GATHERS INCENSE FROM HIS OWN APPLAUSE.

THAT there is a vanity inherent in every author must be confessed, whatever pains they may take to conceal it from the rest of mankind. For my own part, I readily acknowledge, that I am always wonderfully delighted with my own productions. I snatch up the favourite sheets wet from the press, and devour every syllable; not the least particle escapes my notice; and I dwell with admiration on the beauties of an expressive *and* or emphatical *the*. If every reader was to pay the same attention to my works, or peruse them with half the satisfaction, Mr. Town might be fairly pronounced the greatest author

of the age. But I am afraid I shall scarce find another, who will so heartily join in the good opinion I have conceived of myself; and many a choice sentiment, many a culled expression, which I have repeated to myself over and over again with extasy, has by others perhaps been as hastily hurried over, as any common article in a newspaper.

An author, who is ever big with the idea of his own importance, will gather matter for self-flattery from the most trivial circumstances. On the mornings of publication I have sometimes made it my business to go round the coffee-houses,

houses, in order to receive whatever incense of praise I could collect from the approbation of my readers. My heart you may imagine has bounded with joy, when I have heard the room echo with calling for the Connoisseur: but how has it sunk again, when I have found the same tokens of esteem shewn to a brother writer! I could have hugged any honest fellow, that has chuckled over my performances, and pointed out my good things; but I have been no less chagrined, when I have seen a coxcomb coolly take up my paper, squint over the first page, and throw it down again with all the indifference imaginable: though, indeed, I have never failed within myself to pronounce of such a person, that he is dull, ignorant, and illiterate. I once happened to be seated in the next box to two noted critics, who were looking over the file of my papers, and seemed particularly pleased with several parts of them. I immediately conceived a very high opinion of their taste and judgment: I remarked with singular satisfaction the effect which my wit and humour had on their countenances; and as they turned over the pages, I imagined I could point out the very passages which provoked them frequently to smile, and sometimes to burst into a loud laugh. As soon as they were gone, I seized the file; when lo! to my great mortification, I found they had been reading, not my own admirable works, but the lucubrations of a brother essayist.

My vanity has often prompted me to wish, that I could accompany my papers wheresoever they are circulated. I flatter myself I should then be introduced to the politest men of quality, and admitted into the closets of our finest ladies. This consideration would doubtless make me vain of myself: but my pride would be soon checked by reflecting further, that were I obliged to follow my papers afterwards through all their travels and mutations, I should certainly undergo the shame of seeing many of them prostituted to the vilest purposes. If in one place I might be pleased to find them the entertainment of the tea-table, in another I should be no less vexed to see them degraded to the base office of sticking up candles. Such is the fatality attending these loose sheets, that though at their first publication they may be thought as precious as the

Sibyl's leaves, the next moment they may be thrown aside as no better than a last year's almanack.

Ever since my first appearance in a sheet and half, I have felt great uneasiness on account of the rude treatment which my works have been subject to in their present form. I turned off my printer for a very heinous affront offered to my delicacy, having detected some foul proofs of my first numbers lodged in a very unseemly place; and I almost came to an open rupture with my publisher, because his wife had converted a supernumerary half-sheet into a thread-paper. A lady, whose sense and beauty I had always admired, forfeited my esteem at once, by cutting out a pattern for a cap from one of my papers; and a young fellow, who had spoken very handsomely of one of my essays, entirely lost the good opinion I had conceived of him, by defiling the blank margin with a filthy list of foul shirts and dirty stockings. The repeated abuses of illiterate bakers, pastry-cooks, and chandlers, I know I am condemned to suffer in common with other mortal writers. It was ever their privilege to prey indiscriminately on all authors good or bad: and as politicians, wits, free-thinkers, and divines, may have their dust mingled in the same piece of ground, so may their works be jumbled together in the lining of the same trunk or band-box.

One instance may indeed be brought, in which I am used to hail as a lucky omen the damages that my papers appear to have sustained in their outward form and complexion. With what raptures have I traced the progress of my fame, while I have contemplated my numbers in the public coffee-houses strung upon a file, and swelling gradually into a little volume! By the appearance which they make, when thus collected, I have often judged of the reception they have singly met with from their readers: I have considered every speck of dirt as a mark of reputation, and have assumed to myself applause from the spilling of coffee, or the print of a greasy thumb. In a word, I look upon each paper, when torn, and sullied by frequent handling, as an old soldier battered in the service, and covered with honourable scars.

I was led into this train of thought by an accident which happened to me

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the other evening, as I was walking in some fields near the town. As I went along, my curiosity tempted me to examine the materials of which several paper-kites were made up; from whence I had sufficient room to moralize on the ill fate of authors. On one I discovered several pages of a sermon expanded over the surface; on another the wings fluttered with love-songs; and a satire on the ministry furnished another with his ballast for the tail. I at length happened to cast my eye on one taller than the rest, and beheld several of my own darlin' productions pasted over it. My indignation was presently raised, that I should become the play-thing of children; and I was even ashamed, that the great name of Town, which stared me full in the front, should be exposed, like the compositions of Dr. Rock on the wall, to every idle gazer. However, by a curious turn of thought, I converted what at first seemed a disgrace, into a compliment to my own vanity.

As the kite rose into the air, I drew a flattering parallel between the height of its flight, and the soaring of my own reputation: I imagined myself lifted up on the wings of fame, and like Horace's swan towering above mortality: I fancied myself borne like a blazing star among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude.

—————*Via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per
ora.*

And up he rises like a vapour;
Supported high on wings of paper,
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub Street rings.
SWIFT.

While I was indulging this fantastic contemplation of my own excellence, I never considered by how slight a thread my chimerical importance was supported. The twine broke; and the kite, together with my airy dreams of immortality, dropt to the ground. T

N^o XXX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

MULTA VIRI NEQUICQUAM INTER SE VULNERA JACTANT,
MULTA CAVO LATERI INGEMINANT, ET PECTORE VASTOS
DANT SONITUS; ERRATQUE AURES ET TEMPORA CIRCUM
CREBRA MANUS: DURO CREPITANT SUB VULNERE MALÆ.

VIRG.

THUMPS FOLLOWING THUMPS, AND BLOWS SUCCEEDING BLOWS,
SWELL THE BLACK EYE, AND CRUSH THE BLEEDING NOSE:
BENEATH THE POND'ROUS FIST THE JAW-BONE CRACKS,
AND THE CHEEKS RING WITH THEIR REDOUBLED THWACKS.

AT a time when Peace spreads her downy wings over contending nations, and when armies (like the harmless militia) are drawn into the field only to be reviewed, all Europe must undoubtedly be alarmed to hear of the bloody battle which has been lately fought in England. It is a justice due to posterity to preserve a faithful account of this memorable event: I shall therefore set it down, as I find it recorded in those authentic registers of heroic actions, the news papers, without deviating a tittle from the expressive terms in which this extraordinary combat is related.

' *Harbison in Norfolk, July 30.* Yesterday in the afternoon Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first SET-TO, Pettit seized Slack by the throat, and held him up against the rails, and GRAIN'D him so much as to

' make him extremely black; this continued for half a minute, before Slack could break Pettit's hold; after which for near ten minutes Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack clos'd with his antagonist, and gave him a very severe fall, after that a second and third; but between these falls Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage, and indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly at his hams and tumbled him down, and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very easy. When they had been fighting eighteen minutes, the odds ran against Slack a guinea to a shilling; whereas on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time Slack SHORTENED Pettit so, as to disable him from running and throwing him down in
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the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to close fighting. Slack then closed one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face. At twenty minutes Pettit grew weaker, Slack stronger; this was occasioned by Slack's **STRAIT** way of fighting. At twenty-two minutes the best judges allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very considerably, as he was then recovering his **WIND**, which was owing to **GAME**: when they had boxed twenty-four minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails. This indeed Slack suffered him to do, as by that means he **FIXED A BLOW UNDER** Pettit's **RIBS**, that hurt him much. Whilst Slack was again getting upon the stage, (it was not half a minute before he was remounted) Pettit had so much the fear of his antagonist before his eyes, that he walked off without so much as civilly taking leave of the spectators, or saying any thing to any person. This the Cockers call **ROGUING** of it; for it is generally thought, that Pettit ran away full strong. The whole time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes; and this morning the **BATTLE** was given to Slack, who drew the first ten guineas out of the box. Thus ended this dreadful combat.'

Every man, who has the honour of the British fist at heart, must look with admiration on the *bottom*, the *wind*, the *game*, of this invincible champion **SLACK**. How must they applaud his address in *fighting strait*; and with what detestation must they look upon his dastard antagonist, who could so shamefully *rogue* it! Captain Godfrey, the sublime historian of these hardy heroes, would have exclaimed on this occasion—'Hail, mighty Slack, thou pride of the butchers! Let the shambles echo with thy praise, and let marrow-bones and cleavers proclaim thy glorious triumph. What was that half-bred bruiser Milo, who is celebrated by the ancients for knocking down an ox, to cut out the hide into thongs for his Cestus? Every petty slaughterman of Clare Market can perform greater feats: but thou with resistless arm hast not only knocked down oxen, but made the sturdy race of barbers, cobblers, and watermen, fall before thee.'

I cannot but lament the cruelty of

that law, which has shut up our amphitheatres: and I look upon the professors of the noble art of Boxing, as a kind of disbanded army, for whom we have made no provision. The mechanics, who at the call of glory left their mean occupations, are now obliged to have recourse to them again; and coachmen and barbers resume the whip and the razor, instead of giving black eyes and cross-buttocks. I know a veteran that has often *won the whole house*, who is reduced, like Belisarius, to spread his palm in begging for an halfpenny. Some have been forced to exercise their art in knocking down passengers in dark alleys and corners; while others have learned to open their fists and ply their fingers in picking pockets. Buckhorse, whose knuckles had been used to indent many a bruise, now clenches them only to grasp a link; and Broughton employs the muscles of his brawny arm in squeezing a lemon or drawing a cork. His amphitheatre itself is converted into a Methodist meeting-house: and perhaps (as laymen there are admitted into the pulpit) those very fists, which so lately dealt such hearty bangs upon the stage, are now with equal vehemence thumping the cushion.

The dextrous use of the fist is a truly British exercise: and the sturdy English have been as much renowned for their Boxing as their Beef; both which are by no means suited to the watery stomachs and weak sinews of their enemies the French. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long established maxim, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen. A Frenchman, who piddles on a fricassée of frogs, can no more encounter with an Englishman, who feeds upon beef, than the frog in the fable could swell her little body to the size of an ox: and from hence we may conclude, on the principles of philosophy, that the elastic spring, which darts from the knuckles of an Englishman, falls into the heels of a Frenchman. One of my correspondents has already remonstrated against the degeneracy of the present times in our shameful neglect of that support of our national strength, Old English Roast Beef. Indeed, we can never hope, that any of our modern heroes would attempt to *fix a blow under the ribs*, when they are afraid of plunging a knife into a furloin: and I will venture to prophesy,

fy, that when the times come, that furlins are no more brought upon the table, we shall not be able to produce one Englishman who can knock down an ox.

Our present race of spindle-shanked beaux had rather close with an orange-wench at the playhouse, than engage in a bye-battle at Tottenham Court. It is therefore no wonder that they should object to this manly practice, for which they are so ill fitted. How can we imagine that they could stand against the buffets of a bruiser, when they might almost be patted down with the fan of a lady? An attempt was once made by Broughton to bring this study into vogue, by establishing a school for Boxing, in which he was himself to be the lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of spirit, to engage under his directions; and promised to arm their feeble wrists with muffers, so that nothing might be apprehended by the softest head or tenderest skin. A few, indeed, were hardy enough to try a fall with him: but most of our young fellows gave up the gauntlet for scented gloves; and loathing the mutton fists of vulgar carmen and porters, they rather chose to hang their hands in a sling, to make them white and delicate as a lady's. I cannot but regret, that this design was not generally encouraged, as it might perhaps have abolished almost the only use that is at present made of the sword; and men of honour, instead of tilting at each other, might have had satisfaction in a tight *set-to* behind Montague House.

The amusement of Boxing, I must confess, is more immediately calculated for the vulgar, who can have no relish for the more refined pleasures of whist and the hazard-table. Men of fashion have found out a more genteel employment for their hands, in shuffling a pack of cards and shaking the dice: and, indeed, it will appear upon a strict review, that most of our fashionable diversions are nothing else but different branches of gaming. What lady would be able to boast a rout at her house, consisting of three or four hundred persons, if they were not to be drawn together by the charms of playing a rubber? and the prohibition of our jubilee

masquerades is hardly to be regretted, as they wanted the most essential parts of their entertainments, the E O table. To this polite spirit of gaming, which has diffused itself through all the fashionable world, is owing the vast encouragement that is given to the Turf; and horse-races are esteemed only as they afford occasion for making a bet. The same spirit likewise draws the knowing ones together in a Cock-pit; and cocks are rescued from the dunghill, and armed with gaffles, to furnish a new species of gaming. For this reason, among others, I cannot but regret the loss of our elegant amusements in Oxford Road and Tottenham Court. A great part of the spectators used to be deeply interested in what was doing on the stage; and were as earnest to make an advantage of the issue of the battle, as the champions themselves to draw the largest sum from the box. The amphitheatre was at once a school for boxing and gaming. Many thousands have depended upon a match; the odds have often risen at a black eye; a large bet has been occasioned by a cross-buttock: and while the house has resounded with the lusty bangs of the combatants, it has at the same time echoed with the cries of *five to one, six to one, ten to one*.

The loss of this branch of gaming is a public calamity: and I doubt not but the gentlemen at White's, and all others whom it concerns, will use their utmost endeavours to restore it. The many plates given all over the kingdom have undoubtedly improved our breed of horses; and if the diversion of Boxing was to meet with equal encouragement, we should certainly have a more stout and hardy race of bruisers. It might perhaps become a fashion for gentlemen, who were fond of the sport, to keep champions in training, put them in sweats, diet them, and breed up the human species with the same care as they do cocks and horses. In course of time this branch of gaming, like all others, would doubtless be reduced to a science; and Broughton, in imitation of that great genius Hoyle, might oblige the public with a Treatise on the Fist, and Calculations for laying the Odds at any Match of Boxing.

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N^o XXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1754.

NEU, PUERI, NEU TANTA ANIMIS ASSUESCITE BELLA.

VIRG.

NO MORE, YE BLOODS, ENCOUNTER WITH EACH OTHER,
BUT EACH FINE GENTLEMAN EMBRACE HIS BROTHER.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOU must have observed a paragraph in the news-papers dated from Dublin, which informs us, 'The spirit of Duelling is now become so common, that scarce a day passes without one or more being fought in or near that metropolis.' I am very much alarmed, lest this madness should cross the seas: to say the truth, I almost begin to think it necessary, that the frequent importation of Irishmen into this kingdom should, for some time be prohibited; and an embargo laid on those ships that are freighted with contraband Duellists. It is your duty, Mr. Town, at least to do all in your power to prevent the influence which the conduct of these heroic gentlemen, who cannot suffer their swords to sleep quietly in their scabbards, may have on our young fellows: I must therefore beg of you to put together a few thoughts on this occasion; and though the subject has been often treated before, I cannot but imagine that there is sufficient room left for you to expatiate on it. It is usual among the bishops, when they find any particular vice prevail, to send orders to the clergy of their respective dioceses to preach against it. In like manner it is your duty, as Censor General, to attack the reigning follies: and it is surely as easy for you to throw them into a new light, as it is for the clergy to preach different sermons on the same text.

You will undoubtedly agree with me, that gaming is one of the principal causes of Duels, and that many a young fellow has owed his death to cards and dice. As the gaming-houses are often filled with rogues in lace, and sharpers in embroidery, an honest but rash adventurer often loses his temper with his money, and begins to suspect that the cards are packed, or the dice loaded; and then very wisely risks his life, because he finds it impossible to recover his cash. Upon this account I am never witness

to deep play, but it raises very serious reflections in me. When I have seen a young nobleman offer a large stake, I have considered him as setting his life upon a card, or (like King Richard) 'laying it upon a cast, and standing 'the hazard of the die.' I have even imagined, that I heard bullets rattle in the dice-box, and that I saw challenges written upon every card on the table.

The ladies also are frequently the cause of Duels; though it must be owned, in justice to the better part of the sex, that where one is fought on account of a modest woman, ten are occasioned by prostitutes. The stout knights-errant, who entertain a passion for the faithless Dulcineas of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, find frequent opportunities of manifesting their prowess. They not only encounter with bullies and braves, but sometimes meet with other enamourers as fond and as mad as themselves. I am personally acquainted with two gentlemen of this turn, who held out pistols at each other across a bed at one of these ladies lodgings, and tossed up which should fire first. The pistol however luckily missed fire, and gave them time to think better of it: so they very amicably shook hands, laid down their pistols, and went to bed to the lady together. These females are not content, it seems, with the conquests commonly made by the fair, but often pass a more cruel sentence on their captives. Their lovers not only suffer those metaphorical deaths, which all their tribe must endure, but are often really killed in serious truth and sober sadness. They are not only shot through the heart by an accidental glance of the eyes, but often have a brace of balls lodged in their heads: and are not only 'stabbed through the liver' (as Mercutio has it) 'by the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft,' but they may perhaps be engaged in a duel with a rival, in which they are run through the body.

A foreign Count was once challenged by one of these hot-headed gentlemen; and

and I shall conclude my letter by recommending his method to our modern Duellists. The place of battle appointed was the Count's house; and when the furious challenger came in, breathing nothing but revenge, he was surprised to find the Count sitting very composedly with a candle and a barrel at his side. 'This, Sir,' said the Count, 'is a barrel of gunpowder; and if you please, we will take our chance who shall set fire to it, you or I.' The gentleman, amazed at so extraordinary a proposal, made no answer; upon which the Count lighted a match, and waving it over the mouth of the barrel, cried out—'Get out of the room, Sir, or I will set fire to the powder this instant.' This abated our challenger's wrath so considerably, that the Count was rid of him in a moment, and he was glad to leave the room without any satisfaction.—I shall expect something from you on this subject, and am, Sir, your humble servant,

EPHRAIM MAKEPEACE.

I shall not refuse, in compliance with the request of my correspondent, to give my animadversions on this subject; but as I am not inclined to measure swords on this occasion with any of my predecessors or contemporaries, I shall take a different course, and appear in the cause as an advocate for Duelling. The vices and follies of the fashionable world are so connected with each other, that they almost form a regular system; and the practice of them all is absolutely necessary to complete the character of a Fine Gentleman. A Fine Gentleman (in the modern sense of the word) is one that whores, games, and wears a sword. Running after loose women is, indeed, in some measure common to this exalted part of mankind with the vulgar: but to live in bagnios, to be kept in repair by Rock or Ward by the quarter, to be in a continual course of pill and electuary, and to make a business of fornication, is the peculiar privilege of a Fine Gentleman. Gaming is also an essential requisite to this character, and is indeed capable of itself to create a person a Gentleman, who has no other pretensions to that title. The greatest scoundrels, provided they were gamblers, have always been permitted to associate with people of fashion; and

perhaps they hold their title to the best company by the same tenure that the Knaves keep their rank among the Honours in a pack of cards. But the grand distinguishing mark of a Fine Gentleman is the wearing a sword. Gentility displays itself in a well-fancied sword-knot, and honour lies sheathed in the scabbard. All who bear arms have a claim to this character: even our common soldiers (like the knights of old) are dubbed Gentlemen on the shoulder; with this only difference, that instead of the sword, the ceremony is performed by a brown musket.

Upon these and many other weighty considerations, I have resolved not to disturb the tranquillity of the polite world, by railing at their darling vices. A Censor may endeavour to new-cock an hat, to raise the stays, or write down the short petticoat, at his pleasure. Persons of quality will vary fashions of themselves, but will always adhere steadily to their vices. I have besides received several letters from surgeons and younger brothers, desiring me to promote as far as lays in my power the modern way of life, and especially the practice of Duelling. The former open their case in the most pathetic terms, and assure me that if it was not for Duels, and the amorous rencounters of Fine Gentlemen with the other sex, their profession would scarce support them. As to the young gentlemen, they inveigh bitterly against the unequal distribution of property by the laws of England, and offer me very considerable bribes, if I will espouse the cause of Duels and Debauchery; without which they scarce have any tolerable chance of coming in for the family estate.

Swift somewhere observes, that these differences very rarely happen among men of sense, and he does not see any great harm if two worthless fellows send each other out of the world. I shall therefore humbly propose, the more effectually to keep up this spirit, that Duels may be included in the Licence-Act among our other public diversions, with a restraining clause, taking away all power from the Justices to prohibit these entertainments. I would also propose, for the better accommodation of the public, that scaffolds be erected behind Montague House, or in any other convenient place, as there are now at Tyburn;

Tyburn; and that, whenever any two gentlemen quarrel, they shall insert their challenges in the daily papers, after the following manner, in imitation of the late champions at Broughton's Amphitheatre.

I, JOHN MAC-DUEL, having been affronted by Richard Flash, hereby challenge him to meet me behind Montague House on the day of to go through all the exercise of the Small Sword; to advance, retire, parry and thrust, in *Carte, Tierce*, and *Segoon*, and to take my life, or lose his own.

JOHN MAC-DUEL.

I, RICHARD FLASH, who have spitted many such dastardly fellows on my sword like larks, promise to meet John Mac-Duel, and doubt not, by running him through the body, to give him Gentleman-like satisfaction.

RICHARD FLASH.

By this scheme, the public would have an opportunity of being present at these fashionable amusements, and might revive that lost species of gaming, so much lamented in our last paper, by laying bets on the issue of the combat.

It should also be provided, that if either or both are killed, the body or bodies be delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, and placed in their hall; unless the younger brother or next heir shall give them an equivalent.

It should also be provided by the above-mentioned act, that no person be qualified to fight a Duel, who is not worth 500*l. per ann.* For as it is unsportsman-like to admit dunghill cocks into the pit, so it would render this inestimable privilege less valuable, if every mean wretch had a right of being run through the body, who could do the public no service by his death.

T

N^o XXXII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

EMUNCTE NARIS. —————

HOR.

A PLAIN BLUNT FELLOW, WHO, LIKE SCENTED BEAUX,
WITH VILE PULVILIO NE'ER BEGRIM'D HIS NOSE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Know not whether you yourself are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, though detestable even among the lowest. The practice I mean is that of Snuff-taking; which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical distemper, has taken hold of our noses. You authors may perhaps claim it as a privilege, since Snuff is supposed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not possessed of Bayes's admirable receipt, the 'Spirit of brains.' But give me leave to tell you, that Snuff should no more be administered in public, than that of Major's medicinal composition at four pence a pinch, or any other dose of physic. I know not why people should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance by smearing their noses with a dirty powder, any more than in using an eye-water, or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

If a stranger to this nasty custom was

to observe almost every one 'drawing out his pouncet-box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose,' he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt, to fence them from the disagreeable effluvia of the rest of the company. Indeed, it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine, that the person he conversed with took Snuff, for the same reason that another might press his nostrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill smell.

It is customary among those polite people the Dutch, to carry with them every where their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about a room even in the pretence of ladies. This piece of good-breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good manners than the practice of Snuff-taking. A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people, who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of tobacco-dust; nor
can

can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty mucker, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket-companion, as he would be to carry a dishcloth about him.

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the play-house continually echo with this music of the nose, and in every corner you may hear them in concert snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic speech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side-boxes; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almost choked by a pinch of snuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that Snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those who have no other merit than their cloaths? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take Snuff only to display a white hand perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring: and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themselves with the use of Snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his *Straßburg veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper-box; and the pretty fellow uses an enamelled box lined in the inside with polished metal, that by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor Snuff-taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoking tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose, yet am I exposed to many disgusting inconveniencies from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air; and I am frequently

set a sneezing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended: you will stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink this abominable Snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk or drops of the sugar. I never dine at a particular friend's house, but I am sure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the same mug with him, for fear of coughing from his snuff, if not the liquor, going the wrong way. Such eternal Snuff-takers as my friend, should, I think, at meal-times, have a screen flapping down over the nose and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at the masquerade: or at least they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side-table, like the children.

This practice of Snuff-taking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanliness ought to be always cultivated among the women; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with Snuff? I have with pain observed the snow-white surface of an handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the Snuff-box; and whenever I see a lady thus besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleaner than the kitchen-wench scouring her brasses, and begrimed with brickdust and fuller's earth. Housewifely accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well bred woman; or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose; nor, indeed, would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, Mr. Town, that Snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it: they should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a fallow hue from this bane of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching

ing rays of the sun. Besides, as the nose has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an application as Snuff-taking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips: and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contact with the dirt and rubbish of the former? Rather than Snuff-taking should prevail among the ladies, I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nations: nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who

could be still slaves to Snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears; and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper-lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no disgrace for a young lady to be seen in the best company busied with her work: but a girl now-a-days would as soon be surprised in twirling a spinning-wheel, as in handling a thread-paper. The fan or the Snuff-box are now the only implements they dare to use in public: yet surely it would be much more becoming to have the fore-finger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy pinch of Snuff. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T

N^o XXXIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1754.

AT TU SUB URBE POSSIDES FAMEM MUNDAM,
ET TURRE AB ALTA PROSPICIS MERAS LAURUS;
PICTAMQUE PORTAS OTIOSUS AD VILLAM
OLUS, OVA, PULLOS, POMA, CASEUM, MUSTUM.
RUS HOC VOCARI DEBET, AN DOMUS LONGE?

MARTIN

A LITTLE COUNTRY BOX YOU BOAST,
SO NEAT, 'TIS COVER'D ALL WITH DUST;
AND NOUGHT ABOUT IT TO BE SEEN,
EXCEPT A NETTLE-BED, THAT'S GREEN:
YOUR VILLA! RURAL BUT THE NAME IN,
SO DESART, IT WOULD BREED A FAMINE.
HITHER, ON SUNDAYS, YOU REPAIR,
WHILE HEAPS OF VIANDS LOAD THE CHAIR,
WITH POULTRY BROUGHT FROM LEADENHALL,
AND CABBAGE FROM THE HUCKSTER'S STALL.
'TIS NOT THE COUNTRY, YOU MUST OWN;
'TIS ONLY LONDON OUT OF TOWN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Remember to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city, as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people talk the same

language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont-Neuf, looked upon every one, who lived out of Paris, as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

Most of our late novels are, with some little variation of circumstances, borrowed from the French: but if we should endeavour to adapt the novel I have been speaking of to a citizen of London,

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London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction become unnatural and improbable. A London tradesman is as well acquainted with Turnham Green or Kentish Town, as Fleet Street or Cheapside, and talks as familiarly of Richmond or Hampton Court as of the 'Change or the Custom House. In your late paper, on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country: but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

In these dusty retreats, where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their Boxes, (as they are modestly called) are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite ornaments in these gardens. There are besides (if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them) very curious statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the play-house.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have

a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington Common, with a distant view of St. Paul's Cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London Evening Post, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they were afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a deshabille.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy pencil of Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured: close by the parlour door, there hung a pair of stag's horns, over which there was laid across a red roccelo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shewn into the parlour, and was presently asked, who that was over the chimney piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with the superscription—'To Mr. —, Common-councilman of Farringdon Ward Without.' My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nasegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

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I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he made me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it, but concluded with an hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country: so I was obliged to trudge along the foot-path by the road-side, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house, to drink a decanter of Stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman of the same ward, and I left them both together in an high dispute about Canning; but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country-house the next Sunday.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say, that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous: and if the taste for building increases with our opulence for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shop-keepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever re-

corded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their *villas*. But who has ever read of a *Chinese* bridge belonging to an *Attic* tallow-chandler or a *Roman* pastry-cook? Or could any of their shoemakers or taylor's boast a *villa* with its tin cascades, paper statues, and *Gothic* root-houses? Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's *Apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *Theatriotrophium* at Chiswick, and an *Ornithon* in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

As a patriot and an Englishman, I cannot but wish that each successive century should encrease the opulence of Great Britain: but I should be sorry, that this abundance of wealth should induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At present we are deprived of our most eminent tradesmen two days out of fix. It is true, the shopkeeper and the travelling part of his family, consisting generally of himself, his wife, and his two eldest daughters, are seldom sufficiently equipped to take leave of London till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is consumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy-punch, sorting clean shifts, and night-caps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole afternoon of the Monday following in unpinning, uncording, locking up foul linen, and replacing empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid, therefore, if the *villas* of our future tradesmen should become so very elegant, that the shop-keepers will scarce ever be visible behind their counters above once in a month.

Yours, &c.

G. K.

N° XXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754

REPREHENDERE CONER,
 QUÆ GRAVIS ÆSOPUS, QUÆ DOCTUS ROSCIUS EGIT.

HOR.

WHENE'ER HE BELLOWES, WHO BUT SMILES AT QUIN,
 AND LAUGHS WHEN GARRICK SKIPS LIKE HARLEQUIN?

THE French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the expression of *Jeu de Théâtre*; which we may translate—'The Juggle of the Theatre.' When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonery, though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

As the play-houses are now opened, I cannot better introduce the remarks which I may sometimes take occasion to make on the theatrical world, than by throwing together a few reflections on this 'Juggle of the Theatre;' which at present I shall consider chiefly as it relates to the actors. And I hope to merit the thanks of those gentlemen, who while they are solicitous to acquire new beauties, should at the same time endeavour to unlearn their faults and imperfections.

We are indebted to the present times for a judicious reformation of the stage in point of acting: and (by the bye) I could wish, that the same good consequences had been produced with respect to our poets. If a perfect tragedy may be considered as the most difficult production of human wit, the same thing must hold in proportion with respect to an exact representation of it: for if it is necessary for the writer to work up his imagination to such a pitch as to fancy himself in the circumstances of the character he draws, what less must the actor do, who must look as the person represented would look, speak as he

would speak, and be in every point the very man? The generation of players, that immediately preceded the present, prided themselves on what they called *fine speaking*: the emotions of the soul were disregarded for a distinct delivery; and with them, as Mr. Johnson has observed of some tragic writers,

Declamation roar'd, while Passion slept.

And, indeed, to this uninteresting taste for acting we may partly attribute that enervate way of writing so much in vogue among the Frenchified play-wrights of those times; since nothing could be so well suited to the mouths of those actors, as golden lines, round periods, florid descriptions, and a dispassionate amplification of sentiment.

The false majesty, with which our mimic heroes of the stage had been used to express themselves, was for a long time as distinguished a mark of tragedy, as the plumed hat and full-bottomed periwig; and we may remember, for example, when every line in *Othello* (a character remarkable for variety of passions) was drawn out in the same pompous manner. But as I mean to promote the art, rather than reprove the artists, I shall dwell on this no longer: for methinks I hear a veteran performer calling out to me in the voice of honest Jack Falstaff, 'No more of that, if thou lovest me, Hal.'

It is sufficient to remark that, as the dignity of the buskin would be degraded by talking in a strain too low and familiar, the manner of elocution in a tragedy should not, on either hand, be more remote from our natural way of expressing ourselves, than blank verse (which is the only proper measure for tragedy) is from prose. Our present set of actors have, in general, discarded the dead insipid pomp applauded in their predecessors, and have wisely endeavoured to join with the poet in exciting pity and terror. But as many writers have
 mistaken

mistaken rant for passion, and fustian for sublime, so our players have perhaps too much given into unnatural startings, roarings, and whinings. For this reason our late writers (to accommodate their pieces to the present taste) having placed their chief *pathos* in exclamations and broken sentences, have endeavoured to alarm us with *Ahs* and *Obs*, and pierce our souls with interjections. Upon the whole, it must be acknowledged, that the stage is considerably improved in the Art of Speaking. Every passion is now distinguished by its proper tone of voice. I shall therefore only add, that when I hear a player laboriously placing an unnatural stress upon particular words, and panting with emphasis, I cannot help comparing him to the paviour, who at every thump of his rammer cries *hem*.

I have observed, that the tragedians of the last age studied *fine speaking*; in consequence of which, all their action consisted in little more than strutting with one leg before the other, and waving one or both arms in a continual see-saw. Our present actors have perhaps run into a contrary extreme: their gestures sometimes resemble those afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance; their whole frame appears to be convulsed; and I have seen a player in the last act so miserably distressed, that a deaf spectator would be apt to imagine he was complaining of the cholic or the tooth-ach. This has also given rise to that unnatural custom of throwing the body into various strange Attitudes. There is not a passion necessary to be expressed, but has produced dispositions of the limbs not to be found in any of the paintings or sculptures of the best masters. A graceful gesture and easy deportment is, indeed, worthy the care of every performer: but when I observe him writhing his body into more unnatural contortions than a tumbler at Sadler's Wells, I cannot help being disgusted to see him 'imitate humanity so abominably.' Our pantomime authors have already begun to reduce our comedies into grotesque scenes; and if this taste for *attitude* should continue to be popular, I would recommend it to those ingenious gentlemen, to adapt our best tragedies to the same use, and entertain us with the like jealousy of Othello in dumb shew, or the tricks of Harlequin Hamlet.

Before I dismiss this article, it may be expected that I should say something concerning the behaviour proper for our ladies. We must allow them on all occasions to roll the eye, stretch up the neck, heave the chest, and with a thousand little tricks set off their person, if not their part, to the most advantage. The pomp of the old stage has not yet been altogether reformed, either with respect to our heroines or our heroes. A weeping princess (though perhaps she is hurried on the stage with grief and despair) cannot decently make her entrance without being led in between two mourning damsels in black; and an heroine must always be accompanied by one or more pages, to smoothe her train when ruffled by passion. The hero now seldom sweats beneath the weight of a nodding plume of swan feathers, or has his face half hid with an enormous bush of white horse-hair. I could also wish (if possible) that the manager was saved the unnecessary expence of three yards of velvet for the trains of his Amazons; and that the chambermaids (as well as the militia of the theatres) were dismissed, and the pages, together with the dirty lords in waiting, blotted out of the mute *Dramatis Personæ*.

The mention of these particulars naturally reminds me, how far the Juggle of the Theatre is concerned in the affair of Dress. Many will agree with me, that almost the only distress of the last act in the Fair Penitent arises from the pitiful appearance of Calista in weeds, with every thing hung in black bays about her; and the players are afraid we should lose sight of Hamlet's pretended madness, if the black stocking, discovering a white one underneath, was not rolled half way down the leg. A propriety in dress is absolutely necessary to keep up the general deception; and a performer properly habited, who by his whole deportment enters deeply into the circumstances of the character he represents, makes us for a while fancy every thing before us real: but when, by some ill-judged piece of art, he departs from the simplicity of imitation, and 'oversteps' the modesty of nature, he calls us back to the theatre, and excites passions very different from those he aims at.

I cannot better illustrate what has been said on this last subject, than by giving instances of two artifices of this kind; one of which is employed (as I conceive)

conceive) to raise pity, and the other terror.

When the Romeo of Drury Lane comes to die at Juliet's monument, we are surprised to see him enter in a suit of black. This, I suppose, is intended as a stroke of the pathetic; but not to dwell on the poverty of the artifice, it is in this place a manifest violation of the poet's meaning. Romeo is supposed to come post from Mantua—'Get me post-horses, I will hence to-night'—so that if our Roscius must be so very exact in dressing the character, he should appear at the tomb in a riding frock and boots. But a mourning coat will excite *pity*; 'and let the devil wear black,' says our Hamlet-Romeo, 'for I'll have a suit of fables.'—The same player, after having acted that noble scene in the second act of Macbeth, in so fine a manner,

that one would almost imagine both the poet and the player must have been murderers to represent one so well, goes out to execute the supposed murder. After a short space he returns as from the fact; but though the expression in his face is still remarkably excellent, one cannot but smile to observe, that he has been employing himself behind the scenes in putting his wig awry, and untying one of the ties to it. This doubtless is designed to raise *terror*; but to every discerning spectator it must appear most absurdly ridiculous: for who can forbear laughing, when he finds that the player would have us imagine, that the same deed, which has thrown all that horror and confusion into his countenance, has also untwisted one of the tails of his periwig?

O

Nº XXXV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1754.

FACUNDI CALICES QUEM NON FECERE DISERTUM!

HOR.

THE FOOL SUCKS WISDOM, AS HE PORTER SUPS,
AND COBLERS GROW FINE SPEAKERS IN THEIR CUPS.

AS I am willing to do every thing in my power to celebrate so illustrious a body as the Robin Hood Society, I have taken the first opportunity of laying the following letter before the public.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

THAT part of your last paper, in which you considered the Art of Speaking as far as it regards theatrical performances, gives me reason to hope, that you will not overlook the merits of the Robin Hood Society, where that art is practised in it's greatest perfection. You would do well to recommend it to the gentlemen of the theatre to attend those weekly meetings for their improvement as soon as possible; and I dare say you will join with me in giving the same advice to the younger part of our clergy and our lawyers, as well as our members of parliament. The stage, the pulpit, the bar, and the senate-house, cannot furnish us with such glorious examples of the power of oratory, as are to be met with in this society; where the most important questions in every

branch of knowledge are discussed, and where the disputants are all of them equally versed in religion, law, politics, and the drama.

The institution of this School of Eloquence far exceeds any thing that the ancients could boast. Every sect, that was known among the Grecians and Romans, has it's votaries here also. I have seen a taylor a Stoic, a shoemaker a Platonist, and a cook an Epicurean. They affect to entertain a profound veneration for Socrates, often preferring him to any of the Apostles: though, instead of declaring with this wise philosopher, that they knew nothing, the members of the Robin Hood Society profess to know every thing.

For my own part, I confess myself so charmed with their proceedings, that I constantly attend them: and when I see all their members assembled with each his pewter-mug before him, I cannot help preferring this social meeting to any ancient *Symposium* whatever; and when I further observe them first take a swig, and then speak with such amazing force of argument, I am apt to conclude that truth, instead of being hid in a well, as

was

was said by an old philosopher, must lay at the bottom of a tankard of porter.

There is no grace or excellence in oratory, but is displayed in the Robin Hood Society to the greatest advantage. Demosthenes being asked what was the first quality in an orator, replied—Action; what the second—Action; what the third—Action. Upon this principle one of the members, for whom I have a vast respect, is the greatest orator that ever lived. He never troubles himself about the order or substance of what he delivers, but waves his hand, tosses his head, abounds in several new and beautiful gestures, and from the beginning of his speech to the end of it, takes no care but to set it off with action. Tully tells us, that it is the business of an orator 'to prove, delight, and convince.' Proof and conviction our Society is always sure to give us: for else how could it ever come to pass, that so many young men should have learned from these disquisitions, that there is no God, that the soul is mortal, that religion is a jest, and many other truths, which they would otherwise never have discovered? The nature of their questions is also for the most part so entertaining, that the disputes about them cannot fail of giving delight: and there is a peculiarity in the oratory of the place, which greatly conduces to that end. The speakers do not always think themselves obliged to drive in the dull direct road to the point, but indulge themselves in a larger scope, that allows room for novelty and entertainment. When the question has been concerning the veracity of the Bible, I have known a gentleman get up, and beginning with William the Conqueror, give the audience an abstract of as many reigns as his five minutes would allow him to dispatch. I lately remember the question to have been, 'Whether a bridge from Black Friars to Southwark would be of public benefit;' when a facetious gentleman employed himself in demonstrating the great utility of the bridge of the nose, and the bridge of a fiddle. In a word, our orators are at once serious and comical; and they make gravity and mirth almost constantly attend each other, like their own Robin Hood and Little John. The solidity, and at the same time the smartness of their speeches, are equally remarkable. They pun with a grave face, and make quibbles and conun-

drums with the air of a philosopher. The writings of different authors have been compared to wines: but the orations delivered here can be resembled to nothing so properly as the liquors of the Society; for while they are at once so weighty and so sharp, they seem to be an equal mixture of porter and lemonade.

It would be endless to enumerate the advantages resulting from this society. The wonderful improvement it has already made in our mechanics is very evident: it calls off our tradesmen from the *practice* of honesty in their common dealings, and sets them upon *enquiries* concerning right and wrong, and the moral fitness of things. The Spectator has told us of the rhetoric of a toyman; but you, Mr. Town, might acquaint posterity of the eloquence of bakers, barbers, carpenters, and blacksmiths: you may every day hear discourses on religion from the shopboard, and researches into philosophy from behind the counter. When you took notice of the want of learning in our people of quality, you ought in justice to have acknowledged the amazing erudition of our tradesmen. The plebeians of Rome were mere brutes to our common people; and I am of opinion, that the public room under that in which this weekly meeting is held, instead of being furnished with the busts of our English poets, should be adorned with the heads of the learned shoemakers, tallow-chandlers, bakers, &c. that constitute this excellent Society.

We may venture to say, that the Royal Society and the Robin Hood are the two greatest ornaments of this nation: and as the former now and then gives us an account of their transactions, it were to be wished, that the fellows of the latter would also from time to time oblige us with an history of their proceedings. We should then see by what means so many proselytes have been made from bigotry and superstition; by what degrees a young disputant from a raw Christian ripens into a Deist, from a Deist into a Free-thinker, and from a Free-thinker, (by a very short step) into an Atheist. We should also know the effect that the disputations at this weekly meeting have upon our lives and conversations; and from thence judge how much a design of this nature deserves public encouragement. I have here
flung

hung together a short account of some of the former members; and upon a review of it cannot but lament, that it seems to be the peculiar fate of great orators, such as Demosthenes and Tully for example, to come to an unhappy end.

MAT. PRIG, a Merchant's Clerk, was converted from Christianity by the arguments which were brought against Revelation.

AARON BEN SADDAI was converted from the Jewish Faith by the arguments brought against Moses and the Patriarchs.

WILL. POSITIVE was a strong Fatalist, and at the same time a vehement advocate for man's free-will. At last he gave a proof of his free-agency by shooting himself through the head.

JACK WILDFIRE was convinced of the innocence of fornication, used to declaim against the absurd institution of matrimony, and at twenty-six died a bachelor in the Lock Hospital.

SOLOMON SQUARE stood up for the religion of nature, and the immutable rule of right and wrong, in preference to the laws of the community. However, he was unfortunately detected in an attempt to carry off a silver tankard from the bar of the house, and was sent to propagate morality in foreign parts.

BOB BOOTY was a strict *Hobbian*, and maintained that men were in a natural state of war with each other. He

at last died a martyr to these principles, and now hangs on a gibbet on Hounslow Heath.

JOHN DISMAL, after having argued one night against the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul, went home, and was found the next morning hanging in his garters.

THOMAS BROADCLOTH, Citizen and Mercer, was very much admired for his speeches upon trade. After he had been in business for two years, he became bankrupt, and was indicted for felony in secreting his effects.

RICHARD GOOSEQUILL, Attorney at Law, was remarkable for his patriotism and the love of his country. He was convicted of bribery and corruption at a late election, in which he was employed as an agent.

JEREMY CRISPIN, Cordwainer, used constantly to attend the club for edification, though he was forced from time to time to pawn his own and his wife's cloaths to raise the weekly sixpence for his admittance. In the space of three years he had been a Papist, a Quaker, an Anabaptist, a Jew, an Arian, a Socinian, a Mahometan, a Methodist, a Deist, and an Atheist. His wife and four children have been sent to the workhouse. He is at present confined in Bedlam, and calls himself the President of the Robin Hood Society. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE
CONNOISSEUR.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

N^o XXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

NON SIC INCERTO MUTANTUR FLAMINE SYRTES,
NEC FOLIA HYBERNO JAM TREMEFACTA NOTO.

PROPERT.

OUR DRESS, STILL VARYING, NOR TO FORMS CONFIN'D,
SHIFTS LIKE THE SANDS, THE SPORT OF EV'RY WIND.

I Have somewhere seen a picture, representing a man and woman of every nation in the world, dressed according to the mode of their respective countries. I could not help reflecting at the time, that the fashions which prevail in England for the space of a century, would enable any of our painters to fill a piece with as great a variety of habits; and that an Englishman or Englishwoman, in one part of it, would be no more like an Englishman or Englishwoman in the other, than a Frenchman resembles a Chinese. Very extraordinary revolutions have already happened in the habits of this kingdom; and as dress is subject to unaccountable changes, posterity may perhaps see without surprise our ladies strut about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop-petticoats.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, it was the fashion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could: their necks were encompassed with a broad ruff, which likewise spread itself over their bosoms; and their sleeves were continued down and fastened close to their wrists, while only their feet were allowed just to peep from beneath the modest fardingale; so that nothing was exposed to the impertinent eye of man but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like so many rope-dancers: they have discarded as much

of their cloaths as with any tolerable decency can be thrown off, and may be said (like the Indian) to be all face: the neck and bosom are laid bare, and disentangled from the invidious veil of an handkerchief; the stays are sunk half way down the waist, and the petticoat has risen in the same proportion from the ankle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms which meet his sight before; but our ladies, like the Parthians, have also learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no less by laying their shoulders open to the view; which (as a young physician of my acquaintance once observed) makes them look as if they were prepared to receive a blister. A naked lady is no longer the admiration only of a masquerade: every public assembly will furnish us with Iphigenias undrest for the sacrifice; and if the next summer should happen to be an hot one, our ladies will perhaps improve on the thin vesture of the Spartan virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gauze shade and lawn petticoat. If the men should take the hint from the other sex, and begin to strip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the consequence: for, if they go on in proportion with the women, we may soon expect to see our fine gentlemen, like the Highlanders, without breeches.

It would be endless to trace the strange revolutions that have happened in every

L part

part of the female dress within these few years. The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogheads: at one time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidal form; at another it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed up on each side, came in contact with the ears. At present it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of its credit in the female world, and has suffered much from the innovation of short sacks and negligées; which, it must be confessed, are equally becoming to the lady of pleasure and the lady of quality: for as the men will agree, that next to no cloaths at all, nothing is more ravishing than an easy *deshabille*, our ladies for that reason, perhaps, come into public places as if they were just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the fashion, must be agreeable; but I must own, that I could sooner approve of their encircling themselves in so many ells of whalebone, than to see them affect to appear with their cloaths huddled on so loosely and indecently. This manner of dressing, or rather not dressing, was brought from Paris: but I would have my fair readers consider, that as this loose method of dress is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to suffer all that symmetry and elegant turn of shape they are mistresses of, to be smothered under it; since these habits can be of no more service to their persons, than paint (that other Paris commodity) can add to the natural red and white of their complexion, though perhaps it may heighten the fallow visages of the French.

But of all the branches of female dress, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe cap, the Brussels head, and the prudish mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excrescences; and in the room of a slip of cambric or lace, has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowrets. We may remember, when for a while the hair was tortured into ringlets behind: at present it is braided into a

queue, (like those formerly worn by the men, and still retaining the original name of *Ramillies*) which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine that our fine ladies were afflicted with the *Plica Polonica*.

If the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milk-maid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant girls, to adorn heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, till they were at length settled to the present mode; by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape that prevents their answering either of these purposes: but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad-brimmed staring *Kevenbüllers* worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are also decorated with two waving pendants of ribband, hanging down from the brim on the left side. I am not so much offended at the flaming air which these streamers carry with them, as I am afraid lest it should spoil the charming eyes of my pretty countrywomen, which are constantly provoked to cast a glance at them; and I have myself often observed an obliging ogle or ravishing leer intercepted by these mediums; so that, when a lady has intended to charm her lover, she has shocked him with an hideous squint.

The ladies have long been severely rallied on their too great attention to finery: but, to own the truth, dress seems at present to be as much the study of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen, who 'will lay a whole night' (as *Benedick* says) 'carving the fashion of a new doublet.' They have their toilettes too, as well as the ladies, set out with washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and will

will spend the whole morning in scenting their linen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads (as well as the ladies) have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kinds of wigs, as the block at their barber's. About fifty years ago they buried their heads in a bush of hair; and the beaux (as Swift says) 'lay hid beneath the penthouse of a full-bottomed periwig.' But as they then shewed nothing but the nose, mouth, and eyes, the fine gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear.

As France appears to be the wardrobe of the world, I shall conclude my paper with a piece of secret history, which gives us some insight into the origin of deriving all our fashions from thence. The celebrated Lord Foppington, among his other amours, had once an intrigue with a milliner of Covent Garden, who after some time brought a lovely girl into the world, and called her after his lordship's surname, Fashion. The milliner brought up the child in her own house till the age of fifteen, at which time she grew very pressing with Lord Foppington to make some provision for his daughter. My lord, who was never much pleased with

this consequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl for ever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad, to place her in a nunnery: but the girl, who had very little of the vestal in her disposition, contrived to escape from her conductor, and flew to Paris. There her beauty and sprightliness soon procured her many friends; and she opened a genteel shop in her mother's business. She soon made herself remarkable for contriving the most elegant head-dresses, and cutting out ruffles with the most ravishing slope: her fancy was besides so inexhaustible, that she almost every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at last married his Most Christian Majesty's taylor. This alliance brought the dress of all Paris under their jurisdiction; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, proposed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of London. In pursuance of this, Monsieur her husband, two or three times in the year, transmits a suit of cloaths entirely *à la Paris* as a pattern to Messieurs Regnier and Lynch, of Leicester Fields and Pall Mall, while the wife sends over a little wooden Mademoiselle to her relations in Tavistock Street.

Nº XXXVII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

—EJA! SUDABIS SATIS,
SI CUM ILLO INCEPTAS HOMINE: EA ELOQUENTIA EST!

TER.

BY MY TROTH, YOU WILL SWEAT FOR IT, IF YOU ONCE BEGIN WITH THIS
MAN: HE HAS SUCH AMAZING ELOQUENCE.

A Correspondent writes to me, that after having considered the Art of Speaking in the theatre, as also celebrated the practice of it in the Robin Hood Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the Clare Market Orator. He desires me to remember, that this universal genius has from time to time declared from his rostrum, with a thundering elocution—That there is but one orator in the world, and he is the man—that Sir Robert Walpole, and all the great men in the kingdom, have been his scholars—and that bishops have come to his oratory to learn to preach.

I have, indeed, observed with a good deal of concern, that the orator has of late discontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory-chapel shut up, I was in hopes that every parish-church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were his tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of faith! How superior was his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions!—'A Prayer for a sinking bridge!—'Prayer for the White Rose!—Prayer

' for Jackson's Journal!—Prayer for ' the heads on Temple Bar!' In these pious addresses he would first invoke the Supreme Being in the most solemn manner; then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray, ' that we might not hear ' the croaking of Dutch Nightingales in ' the king's chambers;—or on another occasion, ' that our clergy might not ' study Shakespeare more than the Gospel, and that they might be rather ' employed on the Evangelists, than As ' You Like It, or Much Ado About ' Nothing.'

I cannot but likewise lament the loss of the entertainment which his advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the news-papers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader with an admirable idea of the doctor's manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from Isaiah, and quoted these words;—'*Strt! ' ro Jun. No Hwr! Down with ' the Rmp!*'—we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his assembly—**THE ORATORY—P. Charles's Chapel**—we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages which we derived from his Chapel; and if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the scheme lately proposed in one of my papers for *abolishing Christianity* will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if such a revolution should happen in the church, the Orator's principles would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station, equal to our present Archbishop of Canterbury.

The public, for these reasons, will doubtless join with me in a petition, that this illustrious divine would again resume his station in the pulpit: at least I could wish that some able theologian, who has been long practised in deciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the Robin Hood Society, may be deputed, in the absence of the orator, to officiate as his curate. I would also recommend it to the members of the

above-mentioned Society to attend these lectures regularly; whence they may gather stronger arguments for their disputations than from reading Collins, Chubb, Tindal, Bolingbroke, or any other orthodox Free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole, I cannot conclude without observing, that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is, indeed, deservedly caressed by the butchers of Clare Market: but had our orator been born at Athens or Rome, he would certainly have been deified as the god of Butchers, have been worshipped like Osiris under the figure of a calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the *Forum* or *Market-place* among the shambles.

Thus much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the Orator and oratory; as he has some time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of Tully are very unequal to his orations: but the following letter is in the very stile and spirit of our orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly as I received it, (the emphatical words being distinguished in strict conformity to the original manuscript) without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable.

TO MR. BALDWIN AND MR. TOWN.

1754 JULY 26.

THE Liberty of the Press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town, (i. e. Mr. No-body, for he dares not publish his Name and abode, nor confront one he abuses) is the Greatest of Grievances; it is the Liberty of Lying and of Slandering, and destroying Reputations, to make your Paper sell; Reputation is dearer than Life, and your and your Scribbler's BLOOD should answer your Scandal:—You have published the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*, put *his Name* and *your own* into it; He and you have often bespattered the *Orator and Oratory* in Clare Market—the Oratory is NOT in Clare Market, which is in a different Parish; So that You and He LYE: * and Butchers are [*sel-*
dom]

* This reminds me of a similar defence made by Ward the doggerel-writer, whose genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our orator for prose compositions. Jacob, in

dom blotted out] never there;—You both LYE too in saying, that it is calculated (INTENDED) for Atheism and Infidelity,—it's Religion is—the ' Obligation of Man to resemble the Attributes of God to his power, by the practice of Universal Right Reason; believing Christianity of Christ called Reason the wisdom of God.—This is the Reverse of Atheism and Infidelity —and Blasphemy.'—

The writer of the following, who signs himself a Member of the Robin-Hood Society, threatens me, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the question ' Whether Mr. Town be a greater fool or a scoundrel,' shall be debated at their next meeting.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Would have you to know, that the person as sent you the account of our club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk: yet I can assure you

they know as much of religion and the good of their country, (and other such matters) as any of we gentlemen. But, as I said, we have a good many topping folks besides myself: for there is not a night, but we have several young lawyers and counsellors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen (very fine speakers) who follow no business; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

And so as I said, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons: and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the club more or less off and on for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it: and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk (and so can any of our club) as well as the best of you poets can write. And so as I said, I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our club besides myself.

Your humble servant,

T

JAMES WAIT.

N^o XXXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1754.

—EQUOS UT QUI MERCANTUR.—

HOR.

TO HAVE AND HOLD FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE,
WE BUY A WIFE JUST AS WE BUY AN HORSE.

AT a certain coffee-house near the Temple, the bar is kept by a pretty coquet; a piece of furniture almost as necessary for a coffee-room in that situation as the news-papers. This lady, you may be sure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve themselves from the severe study of the law by a soft conversation with this fair one, and repeating on the occasion all the tender things

they can remember from plays, or whatever else *orgeat* or *capillaire* can inspire. Among the many pretenders to her favour, there is one faithful swain, who has long entertained a serious passion for her. This tender-hearted gentleman, who is grown so lean with living upon love, that one would imagine ' the blasts of January would blow him through and through,' comes every evening, and sits whole hours by the

in his account of Ward, happened to say, that ' of late years he had kept a public-house ' in the city.' This Mr. Ward highly resented; and in a book, called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared it to be a LYE, protesting that his public-house was NOT in the City, but in Moorfields,

bar,

bar, gazing at his mistress, and taking in large draughts of love and hyson tea. Never was swain in such cruel circumstances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty insolence of this goddess of bread and butter; who, as she knows him in her power, keeps him at a distance, though she behaves with the perfect familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven he sneaks off pale and discontented; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he shall be used by his mistress, and that he shall be laughed at even by the waiters.

If all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy gentleman, to carry on their courtships in public, we should be witness to many scenes equally ridiculous. Their awkward desire of pleasing influences every trivial gesture; and when love has once got possession of a man's heart, it shews itself down to the tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing *amator* is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances: but if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faltering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a gentleman and lady, while so critical a conversation is going forward, would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary *tête à tête*, and would perhaps cry out with Ranger, that 'no-thing looks so silly as a pair of your true lovers.'

Since true and sincere love is sure to make it's votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from it's bondage. In a fashionable wedding, the man or woman are neither of them considered as reasonable creatures, who come together in order to 'comfort, love, cherish, honour, or obey,' according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes, is in genteel matches the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the council of each party; and they pay their addresses by billet-doux upon parchment. The

great conveniency of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: married persons of quality are never troubled with each other's company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home: my lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the fashionable privilege of wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the case, if there was the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches who (as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves) are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples, are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and six.

The late Marriage-act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with respect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably abolish the old system of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the sake of marrying according to act of parliament. There is now no danger of an handsome worthy young fellow of small fortune running away with an heiress; for it is not sufficient to insinuate himself into the lady's favour by a voluble tongue and a good person, unless he can also subdue the considerate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of disposing of children by way of bargain and sale, it consequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtship, arising from simple love. In order therefore to confirm (as far as possible) the happy consequences of this act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on some expedient, by which all the circumstances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A Smithfield bargain being so common in metaphor, I had once some thoughts of proposing to realize it, and had almost completed a plan, by which all the young persons (like servant-girls at a statute-fair in the country) were to be brought to market, and disposed of in one part of Smithfield, while the sheep and horses were on sale in another.

In the midst of these serious considerations, I received a scheme of this nature from

from my good friend Mr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage-act has rendered useless on it's original principles. This reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up to sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messieurs Henson and Bever have lately opened, in different quarters of the town, Repositories for all horses to be sold by auction; Mr. Keith intends setting up a Repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune; and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himself with a tight young filly.

The Doctor makes no doubt, but his chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on it's first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the Fleet. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage-act, the sole right of opening a Repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in May Fair may still continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the first day of sale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the mean time I am desir'd to communicate the following specimen of his stock to my readers.

CATALOGUE OF MALES AND FEMALES TO BE DISPOSED OF IN MARRIAGE TO THE BEST BIDDER, AT MR. KEITH'S REPOSITORY IN MAY FAIR.

A Lady of Quality, very high blood; related by the mother's side to a peer of France; her dam came from one of the oldest families in Wales, and her great great great grandfire was brought over with William the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and six, and proper for any rich tradesman, who is desirous to mend the breed. Her lowest price, to prevent trouble, is 500*l.* per ann. pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of 100,000*l.* fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

An Homely Thing that can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding.—This lot to be bid for by none but shop-keepers or country parsons.

Three Maiden Ladies—aged—to be bid for by none but stout young fellows of six foot, sound wind and limb, and without blemish.

Four Widows, young and rich—to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a Country Squire—the father of this Lady came to town to sell a yoke of oxen at Smithfield, and a load of hay in the Haymarket. Whoever buys them shall have the Lady into the bargain.

A Methodist Lady, relict of a Knight deceased within this twelvemonth—would be a good bargain to any handsome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the Spirit.

A very pretty Young Woman, but a good deal in debt—would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament, or a Jew.

An handsome Housekeeper, just come out of the country—would do for any private gentleman. She has been used to go in an one-horse-chair, and is fit for a citizen's service on a Sunday.

A tall Irishman, warranted sound, lately in the possession of a Lady Dowager. The reason of his being sold, is that the owner (who is married) has no further use for him.

A Blood of the first rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

An Hackney Writer, troubled with the farcy, broken-winded, and very poor—would be glad to be released from his present master, a bookseller, and bear the less grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoever will take him into feeding, shall have his Pegasus into the bargain.

A Young Ward, now in training at Eton school.—The guardian is willing to part with him to any lady for a round sum of money.—If not sold, he will be sent into the country, and matched with his guardian's daughter.

Five Templars—all Irish—No one to bid for these lots of less than 10,000*l.* fortune.

Wanted—four dozen of Young Fellows, and one dozen of Young Women willing to marry to advantage—to go to Nova Scotia.

N^o XXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1754.

—SEPULCHRI
MITTE SUPERVACUOS HONORES.

HOR.

THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE SIGNS OF WOE.

SHAKESPEARE.

AS I was passing the other night through a narrow little lane in the skirts of the city, I was stopped by a grand procession of an hearse and three mourning-coaches drawn by six horses, accompanied with a great number of flambeaus and attendants in black. I naturally concluded that all this parade was employed to pay the last honours to some eminent person, whose consequence in life required that his ashes should receive all the respect which his friends and relations could pay them: but I could not help smiling, when upon enquiry I was told, that the corpse (on whom all this expence had been lavished) was no other than Tom Taster, the cheefmonger, who had lain in state all the week at his house in Thames Street, and was going to be deposited with his ancestors in Whitechapel burying-ground. This illustrious personage was the son of a butcher in Whitechapel, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumstances: his widow, however, for the honour of *her* family, was resolved at all events to BURY HIM HANDSOMELY.

I have already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling sort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their circumstances: nor is this vanity less absurd, which extends to the dust, and by which the dead are made accessary to robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater sum expended at the funeral of a tradesman, than would have kept his whole family for a twelvemonth; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir has been flung into gaol, for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

This absurd notion of being HANDSOMELY BURIED, has given rise to the most contradictory customs that could possibly be contrived for the advantage of death-hunters. As funerals are at present conducted, all distinction is lost among us; and there is no more difference between the duke and the dancing-master in the manner of their

burial, than is to be found between their dust in the grave. It is easy to account for the introduction of the hearse and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely destroyed by the promiscuous use of them. Our ancient and noble families may be supposed to have particular family-vaults near their mansion-houses in the country, and in which their progenitors have been deposited for ages. It is therefore very natural, that persons of distinction, who had been used to be conveyed to their country-seats by a set of horses, should be also transported to their graves by the same number; and be attended with the same magnificence at their deaths, which they had been accustomed to in their lives. But the spirit of affecting the manners of the great has made the lowest plebeians vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials: a tradesman, who has trudged on foot all his life, shall be carried after death, scarce an hundred yards from his house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such an ill timed ostentation of grandeur appears to me no less ridiculous than the vanity of the highwayman, who sold his body to the surgeons, that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

There is another custom, which was doubtless first introduced by the great, but has been since adopted by others, who have not the least title to it. The Herald's Office was originally instituted for the distinction and preservation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms unless it is peculiarly appropriated to the family, and the bearer himself is entitled to that honourable badge. From this consideration we may account for the practice of hanging the hearse round with escutcheons, on which the arms of the deceased were blazoned, and which served to denote whose

whose ashes it conveyed. For the same purpose, an achievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceased. The ensign of death may fairly be indulged, where the persons are ennobled by their birth or station, and where it serves to remind the passer-by of any great or good actions performed by the deceased, or to inspire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forsooth, cannot an obscure or insignificant creature go out of the world, without advertising it by the achievement? For my part, I generally consider it as a bill on an empty house, which serves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant is gone, and that another occupier is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has arisen to the Herald's Office by the purchase of arms for this purpose. Many a worthy tradesman of plebeian extraction, has been made a gentleman after his decease by the courtesy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who not being able to give any account of his wife's genealogy, put up his sign, the King's Arms, for an achievement at her death.

It was the custom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on those houses in which any one had died. This probably may have given rise to the general fashion of hanging up an achievement. However this be, it is now designed as a polite token, that a death has happened in the family; and might reasonably be understood as a warning to keep people from intruding on their grief. No such thing is indeed intended by it; I am therefore of opinion, that it ought every where to be taken down after the first week. Whatever outward signs of mourning may be preserved, no regard is ever paid to them within: the same visitings, the same card-playings, are carried on as before; and so little respect is shewn to the achievement, that if it happens (as it often does) to intersect one of the windows in the grand apartment, it is occasionally removed, whenever the lady dowager gives a grand entertainment.

This naturally leads me to consider how much 'the customary suits of solem black,' and the other 'trappings and signs of woe,' are become a mere

farce and matter of form only. When a person of distinction goes out of the world, not only the relations, but the whole household, must be clothed in sable. The kitchen-wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stables rubs down his horses in black leathern breeches. Every thing must put on a dismal appearance: even the coach must be covered and lined with black. This last particular, it is reasonable to imagine, is intended (like a death's head on the toilette) to put the owner constantly in mind, that the pomp of the world and all gay pursuits are but vain and perishable. Yet what is more common, than for these vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the opera-house, and other public places of diversion? Those who are carried in them, are as little affected by their dismal appearance as the horses that draw them; and I once saw with great surprise, an harlequin, a scaramouch, a shepherdess, and a black satin devil, get into a mourning-coach to go to a jubilee masquerade.

If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's heads and cross marrow-bones, for the loss of her father; and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. But what I most of all admire, is the ingenious contrivance by which persons spread the tidings of the death of their relations to the most distant parts, by means of black-edged paper, and black sealing-wax. If it were possible to inspect the several letters that bear about them these external tokens of grief, I believe we should hardly ever find the contents of the same gloomy complexion: a merry tale, or an amorous *billet-doux*, would be much oftener found to be conveyed under these dismal passports, than doleful lamentations or reflections on mortality: and, indeed, these mock signs of woe are so little attended to, that a person opens one of these letters with no more concern than is felt by the postman who brings it.

We cannot suppose, that black-edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by

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vulgar

vulgar hands, but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the use of the polite world only. But, alas! we must always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent sends me letters about business upon gilt paper; and a stationer near the 'Change tells me, that he not only sells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the shop-books for several tradesmen. My readers must have seen an elegant kind of paper, imported from France, for the use of our

fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaintance of mine has contrived a new sort of mourning paper on the same plan: and as the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers knots, little Cupids, and amorous posies in red ink; he intends that the margin of his paper shall be dismally stamped in black ink, with the figures of tombstones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality when in mourning.

T

N^o XL. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1754.

PERICULOSE PLENUM OPUS ALERE.

HOR.

CURST IS THE WRETCH, ENSLAV'D TO SUCH A VICE,
WHO VENTURES LIFE AND SOUL UPON THE DICE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOUR frequent ridicule of the several branches of Gaming has given me great pleasure: I could only wish that you had compleated the design, by drawing at large the portrait of a Gamester. This, since you omitted it, I have ventured to undertake; and while your papers on that subject serve as a counter-treatise to that of Hoyle on Whist, Hazard, &c. my rough draught of the professors of these arts may tend to illustrate the work, and stand as properly in the frontispiece, as the Knave of Clubs at the door of a card-maker.

The whole tribe of Gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting, his daily practice, is either a Dupe or a Sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The Dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects—

Who will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are. SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than, among a set of hard drinkers, he would object to drink.

ing his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been Dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains, more infamous than highwaymen; and, perhaps, when his ruin is compleated, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a Sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a Sharper; but a Gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a Stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile

at

at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every Gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure: but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough Gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a Gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards, and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness, is only a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen it's vices, let us consider it's miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the Gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and, like Monsieur St. Croix, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse*

Madame Binvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poison. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the Sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the dissingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit—I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in an humour for play: they chuse to laugh; they chuse to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour; and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry Green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The Sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always placed upon the table. It is then our Gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with

M 2 his

his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two portraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first fight he was exhibited

in a full-bottomed wig, an hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days: but by pulling a string, the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a DEVIL. I am, Sir, your humble servant,
M. N.

N^o XLI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1754.

QUI STUDET OPTATAM CURSU CONTINGERE METAM,
MULTA TULIT FECITQUE PUER. ———

HOR.

COWNSMEN WITH JOCKEYS HOLD AN EQUAL PACE,
LEARN'D IN THE TURF, AND STUDENTS OF THE RACE.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE following letter, occasioned by the late races at Newmarket, and written by a fellow-commoner of ——— College, Cambridge, to a friend in London, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his stile and manner, is really, according to the modern phrase, a Genius. As I look upon his epistle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to subjoin to it.

TO JOHN WILDFIRE, ESQ. TO BE
LEFT AT MRS. DOUGLAS'S, CO-
VENT GARDEN, LONDON.

OCTOBER 10, 1754.

DEAR JACK!

I Was in hopes I should have met you at Newmarket races; but to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine, you did better to stay away. Dick Riot, Tom Loungeit, and I, went together to Newmarket, the first day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the North. I never crossed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in England. Then she is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with Dick and Tom all the way from Cambridge to Newmarket: Dick rode his roan gelding, and Tom his chesnut

mare, (which, you know, have both speed) but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you, that I was dressed in my blue riding-frock with plate-buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots made by Tull, my brown scratch hob, and my hat with the narrow silver-lace, cocked in the true sporting taste: so that altogether I don't believe there was a more *knowing* figure upon the course. I was very flush too, Jack; for Michaelmas day happening damn'd luckily just about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarter-age. As soon as I came upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks from London. I never saw them before; however, we were soon acquainted, and I took up the odds; but I was damnably let in, for I lost thirty pieces flap, the first day. The day or two after, I had no remarkable luck one way or the other: but at last I laid all the cash I had left upon Lord March's Smart, who lost, you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion Tom Marshal rode booty. However, I had a mind to push my luck as far as I could; so I sold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-house, and left them all behind me at the gaming-table; and I should not have been able to have got back to Cambridge that night, if Bob Whip of Trinity had not taken me up in his phaeton. We have had a round of dinners at our rooms since; and I have been drunk every day to drive away care. However, I hope to recruit again soon. Frank Classic of Pembroke has promised

promised to make me out a long catalogue of Greek books; so I will write directly to old Square-toes, send him the list, tell him I have taken them up, and draw on him for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then I shall be rich again, Jack: and perhaps you may see me at the Shakespeare by the middle of next week; till when, I am, dear Jack, your's,

T. FLAREIT.

I have often lamented the narrow plan of our University Education, and always observe with pleasure any attempts to enlarge and improve it. In this light, I cannot help looking on Newmarket as a judicious supplement to the university of Cambridge, and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means they may connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of Gaming, as in Greek, Latin, and the Mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, indeed, be of great service to every rank of students. Those who are intended for the church, have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character, by an happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known several, who by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and I doubt not, if the excursions of gownsmen to Newmarket meet with the encouragement they deserve, but we shall shortly see the Beacon Course crowded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not see how they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the university is, with most of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the golden tuft, that adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as some of these gentlemen, though they never will be scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let them carry some kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, or critics on Homer and Virgil, we should suffer them

to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of Aaron and Driver.

I am the more earnest on this occasion, because I look upon races as a diversion peculiarly adapted to an university, and founded upon classical principles. Every author, who has mentioned the ancient games, includes the Race, and describes it with great dignity. This game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the *people of fashion* of those days were present at it. In the twenty-third Iliad in particular, there is not only a dispute at the Race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather chuse to melt down their plate into the current specie, and bring their side-boards to the course in their purses. I am aware also that the races celebrated by the ancients were chariot-races: but even in these, our young students of the university have great emulation to excel; there are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety called *Phaetons*, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the ancient games flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble odes on this occasion, as were produced of old, it is not for want of a Theron but a Pindar.

The advices, which I have at several times received of the influence of the Races at Newmarket on the University, give me great pleasure. It has not only improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in Bracken's Farriery, and the Complete Jockey; know exactly how many stone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went some time ago to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open, but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with Seymour's prints of horses neatly framed and glazed; a hat and whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable Quarto, with the Sportsman's Calendar by Reginald Heber, Esquire. I had the curiosity to examine the book; and as the college is remarkable for the study of philosophy, I expected to see Newton's Principia, or perhaps

perhaps Saunderson's Algebra: but on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of Gibson's Treatise on the Diseases of Horses.

These indeed are noble studies, will preserve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleased with the theory of any art, will be contented until they arrive at the practice. I am told that the young gentlemen often try the speed of the Cambridge nags on the Beacon Course, and that several hacks are at present in training. I have often wondered, that the gentlemen who form the club at Newmarket, never reflected on their neighbourhood to Cambridge, nor established (in honour of it) an university plate, to be run for by Cambridge hacks, rode by young gentlemen of

the university. An hint of this kind will certainly be sufficient to have this laudable design put in practice the very next meeting; and I cannot help reflecting on this occasion, what an unspeakable satisfaction it must be to those persons of quality, who are constantly at Newmarket, to see their sons cherish the same noble principles with themselves, and act in imitation of their example.

Go on, brave youths! till, in some future age,
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her jockey senators
Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs;
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a freed and state.

WARTON'S NEWMARKET.

Nº XLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

—SERMONUM STET HONOS ET GRATIA VIVAX.

HOR.

WHAT ENERGY AND GRACE ADORNS OUR TONGUE!
SWEET AS THE GRECIAN, AS THE ROMAN STRONG!

A Friend of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week, under the name of The English Club. The title, with which they dignify their society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their Mother Tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums in the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words, equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the club, by which heavy fines are laid on those who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them: whether they

be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by The Town, for the service of the current year.

The whole account which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: and I never remember any society that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English Tongue is become as little the general care as English Beef, or English Honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master, to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais. This is to be sure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their mother tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country; and though they read Greek, wrote

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in Latin. There are at this day in France academies established for the support and preservation of the French language: and perhaps, if to the present professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a professorship of the English language, it would be no disgrace to our learned universities.

When we consider, that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention should be paid to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description which Benedick gives of Claudio's—'Their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.' These dishes too are all French; and I do not know whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents: whence their conversation becomes 'so fantastical a banquet,' and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a salmagundy. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much *ennuyé*:—he does not affect to be genteel but *déga-gée*:—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne sçai quoi*, and a certain *naïveté*. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maître* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of *Humbug*, &c. they seem to be jabbering

in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among housebreakers and highway-men; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*.

Many who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our universities, who can decypher an old Greek manuscript, and contrive *Lycophron extempore*, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius which animated the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of it's heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakespeare and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their Mother Tongue: for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reasons that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our universities; which we might expect very often, considering the great number of learned men who reside there. The press being thus deserted by those who might naturally be expected to support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be at present as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp
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up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is listed by the booksellers as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so) is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If Herodotus and Livy had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other Greek and Latin classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The plays of Sophocles and Euripides might perhaps not have been much better than modern tragedies; Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen *Town Eclogues*; and Horace have wrote birth-day odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company at the Baize.

A false modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confi-

dence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. They are also ashamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the press, though it is often abused, should by no means be accounted scandalous or dishonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not chuse to be mastered in the same roll with ——— or Mr. Town, yet we have an Hooke, a Browne, an Akenfide, and many others, in whose company it will be an honour to appear. I would not willingly suppose, that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take these things for granted, their reputations are but weakly established. To rescue our native language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy those who are accounted ornaments of our seats of learning; and it is surely more than common ingratitude in those who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

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Nº XLIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

SPECTARET POPULUM LUDIS ATTENTIVUS IPSIS,
UT SIBI PRÆSENTEM MIMO SPECTACULA PLURA.

HOR.

PIT, BOX, AND GALLERY, I WITH JOY SURVEY,
AND MORE OBSERVE THE AUDIENCE THAN THE PLAY.

A Few years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the prologue should be spoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as chorus to a new farce; and I remember, that in the last rebellion the loyal acclamations of 'God save the King' might have been heard from Drury Lane to Charing Cross. Upon these and many other occasions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate business of the drama; and, to say the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company, from the stage-box to the upper gallery, know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great spirit. I began

the season with a few animadversions on the chief faults to which our performers are liable. To-day I shall beg leave to say a word or two to the audience, as my reflections on the theatre would otherwise be incomplete. On this occasion I expect the thanks of the managers: and would recommend it to them to put my thirty-fourth number into a frame and glass, and hang it up in the Green Room for the benefit of the players; and to dispose three or four thousand of the present number into the several parts of the house, as Bayes dispersed papers to insinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

The first part of the audience, that demands our attention, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the same level with them: but while the performer endeavours to carry on

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on the business of the play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve only to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the house, from which a play can be seen to so little advantage, as from the stage; yet this situation is very convenient on many other considerations, of more consequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular: it is the best place to shew a handsome person, or an elegant suit of cloaths: a bow from the stage to a beauty in the box is most likely to attract our notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable management get the credit of an intrigue with some of the actresses. But notwithstanding all these advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the performers; or at least that none should be admitted behind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of some use there. As these gentlemen are ready dressed, they might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining their posts by the side-scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, pouch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

The boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to Shakespeare or Garrick, but, like the Fine Lady in *Lethe*, 'because every body is there.' As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we can only desire them not to call off the attention of others; nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and curtsies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at coronations, funeral processions and pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen, who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the Bloods, who reel from the tavern about Covent Garden near that time, and

tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper-boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the *Flesh Market*. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and (as Tim says in the farce) 'all over red and white like the inside of a shoulder of mutton,' as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible: but I have lately observed with some concern, that these women begin to appear in the lower boxes, to the destruction of all order, and great confusion of all modest ladies. It is to be hoped, that some of their friends will advise them not to pretend to appear there, any more than at court: for it is as absurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and side boxes, as it would be in the butchers of St. James's Market to attempt fixing the shambles in St. James's Square.

I must now desire the reader to descend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the pit. The pit is the grand court of criticism; and in the center of it is collected that awful body distinguished by the title of *The Town*. Hence are issued the irrevocable decrees; and here final sentence is pronounced on plays and players. This court has often been very severe in its decisions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarously murdered, and most of our modern ones *felo de se*: but it must not be dissembled, that many a cause of great consequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progress of merit, or to espouse ignorance and dulness: for it is not wonderful, that the parliament of criticism, like all others, should be liable to corruption. In this assembly Mr. Town was first nominated Critic and Censor-General: but considering the notorious bribery now prevailing, I think proper to declare, (in imitation of Tom in the *Conscious Lovers*) that I never took a single order for my vote in all my life.

Those who pay their two shillings at
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the door of the Middle Gallery, seem to frequent the theatre purely for the sake of seeing the play: though these peaceful regions are sometimes disturbed by the incursions of rattling ladies of pleasure, sometimes contain persons of fashion in disguise, and sometimes critics in ambush. The greatest fault I have to object to those who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of the play by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapt two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps shrugging his shoulders, and making wry faces; and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of Betterton to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

The inhabitants of the Upper Gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The Trunk-maker of immortal memory, was the most celebrated hero of these regions: but since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the Upper Gallery, as to the gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under-comedians will perhaps be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the Upper Gallery: but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the pannels without amending our taste; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if all the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions in the

Upper Gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office; viz. to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

After these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *vade mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly than with an extract from the Tale of a Tub, shewing the judicious distribution of our play-houses into Pit, Boxes, and Galleries.

‘ I confess, that there is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the Pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be *lead* or *gold*) may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, (as I think they are called) which stand ready opened to devour them. Then the Boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising prurientes and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the Twelve-penny Gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.’

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Nº XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

—DES NOMINIS HUIUS HONOREM.

HOR.

LET EV'RY WAPPING WIFE TO LADY SWELL,
AND EACH ST. GILES'S MISS BE MA'EMOISELLE.

I lately took a survey of the Female World, as Censor General; and upon a strict review was very much surprised to find that there is scarce one woman to be met with, except among the lowest

of the vulgar. The sex consists almost entirely of LADIES. Every Joan is lifted into a Lady; and the maid and the mistress are equally dignified with this polite title. The stage-coaches are constantly

stantly filled with Ladies—At Bartholomew Fair there is always an hop for the Ladies—And if the Ladies in the drawing room are employed at Whist, their last night's cards are made use of in a rubber by the Ladies in the steward's room; while the other Ladies of the family are staking their halfpence at Put or All-fours in the kitchen. In a word, whenever there is occasion to speak of the Female World, honourable mention is always made of them by the respectful appellation of *The LADIES*: as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handsome, are all complaisantly included under the general title of *The FAIR*.

Since therefore the Ladies of Great Britain make up so numerous a body, I should be loth to disoblige so considerable a sisterhood, and shall devote this paper entirely to their service. I propose at present to marshal them into their respective ranks; and upon a review I find that they may be justly distributed under these five divisions; viz. Married Ladies, Maiden or Young Ladies, Ladies of Quality, Fine Ladies, and lastly (without affront to the good company) Ladies of Pleasure.

I shall begin with the Married Ladies, as this order will be found to be far the most numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a chair-woman or the trundler of a wheel-barrow. The plain old English word Wife has long been discarded in our conversation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound of Wife, as at a coarse and indelicate expression; and I appeal to any fashionable couple, whether they would not be as much ashamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From Hyde Park Corner to Temple Bar this monster of a Wife has not been heard of since the antiquated times of Dame and Your Worship; and in the city every good house-wife is at least a *Lady of the other end of the town*. In the country you might as well dispute the pretensions of every foxhunter to the title of Esquire, as of his helpmate to that of Lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burgher, becomes a Lady by right of charter. My cousin Village (from whom

I have all my rural intelligence) informs me, that upon the strictest enquiry there is but one Wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parson's wife, who is never mentioned by the country Ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-fashioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her surname: for as every unmarried woman is a Miss, every married one by the same courtesy is a Lady.

The next order of dignified females is composed of Maiden or Young Ladies; which terms are synonymous, and are differently applied to females of the age of fourteen or threescore. We must not, therefore, be surprised to hear of Maiden Ladies, who are known to have had several children, or to meet with Young Ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the house of an acquaintance where I lately visited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. Jackson and the two Miss Wrinkles. But what was my surprise! when I saw on their arrival a blooming female of twenty-five accosted under the first denomination, and the two nymphs, as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngest of them to all appearance on the verge of threescore. I could not help wishing on this occasion, that some middle term was invented between *Miss* and *Mrs.* to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony. For surely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grey-haired lady pass her grand climacteric, mentioned in terms that convey the idea of youth and beauty, and perhaps of a bib and hanging-sleeves. This indiscriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confusion: I know an eminent tradesman, who lost a very good customer for innocently writing *Mrs.* — at the head of her bill: and I was lately at a ball, where trusting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through several country-dances with me, though she was ancient enough to have been my grandmother. Excluding these Young Ladies of fifty and sixty, this order of females is very numerous; for there is scarce a girl in town or country, superior to a milk-maid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indisputably Young Ladies, though their

papas may be tradesmen or mechanics. For the present race of shopkeepers, &c. have wisely provided that their gentility shall be preserved in the female part of the family. Thus, although the son is called plain Jack, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the shop, and inherits the title of Lady from her mamma. To make these claims to dignity more sure, those excellent seminaries of genteel education, called Boarding-Schools, have been contrived; where, instead of teasing a sampler, or conning a chapter of the Bible, the Young Ladies are instructed to hold up their heads, make a curtsy, and to behave themselves in every respect like pretty little Ladies. Hence it happens, that we may often observe several of these polite damsels in the skirts of Whitechapel, and in every petty country town; nay, it is common to meet with Young Ladies *born and bred*, who have submitted to keep a chandler's shop, or had humility enough even to go to service.

I proceed next to take into consideration what is generally understood by Ladies of Quality. These in other words may be more properly called Ladies of Fashion; for, in the modish acceptance of the phrase, not so much regard is had to their birth or station, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The duchess, who has not taste enough to act up to the character of a Person of Quality, is no more respected in the polite world than a city knight's Lady; nor does she derive any greater honour from her title than the hump-backed woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a Lady of Quality, will be seen under the next article: for, to their praise be it spoken, most of our modern Ladies of Quality affect to be Fine Ladies.

To describe the life of a Fine Lady would be only to set down a perpetual

round of visiting, gaming, dressing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herself as a woman of spirit: for which end she is always foremost in the fashion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public assembly, and every party of pleasure. Though single, she may coquet with every fine gentleman; or if married, she may admit of gallantries without reproach, and even receive visits from the men in her bed-chamber. To compleat the character, and to make her a Very Fine Lady, she should be celebrated for her wit and beauty, and be parted from her husband: for as matrimony itself is not meant as a restraint upon pleasure, a separate maintenance is understood as a licence to throw off even the appearance of virtue.

From the Fine Ladies it is a very natural transition to the Ladies of Pleasure: and, indeed, from what has already been said concerning Fine Ladies, one might imagine that, as they make pleasure their sole pursuit, they might properly be intitled Ladies of Pleasure. But this gay appellation is reserved for the higher rank of Prostitutes, whose principal difference from the Fine Ladies consists in their openly professing a trade, which the others carry on by smuggling. A Lady of Fashion, who refuses no favours but the last, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a Lady of Pleasure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of *DEMI-REPS*. It is whimsical enough to see the different complexions assumed by the same vice, according to the difference of stations. The married Lady of Quality may intrigue with as many as she pleases, and still remain *Right Honourable*; the draggle-tailed Street-Walker is a *Common Woman*, and liable to be sent to *Bridewell*; but the Whore of High Life is a *Lady of Pleasure*, and rolls in a gilt chariot.

N^o XLV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

QUIDQUID AGUNT HOMINES, VOTUM, TIMOR, IRA, VOLUPTAS,
GAUDIA, DISCURSUS, NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.

Juv.

WHATE'ER THE BUSY BUSTLING WORLD EMPLOYS,
OUR WANTS AND WISHES, PLEASURES, CARES AND JOYS,
THESE THE HISTORIANS OF OUR TIMES DISPLAY,
AND CALL IT NEWS, THE HODGE-PODGE OF A DAY.

WHEN I first resolved on appearing in my present character, I had some thoughts of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our news-papers; as I considered that the domestic occurrences, which compose a part of their equipage, would make no bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modish methods of gaming would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the news, that 'last Tuesday a game at Whist was played at White's for 1000l. 'a corner,' or that 'the match between 'his Grace the Duke of **** and Lord '**** was decided at Newmarket:' and a dissertation on the luxury of the present age would be very aptly illustrated by an exact account of the weight of the Turtle, dressed a few days before for the gentlemen of the above-mentioned chocolate-house.

Indeed, I have always looked upon the works of Mr. Jenour in the Daily Advertiser, as a kind of supplement to the intelligence of Mr. Town; containing a more minute account of the important transactions of that class of mankind, which has been figuratively styled The World. From these daily registers, you may not only learn when any body is married or hanged, but you have immediate notice whenever his Grace goes to Newmarket, or her Ladyship sets out for Bath: and but last week, at the same time that the gentlemen of the law were told, that the Lord Chancellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery, people of fashion had the melancholy news, that Signor Ricciarelli was not able to sing.

Nor is that part of Mr. Jenour's lucubrations, which is allotted to Advertisements, less amusing and entertaining: and many of these articles might very properly come under my cognizance. It is here debated, whether the

prize of eloquence should be given to Orator Macklin or Orator Henley; and whether Mr. Stephen Pitts is not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen and ladies libraries with tea-chests in Octavo, and close-stools in Folio. And besides the public notices to persons of taste, of every rare old japan, and most curious and inimitable *Epargnes* for deserts, as also the most rich and elegant fancied silks to be sold by auction; many other advices not less interesting to the Town, are here given. We are daily put in mind, that Mrs. Phillips at the Green Canister still hopes for the favours of her former good customers as usual: that next door to Haddock's is sold an antidote against the poison imbibed at that bagnio: that Dr. Rock infallibly cures a certain epidemical distemper by virtue of the King's Patent: that a learned physician and surgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman (as the Doctor modestly expresses it in his own Latin) *Pro Morbus Veneria curandus*: and that Y. Z. a regular bred surgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlewomen that are under a necessity of lying-in privately.

But not only the public transactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry, may be also carried on by means of this paper. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expence of two shillings. If a genteel young body, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising: any gentleman and lady of *unexceptionable character* may meet with lodgings to be lett, and no questions asked. How often has Romeo declared in print his unspeakable passion for the charming Peachy! How many gentlemen have made open professions

of

of the strictest honour and secrecy! And how many ladies, dressed in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for A. B. Before the late Marriage-act, it was very usual for young gentlemen and ladies (possessed of every qualification requisite to make the marriage state happy) to offer themselves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the same measures of advertising to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise. As this traffic in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occasion to the opening a new branch of trade; and since husbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, several good-natured females have set themselves up to sale to the best bidder. The Daily Advertiser is therefore become the universal register for new faces; and every day's advertisements have been lately crowded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to pass his leisure hours with them, and **PLAY AT CARDS.**

I look upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertisements annexed to it, as the best account of the present domestic state of England that can possibly be compiled: nor do I know any thing which would give posterity so clear an idea of the taste and morals of the present age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here see what books are most read, what are our chief amusements and diversions: and when they should observe the daily inquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in Westminster Hall for perjury, adultery, &c. they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many other reasons for lamenting that the art of printing was not more early discovered, I cannot but regret that we have perhaps lost many accounts of this nature, which might otherwise have been handed down to us. With what pleasure should we have perused an Athenian Advertiser, or a Roman Gazetteer! A curious critic or antiquarian would place them on the same shelf with the Classics; and would be highly pleased at discovering, what days Tully went to his *Tusculum*, or Pliny to his magnificent *Villa*; who was the capital singer at the Græcian Opera, and in what characters Roscius

appeared with most success. These pieces of intelligence would undoubtedly give great satisfaction; and I am myself acquainted with a very learned gentleman, who has assured me, that he has been as much delighted at discovering that the *Soffi* were Horace's book-sellers, that the *Hecyra* of Terence was damned, and other little particulars of that nature, as with an account of the destruction of Carthage, or the death of Cæsar. We should also be glad to collect from their advertisements what things were most in request at Athens and Rome. Even our papers, (which perhaps are called *Daily* from their lasting but a day) are, I fear, of too fugitive a nature to fall under the inspection of posterity. To remedy, in some measure, this inconvenience, I shall now conclude with a few advertisements, which, if they have not all actually been inserted in our papers, are at least of the same nature with those that daily have a place there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*To be spoke with every Day at his House
in the Old Bailey,*

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

WHO swears Oaths of all Kinds and Prices, and will procure positive Evidence at a Day's Warning in all Sorts of Causes. He will contract with an Attorney or Quack Doctor, to swear by the Quarter; and will supply *Affidavits*, &c. on the most reasonable Terms.

* * * He will attend, during the *Business of Elections* and *Double Returns*, in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and will ply next Term at Westminster Hall.

WANTED,

A Genteel Black or Negroe GIRL, very handsome; with a soft Skin, good Teeth, sweet Breath, at least five Feet three Inches high, and not above Eighteen. Whoever has such a Girl to dispose of, may hear of a Gentleman who will give Fifty Guineas for her, by applying at the Bar of the Shakespeare's Head Tavern, Covent Garden.

Note. At the same Place any genteel White GIRL may hear of something to her Advantage.

A Per-

A Person that lives near Guildhall, is a very gentle Rider, rides about ten Stone, chiefly for Health, and never on a Sunday but on an extraordinary Occasion, would be glad of a *Partner* much under the same Circumstances, in a very genteel MARE, and very good in her Kind.

Several Sums, from 10l. to 10,000l.

WANTED immediately, by a Person in a large and profitable Business—Wanted directly, by a Person whose Character will bear the strictest Enquiry—Wanted for a Week only, or as long as the Lender chuses—Upon undeniable Security—The Borrower will give his Bond and Judgment, make over his Stock in Trade, ensure his Life, &c.—A handsome Gratuity will be given—Interest paid punctually—Strictest Honour and Secrecy may be depended on.—None but Principals will be treated with.

Direct for A. B. L. M. S. T. X. Y.
&c. &c. &c.

This Day are published,

THE Adventures of Dick Hazard.
The History of Mr. Joshua True-
man.
The History of Will Ramble.
The History of James Ramble, Esq.
The Travels of Drake Morris.
The History of Jasper Banks.
Memoirs of the Shakespeare's Head.
The History of Frank Hammond.
The Marriage-Act, a Novel.

And speedily will be published,

The History of Sir Humphry Herald
and Sir Edward Haunch.—Memoirs
of Lady Vainlove.—The Card.
Adventures of Tom Doughty, Jack
Careless, Frank Easy, Dick Dam-
nable, Molly Peirson, &c. &c.
&c.

Being a compleat Collection of NOVELS
for the Amusement of the present
Winter.

T

N^o XLVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754.

—————FACIES NON OMNIBUS UNA,
NEC DIVERSA TAMEN—————

OVID.

WHERE BORROW'D TINTS BESTOW A LIFELESS GRACE,
NONE WEAR THE SAME, YET NONE A DIFFERENT FACE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT is whimsical to observe the mistakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold, that they look as rosy in January as in June, and even in the sharpest weather are very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss how to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions: but I soon found, that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of

York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your bellies are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the rouge of vermillion, and giving us Spanish wool for English beauty.

The very reason alledged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. 'The late hours they are obliged to keep, render them such perfect frights, that they would be as loth to appear abroad without paint as without cloaths.' This, it must be acknowledged, is too true: but would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old Mansion house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly.

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The vigils of the card-table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers till she has grown as homely as the Queen of Spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's Cafés, than that Whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features: but if the ladies would give up their routs for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say, their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial rose-gays.

A moralist might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lye. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it then is at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail: and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and yellow as a corpse? For marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to complain; but he cannot even hope for relief; since this is a custom, which, once admitted, so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preserve by early hours, that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: they trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to re-touch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field: but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have

thought fit to dress their faces, as well as their heads, *à la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part, I would as soon expect that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies white-wash and plaister their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel; but these daubings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painter's brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on Lady Manchester; which may serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the Tale of a Tub, if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet, at the same time, I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows;

the

the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who had unthinkingly turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given, (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeited; and that (as Hamlet says) 'God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another.'

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make it's way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies

to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crufted over with plaister of Paris. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth, merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Yet, so common is this fashion grown among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

Nº XLVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1754.

HIC MECUM LICET, HIC, JUVENTE, QUICQUID
IN BUCCAM TIBI VENERIT, LOQUARIS. MART.

HERE, WITTINGS, HERE WITH MACKLIN TALK YOUR FILL,
ON PLAYS, OR POLITICS, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

IT has hitherto been imagined, that though we have equalled, if not surpassed, the ancients in other liberal arts, we have not yet been able to arrive at that height of eloquence, which was possessed in so amazing a manner by the Græcian and Roman orators. Whether this has been owing to any peculiar organization of our tongues, or whether it has proceeded from our national love of taciturnity, I shall not take upon me to determine: but I will now venture to affirm, that the present times might furnish us with a more surprising number of Fine Speakers, than have been set down by Tully in his treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*. Foreigners can no longer object to us, that the northern coldness of our climate has (as it were) purged

up our lips, and that we are afraid to open our mouths: the charm is at length dissolved; and our people, who before affected the gravity and silence of the Spaniards, have adopted and naturalized the volubility of speech, as well as the gay manners, of the French.

This change has been brought about by the public-spirited attempts of those elevated geniuses, who have instituted certain schools for the cultivation of eloquence in all it's branches. Hence it is, that instead of languid discourses from the pulpit, several tabernacles and meeting-houses have been set up, where lay-preachers may display all their powers of oratory in sighs and groans, and emulate a Whitefield or a Wesley in all the figures of rhetoric. And not only the
O enthusiast

enthusiast has his conventicles, but even the free-thinker boasts his societies, where he may hold forth against religion in tropes, metaphors, and similes. The declamations weekly thundered out at Clare Market, and the subtle argumentations at the Robin Hood, I have formerly celebrated: it now remains to pay my respects to the Martin Luther of the age, (as he frequently calls himself) the great *Orator* MACKLIN; who, by declaiming himself, and opening a school for the disputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the *BRITISH INQUISITION*. Here, whatever concerns the world of taste and literature is debated: our rakes and bloods, who had been used to frequent Covent Garden merely for the sake of whoring and drinking, now resort thither for reason and argument; and the *Piazza* begins to vie with the ancient *Portico*, where Socrates disputed.

But what pleases me most in Mr. Macklin's institution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair countrywomen full play. Their natural talents for oratory are so excellent and numerous, that it seems more owing to the envy than prudence of the other sex, that they should be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politest ladies 'to talk, though they have nothing to say,' and the torrent of eloquence that pours (on the most trivial occasions) from the lips of those females called Scolds, give abundant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which so few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and soul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a snowy arm, artfully shaded with the enchanting slope of a double ruff, would have twenty times the force of the stiff see-saw of a male orator: and when they come to the most animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we should be vanquished by the heaving breast, and all those other charms which the modern dress is so well calculated to display.

Since the ladies are thus undeniably endued with these and many other accomplishments for oratory, that no place should yet have been opened for their exerting them, is almost unaccountable.

The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago instituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oysters and eloquence are in equal perfection: but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exercising their abilities, than the common occasions which a new cap or petenlair, the tea or card-table, have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad, that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propensity to talking, and enlarge their topics of conversation: but I would more particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous disposition, to attend at Macklin's; that the impetuous stream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long been poured on their servants or husbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I could not have thought it possible, that this undertaking would have subsisted two nights, without setting all the female tongues from St. James's to Temple Bar in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb: and female eloquence seems as unlikely to display itself in public as ever. Whether their modesty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of Covent Garden, I know not: but I am rather inclined to think, that the questions proposed have not been sufficiently calculated for the female part of the assembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, 'Whether Fanny Murray or Lady —— were the properest to lead the fashion?—' 'To what lengths a lady might proceed without the loss of her reputation?—' or 'Whether the Beautifying Lotion or the Royal Washball were the most excellent cosmetics.' It might also be expected in complaisance to the fair sex, that the Inquisitor should now and then read a dissertation on Natural and Artificial Beauty; in which he might (with that softness and delicacy peculiar to himself) analyse a lady's face, and give examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile, the languish, the dimple, &c. with a word or two on the use and benefit of paint.

But these points I shall leave to Mr. Macklin's consideration: in the mean time, as it is not in my power to oblige the public with a lady's speech, I shall fill up the remainder of my paper with

an oration, which any correspondent is desirous should appear in print, though he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at the Inquisition.

QUESTION.

Whether the Stage might not be made more conducive to Virtue and Morality?

MR. INQUISITOR,

THE ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well as political view; and was designed to inspire the audience with a reverence to the gods and a love to their country. Our own stage, upon particular occasions, has been made to answer the same ends. Thus we may remember, during the last rebellion, besides the loyalty of the fiddles in the Orchestra, we were inspired with a detestation of the Pope and Pretender by the Nonjuror, the Jesuit Caught, Perkin Warbeck, or the Popish Impostor, and such other politico-religious dramas.

But there is a species of the drama, which has not yet been mentioned by any of the gentlemen who have spoke to the question, and which is very deficient in point of moral: I mean, Pantomimes. Mr. Law has been very severe on the impiety of representing heathen gods and goddesses before a truly Christian audience: and to this we may add, that Harlequin is but a wicked sort of fellow, and is always running after the girls. For my part, I have often blushed to see this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Columbine's petticoats, and at other times patting her neck, and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will say, indeed, that there is much virtue or morality in these entertainments: though it must be confessed to the honour of our neighbouring house

here, that the Necromancer and the Sorcerer, after having played many unchristian pranks upon the stage, are at last fairly sent to the devil. I would therefore recommend it to our pantomime-writers, that instead of the Pantheon, or lewd comedies, they would take their subjects from some old garland, moral ballad, or penny history book. Suppose, for example, they were to give us the story of Patient Grizzle in dumb shew; setting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as he was hunting;—and there you might have the scene of the Spinning Wheel, and the song of the Early Horn;—and as how, after many trials of her patience, which they might represent by machinery, this lord at last married her;—and then you may have a grand temple and a dance. The other house have already revived the good old story of Fortunatus's Wishing-cap; and as they are fond of introducing little children in their entertainments, suppose they were to exhibit a pantomime of the Three Children in the Wood;—'twould be vastly pretty to see the paste-board robin-red-breasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they must have Fairies and Genii, I would advise them to take their stories out of that pretty little book called the Fairy Tales. I am sure, instead of ostriches, dogs, horses, lions, monkeys, &c. we should be full as well pleased to see the Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood; and we should laugh vastly at the adventures of Puss in Boots. I need not point out the excellent moral, which would be inculcated by representations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deserved applause of all the old women and children in both galleries. O

N^o XLVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

—AGE, LIBERTATE DECEMBRI,
QUANDO ITA MAJORES VOLUERUNT, UTERE.—

HQR.

COME, LET US, LIKE OUR JOVIAL SIREN OF OLD,
WITH GAMBOLE AND MINCE-PIES OUR CHRISTMAS HOLD.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their grati-

tude to their benefactors; while some of a more elevated genius among them clothe their thoughts in a kind of holi-

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day

day dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in due respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Those old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in Nelson: it shall at present be my business to shew the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality, Christmas is looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas: the revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of these twelve days, has always been found to increase considerably: and it is impossible to conceive the slaughter that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious numbers of turkeys and chimes, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting with as much pleasure as on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the Game-act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable house-wives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cooks. These good people would, indeed, look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of Christmas; and have remarked with concern the disregard that has been shewn of late years to that Old English repast: for this excellent British Olio is as essen-

tial to Christmas, as pancakes to Shrove Tuesday, tanfy to Easter, furmity to Midlent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas Day. And they think it no wonder, that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid substantial Protestant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic *Amulets*, and the light, puffy, heterodox *Pets de Religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances, with which the waggons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom, of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a terrane at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of the manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk, with his brother fox-hunters, in the smoking-room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid, as to refuse them an holiday; and, by remarkable good luck, the same circumstance which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas Boxes. The butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas Box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were

were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their Christmas Box for its original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money; and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The sixpenny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the Syrens of Catherine Street charm many a holiday gallant into their snares; and the playhouses are filled with beaux, wits, and critics, from Cheapside and Whitechapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every alehouse. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity, there are some so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expence of house-keeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home. Then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas Boxes. But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at its approach; and it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time, by bringing in his bill.

Others who used to be very merry at

this season, have within this year or two been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour: they have therefore quarrelled with the almanack, and refuse to keep their Christmas according to act of parliament. My cousin Village informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the Glastonbury Thorn. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close economy; who, by evading the expence of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are enraged at the New Style on another account; because it puts them to double expences, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas Day and their Wedding Day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and awkward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St. Giles's, and the brutes from the Wapping side of Westminster. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied: and since Christmas Day has, to persons of distinction, a great deal of insipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a rout on that day; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because Christmas Day is so much like Sunday.

T

N^o XLIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1755.

EST IN CONSILIO MATRONA, ADMOTIQUE LANIS
EMERITA QUÆ CESSAT ACU: SENTENTIA PRIMA
HUIUS ERIT: POST HANC ÆTATE ATQUE ARTE MINORES
CENSEBUNT: TANQUAM FAME DISCRIMEN AGATUR,
AUT ANIMÆ: TANTA EST QUERENDI CURA DECORIS.

Juv.

HERE EV'RY BELLE, FOR TASTE AND BEAUTY KNOWN,
SHALL MEET — TO FIX THE FASHION OF A GOWN;
OF CAPS AND RUFFLES HOLD THE GRAVE DEBATE,
AS OF THEIR LIVES THEY WOULD DECIDE THE FATE.
LIFE, SOUL, AND ALL, WOULD CLAIM TH' ATTENTION LESS;
FOR LIFE AND SOUL IS CENTER'D ALL—IN DRESS.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

CONTESTED Elections and Double Returns being at present the general topic of discourse, a subject in which the ladies, methinks, are but little concerned, I have a scheme to propose to you in their behalf, which I doubt not but you, as their professed patron, will use your eloquence to recommend, and your authority to enforce. It has long been a matter of real concern to every well-wisher to the fair sex, that the men should be allowed the free choice of representatives, to whom they can make every real or pretended grievance known, while the women are deprived of the same privilege; when in reality they have many grievances utterly unknown and unthought of by the men, and which cannot be redressed but by a Female Parliament.

I do not, indeed, pretend to the honour of first projecting this scheme, since an assembly of this nature has been proposed before: but as it appears to me so necessary, I would advise that writs be immediately issued out for calling a Parliament of Women, which for the future should assemble every winter, and be dissolved every *third* year. My reason for shortening the time of their sitting proceeds from the reflection, that full as much business will be done, at least as many speeches will be made, by women in three years, as by men in seven. To this assembly every county and city in England shall send two members; but from this privilege I would utterly exclude every borough, as we shall presently see that they can have no business to transact there. But as I would have

their number at least equal to that of the other parliament, the deficiency should be supplied by the squares and great streets at the court end of the town, each of which should be represented by one of their own inhabitants. In humble imitation of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the ladies of peers (whether spiritual or temporal) should sit here in their own right, the others by election only; any woman to be qualified, whose husband, or even whose father (for I would by no means exclude the unmarried ladies) is qualified to be chosen into the other. In the same manner, whatever entitles the husband or father to vote at that election, should entitle his wife or daughter to vote at this.

Having settled this point, it now remains to adjust the subjects which they are to treat of: and these we shall find to be, indeed, of the last importance. What think you, Sir, of the rise and fall of fashions, of as much consequence to them as the rise and fall of kingdoms is to us? of the commencing a new acquaintance, equivalent to our making a new alliance? and adjusting the ceremonial of a rout or a ball, as interesting as the preliminaries of a treaty or a congress? These subjects, and these alone, will sufficiently employ them every session; and as their judgment must be final, how delightful will it be to have bills brought in to determine how many inches of the leg or neck may lawfully be exposed, how many curtsies at a public place amount to an acquaintance, and what are the precise privileges of birth or fortune that entitle the possessors to give routs or drums, on week-days or on Sundays. Whoever should presume to transgress against these laws, might

might be punished suitably to their offences; and be banished from public places, or condemned to do penance in linsley-woolsey: or if any female should be convicted of immodesty, she might be outlawed; and then (as these laws would not bind the nymphs of Drury) we should easily distinguish a *modest woman*, as the phrase is, if not by her looks, at least by her dress and appearance; and the victorious Fanny might then be suffered to strike bold strokes, without rivalry or imitation. If any man too should be found so grossly offending against the laws of fashion, as to refuse a member a bow at a play, or a salute at a wedding, how suitably would he be punished by being reprimanded on his knees in such an assembly, and by so fine a woman as we may suppose the speaker would be? Then doubtless would a grand committee sit on the affairs of hoops; and were they established in their present form by proper authority, doors and boxes might be altered and enlarged accordingly: then should we talk as familiarly of the visit-bill as of the marriage-bill; and with what pleasure should we peruse the regulations of the committee of dress? Every lover of decorum would be pleased to hear, that refractory females were taken into custody by the usher of the black fan: the double return of a visit would occasion as many debates as the double return for a certain county; and at the eve of an election, how pretty would it be to see the ladies of the shire going about, mounted on their white palfreys, and canvassing for votes.

Till this great purpose is attained, I see not how the visible enormities in point of dress, and failures in point of ceremony, can effectually be prevented. But then, and not before, I shall hope to see politeness and good breeding distinguished from formality and affectation, and dresses invented that will improve, not diminish the charms of the fair, and rather become than disguise the wearers. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY CANVASS.

I am much obliged to my correspondent for his letter, and heartily wish that this scheme was carried into execution. The liberties daily taken in point of dress demand proper restrictions. The ancients settled their national habit by law: but the dress of our own coun-

try is so very fluctuating, that if the great grandmothers of the present generation were to rise, they would not be able to guess at their posterity from their dress, but would fancy themselves in a strange country. As these affairs fall more immediately under the cognizance of the ladies, the female world in general would soon be sensible of the advantages accruing from a Female Parliament; and though ladies of fashion might probably claim some peculiar liberties in dress by their privilege, it might naturally be expected, that this wise assembly would at least keep the rest of the sex in order; nor suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the whole pavement, to the detriment of all honest men going upon business along the street; nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarters from behind the counter, in a short stomacher and without a handkerchief.

I am aware that a considerable objection may be brought against this scheme: to wit, that a Female Parliament (like those of the men) may be subject to corruption, and made dependant on a court. The enormous Elizabeth Ruff, and the awkward Queen of Scots Mob, are fatal instances of the evil influence which courts have upon fashions: and as no one can tell the power which a British Queen might have over the councils of a Female Parliament, future ages might perhaps see the stays bolstered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the same servile complaisance which warped the necks of Alexander's courtiers.

But though a Parliament on the foregoing scheme has not yet taken place, an institution of the like nature has been contrived among that order of females, who (as I mentioned in a former paper) advertise for gentlemen to *play at cards* with them. The reader may remember, that some time ago an advertisement appeared in the public papers, from the Covent Garden Society; in which it was set forth, that one of their members was voted *common*. This very Society is composed of these Agreeable Young Ladies, whose business it is to *play at cards* with those gentlemen, who have good-nature and fortune sufficient to sit down contented with being losers. It is divided, like the upper and lower Houses of Parliament, into *Ladies* and *Commons*. The upper order of *Card-players*

players take their seats according to the rank of those who game at high stakes with them; while the *Commons* are made up of the lower sort of gamblers within the hundreds of Drury and Covent Garden. Every one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of her *Card-money*; and the revenue arising from it is applied to the levying of hoop-petticoats, sacks, petenlairs, caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be issued out nightly, according to the exigence and degree of the members. Many revolutions have happened in this society since it's institution: a *Commoner* in the space of a few weeks has been called up to the House of Ladies; and another, who at first sat as Peerefs, has been suddenly degraded, and voted *common*.

More particulars of this society have not come to my knowledge: but their

design seems to be, to erect a *Commonwealth* of themselves, and to rescue their liberties from being invaded by those who have presumed to tyrannize over them. If this practice of playing their own cards, and shuffling for themselves, should generally prevail among all the Agreeable Young Gamesters of Covent Garden, I am concerned to think what will become of the venerable sisterhood of Douglass, Haddock, and Noble, as well as the fraternity of Harris, Derry, and the rest of those gentlemen, who have hitherto acted as Groom-porters, and had the principal direction of the game. From such a combination it may greatly be feared, that the honourable profession of Pimp will, in a short time, become as useless as that of a Fleet-parson.

Nº L. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

VITÆ
PERCIPIT HUMANOS ODIUM, LUCISQUE VIDENDÆ,
UT SIBI CONSCISCANT MÆRENTI PECTORE LETHUM.

LUCRET.

O DEAF TO NATURE, AND TO HEAV'N'S COMMAND!—
AGAINST THYSELF TO LIFT THE MURD'RING HAND!
O DAMN'D DESPAIR!—TO SHUN THE LIVING LIGHT,
AND PLUNGE THY GUILTY SOUL IN ENDLESS NIGHT!

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a Society, which (during it's short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire Club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. 'A short life and a merry one' was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own exe-

cution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite; and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far, as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's, as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to the Last Guinea at this genteel

genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that Suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the genteelst method of going out of the world. There is, indeed, as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crossed in love, drowns himself, like a blind puppy, in Rosamond's Pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

From the days of Plato down to these, a Suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post; but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the Forlorn Hope. This false courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impos-

sible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against Suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation; though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed, by exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford a hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on our Male Suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the Suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains lay (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden, in one of his fables.

THE SLAYER OF HIMSELF too saw I there:
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope,
he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his sullen
soul away.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeons Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural Self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable Suicide, and brought in their verdict *Lunacy*; but it is

P.

very

very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate Self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of *Lunatics by purchase*, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A penniless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral-charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but Self-murder by a pistol genteelly mounted, or the Paris-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a *sudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues, in Westminster Abbey.

The cause of these frequent Self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution; and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air, cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves in dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the North-pole is a physical cause for Self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by

motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another real and principal cause of the frequency of Suicide, is the noble spirit of Free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the Disputant Societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination; till at length he is convinced, that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the Suicide, of whatever rank, looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

If this madness should continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a Bill of Suicide, distinct from the common Bill of Mortality, brought in yearly; in which should be set down the number of Suicides, their methods of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of their doing so. In this, I believe, we should find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to despair, produced by some causes similar to the following. In the little sketch of a Bill of Suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of Self-murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be put in execution.

A BILL OF SUICIDE FOR THE
YEAR —.

Of Newmarket Races	—	—	—
Of Kept Mistresses	—	—	—
Of Electioneering	—	—	—
Of Lotteries	—	—	—
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, and French Disease	—	—	—
Of WHITE's	—	—	—
Of Chinese Temples, &c.	—	—	—
Of a Country Seat	—	—	—

Of a Town House	—	—	—
Of Fortune-hunting	—	—	—
Of a Tour through France and Italy	—	—	—
Of Lord Bolingbroke	—	—	—
Of the Robin Hood Society	—	—	—
Of an Equipage	—	—	—
Of a Dog-kennel	—	—	—
Of Covent Garden	—	—	—
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Masque- rades, Routs, Drums, &c.	—	—	—
Of keeping the best Company	—	—	—

W

N° LI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

ADDE QUOD ASSUMUNT VIRES, PEREUNTQUE LABORES;
ADDE QUOD ALTERIUS SUB NUTU DEGITUR ÆTAS.
LABITUR INTEREA RES, ET VADIMONIA FIUNT,
LANGVENT OFFICIA, ATQUE ÆGROTAT FAMA VACILLANS.

LUCRET.

WHEN NAUGHTY MISTRESSES OUR SOULS ENTHRALL,
THEY WASTE OUR STRENGTH, OUR FORTUNE, FAME, AND ALL;
MORTGAGE ON MORTGAGE LOADS THE BANKRUPT CULL,
WHO GIVES UP WEALTH AND HONOUR FOR A TRULL.

SINCE pleasure is almost the only pursuit of a Fine Gentleman, it is very necessary, for the maintaining his consequence and character, that he should have a Girl in Keeping. Intriguing with women of fashion, and debauching tradesmen's daughters, naturally happen in the common course of gallantry; but this convenient female, to fill up the intervals of business, is the principal mark of his superior taste and quality. Every priggish clerk to an attorney, or pert apprentice, can throw away his occasional guinea in Covent Garden; but the shortness of their finances will not permit them to persevere in debauchery with the air and spirit of a man of quality. The Kept Mistress, which those half-reprobates dare not think of, is a constant part of the retinue of a compleat Fine Gentleman; and is, indeed, as indispensable a part of his equipage, as a French *Vallet de chambre*, or a four-wheeled post-chaise.

It was formerly the fashion among the ladies to keep a monkey: at that time every woman of quality thought herself obliged to follow the mode; and even the merchants wives in the city had their fashionable pugs, to play tricks and break china. A Girl in Keeping is as disagreeable to some of our men of

pleasure, as pug was to some ladies; but they must have one to spend money and do mischief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of spirit. Hence it happens, that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact are little more than their nominal mistresses; for they see them as seldom, and behave to them with as much indifference, as if they were their wives: however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a Keeper. I have known several gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a first mistress, merely because she was not sufficiently known, for the sake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actress: and it is always the first step of an Englishman of fashion, after his arrival at Paris, to take one of the *Filles d'Opera* under his protection. It was but the other day, that Florio went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and almost as soon as he got to France, took a smart girl off the stage, to make as genteel a figure at Paris. In short, as a gentleman keeps running horses, goes to White's, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing; so must he

P 2. likewise

likewise have his *Kept Mistress*, because it is the fashion: and I was mightily pleased with hearing a gentleman once boast, that he lived like a man of quality: 'For,' says he, 'I have a post-chaise, and never ride in it; I have a wife, and never see her; and I keep a mistress, and never lie with her.'

But if these sort of *Keepers*, who never care a farthing for their mistresses, are to be laughed at, those who are really fond of their *Dulcineas* are to be pitied. The most hen-pecked husband that ever bore the grievous yoke of a shrew, is not half so miserable, as a man who is subject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning slut who finds him in her power. Her behaviour will continually give him new occasion of jealousy; and perhaps she will really dispense her favours to every rake in town, that will bid up to her price. She will smile when she wants money; be insolent when she does not; and, in short, leave no artifice untried to plague his heart, and drain his pocket.

A friend of mine used constantly to rail at the slavish condition of married men, and the tyranny of petticoat government: he therefore prudently resolved to live an uncontrouled bachelor, and for that reason pitched upon a country girl, who should serve him as an handmaid. Determining to keep her in a very snug and retired manner, he had even calculated how much she would save him in curtailing his ordinary expences at taverns and bagnios: but this scheme of oeconomy did not last long; for the artful jade soon contrived 'to wind her close into his easy heart,' and inveigled him to maintain her in all the splendor and *eclat* of a first-rate lady of pleasure. He at first treated her with all the indifference of a fashionable husband: but as soon as she found herself to be entire mistress of his affections, it is surprising to think what pains she took to bring him to the most abject compliance with all her whimsies, and to tame him to the patient thing he now is. A frown on his part would frequently cost him a brocade, and a tear from her was sure to extort a new handkerchief or an apron. Upon any slight quarrel—O she would leave him that moment—and though the baggage had more cunning than to hazard an intrigue with any one else, she would work upon his jealousy, by continually twitting

him with—She knew a gentleman, who would scorn to use her so barbarously—and she would go to him—if she could be sure she was not with child.—This last circumstance was a *coup de reserve*, which never failed to bring about a reconciliation: nay, I have known her make great use of breeding qualms upon occasion; and things were once come to such an extremity, that she was even forced to have recourse to a sham miscarriage to prevent their separation. He has often been heard to declare, that if ever he had a child by her, it should take its chance at the Foundling Hospital. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial: but the bare hinting such a barbarous design threw the lady into hysterics. However, he was determined, that the babe, as soon as it was born, should be put out to nurse—he hated the squall of children. Well! madam was brought to bed; she could not bear the dear infant out of her sight; and it would kill her not to suckle it herself. The father was therefore obliged to comply; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning stirring the pap, holding the cloths before the fire, and (in a word) dwindled into a mere nurse.

Such is the transformation of this *Kind Keeper*, whose character is still more ridiculous than that of a *Fondle-wife* among husbands. The amours, indeed, of these fond souls commonly end one of these two ways: they either find themselves deserted by their mistress, when she has effectually ruined their constitution and estate; or after as many years cohabitation as would have tired them of a wife, they grow so doatingly fond of their whore, that by marriage they make her an honest woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

But the most unpardonable sort of *Keepers* are *Married Men*, and *Old Men*. I will give the reader a short sketch of each of these characters, and leave him to judge for himself.

Cynthia about two years ago was married to Clarinda, one of the finest women in the world. Her temper and disposition was as agreeable as her person, and her chief endeavour was to please her husband. But Cynthia's folly and vanity soon got the better of his constancy and gratitude; and it was not six months after his marriage, before he took a girl he was formerly acquainted with into keeping. His dear Polly uses him

him like a dog; and he is cruel enough to revenge the ill treatment he receives from her upon his wife. He seldom visits her, but when his wench has put him out of humour; and once, though indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a filthy disease, for which he was obliged to his mistress. Yet is he still so infatuated as to doat on this vile hussy, and wishes it in his power to annul his marriage, and legitimate his bastards by Polly. Though it is palpable to every one but Cynthio, that Polly has no attraction but the name of Mistress, and Clarinda no fault but being his Wife.

Sir Thrifty Gripe is arrived at his grand climacteric, and has just taken a girl into keeping. Till very lately the multiplication-table was his rule of life, and 'a penny saved is a penny got,' was his favourite maxim. But he has suddenly deserted Wingate for Rochester, and the 'Change for Covent Garden. Here he met with the buxom Charlotte, who at once opened his heart and his purse, and soon began to scatter his guineas in paying her debts, and supplying her fresh expences. Her equipage is as genteel and elegant as that of a duchess; and the wise men in the Alley shake their heads at Sir Thrifty, as the greatest spendthrift in town. Sir Thrifty was formerly married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him a fortune of 20,000*l.* but after she had two sons by him, he sent her into the North of Wales to live cheap, and prevent the probable expence of more children. His sons were obliged to an uncle for education; and Sir Thrifty now scarce allows them enough to support them. His mistress and he almost always appear together at public places, where she constantly makes a jest of him, while the old dotard dangles at her elbow, like January by the side of May,

Thus Sir Thrifty lives, cursed by his own sons, jilted by his mistress, and laughed at by the rest of the world.

It is very diverting to observe the shifts to which persons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance, with which they sometimes chuse to load themselves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his master, sent many a distressed gentleman's watch to the pawnbroker's, and his cloaths to Monmouth Street, as well as the poor gentleman himself to the gaming-table, or perhaps to Hounslow Heath. I know a Templar, who always keeps a girl for the first month after he receives his allowance; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to discard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the rest of the quarter: and it was but lately that my mercer discovered his apprentice to be concerned with two others in an association for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

This review of one of the chief sources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us to account for the frequent mortgages and distresses in families of fashion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here also I cannot help observing, that in this case, the misbehaviour of the women is, in a great measure, to be charged to the men: for how can it be expected that a lady should take any pleasure in discharging the domestic duties of a wife, when she sees her husband's affections placed abroad? Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of loose conduct in the fair sex; but considering our modern morals, it is surely not much to be wondered at, when the husband openly affronts his family by keeping a wench, if the wife also takes care to provide herself a gallant.

O

N^o LII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

QUEM SI PUELLARUM INSERERES CHORO,
MIRE SAGACES FALLARET HOSPITES
DISCRIMEN OBSCURUM, SOLUTIS
CRINIBUS, AMBIGUOQUE VULTU. HOR.

IN FORM SO DELICATE, SO SOFT HIS SKIN,
SO FAIR IN FEATURE, AND SO SMOOTH HIS CHIN,
QUITE TO UNMAN HIM NOTHING WANTS BUT THIS;
PUT HIM IN COATS, AND HE'S A VERY MISS.

NON ILLA COLLO CALATHISVE MINERVÆ
FEMINEAS ASSUETA MANUS. VIRG.

SEE THE SHE-RAKE HER SOFTER SEX DISOWN:
THE BREECHES MORE BECOME HER THAN THE GOWN.

I Am persuaded that my readers will agree with me in thinking that the writers of the following letters ought to change cloaths; since, as the case stands at present, the one seems to be a Pretty Miss in breeches, and the other a Blood in petticoats.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

ROCKS, desarts, wilds, wastes, savages, and barbarians, make up the sum total of the odious country. I am just returned from a visit there; and would not pass another three weeks in the same way to be lord of the manor.

Having received frequent invitations from Sir Sampson Five-bars, and having heard much of the beauty of his three sisters, in an evil hour I took a resolution to sacrifice this Christmas to him at his seat in Wiltshire. I flattered myself with the hopes that the novelty and oddness of the scene would serve me at least to laugh at; and that if the rustics were not mere stocks and stones, my cloaths and discourse would have taught them to talk and dress like human creatures. Need I tell you that I was disappointed? Sir Sampson is what the country people call a hearty man: he has the shape and constitution of a porter, and is sturdy enough to encounter Broughton without mufflers; 'when he speaks, thunder breaks;' he hunts almost every morning, and takes a toast and tankard for his breakfast. You may easily imagine that what was pleasure to him must be torture to me; and, indeed, I would as soon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diversion, as

follow any of their horrid country amusements. But Sir Sampson, out of his abundant good-nature, insisted on lending me a gun, and shewing me a day's sport of shooting. For this purpose he loaded me with an huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across my shoulders, and made me look for all the world like Robinson Crusoe! After I had followed him through woods, and thickets, and briars, and brambles, a servant, who was with us, hollowed out, *Mark!* when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly, that it threw me into a swoon; and at last I could hardly be convinced that Sir Sampson had shot nothing but a woodcock.

After this you will conclude that I was not prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miss Fanny did tempt me to accompany her on a morning-ride; but even of this I heartily repented. Miss Fanny, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a chairwoman, and in short is more like Trulla in Hudibras, or Boadicea in the play, than a woman of fashion. Unluckily too, the horse I rode was skittish and unruly; so that while I was scampering after Miss Fanny, a sudden start brought me to the ground. I received no hurt, but the fall so fluttered my spirits, that Miss Fanny was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the house, I was in the utmost confusion; for the booby servants stood gaping and grinning at my distress; and Sir Sampson himself told me, with a laugh as horrible as Caliban's, that he would lend me one of his maids, to carry me out an airing every morning.

Besides

Besides these, and fifty other mortifications, I could scarce get any rest during the whole time I remained there: every other morning I was constantly waked by the hungry knight, just returned from the chace, and bawling for dinner. My breakfast was what they called their afternoon tea, at which I always assisted the ladies; for I should infallibly have perished had I staid in the hall, amidst the jargon of toasts and the fumes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might be much more agreeably employed in the parlour; but even here my disappointment was grievous past expression. These fair ones, for such they were, were hale indeed and ruddy; and having been always cooped up, like turkeys in a pen, were really no better than *belles sauvages*, being totally ignorant of the genteel airs and languishing *delicatess* of women of fashion. Their cloaths were huddled on merely with a view to cover their nakedness; and they had no notion that their eyes were given them for any other purpose than to see, and (what is more strange) to read, forsooth! For my part, Mr. Town, unless a woman can use her eyes to more advantage, I should as soon fall in love with my lap-dog or my monkey; and what constitutes the difference between a lady and her cook-maid, but her taste in dress? Mobs and handkerchiefs answer the end of covering, but the main purpose of dress is to reveal. I really almost begin to think that these awkward creatures were so stupid and unaccountable as to have no design upon me. To complete the oddity of their characters, these girls are constant at church, but never dreamed of promoting an intrigue there; employ their whole time there in praying, never heard of such things as cut fans; and are so attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they scarce look or listen to any one else. After service too the doctor is always taken home to dinner, and is as constant at table on Sunday, as a roast surloin and a plum-pudding.

But even with these unaccountable females, I thought I could have passed my evenings tolerably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But these I found they were almost wholly unaccustomed to. I once, indeed, heard the

dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of something like an assembly. But what was my mortification! when, instead of seeing half a dozen card-tables, &c. set out, and whist, brag, or lansquenet going forward, I saw these strange women place themselves at an huge round table, with country girls and cherry-checked bumkins, to play, according to annual Christmas custom, at Pope Joan and Snip-snap-snorum.

It would be endless to recount the miseries I suffered in those three weeks. Even the necessaries of life were denied me; and I could scarce have been more at a loss among the Hottentots. Would you think it, Sir? though this house had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin-wash, nor a dust of almond-powder, could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish; and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy wash-ball, which so ruined their complexion, that laying in dog-skin gloves will not recover them this fortnight. Add to this, that I never could dress for want of pomatum, so that my hair was always in *dishevelle*; and I am sure I should not have been known at the *Dilettanti*. At length, Sir, my snuff and salts were pretty nigh exhausted: and to add to my distress, I lost my snuff box. These losses were irreparable there; not all the country afforded such snuff and salts as mine; I could as soon live without food as without either; and not a box could I touch but one of Deard's, and of my own chusing. So I hurried up to town; and being just recovered from the fatigue of my journey, I send you this, in hopes that my woeful experience will deter all my friends from following a chace as mad and hair-brained as any of Sir Sampson's; since it is impossible to exist a day there with tolerable ease; and neither wit nor beauty are worth one pinch, unless they are improved by a town education. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

DILLY DIMPLE.

My other correspondent, by the familiarity of her address, must, I am sure, be a *Woman of Fashion*.

DEAR TOWN!

DID I know your christian name I would call you by it, to shew you at first setting out, that I know the world,

world, and was born and bred in high life.

The design of this epistle is to express to you the uneasiness that some of us women of spirit feel at being incumbered with petticoats; and to convince you, by our way of life, that had we been men, we should have been Bucks of the first head. Be assured, however, that such of us as are married are strictly virtuous. We have, indeed, been accused of copying the dress of the nymphs of Drury. And can any thing be invented more becoming? Fanny, it must be owned, has taste. What so smart as a cocked hat? And who but sees the advantages of short petticoats, unless it be some squire's awkward daughter, who never yet heard of a *Panoneze*, and never accidentally shows her leg without blushing?

It is true, this similitude in dress now and then occasions some droll mistakes. In the park the joke has been sometimes carried so far, I have been obliged to call the sentry: and how did a young Templar start and stare, when having

just made an appointment with him, he saw me step into a chair adorned with coronets!

If you frequent Ranelagh, you must undoubtedly have seen or heard me there. I am always surrounded with a crowd of fellows; and my voice and laugh is sure to be the loudest, especially while Beard is singing. One is my *dear* lord, another my *sweet* colonel; and the rest I call Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as I would their footmen. At the play I always enter in the first act. All the eyes of the house are turned upon me. I am quite composed. Before I am settled, the act is over; and to some I nod or curtsy, with others I talk and laugh, till the curtain falls.

What would I give to change my sex! *Entre nous*, I have a strong inclination to see the world in masquerade. If you love me, keep it secret; and should you hear of any prank more wild and buckish than usual, conclude it to be played by me in men's cloaths.

Your's, as you mind me,

HARRIOT HARE-BRAIN.

Nº LIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1755.

ACONITA BIBUNTUR.

JUV.

DRAMS ARE OUR BANE, SINCE POISONS LURK WITHIN;
AND SOME BY CORDIALS FALL, AND SOME BY GIN.

NOTHING is more natural, than for the quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus Mrs. Giles very properly acquaints the fair sex, that she sells her fine compound for taking off superfluous hairs, at a guinea an ounce; and ladies of quality are constantly informed where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety of Chelsea China-figures for deserts. It is also very necessary that the *beau monde* should be acquainted, that *Eau de Luce* may be had here in England, the same as at Paris: but I must own, I was very much surprised at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers from the '*Rich Cordial Ware-house*,' introduced by an address 'TO THE PEOPLE OF FASHION.' I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction; and I know

not whether it may not be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates that our Right Honourables are no better than Dram-drinkers.

There is a well known story of the famous Rabelais, that having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several phials with an innocent liquor, and tied labels to them, on which was written—'Poison for the King—Poison for the Dauphin—Poison for the Prime Minister—and for all the principal courtiers.' The same might be said of these Rich Cordial Liquors; which, however they may recommend themselves to the people of fashion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade: and instead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Or*, *Eau Divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of Rabelais) with—'Poison for my Lord Duke—' Poison

‘Poison for the Viscount—Poison for the Countess.’

We live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from France and Italy, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress must be entirely *à la mode de Paris*; and I will venture to ensure great success to the *Man-sieur* taylor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has just been to France to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a French cook; our wines are of the same country; and the Dram-drinkers of fashion are invited to comfort their spirits with Rich Cordials from Chamberry, Neuilly, and l’Isle de Rhè. A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names which are given to many of these *liqueurs*; nor is it possible to guess at their composition from their titles. The virtues as well as the intent of Viper Water may be well known: but who would imagine that *Flora Græcata*, or *Belle de Nuit*, should be intended only to signify a Dram? For my own part, I should rather have taken *Maraschino* for an Italian Fidler, and have concluded that *Jacomonoodi* was no other than an Opera singer.

But dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in the practice, in every station of life; and sipping Rich Cordials is no less detestable than in the vulgar idiom Binging your eye. What signifies it whether we muddle with *Eau de Millefleurs* or plain Anniseed? or whether we fetch our Drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Black-moor and Still? The lady of St. James’s, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. Giles’s, who has laid on the same colours by repeated half quarters of Gin Royal. There are many customs among the great, which are also practised by the lower sort of people: and if persons of fashion wrap up their Drams in the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this too they are rivalled by the vulgar: Madam Gin has been christened by as many names as a German princess: every petty chandler’s shop will sell you *Sky-blue*, and every night-cellar furnish you with *Holland Tape*, *three yards a penny*. Nor can I see the difference between *Oil of Venus*, *Spirit of Adonis*, and *Parfait Amour*, for the use of our

quality, and what among the vulgar is called *Cupid’s Eye-water*, *Strip me naked*, and *Lay me down softly*.

To these elegant and genteel appellations it is, perhaps, chiefly owing, that Drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would start at the very mention of Strong Waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a Cordial. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder that they should convert their apothecaries shops into Rich Cordial Warehouses, and take Drams by way of physic; as the common people make Gin serve for meat, drink, and cloaths. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourse to their Hartshorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a Dram: and they may be assured, that their Cholic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters, are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the Gin-shop. The College of Physicians, in their last review of the London Dispensatory, for this very reason expelled the Strong Water, generally known by the soothing name of Hysteric Water; because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundum artem*.

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of Dram-drinking, I must intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them as they can never shake off: for the desire of Drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees; as those who are accustomed to take Opiates, are obliged to increase the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the deplorable situation of a lady who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Have the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continual course of Strong Liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a dram for the world. Sometimes she

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is

is violently troubled with the tooth ach, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of Rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right Holland's Gin. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer Brandy, to keep it from her head: but this is sometimes too cold for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true Irish Uisquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking Hartshorn and Water: and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night-time, that she never lies without a Cordial Water bottle by her bed-side. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but Drops, Pepper-Mint Water, and the Cordial Draught repeated.

Her very diet must always be made *heartening*, otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of Rum. She has a glass of Mountain with Bitters an

hour before dinner, to get her an appetite; and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of Punch together in the evening: but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made *comfortable* with more than an equal portion of Spirit.

But notwithstanding the grievous complaint she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid as a milk-maid's: except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a *phlogistic* humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder if she looked as horrible as those who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt Brandy at Snap-Dragon.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

Nº LIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1755.

LUSIT AMAEILITER, DONEC JAM SÆVUS APERTAM
IN RABIE M VERTI CÆPIT JOCUS.

HOR.

FROLICS FOR MEN OF SPIRIT ONLY FIT,
WHERE RAPES ARE JESTS, AND MURDER IS SHEER WIT.

THE noblest exploit of a man of the Town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleafantry, is the FROLIC. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks that wantonness and debauchery can suggest: and is the distinguishing characteristic of the Buck and Blood. These facetious gentlemen, whenever Champagne has put them in spirits, fall out 'flown' with insolence and wine, in quest of adventures. At such a time, the more harm they do, the more they shew their wit; and their Frolics, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

The Frolic formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gaiety: but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and

spirited. The Mohocks, and the members of the Hell-Fire-Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced these elevated Frolics, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of Bucks commonly begin their Frolic in a tavern, and end it in the round-house; and during the course of it practise several mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called *beating the rounds*, that is in plain English, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houses: breaking lamps, and skirmishes with watchmen, are very good jests; and the insulting any dull sober fools, that are quietly trudging about their business, or a rape on a modest woman, are particularly facetious. Whatever is in viola-

tion

tion of all decency and order, is an exquisite piece of wit: and in short, a Frolic, and *playing the devil*, bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniuses have cast lots, which should be thrown out of the window; and at another made a bonfire of their cloaths, and run naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the Frolic, to lie with the Tall Woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgeling from the hands of his Thalestris. It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took boat at the Temple Stairs, and prudently laid in, by way of provisions, a cold venison pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy: but when they imagined they were just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent Frolics of these men of humour are carried on, in a literary way, by advertisements in the news-papers, with which they often amuse the town, and alarm us with bottle conjurors, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the Frolic to call together all the wet nurses, that wanted a place; at another time, to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's Coffee-house, where the Bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest Frolic, that can possibly be put in execution, is a gentle

murder; such as running a waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest Frolic of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of Bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stair, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death; and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

These wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention: but alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head, for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far; and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, 'It may be sport to you, but it is death to us.' For these reasons, a set of these merry gentlemen are as terrible to the ordinary part of the world, as a troop of banditti; and an affair, which has been thought very high fun in Pall Mall or Covent Garden, has been treated in a very serious manner at Westminster Hall or the Old Bailey. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people; and the council for an highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than mere wantonness and Frolic. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour: for it is but a few years since a gentleman on his travels, who was completing a Town Education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head; but the joke was so ill received, that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be advisable therefore for these gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high season-

ed humour. For their pistol, as it were, recoils upon themselves; and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted French manners with French fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a Frolic. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt, but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for Gaming continues to increase in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpeners in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at a gaming-table. I am also informed, that it is grown very common among the ladies to toast pretty fellows; and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent Frolic. A Frolic is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue: and it is a great pity, that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play-house; and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton,

who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprised to find, that he was fond of a Frolic, as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a Frolic, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his Domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a bold Frolic as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtesans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the *comical humours of a murder*. The Frolics now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time: but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the Frolic recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of Whar-ton by Dr. Swift. 'When you are tired of your other Frolics, I would have you take up the Frolic of BEING GOOD; and my word for it, you will find it the most agreeable Frolic you ever practised in your life.' O

Nº LV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

—NIL OBSTAT. CÖIS TIUI PENE VIDERE EST
UT NUDAM, NE CRURE MALO, NE SIT PEDE TURPI:
METIRI POSSIS OCULO LATUS. HOR.

THE TAPER LEG, SLIM WAIST, AND LOVELY SIDE,
NOR STAYS NOR ENVIOUS PETTICOAT SHALL HIDE;
BUT FULL IN SIGHT THE TEMPTING BOSOM SWELL,
WHILE BUCKS WITH WONDER VIEW THE NAKED BELLE.

THERE once prevailed among us a sect called The ADAMITES, whose doctrine, like that of our present Moravians, was calculated to comfort the flesh as well as the spirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodest, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this sect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather Adam, to go naked; and the proselytes

to this faith came abroad in the public streets and open day-light without any cloathing. But this primitive simplicity did not agree with the notions of those degenerate days; and the Adamites were looked upon as an intolerable nuisance. Their religion, like all others, was soon attended with persecution; and some of the converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, some set in the stocks, and others sent to Bridewell.

Since

Since that remarkable period the male part of our species have been decently covered; but the female world has made several bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of cloaths. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modesty-pieces, have been long discarded; and the ladies have continued every year to shed some other part of their dress, as useless and unornamental. But these are only half assertions of the female rights and natural liberty, in comparison to the project, which, it is thought, will be ripe for execution by the summer. A set of ladies of the first fashion have agreed to found a sect of

EVITES.

who are to appear in public with no other covering than the original Fig-leaf. The primitive simplicity of appearance will be restored; and though some may be censorious enough to imagine, that their confidence arises from very different principles, it may justly be said of our ladies of quality, as of our first parents before the Fall, 'They are naked, and ARE NOT ASHAMED.'

My country readers, and all those who live at a distance from the polite world, may perhaps look upon this scheme as merely fantastical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time very busy in making up artificial Fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taste displayed in contriving an elegant Fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel sword-knot. Some have bunches of the gayest coloured ribbands dangling loosely from the stalk, others tassels of gold and silver-lace, and a few, designed for ladies of the highest distinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the Pompon, which it is said has been lately worn merely as a type of the Fig-leaf, will make up the common dress of the whole female world: but if ever the weather should be too severe for the ladies to appear (as Bayes expresses it) *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear flesh-coloured nicks with Pompoms and Fig-leaves as usual.

There are perhaps persons who, as they still retain some of the leaven of decency in their composition, will be startled at this project. I must own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the least extraordinary or surprising:

for, considering the present dress of our women of fashion, there remains no further step to be taken, except absolute nakedness. The stays and petticoat have been so unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that if those of the present mode were to fall into the hands of our distant posterity, they would conclude, that the present race of women must have been a generation of pignies; for they could never possibly conceive that they were of common size, and wore any garments so little calculated either for use or ornament. If one might judge by appearances, the small degree of modesty that is left in the polite world, seems to be among the men; and one is almost tempted to look for the rakes and persons of intrigue in the other sex. I was present a few nights ago at the representation of the Chances; and when I looked round the boxes, and observed the loose dress of all the ladies, and the great relish with which they received the high-seasoned jests in that comedy, I was almost apprehensive, that the old story of the outrage of the Romans on the Sabine women would be inverted, and that the ladies would rise up and commit a rape on the men.

But notwithstanding all that may be said against this project for establishing nakedness, it is not without example. Among the Hottentots, a very wise and polite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, except a loose mantle thrown over their shoulders, and a short apron before instead of a Fig-leaf. It is also well known, that the Spartans allowed their unmarried women to wear a sort of loose robe, which at every motion discovered their charms through several openings, contrived for that purpose. There would certainly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole sex; and I am not in the least inclined to listen to the malignant insinuations, that when a married woman endeavours to look particularly tempting, it is not merely to please her husband, but to captivate a gallant. It may perhaps be further objected, that our northern climate is too cold to strip in: but this little inconvenience is amply compensated by the security the ladies will create to themselves by taking such extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters so very far, that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

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There is, however, a very large part of the sex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occasion: I mean the Old and the Ugly. Whatever the Belles may get by this fashion, these poor ladies will be great sufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be shewn; but if they expose sickly skins furrowed and pursed up like a washer-woman's fingers, the sight will become too disgusting. During the present mode I have observed, that the display of a yellow neck or clumsy leg has created but few admirers: and it is reasonable to conclude, that when the new fashion begins to prevail universally, although our men of pleasure will be glad to see the young and beautiful (whom they would desire to take into their arms,) stripping as fast as possible, yet they are not so fond of primitive and original simplicity, as to be captivated by a lady who has none of the charms of Eve except her nakedness.

Some persons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and consider it as a scheme to counterwork the Marriage-act. But as the chief ladies who concerted it, are already provided with husbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the Beauties to make their superiority incontestible, by drawing in the dowdies of the sex to suffer by such an injurious contrast. However this may be, it is very certain, that the most lovely of the sex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms against us, and indeed seem resolved to shoot us flying. On this occasion it is to be hoped, that the prac-

tice of painting, which is now so very fashionable, will be entirely laid aside; for whoever incrusts herself in paint can never be allowed to be naked; and it is surely more elegant for a lady to be covered even with silk and linen, than to be daubed, like an old wall, with plaister and rough-cast.

After this account of the scheme of our modish females now in agitation, which the reader may depend upon as genuine, it only remains to let him know how I came by my intelligence. The Parliament of Women, lately proposed, is now actually sitting. Upon their first meeting, after the preliminaries were adjusted, the whole house naturally resolved itself into a Committee on the affairs of Drefs. The Fig-leaf Bill, the purport of which is contained in this paper, was brought in by a noble Countess, and occasioned some very warm debates. Two ladies in particular made several remarkable speeches on this occasion: but they were both imagined to speak, like our male patriots, more for their own private interest than for the good of the public. For one of these ladies, who insisted very earnestly on the decency of some sort of covering, and has a very beautiful face, is shrewdly suspected not to be so much above all rivalry in the turn and proportion of her limbs; and the other, who was impatient to be undressed with all expedition, was thought to be too much influenced by her known partiality to a favourite mole, which now lies out of sight. The Bill, however, was passed by a considerable majority, and is intended to be put in force by Midsummer Day next ensuing.

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N^o LVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

NECTE TRIBUS NODIS TERNOE, AMARYLLI, COLORES:
 NECTE, AMARYLLI, MODO, ET VENERIS, DIC, VINCULA NECTO,
 DUCITE AB URBE DOMUM, MEA CARMINA, DUCITE DAPHNIN.
 LIMUS UT HIC DURESCIT, ET HÆC UT CERA LIQUESCIT,
 UNO EODEMQUE IGNI; SIC NOSTRO DAPHNIS AMORE.

VIRGIL.

THREE COLOURS WEAVE IN THREE-FOLD KNOTS, AND CRY,
 ' IN THREE-FOLD BOND THIS TRUE-LOVE'S KNOT I TIE.'
 AS THE SAME FIRE MAKES HARD THIS CAKE OF CLAY,
 IN WHICH THIS WAKEN IMAGE MELTS AWAY,
 THUS, GOD OF LOVE, BE MY TRUE SHEPHERD'S BREAST
 SOFT TO MY FLAME, BUT HARD TO ALL THE REST.
 YE SONGS, SPELLS, PHILTRES, AMULETS, AND CHARMS,
 BRING, QUICKLY BRING MY DAPHNIS TO MY ARMS.

THE idle superstitions of the vulgar are no where so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl's brain is once turned with a sweetheart, she converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conspire to strengthen her in so pleasing a delusion. Virgil represents Dido, as soon as she has contracted her fatal passion for Æneas, going to the priest to have her fortune told. In like manner the love-sick girl runs to the cunning-man, or crosses the gypsy's hand with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married, how many children she shall have, and whether she shall be happy with her husband. She also consults the cards, and finds out her lover in the Knave of Hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furnishes her with meditations for the next day. If she happens to bring out any thing in conversation which another person was about to say, she comforts herself that she shall be married first; and if she tumbles as she is running up stairs, imagines she shall go to church with her sweetheart before the week is at an end.

It would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover what could give birth to the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. The god of Love has more superstitious votaries, and is worshipped with more unaccountable rites, than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as the imagination of a person in love. The dying shepherd carves the name of

his mistress on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous posy; and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to secure the affection of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a top-knot; and she perhaps will take pleasure in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love; but neither would on any account run the risk of *cutting love*, by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or a pair of scissors. To wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection: and if, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked nine-pence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

Some few years ago there was publicly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our news-papers, a most efficacious Love-powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, indeed, always been fond of enchantment. Shakespeare has represented Othello as accused of winning his Desdemona 'by conjuration and mighty magic;' and Theocritus and Virgil have both introduced women into their Pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. In a word, Talismans, Genii, Witches, Fairies, and all the instruments of magic and

and enchantment, were first discovered by lovers, and employed in the business of love.

But I never had a thorough insight into all this amorous forcery, till I received the following letter, which was sent me from the country a day or two after Valentine's Day; and I make no doubt but all true lovers most religiously performed the previous rites mentioned by my correspondent.

TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR SIR,

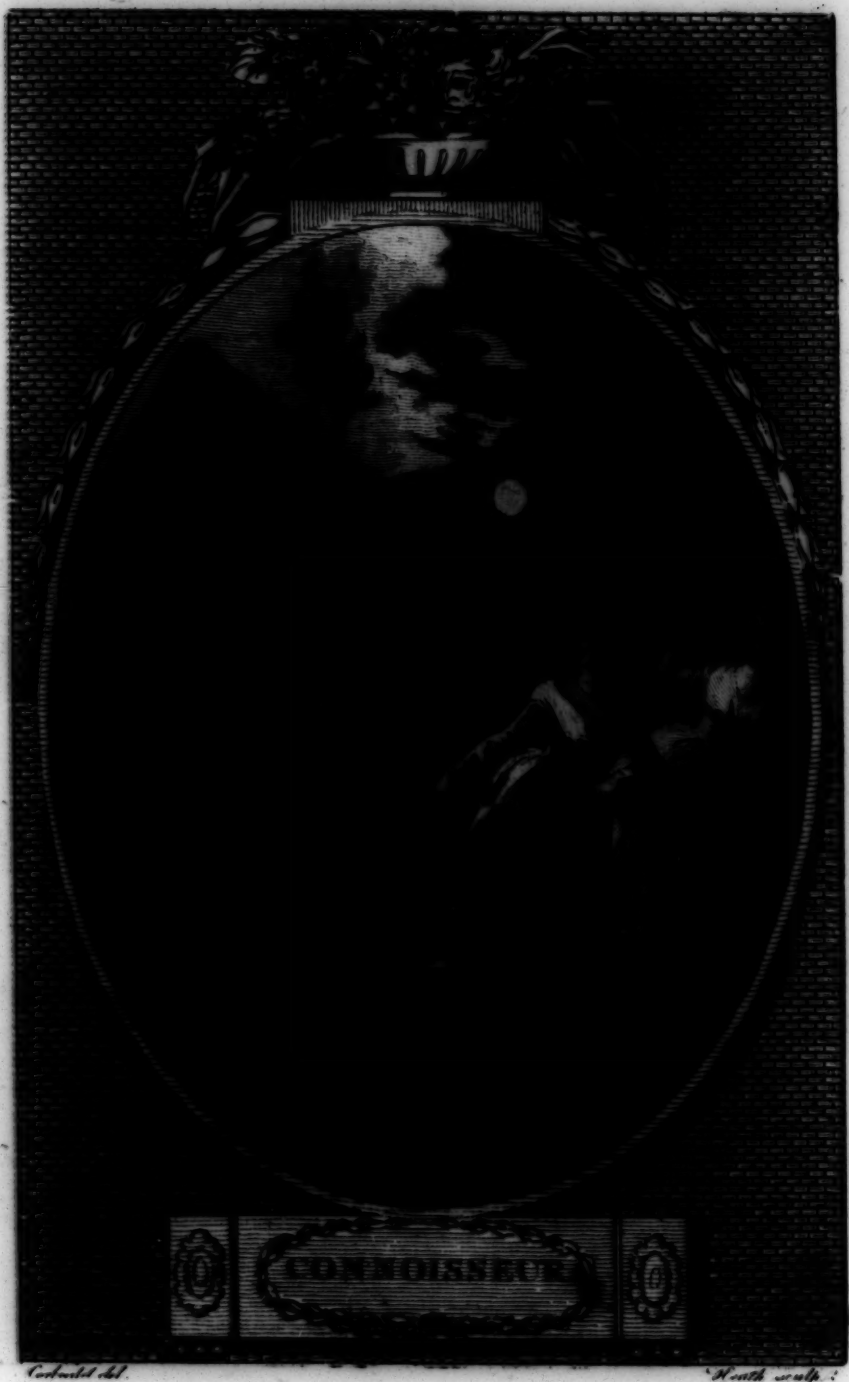
FEB. 17, 1755.

YOU must know I am in love with a very clever man, a *Londoner*; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds, with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup, in a coach and six with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the Cuckow; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found an Hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer Eve. I and my two sisters tried the Dumb Cake together: you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you must not speak a word a l the time) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed Hempseed in our back yard, and said to myself—'Hempseed I sow, Hempseed I hoe; and he that is my true-love, come after me and mow.' Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I took a clean shift, and wetted it, and turned it wrong side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again, (for I heard his step) but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Midsummer Men, one for myself, and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together: but, I assure you, his blowed, and turned to mine. Our

maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a Rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it, till Christmas day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time comes about again, I will certainly do it: and only mind if Mr. Blossom is not the man.

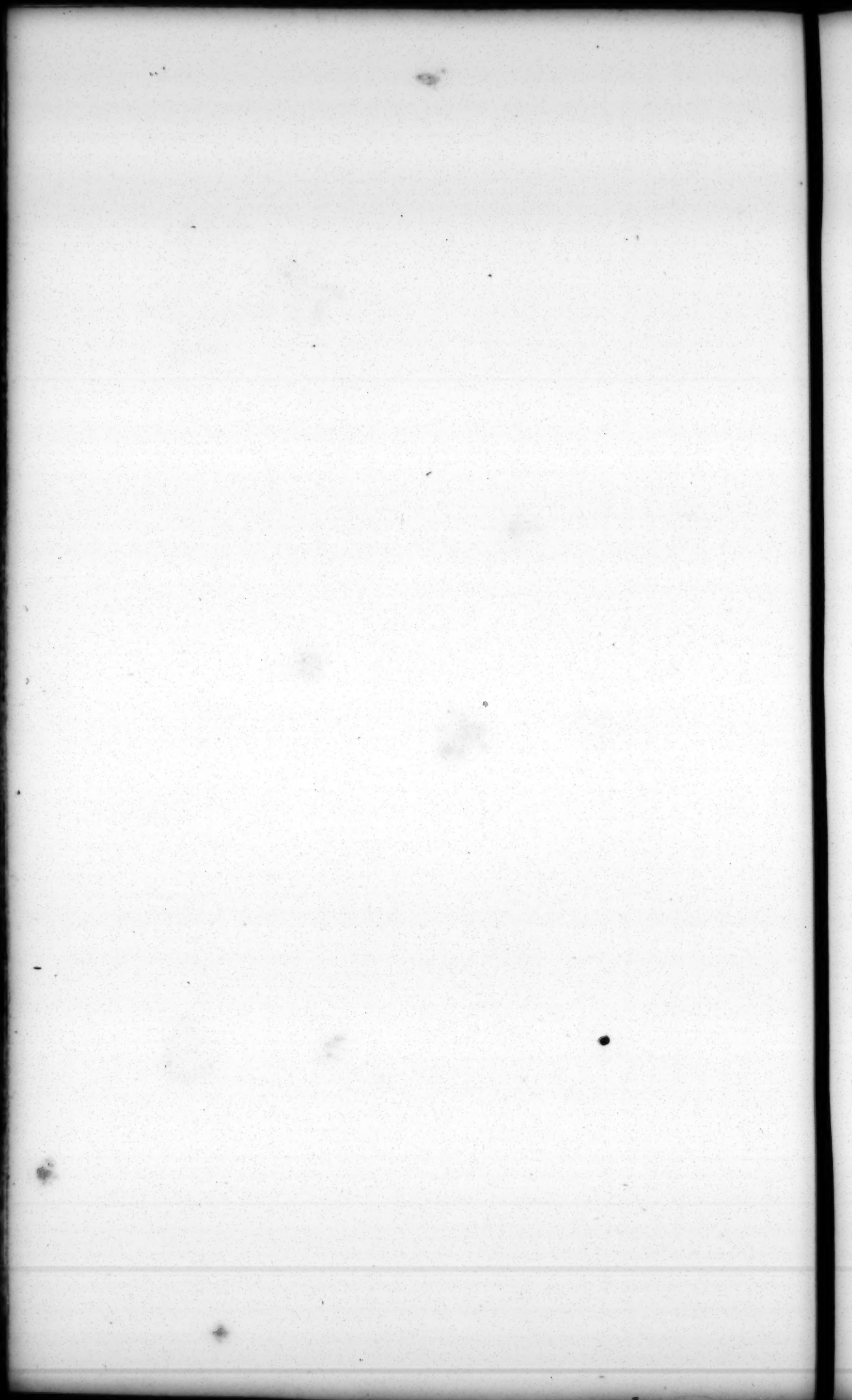
I have tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lie in a strange bed, I always tie my garter nine times round the bed-post, and knit nine knots in it, and say to myself—'This knot I knit, this knot I tie, To see my love as he goes by, In his apparel and array, As he walks in every day.' I did so last holidays at my uncle's; and to be sure I saw Mr. Blossom draw my curtains, and tuck up the cloaths at my bed's feet. Cousin Debby was married a little while ago, and she sent me a piece of Bride-cake to put under my pillow; and I had the sweetest dream—I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an Apple Whole, and afterwards flung the Peel over my head; and it always falls in the shape of the first letter of his Surname or Christian name. I am sure Mr. Blossom loves me, because I stuck two of the Kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my papa wants me to have: Mr. Blossom's Kernel stuck on, but the other dropped off directly.

Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's Day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five Bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an Egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man: and I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning,



Cartwright del.

North sculp.



morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do but put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school

have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Midsummer Eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition. Your humble servant,

ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

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N^o LVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

DULCE SODALITUM!

MARTIAL.

NOW THIS IS WORSHIPFUL SOCIETY.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no phrase in the whole vocabulary of modern conversation, which has a more vague signification than the words 'Good Company.' People of fashion modestly explain it to mean only themselves; and, like the old Romans, look on all others as barbarians. Thus a star or a ribband, a title or a place, denotes Good Company; and a man rises in the esteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reasoning is so well known and so generally adopted, that we are not surprised to hear polite persons complain at their return from the play, that the house was very much crowded, but that there was no company: though, indeed, I could not help smiling at a lady's saying she preferred St. James's church to St. George's, because the pews were commonly filled with Better Company.

I propose at present to consider this comprehensive term, only as it respects a society of friends, who meet in order to pass their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I shall take a cursory view of the several methods now in vogue, by which a set of acquaintance endeavour to amuse each other. The reader will here meet with some very extraordinary inventions for this purpose; and when he has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himself into that company he likes best.

There is a great demand for wit and humour in some parts of this metropolis. Among many he is reckoned the Best Company, who can enliven his conversation with strokes of facetiousness, and (in Shakespeare's words) 'set the table

'on a roar.' But as wit and humour do not always fall to the share of those who aim at shining in conversation, our jokers and wittings have wisely devised several mechanical ways of gaining that end. I know one who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, because every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock: another is accounted a man of *immense* *humour*, for entertaining his friends with a burlesque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by singing a song, and at the same time playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is, in these societies, an indispensable requisite in a Good Companion. Imitations of the actors, and other well-known characters, are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of *taking off*. But the mimic is by no means limited to an imitation of the human species: for an exact representation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applause. Very many of these wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago since I was invited to pass the evening with a society, which, after a display of their several talents, I found to consist of a Dog, a Cat, a Monkey, an Ass, and a couple of Dancing Bears.

I cannot help looking with some veneration on the wit exerted in societies of this sort, since it has the extraordinary quality of never creating either disgust or satiety. They assemble every night, tell the same stories, repeat the same jokes, sing the same songs; and

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they are every night attended with the same applause and merriment. Considering how much their wit is used, it is surprising that it should not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the society makes a new acquisition, which is immediately thrown into the common stock of humour, and constantly displayed as part of the entertainment of the evening. A gentleman of this cast lately shewed me with great joy the postscript of a letter, in which his correspondent promised him *bugs* for the next time he should see him, for he had got two new stories, and three or four excellent songs from one of the actors.

These are certainly very agreeable methods of passing the evening, and must please all persons who have any relish for wit and humour. But these powers of entertaining are not every where the standard of Good Company. There are places, in which he is the Best Company who drinks most. A Boon Companion lays it down as a rule, that 'talking spoils conversation.' A bumper is the argument; and his first care is to promote a brisk circulation of the bottle. He shews his esteem for an absent friend by toasting him in a bumper extraordinary; and is frequently so good and loyal a subject, as to drink his Majesty's health in half-pints. If he is desired to sing a catch, he still keeps the main point in view, and gives a song wrote in so ingenious a stile, that it obliges the company to toss off a glass at the end of every stanza. If he talks, it is of 'healths five fathom deep,' or a late *hard bout* with another set of jolly fellows; and he takes care, by a quick round of toasts, to supply the want of other conversation.

I have ever thought the invention of Toasts very useful and ingenious. They at once promote hard drinking, and serve as a kind of memorial of every glass that has been drank: they also furnish those with conversation who had nothing to say; or at least, by banishing all other topics, put the whole company on a level. Besides all this, three or four rounds of Toasts, where many are met together, must unavoidably lift them all into Good Company. These are no small advantages to society; not to mention the wit and morality contained in many Toasts.

Toasts are doubtless very useful and entertaining; but the wisest institution

ever made in drinking societies, is the custom of appointing what is called an Absolute Toast-maker. The gentleman invested with this dignity is created king of the company; and, like other absolute monarchs, he commonly makes great use of his power. It is particularly his office to name the Toast, to observe that every man duly tosses off his bumper, and is in every respect Good Company. He is also to correct all misdemeanors; and commonly punishes an offender by *sconcing him a bumper*: that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him his due glass, but obliging him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the transgressor is ordered a decanter of water, or a tankard of small beer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almost every moment: for there is hardly any sort of behaviour which does not produce this punishment. I have known a man sconced for drinking, for not drinking, for singing, for talking, for being silent, and at length sconced dead drunk, and made very Good Company.

But none of these qualifications above-mentioned constitute Good Company in the genteel part of the world. Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation than the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoiled society, and 'murdered sleep.' This kind of Good Company is as ridiculous, and more insipid, than either the society of Wittings or Hard-drinkers. Tossing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than shuffling a pack of cards a whole night: and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however stale and repeated, furnish the company with conversation of as much use and variety, as the odd trick and four by honours.

Such are the agreeable evenings passed at White's, and the other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is the happiness of Assemblies, Routs, Drums, and Hurricanes: and without Gaming, what insipid things are even Masquerades and Ridottos! At such meetings, the man, who is Good Company, plays the game very well, knows more cases than are in

in Hoyle, and often possesses some particular qualifications; which would be no great recommendation to him any where else. Instead of meeting together, like other companies, with a desire of mutual delight, they sit down with a design upon the pockets of each other: though, indeed, it is no wonder, when one has stripped another of two or three thousand pounds, if the successful gamester thinks the person he has fleeced very Good Company.

By what has been said, it appears that the notion of Good Company excludes all useful conversation; which, in either of the above-mentioned societies, would undoubtedly be despised as stupid and

pedantic. The Witlings have too lively a genius, and too warm an imagination, to admit it; the Boon Companions can join nothing but love to a bottle; and among Gamesters, it would, like sleep, be 'mere loss of time, and hindrance of business.' Yet an accomplished member of either of these societies is called Good Company: which is just as proper an expression, as, according to Serjeant Kite, *Carolus* is good Latin for Queen Anne, or a stout beating. But a set of people who assemble for no other purpose than to Game, have, in particular, so very bad a title to the denomination of Good Company, that they appear to me to be the very worst. O

Nº LVIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

QUICUNQUE IMPUDICUS, ADULTER, GANEO, QUIQUE ALIENUM RE GRANDE CONFLAVERAT, QUO FLAGITIUM AUT PACINUS REDIMERET; PRÆTEREA, OMNES UNDIQUE PARRICIDÆ, SACRILEGI, CONVICTI JUDICIIS, AUT PRO FACTIS JUDICIUM TIMENTES; AD HOC, QUOS MANUS ATQUE LINGUA PERJURIO ET SANGUINE CIVILI ALIBAT; POSTREMO, OMNES, QUOS FLAGITIUM, EGESTAS, CONSCIUS ANIMUS EXAGITABAT.

SALLUST.

WOULD YOU, LIKE CATILINE'S, AN ARMY CHUR,
GO RANSACK WHITE'S, THE TAVERNS, AND THE STEWS:
PRESS EVERY BUCK AND BLOOD, RENOWN'D FOR DRINKING,
FOR WENCHING, GAMBLING, FIGHTING, AND FREE-THINKING.

A Misfortune which happened to me the other day, sufficiently convinced me of the inconveniencies arising from the indiscriminate power lodged in our Press-gangs; who pay no more regard to those who plead protection from the badge of literature, than a bailiff's follower. I would not have the reader think that I was pressed myself:—but my Devil (that is the messenger of the printing-house) was carried off as he was going with the copy of a Connoisseur to the press. Learning appears to me of so much importance, that (in my opinion) the persons of the lowest retainers to it should be sacred from molestation; and it gives me concern, though a very loyal subject, that even a ballad-singer, or the hawker of Bloody News, should be interrupted in their literary vocations. I have in vain endeavoured to recover my manuscript again: for, though I cannot but think any one of my papers of almost as much consequence to the nation as the sitting out a fleet, the ignorant sailors were so

regardless of it's inestimable contents, that after much enquiry I detected them (with my Devil in conjunction) lighting their pipes with it, at a low ale-house by Puddle Dock.

This irretrievable loss to the public, as well as myself, led me to consider, whether some method might not be thought of, to raise sufficient forces for the fleet and army without disturbing poor labourers and honest mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expence of thought, hit upon a scheme which will effectually answer that end; and without further preface shall lay it before the public.

I would propose, that every useless member of the community should be made of service to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes, or carry a musquet; and every detrimental one should be prevented from injuring his fellow-subjects, and sent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occasion to rob

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the fields of their husbandmen, or to fetch our soldiers, as the Romans took their Dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can supply us with numerous recruits, if we were to raise them out of that idle body called Country Squires; many of whom are born only for the destruction of game, and disturbance of their neighbours. They are more vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground; except a few, perhaps, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers corn, and swilling October. As they are by their profession excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpose in fetching down a Frenchman than a pheasant; and most of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops, and mounted on their own hunters. They might also be of great use in maroding, or getting in forage: and if they would follow an enemy with the same alacrity and defiance of danger that they follow a fox, they might do prodigious execution in a pursuit. The greatest danger would be, that if a fox should perchance cross them in their march, they would be tempted to run from their colours for the sake of a chace; and we should have them all desert, or (in the language of fox-hunters) *gone away*.

If the country is infested with these useless and obnoxious animals, called Squires, this metropolis is no less overrun with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call Town Squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we to enlist into it every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of Gentleman, and adds an *Esq.* to his name. A very large corps might be formed from the Students at the Inns of Court, who, under the pretence of following the law, receive as it were a sanction for doing nothing at all. With these the several tribes of play-house and coffee-house Critics, and that collective body of them called The Town, may be allowed to rank: and though no great exploits can be expected from these *Invalids*, yet (as they are of no other use whatever) they

may at least serve in the army, like Falstaff's men, as 'food for powder.'

But a very formidable troop might be composed of that part of them distinguished by the name of Bloods. The fury of their assaults on drawers and watchmen, and the spirit displayed in storming a bagnio, would be of infinite service in the field of battle. But I would recommend it to the general to have them strictly disciplined; lest they should shoot some of their own comrades, or perhaps run away, merely for the sake of the joke. Under proper regulations such valiant gentlemen would certainly be of use. I had lately some thoughts of recommending to the Justices, to list the Bloods among those brave resolute fellows employed as Thief takers: but they may now serve nobler purposes in the army. And what may we not expect from such intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their prowess in warlike skirmishes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home?

Every one will agree with me, that those Men of Honour, who make fighting their business, and cannot let their swords rest quietly in their scabbards, should be obliged to draw them in the service of his Majesty. What might we not expect from these furious Draw-cansirs, if, instead of cutting one another's throats, their skill in arms was properly turned against the enemy! A very little discipline would make them admirable soldiers: for (as Mercutio says) they are already 'the very butchers of a silk button.' I have known one of these Duellists, to keep his hand in, employ himself every morning in thrusting at a bit of paper stuck against the waistcoat; and I have heard another boast, that he could snuff a candle with his pistol. These gentlemen are, therefore, very fit to be employed in close engagements. But it will be necessary to keep them in continual action; for otherwise they would breed a kind of civil war among themselves, and, rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.

Several Irish brigades, not inferior to those of the same country in the service of the French king, may be formed out of those able-bodied men which are called Fortune-hunters. The attacks

of these dauntless heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other sex: but employment may be found for these amorous knight-errants suitable to their known firmness and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins, and committing outrages upon the women.

But among the many useless members of society, there are none so unprofitable as the fraternity of Gamesters. I therefore think, that their time would be much better employed in handling a musket, than in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking the dice-box. As to the Sharpers, it is a pity that the same dexterity, which enables them to palm an ace, or cog a die, is not used by them in going through the manual exercise in the military way. These latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or stationed in the West-Indies; as many of them have already crossed the seas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the Plantations.

The last proposal which I have to make on this subject, is to take the whole body of Free-thinkers into the service. For this purpose I would impress all the members of the Robin Hood Society; and, in consideration of his great merit, I would further advise, that the Clare-Market Orator should be made Chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a Free-thinker is, that all men are in a natural state of warfare with each other: nothing, therefore, is so proper for him, as to be actually engaged in war. As he has no squeamish notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can have no fears about death: I would, therefore, always have the Free-thinkers put upon the most dangerous exploits, exposed to the greatest heat of battle, and sent upon the Forlorn Hope. For, since they confess that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they shall be nothing after death, it is but justice that they should be *annihilated* for the good of their country. W

N° LIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

MONSTRA EVENERUNT MINI!
INTROJIT IN ADES ATER ALIENUS CANIS!
ANGUIS PER IMPLUVIUM DECIDIT DE TEGULIS!
GALLINA CECINIT! —————

TER.

WHAT UNLUCKY PRODIGES HAVE BEFALLEN US! A STRANGE BLACK DOG CAME INTO THE HOUSE! A SNAKE FELL FROM THE TILES THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT! AN HEN CROWED.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN, MARCH 3, 1755.

I Was greatly entertained with your late reflections on the several branches of magic employed in the affairs of love: I have myself been very lately among the Seers of Visions and Dreamers of Dreams; and hope you will not be displeased at an account of portents and prognostics full as extravagant, though they are not all owing to the same cause, as those of your correspondent Miss Arabella Whimsy. You must know, cousin, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horse-shoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the Spectator: and

to

to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind) and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which, she said, had never been lain in, since the death of an old washer-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared that she had heard the hen crow that morning, which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcase. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearse had stopt at their door in it's way to church; and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, (who was gone to the West-Indies) walking in the garden, and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account that he died on board the ship the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder

popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a brisk husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the 'squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chace. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her sister did it in a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney; and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing, which were both of them certain fore-runners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see; because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and the eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them.

Spilling

Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could

learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ach, you don't love true. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh; but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool; drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bed-fellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a strange church. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

I am, dear cousin, your's, &c.

T

N^o LX. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

—HÆC EGO MECUM

COMPRESSIS AGITO LABRIS, UBI, QUID DATUR OTI,
ILLUDO CHARTIS.

HOR.

LET NOT A WORD ESCAPE THE LIPS—BUT HINT—
AND THINK IN SILENCE ON THE RULES OF WHIST.

WHOEVER has had occasion often to pass through Holbourn, must have taken notice of a pastry cook's shop with the following remarkable inscription over the door, Kidder's Pastry-School. I had the curiosity to enquire into the design of this extraordinary Academy, and found it was calculated to instruct young ladies in the art and mystery of tarts and cheese-cakes. The scholars were, indeed, chiefly of the lower class, except a few notable young girls of the city, with two or three parsons daughters, out of the country, intended for service. As housewifely accomplishments are now quite out of date among the polite world, it is no wonder

that Mr. Kidder has no share in the education of our young ladies of quality: and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whether she would not as soon put her daughter apprentice to a washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and get up fine linen, as to send her to the Pastry-School to be instructed in raised crust and puff paste. The good dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to make these arts their study: but in this refined age we might sooner expect to see a kitchen-wench thumbing Hoyle's Treatise on Whist, than a fine lady collecting receipts for making puddings, or poring over the Complete Art of Cookery.

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The education of females is at present happily elevated far above the ordinary employments of domestic economy; and if any school is wanted for the improvement of young ladies, I may venture to say, it should be a School for Whist. Mr. Hoyle used, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houses to give them lectures in this science: but as that learned master has left off teaching, they can have no instructions but from his incomparable Treatise; and this, I am afraid, is so abstruse, and abounding with technical terms, that even those among the quality, who are tolerably well grounded in the science, are scarce able to unravel the perplexity of his cases, which are many of them as intricate as the hardest proposition in Euclid. A School for Whist would, therefore, be of excellent use; where young ladies of quality might be gradually instructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, finessing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the same manner as common misses are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

It seems to be a strange neglect in the education of females, that though great pains are taken to make them talk French, they are yet so ignorant of the English language, that before they come to their teens, they can scarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fuzing the cards, or the most common terms now in use at all routs and assemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almost ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly versed in the arts of the toilet, before she is initiated into the mysteries of the card-table. I would therefore propose, that our demoiselles of fashion should be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands, at the usual time that the brats of vulgar people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared (before it has received any ideas) to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impression afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would consider the minds of those infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the suits: at least I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas

beyond them. What therefore Mr. Locke recommends, that we should cheat children into learning their letters by making it seem a pastime, should be put in practice in every polite nursery; and the little ladies may be taught to distinguish ace, dence, tray, &c. as soon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the Chris-cross row: as to the four Honours, they will readily learn them by the same method that other children get the names of dogs, horses, &c. by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to compleat her education, little miss (when of a proper age) should be sent to the Whist-School, or have lessons from private masters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the Laws of the Game, read a chapter in Hoyle, and be catechised in laying and taking the odds: and, in process of time, she may be set to solve any of Hoyle's hardest cases, or any of the propositions in his *Doctrine of Chances*; for which (as Mr. Hoyle himself tells us) no more knowledge of arithmetic is required, than what is sufficient to reckon on the tricks, or score up the game.

All sciences appear equally abstruse to the learner at his first setting out: but I will venture to say, that the science of Whist is more complex in itself than even algebra or the mathematics. The Axioms Bridge in Euclid is not so difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of Napier so hard to be unravelled, as many of Hoyle's Cases and Propositions: as an instance of which, take the following most obvious and easy one.—A and B are Partners against C and D. A and B have scored 3, and want to save their Lurch. C and D are at Short Can'ye: and consequently both sides play for two Points. C has the Deal, and turns up the Knave of Hearts. C asks his Partner D, who refuses. B has the Lead, and runs his strong Suit, Spades, two Rounds, with Ace and King. A discards his weakest Suit, Diamonds. Then B forces his Partner. A leads a strong Club, which B refuses. A forces B, who by leading Spades, plays into A's hand, who returns a Club, and so they get a Saw between them. After this A leads through C's Honours. B finesses the Ten, and plays a Spade, which A trumps. Now B by laying behind C's King and Knave of Trumps makes the Ten-ace with Ace and Queen; and A having the long Trump,

Trump, brings in his thirteenth Club. Consequently A and B get a Slam against their adversaries C and D, and score a single Game towards the Rubbers.

Since, therefore, this science is attended with so much difficulty, the necessity of a School for Whist is very evident: and if the plan of education, above proposed, was put into execution, I will venture to pronounce, that young ladies, who can now scarce be trusted at any game beyond *One and Thirty Bone-Ace*, or *Beat the Knave out of Doors* with the maid servants, would be qualified at twelve years old to make one at any card-table in town; and would even excel their mammas, who have not had the same advantage of education. Many an husband, and many a parent, I am sure, have had reason to lament, that their wives and daughters have not had the happiness of so early an instruction in this branch of female knowledge:

and I make no doubt, but several boarding-schools will be set up, where young ladies may be taught Whist, Brag, and all kinds of Card-work. How many ladies, for want of such a school, are at present shut out from the best company, because they know no more of the game than what is called White-chapel play! In order therefore to remedy this deficiency as far as possible, I would further recommend it to Mr. Hoyle, or some other eminent artist, (in imitation of Messieurs Hart and Dukes, who profess to teach Grown Gentlemen to dance) to advertise, that Grown Gentlewomen may be taught to *play at Whist* in the most private and expeditious manner; so that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very short time to play a rubber at the most fashionable routs and assemblies.

W

N^o LXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

COELUM IPSUM PETIMUS STULTITIA.— HOR.

Y^EN HEAV'N WE COVET BY PREPOSTEROUS RULES,
AND FORM T^OURSELVES A PARADISE OF FOOLS.

IT is observed by the French, that a Cat, a Priest, and an old Woman, are sufficient to constitute a religious sect in England. So universally, it seems, are learning and genius diffused through this island, that the lowest plebeians are deep casuists in matters of faith as well as politics; and so many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in upon us, that we daily make fresh discoveries, and strike out unbeaten paths to future happiness. The above observation of our neighbours is in truth rather too full: for a priest is so far from necessary, that a new species of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well disposed good people, from a layman. The most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of the leathern apron, instead of the cassock: every corner of the town has a barber, mason, bricklayer, or some other handicraft teacher; and there are almost as many sects in this metropolis, as there are parish-churches.

As to the Old Women, since the passions of females are stronger in youth,

and their minds weaker in age, than those of the other sex, their readiness in embracing any principles of religion pressed on them with particular earnestness and vehemence, is not very wonderful. They hope, by the most rigid demeanor in the decline of life, to make amends for that unbounded loose given to their passions in their younger years. The same violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleasures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are still employed in *worldly* undertakings, 'carry 'prayer books in their pockets,' and piously damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of Scripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this cast, who has formed herself as a pattern of staid behaviour; and values herself for having given up at threescore the vanities of sixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of public diversions, and forebodes the worst consequences from every party of pleasure. I have known her foretel the ruin of her

S

niece

niece from a country-dance: nay, she can perceive irregular desires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even descried adultery itself lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

But we might perhaps suffer a few good Old Ladies to go to heaven their own way, if these sects were not pernicious on many other accounts. Such strange doctrines are very apt to unsettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd transition from infidelity to enthusiasm, and become bigots from arrant free-thinkers. Their faith, however it may be well imagined, is not a saving faith; as they are worked up to an adoration of the Creator, from the same slavish principle that induces the Indians to worship the Devil. It is amazing, how strongly fear operates on these weak creatures, and how easily a canting, whining rascal, can mould them to his purpose. I have known many a rich tradesman wheedled and threatened out of his subsistence, and himself and unhappy family at last lectured into the work-house. Thus do these vile hypocrites turn a poor convert's head to save his soul; and deprive him of all happiness in this world, under pretence of securing it to him eternally in the next.

Nothing can do religion more injury than these solemn mockeries of it. Many of these sects consist almost entirely of battered prostitutes, and persons of the most infamous character. Reformation is their chief pretence: wherefore the more abandoned those are, of whom they make proselytes, the more they pride themselves on their conversion. I remember a debauched young fellow, who pretended a sudden amendment of his principles, in order to repair his shattered fortune. He turned Methodist, and soon began to manifest a kind of spiritual fondness for a pious sister. He wooed her according to the directions of the rubric, sent her sermons instead of *billet-doux*, 'greeted her with 'an holy kiss,' and obtained his mistress by appearing in every respect a thorough devotee. But alas! the good gentleman could never be prevailed on to comply with religious ordinances, or appear any more at church or meeting after the performance of the marriage ceremony. The lowest of the vulgar

also, for their particular ends, frequently become sectaries. They avail themselves of a mock conversion to redeem their lost characters; and, like criminals at Rome, make the church a sanctuary for villainy. By this artifice they recommend themselves to the charity of weak but well-meaning Christians, and often insinuate themselves as servants into Methodist families.

Le Sage, with his usual humour, represents Gil Blas as wonderfully charmed with the seeming sanctity of Ambrose de Lamela, when he took him into his service; and Gil Blas is even not offended at his remissness the very first night, when his new servant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions: but it soon appears, that this sly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his master. A due attention to religion is so rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in servants: but when I see their religion shewing itself in laziness, and observe them neglecting their common business under the pretext of performing acts of supererogation, I am apt to question their sincerity, and to take every servant of that kind for a mere St. Ambrose. An old Moravian aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any servants, who did not belong to the society of the United Brethren. But so little did the good lady's endeavours to preserve virtue and a spirit of devotion in her house succeed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courses, and most of the pious sisterhood left the family with big bellies.

I would not be thought to deny my fellow-subjects full liberty of conscience, and all the benefits of the Toleration-act; yet I cannot help regarding these weak, if not ill-meant divisions from the established church, as a dangerous kind of Free-thinking; not so shocking indeed, as the impious avowal of atheism and infidelity, but often attended with the same bad consequences. A religion, founded on madness and enthusiasm, is almost as bad as no religion at all; and what is worst, the unhappy errors of particular sects expose the purest religion in the world to the scoffs of unbelievers. Shallow witslings exercise their little talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fall into atheism and blasphemy in order to avoid bigotry and enthusiasm.

thusiasm. The absurdities of the sectaries strengthen them in their ridiculous notions, and produce many other evils, as will appear from the following short history.

In the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth there resided in these kingdoms a worthy lady, called RELIGION. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper, which was cheerful without levity, and grave without moroseness. She was also particularly decent in her dress, as well as behaviour; and preserved with uncommon mildness the strictest regularity in her family. Though she had a noble genius, led a very sober life, and attended church constantly every Sunday, yet in those days she kept the best company, was greatly admired by the Queen, and was even intimate with most of the Maids of Honour. What became of her and her family, is not known: but it is very certain, that they have at present no connection with the polite world. Some affirm that the line is extinct; though I have indeed been told, that the late Bishop Berkley, and the present Bishops of *** and *** are descended from the principal branches of it, and that some few of the family are resident on small livings in the country.

We are told by a certain fashionable author, that there were formerly two men in a mad-house at Paris, one of whom imagined himself the FATHER, and the other the SON. In like manner, no sooner did the good Lady RELIGION disappear, but she was personated by a crazy old beldam, called SUPERSTITION. But the cheat was instantly discovered: for, instead of the mild discipline, with which her predecessor ruled her family, she governed entirely by severity, racks, wheels, gib-

bets, sword, fire, and faggot. Instead of cheerfulness, she introduced gloom; was perpetually crossing herself with holy water; and, to avert the terrible judgments of which she was hourly in fear, she compiled a new almanack, in which she wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miserable life she died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which she bequeathed a very considerable sum to build an hospital for religious lunatics; which I am informed, will speedily be built on the same ground, where the Foundery, that celebrated Methodist meeting-house, now stands.

SUPERSTITION left behind her a son called ATHEISM, begot on her by a Moravian teacher at one of their Love-feasts. ATHEISM soon shewed himself to be a most profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable Blood. Among his other frolics he commenced author, and is said to have written in concert with Lord Bolingbroke. After having squandered a large fortune, he turned gamester, then pump, and then highwayman; in which last occupation he was soon detected, taken, and thrown into Newgate. He behaved very impudently in the Condemned Hole, abused the Ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow-prisoners, in the Newgate phrase, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, instead of the psalm he sung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were present at the execution, and shook their heads, repeating the words of Mat in the Beggar's Opera—'Poor fellow! we are sorry for you; but it is what we must all come to.' O

Nº LXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

—QUALEM CERERIS VULT ESSE SACERDOS.

JUV.

WHAT FEMALE, THOUGH TO PAPAL MODES THEY RUN,
WOULD BROOK THE LIFE AND MANNERS OF A NUN?

HAVING lately informed my readers, that the Female Parliament is now sitting, I shall proceed to lay before them the substance of a debate that happened in the Committee

of Religion, and which was unexpectedly occasioned by a motion that was made by Miss Grave-airs. This Committee had long been looked upon as useless, but for form sake continued

to meet, though it was adjourned immediately: but one day there being more members present than usual, the Chairwoman was no sooner in the chair, than the lady abovementioned addressed her in the following speech.

MADAM,

IT is with no less surprise than concern, that I reflect on the danger to which the greater part of my sex, either through ignorance or choice, are now exposed; and I have the strongest reasons to believe, that nothing but the vigorous and timely resolutions of this wise Assembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming ROMAN CATHOLICS. What subject can be more interesting and important to Us, whether we consider ourselves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Assembly of Protestants? Was such a design to be carried into execution, the free use of our tongues would be taken away; we should never be suffered perhaps to speak to the other sex, but through grates and bars; and this place of our Assembly would probably be the abode of Nuns and Friars. But lest you should think me thus alarmed without reason, I shall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or, if it is, we may remove it.

My fears are grounded on those remarks that have long been made on the Dress of the sex. Constant as the men have staid us to the love of change, little have they imagined, that Popery was invariably the object to which every innovation was designed to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our sex, a Queen was upon the throne, it was the fashion, as we may learn from * Pope, for the ladies to wear upon their breasts a flaming CROSS. The same fashion has been transmitted to the present times. What, Madam, is this but downright Popery? In the Catholic countries they are contented with erecting Crucifixes in their roads and churches; but alas! in this Protestant kingdom Crosses are alike to be seen in places sacred and profane, the court, the play-house, and (pardon me ladies) this venerable

Assembly itself is not without them. I am apt to suspect, that this heterodox introduction of the Cross into the female dress had an higher original than the days of Queen Anne, whose affection for the Church was very well known. It seems rather to have been imported among us, together with the Jesuits, by the Popish consorts of the first or second Charles; or perhaps the ladies first wore it in compliance to the English Pope Joan, Queen Mary. This much is certain, that at the same time our pious reformer, Queen Elizabeth, expelled the Cross from our altars, she effectually secured the necks of our ladies from this superstition, by the introduction of the Ruff.

The next part of our dress that I shall mention, which favours of Popery, is the Capuchin. This garment in truth has a near resemblance to that of the Friar whose name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the Hood; their daughters by a gradual advance introduced the rest; but far greater improvements were still in store for Us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of Purple. In Purple we glowed from the hat to the shoe; and in such request were the ribbands and silks of that favourite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himself, could answer the demand. Who but must think, that this arose from Popish principles? And though it may be urged, that the admired Fanny, who first introduced it, is no Nun, yet you all may remember, that the Church of Rome herself has been stiled the Scarlet, or, as some render it, the Purple Whore.

But to prove indisputably our manifest approaches to Popery, let me now refer you to that fashionable cloak, which (sorry I am to see it) is wore by the far greater part even of this Assembly, and which indeed is with great propriety stiled the Cardinal. For were his Holiness the Pope to be introduced among us, he would almost fancy himself in his own conclave: and were I not too well acquainted with my sisters principles, I myself should be induced to think, that to those in such grave at-

* Upon her breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

fire nothing but a cloyster and a grate was wanting. As to those of gayer colours, you need not be told, that there are White and Grey Friars abroad as well as Black; and as the English are so remarkable for improving on their originals, we shall not then be surprised at the variety of colours that appear among us.

It has been whispered too, that some of my sisters have been so fond of the Monkish austerities, as to have their heads shaved. This I do not aver of my own knowledge; but, if it is so, they still condescend to wear artificial locks: though it would not be at all strange, if they also should soon be laid aside, as they are already prepared for it by laying off their caps. I shall only desire you still farther to reflect, how fashionable it is for the ladies to shine with borrowed faces; and then I believe you will readily allow, that their votaries, the men, are in great danger also of being seduced to Popery; since do they not already, by the compliments they pay to a painted face, address an Image and adore a Picture?

What has now been said will induce you, I hope, to pay a proper regard to the following Resolutions; which, I humbly move, may be agreed to by this Committee, and represented to the House.

RESOLVED,

That it is the opinion of this Committee, that, in order to prevent the growth of Popery, no garments shall for the future be imported, of Popish make, or distinguished by Popish names.

RESOLVED,

That in order to enforce a due obedience, every one shall be obliged to practise the austerities of the sect they imitate; so that, for example, the *Cardinals* shall be compelled to lead a single life, and the *Capuchins* to go bare-foot.

LASTLY,

It is recommended that, as a farther sanction to the bill proposed, every of-

fender, who shall be deemed incorrigible, shall be banished from all routs, and transported to her country-seat for seven winters.

This motion was strongly seconded by Lady Mend'em; who urged in it's support, that to her certain knowledge, many of the sex very frequently assembled at one another's houses, and particularly on the Sabbath, where Mass Books were actually laid before them, and the warmest adoration paid to some small pictures, or painted images, which, she was told, resembled some kings and queens that had been long canonized; and the offerings, that were constantly made at their shrines, would (she said) be found, on a moderate computation, to exceed those that were formerly made at the tomb of Thomas à Becket. She added, that, after the Catholic custom, they always fasted on those nights, or, if they supped at all, it was only on Fish.

The chief speaker on the other side of the question was Lady Smart, one of the representatives for Grosvenor Square; who, by the bye, was strongly suspected of being a prejudiced person, her enemies not denying that she had charms, which could almost sanctify error itself. Nobody, she said, could suspect the sex of inclining to Popery, who observed the aversion they all discovered to a single life. The uses of the obnoxious garments were allowed to be many; the names at least were innocent: and the cry against them, she was sure, could only be raised by the old and the ugly; since nothing could be so fantastic, as not to become a pretty woman.

Her ladyship was joined by the Beauties present; but they being few, their objections were over-ruled, and the motion was carried. The next day the House, on receiving the Report, after some debate agreed to the Resolutions, and a Bill was ordered to be prepared and brought in accordingly. Though at the same time they were of opinion, *Nem. Con.* that, if the FIG-LEAF Bill took place, these restrictions would be quite needless.

N^o LXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

ET NATE NATORUM, ET QUI NASCENTUR AB ILLIS.

VIRG.

FROM A LONG LINE OF GRANDAMS DRAWS HIS BLOOD,
AND COUNTS HIS GREAT GREAT GRANDSIRS FROM THE FLOOD.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 4.

IF you are a true sportsman, and have the honour of the Turf at heart, you must have observed with the utmost concern a late account in the news-papers, that **WHITE NOSE** died at Doncaster of a mortification in his foot. An article of this nature, and at such a time, must strike a damp on all gentlemen breeders; and for my part I cannot help looking on the present races at Newmarket as funeral games in honour of the memory of **White Nose**. The death of a stallion of such consequence is a public calamity to all Knowing Ones in the kingdom; nor does such an accident bring with it the least consolation; especially since it is not the fashion to **PIT** the lives of horses, as well as men, against each other.

Italian grey-hounds, Dutch lap-dogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs. But a race-horse as much surpasses these insignificant animals, as **White Nose** was superior to a pack-horse: and I cannot but think, that an obelisk (with a proper inscription drawn by M^{rs} Heber and Pond) should be erected near Devil's Ditch or Choak Jade on Newmarket Heath, in honour to his memory. With what astonishment might we then read of his *powerful deep rate*, by which all the horses that ran against him were *no where*? With what rapture should we then recount his rapid victories in the field, (more surprising than those of the Duke of Marlborough) by which he **WON** Tewkesbury, **WON** Chipping-Norton, **WON** Lincoln, **WON** York, &c? But, above all, we should admire the noble Blood which flowed in his veins, and with reverence contemplate the illustrious names of his great, great, great, great grandsires and grandams. There is not the least flaw in the Blood of **White Nose**'s family; and his epitaph might conclude,

in imitation of that famous one on the Duke of Newcastle's monument, 'that all the Sons were remarkable Stallions, and all the Daughters excellent Breeders.'

The pedigree of our race-horses have been always preserved with as much care and exactness as the Tree of Descent among the family of a Spanish grandee or Polish nobleman; nor does the Welchman derive greater honour from proving himself the fiftieth cousin to Cadwallader or Caractacus through a long line of David Ap Shenkins, Ap Morgans, Ap Powells, Ap Prices, than the horse by being half-brother to the *Godolphin Barb*, or full cousin by the dam's side to the *Bloody Shoulder'd Arabian*. The Romans were no less curious in the breed of their horses, and paid the greatest honours to those that beat the whole Circus hollow. They even erected monuments to their memory; of which Lyppius gives us the following remarkable instance. 'Clarissimè lapis vetus, quem Roma olim vidit et exscripsi In medio vir est, qui dextrâ baculum, sinistrâ pabulum tenet: extrinsecus duo sunt affilientes equi cum geminâ inscriptione; **AQUILO**, Nepos **AQUILONIS** vicit cxxx. secundas tulit xxxviii. tertias tulit xxxvii.—Alter, —**HIRPINUS**, Nepos **AQUILONIS** vicit cxiv. secundas tulit lvi. tertias tulit xxxvi. *Habes itaque ipsum hic HIRPINUM, atque adeo ejus Avum AQUILONEM.*' I could wish that the same honours were paid to our horses: I would at least propose, that the names, pedigrees, and a list of the plates won by victorious horses, should be inscribed on the posts of all courses where they have made themselves famous. These memorials might serve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furnish posterity with a more compleat history of the Turf than the Sportman's Calendar.

You will undoubtedly observe, Mr. Town, that in the extract concerning horses,

horses, with which I have just presented you from Lysippus, a man is also mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms: 'In the middle of the monument stood a man with a whip in his right-hand, and a seed of corn in his left.' Hence it appears, that the Romans intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as the horses; and it is a pity that we do not also imitate them in this particular, and pay equal respect to our Jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the ancients, than the horse-race is at present; and the Circus at Rome never drew together so noble an assembly as the modern Course. Nor do I see any reason why Theron should be more applauded for carrying off the prize at Elis or Pisa, than Tom Marshal for winning the plate at York or Newmarket. The charioteers of old were, indeed, composed of the greatest princes and persons of the first rank, who prided themselves on their dexterity on managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by several of our modern gentry, who value themselves on being excellent coachmen: and it is with infinite pleasure that I have lately observed persons of fashion at all races affect the dress and manners of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themselves, and ride their own horses, it is probable, that we shall soon see the best Jockeys among the first of our nobility.

That the encomiums of the horse should so frequently be enlarged on, without entering into the praises of the Jockey, is indeed something wonderful; when we consider how much the beast is under his direction, and that the strength and fleetness of Victorious or Driver would be of no use without the skill and honesty of the rider. Large sums have been lost by an horse running, accidentally without doubt, on the wrong side of the post; and we Knowing Ones, Mr. Town, have frequently seen great dexterity and management exerted, in contriving that one of the best horses in the field should be distanced. The Jockey has, indeed, so great a share in the success of the race, that every man who has ever betted five pounds is acquainted with his consequence; and does not want to be told, that the victory de-

pends at least as often on the rider as the horse.

I cannot help agreeing with Lady Pentwistle in the farce, that 'if there was as much care taken in the breed of the human species, as there is in that of dogs and horses, we should not have so many puny half-formed animals as we daily see among us;' and every thorough sportsman very well knows, that as much art is required in bringing up a Jockey, as the beast he is to ride. In every respect the same care must be had to keep him in wind; and he must be in like manner dieted, put in sweats, and exercised, to bring him down to a proper weight. Much depends upon the size of the man as well as horse: for a rider of the same dimensions with a grenadier would no more be fit to come upon the Turf as a Jockey, than an awkward thing taken out of the shafts of a dray could ever appear at the starting-post as a race-horse. This is obvious to every one; and I could not help smiling at what my landlord at the White Bear said the other day to a little fellow-commoner of St. John's, (who would fain be thought a Knowing One) by way of compliment—'My worthy master,' said the landlord, 'it is a thousand pities you should be a groomsman, when you would have made such a special postboy or Jockey.'

My chief inducement to write to you at present, Mr. Town, was to desire you to use your endeavours to bring the Jockey into equal esteem with the animal he bestrides; and to beg, that you would promote the settling an established scheme for the preservation of his breed. In order to this I would humbly propose, that a stud for the Jockey should be immediately built near the stables at Newmarket; that their genealogies should be duly registered; that the breed should be crossed as occasion might require, and that the best horsemen, and of the lightest weights, should intermarry with the full sisters of those who had won most plates; and, in a word, the same methods used for the improvement of the Jockeys as their horses. I have here sent you the exact pedigree of a famous Jockey, taken with all that care just now prescribed: and I doubt not, if my scheme was universally put in execution, but we should excel all other nations in our horsemen, as we already do in our horses.

TO RIDE THIS SEASON.

AN able JOCKEY, fit to start for Match, Sweep-stakes, or King's Plate; well sized; can mount twelve Stone, or strip to a feather; is sound Wind and Limb, and free from Blemishes. He was got by Yorkshire Tom, out of a full sister to Deptford Nan: his Dam was got by the noted Matchim Tims; his Grandam was the German Princess; and his Great Grandam was daughter to Flanders Moll. His Sire won the King's Plate at York and Ham-

bleton, the Lady's Subscription Purse at Nottingham, the Give-and-Take at Lincoln, and the Sweep-stakes at Newmarket. His Grandfire beat Dick Rogers at Epsom, and Burford, and Patrick M'Cutt'em over the Curragh of Kildare. His Great Grandfire, and Great Great Grandfire, rode for King Charles the Second: and so noble is the Blood which flows in this Jockey's Veins, that none of his Family were ever distanced, stood above Five Feet Five, or weighed more than Twelve Stone. W

N^o LXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

CANES LEGATOS MISERE ———
UT SESE ERIPERENT HOMINUM CONTUMELIIS.

PHÆDR.

WOUNDS, POINTERS, MASTIFFS, LAP-DOGS SUE FOR HELP,
WITH MANY A DOLEFUL HOWL, AND PITEOUS YELP.

RETURNING the other night from the coffee-house, where I had just been reading the * Votes, I found myself on a sudden oppressed by a drowsiness, that seemed to promise me as sound a repose in my great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fire-side. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly closed my eyes, before I fell into the following dream.

Methought the door of my room on a sudden flew open, and admitted a great variety of Dogs of all sorts and sizes, from the mastiff to the lap-dog. I was surpris'd at this appearance; but my amazement was much encreased, when I saw a large Grey-hound advancing towards me, and heard him thus address me in an human voice.

' You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our species, on account of a scheme now on foot for our destruction. That slaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our ancestors bore so large a share, is now going to be revived among us. I, for my own part, have no hopes of escaping, as you will easily judge when you hear my case. My master owes his subsistence to his labour, and with his wages can just maintain me and his three children.

' In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the squire's warren, or picking up an hare, on a Sunday morning. The other services I render him, are of equal importance to him, and pleasure to myself. I am his constant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night: he knows that his cloaths and his wallet are safe in my keeping; and he is sure to be roused on any midnight alarm, when I am in the house.

' It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations who will seeing their last, and against whom this law seems, indeed, to be levelled. Is it not enough that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to those of a slow-footed race, who inhabit a spacious kennel in the squire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing an hare as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horse-flesh; while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably shall be destroyed by public authority.

' I cannot deny but that the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a small and degenerate race; who, though they bear our name, may very

* A Bill had been brought into Parliament for laying a Tax upon Dogs.

' properly

properly be stiled the *Fribbles* of our species. It is true, they are of foreign extraction, which alone is sufficient merit; and seem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our English Grey-hounds, as their countrymen in the Haymarket are to our English singers. But though this breed is so diminutive, that I myself have coursed one of them for an hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that, be the tax what it will, not a *Fido* in the land will be sacrificed to the laws.

Our request to you is to display our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the innocence of our intentions, and the hardships that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own case, I have the honour to address you in the name of all my brethren; such of them, I mean, as think themselves endangered by this scheme for our destruction. At the same time, we desire you to apprize the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; since, in such a case, the Mastiffs and the Bull-dogs are determined to join their forces, and will sell their lives at the dearest rate.

This last resolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which I was thus accosted by another of the company, of the Pointing-breed.

Little did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have suffered, to perfect me in the art I profess, would have been thus requited. Having lost the best of masters by an accident from his gun, which I can scarce ever think of without an howl, I have now, like my friend Smoker, the misfortune to live with a poor man. A misfortune I must call it; since, alas! he will not be able to save me from the halter, by paying my ransom. He too, I am afraid, will be reduced to beggary; since, at present, I and his gun are his chief support. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciously term *poaching*, his best resource will be to dispatch himself with his gun before he surrenders it, or to hang himself with the same rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and caressed in the parlour; and I have now a brother that always points for the best of company. What though our race

has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the Spaniels, have been accused, I do not say wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practised among Your species? And is it not countenanced by the greatest examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means singular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute species.

I very heartily second the request of my friend; and I doubt not but the arguments you will use in our behalf will be able to divert the storm that threatens us. This you may be assured of, that if my life is spared through your means, it shall be devoted to your service; and you shall sup, as often as you please, on a brace of birds.

This speech was attended with a bark of applause; and I was next accosted by a Lap-dog, who, after dolefully shaking his ears, began the following harangue.

Though I am aware that many of my species will remain unhurt by this scheme devised for our destruction, yet I have on my own account great reason to be alarmed. I was born, indeed, in a noble family in St. James's Square, but unfortunately was, within these three months, resigned over to my present mistress, an old maid, who has been through her whole life as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, so very saving, that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfast cream; and it was but last week that I was severely corrected for devouring a sheep's heart, for which she had been to market herself. Such a mistress will undoubtedly sacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps imagine, that the loss of life in these circumstances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead lion. But if some of our species must perish, surely a regard should be had to national merit; and the storm should first fall on those foreign intruders, who, by the flatness of their noses, are supposed to be of Dutch extraction. If the ladies also have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our case into consideration. And I make no doubt, since the Female Parlia-

'ment is now fitting, (if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour) as the other sex have taken necessary precautions for the preservation of the Game, the ladies would in their turn bring in a bill for the preservation of Lap-dogs.'

Various were the arguments that many others used in their own behalf. The Mastiff insisted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he struck into thieves and house-breakers. King Charles's black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preserved in deference to the taste of so witty a monarch. I could not help smiling at the argument made

use of by a Bull-dog from Norfolk; who declared, that he was so instrumental to the mirth of the country, that he firmly believed they would never part with him: but begged at the same time, that, if sentence must pass, it might be changed into banishment, and that Spain (where Bull-feasts are held in so much honour) might be the place of his transportation.

The eloquence and gesture of my four-footed visitors had such an influence over me, that I was just going to answer them in the manner they could wish; when my own Dog on a sudden jumped into my lap, and roused me from my dream.

Nº LXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

NEC TAMEN INDIGNUM EST, QUOD VOBIS CURA PLACENDI,
CUM COMPTOS HABEANT SÆCULA NOSTRA VIROS.

OVID.

BLAME NOT THE BELLES, SINCE MODERN TIMES CAN SHEW,
THAT APE OF FEMALE FOPPERY, CALL'D A BEAU.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AS no one has a greater respect for the fair sex than myself, I was highly pleased with a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, ridiculing the detestable use of paint among the ladies. This practice is, indeed, too general; and for my part, when I meet a blooming fresh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen Anne's portrait delineated on a sign-post to be her Majesty's flesh and blood.

But this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you, that we are indebted to Spanish Wool for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lacquers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amusements at Haddock's, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of it's roses. Therefore, to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

I must leave it to you, Mr. Town, or your ingenious correspondent, to enlarge upon this subject; and will only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth

fair-face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon those of the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, who aspire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are also conscious that they themselves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so very solicitous to set off their persons: and, indeed, I fear it will be found, upon examination, that most of our pretty fellows, who lay on Carmine, are painting a rotten post.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W. MANLY.

Many of my readers will, I dare say, be hardly persuaded that this custom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male foppery: but it is too notorious, that our fine gentlemen, in several other instances besides the article of paint, affect the softness and delicacy of the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains to set a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in japanning his shoes. He has his dressing-room, and (which is still more ridiculous) his Toilet too; at which he sits as many hours repairing his battered countenance, as a decayed toast dressing for a birth-night. I had once an opportunity

portunity of taking a survey of one of these Male-Toilets; and, as such a curiosity may perhaps prove entertaining to my readers, I shall here give a description of it.

Having occasion one morning to wait on a Very Pretty Fellow, I was desired by the *valet de chambre* to walk into the dressing-room, as his master was not stirring. I was accordingly shewn into a neat little chamber, hung round with Indian paper, and adorned with several little images of Pagods and Bramins, and vessels of Chelsea China, in which were set various-coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the Toilet most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, inclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a Japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chints. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them Japan, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several: in one I found lip-salve, in another a roll of pig-tail, and in another the ladies black sticking plaster; but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth-brush and sponge, with a pot of Délescot's opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes. In the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum. Almond pastes, powder puffs, hair combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage. But among many other whimsies, I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

It must be confessed, that there are some men of such a delicate make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder if gentlemen of such a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softnesses of females. These tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and scarce fed with any thing less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor suffered to use any exer-

cises like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home to improve in whipt-syllabubs, pastry, and *face-painting*. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, these dainty creatures come into the world with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

But if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings between male and female, how awkwardly must they sit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind? What indeed can be more absurd, than to see an huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as a champion at Broughton's Amphitheatre, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and Benjamin-wash? For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *delicately*, but he seems as strange and uncouth a figure as Achilles in petticoats. This folly is also to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more solemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is essential; and in which the least mark of foppery seems as improper as a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a serjeant pleading in the Court of Common Pleas in his own hair instead of a night-cap periwig. As I think an instance or two of this kind would shew this folly in the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two characters; in whom, as it is most improper, it will consequently appear most ridiculous.

John Hardman is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen that ever came out of Ireland. Nature, indeed, seems to have intended John himself to carry a chair: but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes best; and he has wisely discovered that none will sit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his study to new-mould his face and person. He throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes, and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper bass than an hurdy-gurdy,

is in a manner set to a new tune; and his speech, which is very much tinged with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is minced and clipt, in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unwieldy figure along in the part trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows: and he commonly carries a thin jemmy stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of Hercules with a distaff.

The Reverend Mr. Jeffamy, (who took orders only because there was a good living in the family) is known among the ladies by the name of the Beau-Parson. He is, indeed, the most delicate creature imaginable; and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a

plumb-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his Canonicals, his constant dress is what they call Parson's-Blue lined with white, a black fatten waistcoat; velvet breeches, and silk stockings. His pumps are of dog-skin, made by Tull; and it is said, that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length, being out of all proportion, prevented his having an handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox: for though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag front, and is properly cropt behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick; or else he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced cloaths, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and sword. T

N° LXVI. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

DETRAHERE ET PELLEM, NITIDUS QUA QUISQUE PER ORA
CEDERET.

HOR.

WHERE ALL, THEIR BEAUTIES TO FULL VIEW DISPLAY'D,
MAY UNDISGUIS'D APPEAR IN MASQUERADE.

AMONG the many exotic diversions that have been transplanted into this country, there is no one more cultivated, or which seems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modest and rational entertainment the Masquerade. This, as well as the Opera, is originally of Italian growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated Heidegger; who, on both accounts, justly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaisirs d'Angleterre*.

I have called the Masquerade a modest and rational entertainment. As to the first, no one can have the least scruple about it's innocence, if he considers that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the most virtuous woman is not ashamed to appear there. If it be objected, that a lady is exposed to hear many indecencies from the men, (as the mask gives them a privilege to say any thing, though ever so rude) it may be answered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herself; because, as she goes disguised, the indignity is not offered to

her in her own proper person. Besides, according to Dryden,

She cannot blush, because they cannot see.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that these midnight orgies are full as rational as sitting up all night at the card-table. Nor is it more strange, that five or six hundred people should meet together in disguises purposely to conceal themselves, than that the same number should assemble at a rout, where most of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

But we can never enough admire the wit and humour of these meetings, which chiefly consists in exhibiting the most fantastic appearances that the most whimsical imagination can possibly devise. A common person may be content with appearing as a Chinese, a Turk, or a Friar: but the true genius will ransack earth, air, and seas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate, to his assistance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dress can be contrived,

trived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman above six foot high, who came to the Masquerade dressed like a child in a white frock and leading-strings, attended by another gentleman of a very low stature, who oscillated as his nurse. The same witty spark took it into his head at another time to personate Fame, and was stuck all over with peacocks feathers by way of eyes: but when he came to fasten on his wings, they were spread to so enormous a length, that no coach or chair was spacious enough to admit him; so that he was forced to be conveyed along the streets on a chairman's horse, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman, of no less humour, very much surprised the company by carrying a thatched house about him, so contrived, that no part of him could be seen, except his face, which was looking out of the casement: but this joke had like to have cost him dear, as another wag was going to set fire to the building, because he found by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was insured. In a word, dogs, monkees, ostriches, and all kinds of monsters, are as frequently to be met with at the Masquerade, as in the Covent Garden Pantomimes; and I once saw with great delight a gentleman, who personated one of Bayes's recruits, prance a minuet on his hobby-horse, with a dancing bear for his partner.

I have said before, that the Masquerade is of foreign extraction, and imported to us from abroad. But as the English, though slow at invention, are remarkable for improving on what has already been invented, it is no wonder that we should attempt to heighten the *gusto* of this entertainment, and even carry it beyond the licence of a foreign Carnival. There is something too insipid in our fine gentlemen strolling about in dominos; and it is rather cruel to eclipse the pretty faces of our fine ladies with hideous masks; for which reason it has been judged requisite to contrive a Masquerade upon a new plan, and in an entire new taste. We all remember, when (a few years ago) a celebrated lady endeavoured to introduce a new species of Masquerade among us, by lopping off the exuberance of dress; and she herself first set the example, by stripping to the character of Iphigenia undressed for the sacrifice. I must own it is a matter of some surprise to me, con-

dering the propensity of our modern ladies to get rid of their cloaths, that other Iphigenias did not immediately start up; and that Nuns and Vestals should be suffered ever after to be seen among the Masks. But this project, it seems, was not then sufficiently ripe for execution, as a certain awkward thing, called Bashfulness, had not yet been banished from the female world; and to the present enlightened times was reserved the honour of introducing, however contradictory the term may seem, a Naked Masquerade.

What the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone, will, I am assured, be set on foot by our persons of fashion, as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting; where it is proposed to have a Masquerade *Al Fresco*, and the whole company to display all their charms *in puris naturalibus*. The Pantheon of the Heathen Gods, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and Titian's Prints, will supply them with a sufficient variety of undrest characters. One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate Water-Nymphs bathing in the canal. Three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the Three Graces: and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the Goddess of Beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de Medicis, the most striking attitude for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs: our Beaux may assume the semblance of the beardless Apollo, or (which would be more natural) may admire themselves in the person of Narcissus; and our Bucks might act quite in character, by running about stark-naked with their mistresses, and committing the maddest freaks, like the priests and priestesses of Bacchus celebrating the Bacchanalian Mysteries.

If this scheme for a Naked Masquerade should meet with encouragement, (as there is no doubt but it must) it is proposed to improve it still further. Persons of fashion cannot but lament that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret, that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They, therefore, intend

intend to have a particular sort of Masquerade on that day; in which they may shew their taste, by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that idle book of fables, the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a parallel: we have already had an instance of an Eve; and by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in Masquerade.

It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that this project has already taken place among the lowest of the people, who

seem to have been the first contrivers of a Naked Masquerade: and last summer I remember an article in the news-papers, that 'several persons of both sexes were assembled Naked at Pimlico, and being carried before a magistrate, were sent to Bridewell.' This, indeed, is too refined a pleasure to be allowed the vulgar; and every body will agree with me, that the same act, which at the Green Lamps or Pimlico appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the Haymarket or at Ranelagh.

W

Nº LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

O IMITATORES, SERVUM PECUS! —

HOR.

DULL IMITATORS! LIKE THE SERVILE HACK,
STILL SLOWLY PLODDING IN THE BEATEN TRACK.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

BAYES in the Rehearsal frequently boasts it as his chief excellence, that he treads on no man's heels, that he scorns to follow the steps of others; and when he is asked the reason of inserting any absurdity in his play, he answers, 'Because it is new.' The poets of the present time run into the contrary error: they are so far from endeavouring to elevate and surprise by any thing original, that their whole business is Imitation; and they jingle their bells in the same road with those that went before them, with all the dull exactness of a packhorse.

The generality of our writers wait till a new walk is pointed out to them by some leading genius; when it immediately becomes so hackneyed and beaten, that an author of credit is almost ashamed to appear in it among such bad company. No sooner does one man of parts succeed in any particular mode of writing, but he is followed by a thousand dunces. A good elegy makes the little scribblers direct their whole bent to subjects of grief; and, for a whole winter, the press groans with melancholy. One novel of reputation fills all the garrets of Grub Street with streams of histories and adventures, where volume is spun out after volume, without the least wit, humour, or inci-

dent. In a word, as Bayes obviated all objections to his nonsense by saying it *was new*, if a modern writer was asked why he chose any particular manner of writing, he might reply, 'Because it is *the fashion*.'

True genius will not give into such idle extravagant flights of imagination as Bayes; it will not turn funerals into banquets, or introduce armies in disguise; but still it will not confine itself to the narrow track of Imitation. I cannot help thinking, that it is more owing to this servile spirit in the authors of the present times, than to their want of abilities, that we cannot now boast a set of eminent writers: and it is worthy observation, that, whenever any age has been distinguished by a great number of excellent authors, they have most of them cultivated *different* branches of poetry from each other. This was the case in the age of Augustus, as appears from the works of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. And to come down as late as possible, this is evident from our last famous set of authors, who flourished in the beginning of this century. We admire Swift, Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, Addison, &c. but we admire each for his particular beauties separate and distinguished from the rest.

These loose thoughts were thrown together merely to introduce the following little poem, which I think deserves the attention

attention of the public. It was written by a very ingenious gentleman, as a letter to a friend, who was about to publish a volume of miscellanies; and contains all that original spirit which it so elegantly recommends.

TO * * * *

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.
Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;
Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
Want nought but measure to be verse.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your muse by Imitation:
For copies shew, how'er exprest,
A barren genius at the best.

—But Imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease;
Assumes his style, affects a story,
Sets every circumstance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And 'mars a curious tale in telling;
Observes how EASY Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
To find a dirty slipshod Muse.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
Ordu're and filth in rhyme exposes,
Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
With many a ——— dash that must offend us,
And much * * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * *Hiatus non defendus.*

O Swift! how would'st thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy thee!

This, Milton for his plan will chuse,
Wherein resembling Milton's muse?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majesty of song:
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite asleep:
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the mustard-bowl.
The stiff expression, phrases strange,
The epithet's preposterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. author of a piece called *The Pipe of Tobacco*, a most excellent imitation of six different authors.

Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's style?
His faults religiously ye trace,
But borrow not a single grace.

How few, say whence can it proceed?
Who copy Milton, e'er succeed!
But all their labours are in vain;
And wherefore so? The reason's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by those
Milton's the model mostly chose,
Whocan't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
To wooe the gentle Spenser's muse.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waste of flimsy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his strong muse takes wond'rous
flights,
Whene'er she sings of PEERLESS
WIGHTS,
Of DENS, of PALFREYS, SPELLS and
KNIGHTS:
'Till allegory (Spenser's veil
T' instruct and please in moral tale)
With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word, against the times.—
These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's strong
wings,
Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In these the spleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatness of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In Imitation's dangerous road.
Long as TOBACCO's mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room;
Oft as in elbow chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes;
So long, O * Brown, shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with TOBACCO-LEAF for Bays:
And whosoe'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another PIPE to thee.

N^o LXVIII. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

—NUNC ET CAMPUS, ET AREÆ,
LENESQUE SUB NOCTEM SUSURRI
COMPOSITA REPETANTUR HORA.

HOR.

NOW VENUS IN VAUXHALL HER ALTAR REARS,
WHILE FIDDLES DROWN THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES:
NOW GIRLS HUM OUT THEIR LOVES TO EV'RY TREE—
' YOUNG JOCKEY IS THE LAD, THE LAD FOR ME.

THE various seasons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of passing our time. The diversions of winter and summer are as different as the dog-days and those at Christmas; nor do I know any genteel amusement, except Gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contributed to dissipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themselves into strolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the mean time, the several public Gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their walks, and burnishing their lamps, for our reception. At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired; the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious Connoisseurs, who could not be satisfied without *feeling* whether the figures were alive. The magazine at Cuper's, I am told, is furnished with an extraordinary supply of gunpowder, to be shot off in squibs and sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing suns and Catharine-wheels: and it is not to be doubted, in case of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons will assist the British navy; and as we before took Porto Bello and Cape Breton, we shall now gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season! Not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower sort of people have their Ranelaghs and

their Vauxhalls, as well as the quality. Perrot's inimitable Grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your sixpence, at Jenny's Whim. Every skittle-alley half a mile out of town is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats; where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scraping of a blind fidler. And who can resist the luscious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brewed, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village alehouse?

Our Northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our poets. We dare not lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream; but are obliged to fortify our inside against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. For this reason, the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment, as the singing or the fire-works. Poor Mr. John sees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money devoured in tarts and cheese-cakes, by Mrs. House-keeper or My Lady's Own Woman; and the substantial Cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest

honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the Garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and over-hearing every thing that past.

After some talk—'Come, come,' said the old Don, 'it is high time, I think, to go to supper.' To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said—'Do let us have a chick, papa.'—'Zounds,' said the father, 'they are half a crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.' Here the old lady took him up—'You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?' This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, how much there was of it. 'A shilling's worth, Sir,' said the fellow. 'Prithee,' said the Don, 'how much do you think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings *per* pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—At a shilling *per* ounce, that is, sixteen shillings *per* pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece.' The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying—'There goes two-pence—there goes three-pence—there goes a great.—

'Zounds! a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tomato.'

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our Don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter case. 'I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying-day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks.' Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—'Why now,' says he, 'to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff, in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.' A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards, next made their appearance at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, 'that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cooks.'

Supper being ended, Madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—'We *must* have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.'—'Well, well,' says the Don, 'that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?' The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—'We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or—' 'No, no, none of your wisby-washy outlandish rot-gut for me,' interrupted the citizen. 'A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red Claret wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port: and d'ye hear? let it be good.'

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, because, she said, it was ungentle to smoke where any ladies were in company. When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head—'Aye, aye,' said he, 'the bottom

' has had a good kick.—And mind how ' confoundedly it is pinched on the ' sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem ' would beat two of them.—But let us ' see how it is brewed.' He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies having also drank a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter ' to ' pick out an honest one.'

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the Garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the Dark Walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheese-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing, seemed to have been quite forgot, until the dismal moment approached when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardness to squint at the sum total, and declared ' it was pretty reasonable ' considering.'

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he

had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket, in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four halfpence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter—' There,' says he, ' there's your damage—thirteen ' and two-pence—And hearkye, there's ' three-pence over for yourself.' The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and chinking it—' This,' says he, ' will serve me to-morrow to buy a ' paper of tobacco.'

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there was some slight drops of rain, Madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig: and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife, with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the Garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked—' When shall ' we come again, papa?' —' Come ' again?' said he, ' What a pox would ' you ruin me? Once in one's life is ' enough; and I think I have done very ' handsome. Why it would not have ' cost me above four-pence half-penny ' to have spent my evening at Sot's ' Hole; and what with the cursed coach- ' hire, and all together, here's almost ' a pound gone, and nothing to shew ' for it.'—' Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ' ashamed for you,' replies the old lady. ' You are always grudging me and your ' girls the least bit of pleasure; and you ' cannot help grumbling, if we do but ' go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I ' am sure, now they are women grown ' up, they ought to see a little of the ' world—and they *shall*.' The old Don was not willing to pursue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he

he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying, 'Come, come, let us make haste, wife; or we shall not get home

'time enough to have my best wig combed out again—and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday.' W

N° LXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1755.

DIGNIOR EST VESTRO NULLA PUELLA CHORO.

TIBULL.

BEHOLD A TRAIN OF FEMALE WITS ASPIRE;
WITH MEN TO MINGLE IN THE MUSES' CHOIR.

IN a visit which I paid the other day to a lady of great sense and taste, I was agreeably surpris'd by having two little volumes put into my hands; which have been lately published under the title of 'Poems by Eminent Ladies.' These volumes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) 'the most solid compliment that can possibly be paid to the fair sex.' I never imagin'd that our nation could boast so many excellent Poetesses, (whose works are an honour to their country) as were here collected together: and it is with the highest satisfaction I can assure my female readers in particular, that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the compositions of these ladies, which cannot be surpass'd (I had almost said, equalled) by the most celebrated of our male-writers.

The pleasure which I received from reading these poems, made such an impression on my mind, that at night, as soon as I fell asleep, my fancy presented to me the following dream. I was transported, I know not how, to the regions of Parnassus; and found myself in the Court of Apollo, surrounded by a great number of our most eminent poets. A cause of the utmost importance was then depending; and the debate was, whether the English ladies, who had distinguished themselves in poetry, should be allowed to hold the same rank, and have the same honours paid them, with the men. As the moderns were not permitted to plead in their own suit, Juvenal was retained on the side of the male poets, and Sappho undertook the defence of the other sex. The Roman Satirist, in his speech at the bar, inveighed bitterly against women in general, and particularly exclaimed against their dabbling in literature: but when Sappho came to set forth the pretensions which the ladies justly had to

poetry, and especially in love affairs, Apollo could no longer resist the importunity of the Muses in favour of their own sex. He therefore decreed, that all those females, who thought themselves able to manage Pegasus, should immediately shew their skill and dexterity in riding him.

Pegasus was accordingly brought out of the stable, and the Muses furnished him with a side-saddle. All the ladies, who had courage enough to venture on his back, were prepared to mount: but as a great dispute arose among some of the competitors about precedency, (each of them claiming a right to ride first) it was at length agreed that they should get into the saddle according to seniority.

Upon this a lady advanced; who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet had a noble presence, that commanded at once awe and admiration. She was dressed in an old-fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bugles and points; such as was worn in the time of King Charles the First. This lady, I was inform'd, was the Duchess of Newcastle. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility; and giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop, and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakespeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against Melancholy, which, she said, were so extremely picturesque. The Duchess, with a most pleasing air, immediately began—

* Dull Melancholy——

She'll make you start at ev'ry noise you hear,
 And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
 Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound;
 She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
 Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
 Which various shadows make against the wall.
 She loves nought else but noise, which discord
 makes;
 As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
 The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow
 groan;
 And shrieking owls, that fly i' th' night alone;
 The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
 A mill, where rushing waters run about.
 She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
 And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
 In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low
 cells,
 She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
 There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
 While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seemed very attentive; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* to this lady's † Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy.

The celebrated Orinda, Mrs. Catherine Philips, was next placed in the saddle, amid the shouts and applauses of the Lords Roscommon and Orrery, Cowley, and other famous wits of her time. Her dress was simple, though of a very elegant make: it had no profuse ornaments, and approached very nearly to the cut and fashion of the present age. Though she never ventured beyond a canter or a hand-gallop, she made Pegasus do his paces with so much ease and exactness, that Waller himself owned he could never bring him under so much command. After her, Mrs. Killigrew, assisted by Dryden, and several other ladies of that age, took their turns to ride: and every one agreed, that (making some allowance for their sex) they could not be excelled by the most experienced riders among the men.

A bold masculine figure now pushed forward, in a thin, airy, gay habit, which hung so loose about her, that she appeared to be half undrest. When she came up to Pegasus, she clapped her hand upon the side-saddle, and with a

spring leaped across it, saying that she would never ride him but astride. She made the poor beast frisk, and caper, and curvet, and play a thousand tricks; while she herself was quite unconcerned, though she shewed her legs at every motion of the horse, and many of the Muses turned their heads aside blushing. Thalia, indeed, was a good deal pleased with her frolics; and Erato declared, that next to her favourite Sappho she should always prefer this lady. Upon enquiring her name, I found her to be the free-spirited Mrs. Behn. When she was to dismount, Lord Rochester came up and caught her in his arms: and repeating part of her ‡ Ode to Desire—

—————To a myrtle bower
 He led her, nothing loth.—————

MILTON.

I had now the pleasure to see many ladies of our own times, whose names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards Pegasus. Among the rest, I could not but wonder at the astonishing dexterity with which the admired Mrs. Leapor of Brackley guided the horse, though she had not the least assistance from any body. Mrs. Barber of Ireland was assisted in getting upon the saddle by Swift himself, who even condescended to hold the stirrup while she mounted. Under the Dean's direction she made the horse to pace and amble very prettily: notwithstanding which, some declared, that she was not equal to her friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Grierison.

Another lady, a native of the same kingdom, then briskly stepped up to Pegasus; and despising the weak efforts of her husband to prevent her, she boldly jumped into the saddle, and whipping and cutting, rode away furiously helter skelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horse, who kicked and winced all the while, into the most filthy places; where she made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which she bespattered almost every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, she would put a stop to this mad career; and then she plainly

* Poems by Eminent Ladies, Vol. II. Page 200.

† Ditto, Page 199. N. B. This lady, it is supposed, wrote before Milton.

‡ Ditto, Vol. I. Page 167.

convinced us, that she knew as well how to manage Pegasus as any of the females who had tried before her. Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions, Mrs. Pilkington, I had the curiosity to take a nearer view of her; when step-

ping up towards her, and offering my assistance to help her down, methought she returned my civility with such an uncourteous flap on the face, that (though I awaked at the instant) I could not help fancying for some time that I felt my cheek tingle with the blow. W

N^o LXX. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

—CAUSAM HANC JUSTAM ESSE IN ANIMUM INDUCITE,
UT ALIQUA PARS LABORIS MINUATUR MIHI.

TER.

WRITE, CORRESPONDENTS, WRITE, WHENE'ER YOU WILL;
'T WILL SAVE ME TROUBLE, AND MY PAPER FILL.

MY publisher having acquainted me, that he intends to close the volume with this number, I shall take the opportunity to throw together several letters which I have received in the course of this work, and to balance with all my correspondents: at the same time assuring them, that I shall be very glad to open a fresh account with them in my next volume.

In the infancy of this undertaking, I was honoured with the following very kind billet from a brother of the quill; the terms of which I am sorry it was not in my power to comply with.

DEAR SIR,

I Can be of great assistance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every other week, or oftener if you chuse it. As a specimen of my powers, I have sent you an essay, which is at your service. It is short, but a very good one. Yours at command,

T. TURNPENNY.

P. S. Please to send by the bearer a Guinea.

The contents of the postscript I naturally referred to the consideration of my publisher, who consequently had a right to determine on the goodness of my friend's essay; but, whatever was the reason, I heard no more of it. The commerce between bookfeller and author is, indeed, of very great service, especially to the latter: for, though I myself must undoubtedly be excepted out of the number, yet it must be confessed, that the most famous wits have owed their

support to this pecuniary intercourse. Meat and drink, and the other conveniences of life, are as necessary to an author, as pen, ink, and paper: and I remember to have seen, in the possession of Mr. Tonson, a curious manuscript of the great Dryden himself, wherein he petitions his bookfeller to advance a sum of money to his taylor.

The next letter comes likewise from an author, who complains of an evil, which does not, indeed, often affect many of our fraternity; I mean the custom of giving money to servants.

DEAR MR. TOWN,

I Have been happy all this winter in having the run of a nobleman's table, who was pleased to patronize a work of mine, and to which he allowed me the honour of prefixing his name in a dedication. We geniuses have a spirit, you know, far beyond our pockets: and (besides the extraordinary expence of new cloaths to appear decent) I assure you I have laid out every farthing that I ever received from his lordship's bounty, in tips to his servants. After every dinner I was forced to run the gantlope through a long line of powdered pickpockets: and I could not but look upon it as a very ridiculous circumstance, that I should be obliged to give money to a fellow who was dressed much finer than myself. In such a case, I am apt to consider the showy waistcoat of a foppish footman, or butler out of livery, as laced down with the shillings and half-crowns of the guests.

I would therefore beg of you, Mr. Town, to recommend the poor author's
case

case to the consideration of the gentlemen of the cloth; humbly praying, that they would be pleased to let us go scot-free as well as the clergy. For though a good meal is in truth a very comfortable thing to us, it is enough to blunt the edge of our appetites, to consider that we must afterwards pay so dear for our ordinary. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JEFFERY BAREBONES.

By some of my papers I find I have drawn upon me the censure, not only of the Free-thinkers, but of the Moravians, Methodists, and other numerous sectaries, which have lately started up in opposition to our established religion. The following letter, occasioned by my sixty-first number, bears about it so many marks of an original, that it certainly comes from one of their teachers, who (as his stile smells so much of the craft) is undoubtedly some inspired shoe-maker, or enlightened bricklayer. I have therefore printed it without any alteration, except in the spelling.

MR. CONNOISSEUR.

SIR,

I Have taken the pains as usual to read your paper; and as you receive letters, I thought proper among the rest to send one also, to let you know, that I did not know that a cat was capable of constituting a religious society before. A priest may, 'tis true; and so may another rational creature, and perhaps an old woman also. But, Sir, you argue, that what a French fool or lunatic says on this head, is true; but you make more out, I observe, from the old woman and the leathern apron, than you do of the cat. For, if old women will, or does constitute a religious society, I understand from the foundation you seem to argue, that you are as much an old woman as they. For to argue or reason from an old woman's story, and for all your learning, and policy, and cunningness and judgment, you seem to have, you have but little of yourself: and as you seem to ridicule religion, and compare it to atheism or lunacy, I would beg the favour to know, Sir, what religion You are of: but by your talk I fear you are of none at all.

This New Doctrine, Sir, that you revile, is the real Gospel, which you will find so, if you hear it, and compare it

with the Scriptures, if you believe any Scripture at all. For you say, Sir, that the most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons instead of cassocks. Well, and suppose it is: you acknowledge it is received by well disposed people; and if it is, then it is plain, as you ridicule it, you are not one of these well disposed. But, Sir, this New Doctrine, as you call it, is not only propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons, by barbers; bricklayers, and the like, but by many of the clergy now in the established church: and if you often went to hear them, but not as a critic to carp at what is there spoken, you would understand more what this New Doctrine meant, and whether it drives men to enthusiasm, and the like, or no.

Sir, what you touch on the Moravians, I will not say any thing about or against: for perhaps it is too true. But, Sir, I would advise you to know a little more of religion experimentally for yourself, before you pretend to condemn others. And, Sir, if you are informed that there will be a mad-house built on the ground where the Foundery stands, or the Methodists Meeting-house, as you call it, perhaps there may be as many criticising lunatics in it as religious ones; and very likely more. Sir, I beg you would take care you don't bother your brains too much about other people's affairs; lest I should have the pain, not the pleasure, of seeing you there.

I have just given you a sketch of the ridiculing the New Doctrine, and wish you could find some better employ, if so be it was with a leathern apron before you, for I think it would become you better than this point does. Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom with you, as others must your's with them.

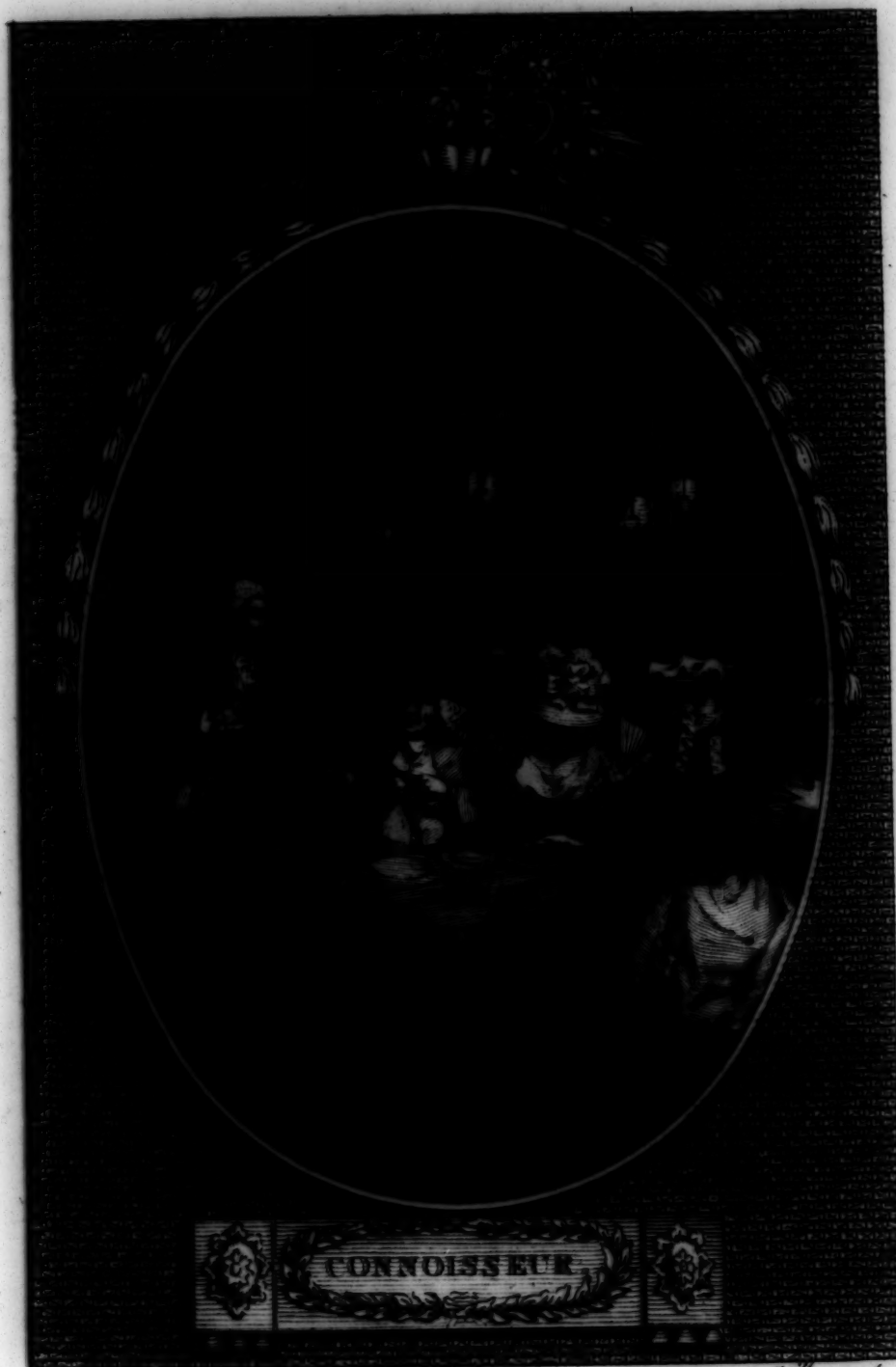
Your humble servant,

WISH NO HARM.

The last letter which I shall add comes from an unknown correspondent, who has already obliged me more than once, if I may judge from the hand-writing.

SIR,

SOME time ago you archly remarked, that there was not one *Woman* left, but that the whole sex was elevated into LADIES. You might at the same time have taken notice of the wonderful increase



Cartwright del.

Walker sculp.

crease among the other sex in the order of GENTLEMEN.

Besides those who are universally acknowledged of this rank from their birth and situation in life, the courtesy of England also entitles all persons who carry arms to that dignity: so that his Majesty's three regiments of guards are composed entirely of Gentlemen; and every priggish fellow, who can clap a *queue* to his peruke, and hang a sword awkwardly dangling by his side, from thence assumes the importance as well as name of a Gentleman. Idleness and ignorance being too often the disgrace of those who are Gentlemen born and bred, many invest themselves with that dignity, though with no other qualifications. If the pride, poverty, or neglect of parents, has prevented their son from being bound apprentice, or if the idle rascal has shewn his indentures a light pair of heels, in either case Tom is of no trade, and consequently a Gentleman. I know at this time a man, who came from Ireland last summer with an hayfork, but before winter raised himself to the rank of a Gentleman; and every day I go to Windmill Street, I see a very honourable Gentleman betting large sums of money, whom I formerly remember Marker of the Tennis Court. Add to this, that all attorneys clerks, apprentices, and the like, are Gentlemen every evening; and the citizen (who drudges all the rest of the week behind the counter) every Sunday, together with his laced waistcoat and ruffles, puts on the Gentleman. Every author, Mr. Town, is a Gentleman, if not an Esquire, by his profession; and all the players, from King Richard to the Lieutenant of the Tower, are Gentlemen.

The body of Gentlemen is still more numerous; but I have not leisure at present to climb up to garrets, or dive into cellars after them. I shall only observe, that many of the above-mentioned members of this order die with the same reputation that they lived, and go out of the world, like Squire Maclean, or Gentleman Harry.

Your humble servant, &c.

* * Before I dismish this new edition of my work, I think it my duty to return thanks to my kind readers for their candid reception of these Papers, as they

were separately published: though I cannot but be sensible, that either through haste, inadvertence, or other avocations, they unavoidably abounded with many faults; from which I have endeavoured to clear them as much as possible in their present form. Mr. Faulkner of Dublin is very welcome, therefore, to his Irish edition, printed *literatim* from my Folio; in which, I dare say, the very errors of the press are most religiously preserved.

I cannot but regret, indeed, that there is still wanting one principal ornament to these little volumes; I mean the DEDICATION. Not that there are wanting persons highly deserving of all the praises which the most obsequious and most devoted Author could possibly lavish on them: for in all ages, and in all nations, these have always abounded, Latin Authors, for example, have never failed to pay their compliments to the illustrious family of the *Issimi*; such as the *laudatissimi*, the *eminentissimi*, the *commerdatissimi*, the *famigeratissimi*, the *doctissimi*, the *nobilissimi*, &c. and among our own writers no less respect has been shewn to the numerous race of the *most* famous, the *most* ingenious, the *most* learned, the *most* eminent, &c. It is but justice, that those who offer the incense, should 'live by the altar:' yet, notwithstanding I gave notice to any Rich Citizen, Nobleman, or Others, that my dedication should be disposed of to the Best Bidder, I have received no overtures on that head. In the City, this Course of Exchange has not yet been established; and among people of quality, the market has been overstocked, and flattery is become a mere drug; while some of them, who have taken up the trade themselves, have, perhaps, considered me as a rival or interloper in the business.

It remains only to give an account of the Authors concerned in this work. I am sorry that I do not know the names of any of the Volunteers, to whom I have been greatly indebted: and as to those who have engaged for the drudgery of the week, various conjectures have been formed about them. Some are sure that the papers signed T are written by Mr. *Such an One*—because it is the first letter of his name; and others, by *Another*—because it is not: O is the mark of the *Honourable*—

or

or *Lord* ———; they know it by the stile: and *W* must be the work of a certain famous wit, and no other—*Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus*. But to put this matter out of all doubt, and to satisfy the curiosity of my readers, all I am at liberty at present to divulge is, that none of the papers (to my knowledge) were written by the *Honourable* ———,

or *Lord* ———, or ——— *Esquire*; but that those which are marked with a *T*, and those with an *O*, and those with a *W*, (as well as those which hereafter may perhaps be signed *N*) are furnished by the ingenious and learned gentleman, who has subscribed his name to this paper.

T, O, W, N.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE
CONNOISSEUR.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

N^o LXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

EST BREVIATZ OPUS, UT CURRAT SENTENTIA, NEU SE
IMPEDIAT VERBIS LASSA; ONERANTIBUS AURES:
ET SERMONE OPUS EST MODÒ TRISTI, SÆPE JOCOZO.

HOR.

I WRITE, AS I WOULD TALK; AM SHORT, AND CLEAR;
NOT CLOGG'D WITH WORDS, THAT LOAD THE WEARIED EAR;
A GRAVE DULL ESSAY NOW AND THEN GOES DOWN;
BUT FOLKS EXPECT TO LAUGH WITH MR. TOWN.

AMONG the several degrees of authors, there are none, perhaps, who have more obstacles to surmount at their setting out than the writers of periodical essays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain attempt after the inimitable Spectator and others; that all the proper subjects are already pre-occupied, and that it is equally impossible to find out a new field for observation, as to discover a new world. With these prejudices, the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the stale repetition of the same fare, though tossed up in a different manner, they sit down with but little relish for the entertainment.

That the Spectator first led the way, must undoubtedly be acknowledged: but that his followers must for that reason be always supposed to tread in his steps, can by no means be allowed. In the high road of life there are several extensive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may strike into, without the necessity of keeping the same beaten track with those that have gone before us. New objects for ridicule will continually present themselves; and even the same characters will appear different by being

differently disposed, as in the same pack of cards, though ever so often shuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

After this introduction, I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myself in speaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the public. And first, whatever objections the reader may have had to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner in which I have chose to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleased to call) colloquial barbarisms, has induced some unskilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the sake of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination. The English language is sufficiently copious and expressive without any further adoption of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompously whered in: as British soldiers fight our battles better than the alien troops taken into our pay.

The subjects of my essays have been chiefly such, as I thought might recommend

X

mend themselves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the *Spectator* is inimitable; nor could I hope to say any thing new upon these topics after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroseness of a philosopher. I have rather chose to undermine our fashionable excesses, by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face than when it comes with a laughing one.

There are some points in the course of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more serious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of exposing the absurd tenets of our modern Free-thinkers and Enthusiasts. The Enthusiast is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the Free-thinker; because the latter, with all his bravery, cannot but be conscious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himself into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he is opposed, the more he considers himself as 'patiently suffering for the truth's sake.' Ignorance is too stubborn to yield to conviction; and on the other hand, those, whom 'a little learning has made mad,' are too proud and self-sufficient to hearken to the sober voice of reason. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out superstition, by making it's followers ashamed of themselves: and as for our Free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boasted weapons of ridicule against them; and as they themselves endeavour to banter others out of every serious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the Psalmist) should 'laugh them to scorn, and have them in derision.'

It is with infinite pleasure that I find myself so much encouraged to continue

my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. Baldwin with no less pleasure informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the Folio edition, he intends to collect my papers into Two Pocket Volumes. The reader cannot conceive how much I already pride myself on the charming figure which my works will make in this new form: and I shall endeavour to render these volumes as compleat as I possibly can, by several considerable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the small space of a twelve volume, I still hope to maintain my former dignity; like the Devils in Milton's *Pandæmonium*, who,

To smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large.

The *Spectator* has very elegantly compared his single papers, as they came out, to 'cherries on a stick;' of the dearness of which the purchasers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taste with choice fruit at it's earliest production. I have considered my own papers as so many flowers, which joined together would make up a pretty nosegay; and though each of them singly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragrance by an happy union of their sweets.

The learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has sometimes put my scholarship to a stand, I could by no means dispense with: for such is the prevalence of custom, that the most finished essay, without a motto, would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a nose. But custom has imposed upon us a new task, of giving translations to these mottos; and it has been the usual method to copy them promiscuously from Dryden or Francis: though (as Denham has remarked of translation in general) 'the spirit of the original is evaporated in the transfusion, and nothing is left behind but a mere *caput mortuum*.' A motto, as it stands in the original, may be very apposite to the subject of the essay, though nothing to the purpose in the common translation: and it frequently derives all it's elegance from

from an humorous application, in a different sense to what it bears in the author, but of which not the least trace can appear in the version. For this reason I have determined to give entire new translations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations, adapted to the present times. And these, I flatter myself, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as some of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and picturesque allusions to modern manners. In this dress they will at least appear more of a piece with

the essays themselves; and not like the patch-work of random translations.

In the mean time I shall only add, that if any Nobleman, Gentleman, or Rich Citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of these volumes, he is desired to send in proposals, together with a list of his virtues and good qualities, to the publisher; and the Dedication shall be disposed of to the best bidder.

* * None but principals will be treated with.

T

N^o LXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

—VERSUS INOPES RERUM, NUGÆQUE CANORÆ.

HOR.

WHAT THOUGH OUR SONGS TO WIT HAVE NO PRETENCE,
THE FIDDLE-STICK SHALL SCRAPE THEM INTO SENSE.

THE managers of our Public Gardens, willing to make their summer diversions as compleat as possible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of music, but are also at much expence to amuse us with the old English entertainment of Ballad-finging. For this end they not only retain the best voices that can be procured, but each of them also has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a stated salary, and the run of the Gardens. The productions of these petty laureats naturally come within my notice as Critic: and, indeed, whether I am at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, or even Sadler's Wells, I indulge myself in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the Songs, as to the Cascade, the Fireworks, or Miss Isabella Wilkinson.

Ballads seem peculiarly adapted to the genius of our people; and are a species of composition in which we are superior to all other nations. Many of our old English Songs have in them an affecting simplicity; and it is remarkable, that our best writers have not been ashamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. Cowley, Waller, Roscommon, Rowe, Gay, Prior, and many others, have left behind them very elegant Ballads: but it must be confessed, to the honour of the present age, that it was reserved for our modern writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is

now reduced to certain rules of art; and the Ballad-maker goes to work by a method as regular and mechanical as a carpenter or a blacksmith.

Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, describes a machine to write books in all arts and sciences: I have also read of a mill to make verses; and remember to have seen a curious table, by the assistance of which the most illiterate might amuse themselves in composing hexameters and pentameters in Latin: inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of Grub Street or others are ambitious to enlist themselves as hackney sonnetteers, are desired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern Song-writers: a set of geniuses excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as Garden-poets, as the celebrated Taylor is now famous under the denomination of Water-poet.

I must beg leave positively to contradict any reports insinuating that our Ballad-makers are in possession of such a machine, mill, or table, as above-mentioned; and believe it to be equally false, that it is their practice to hustle certain quaint terms and phrases together in an hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been asserted on some just ground, that their productions are totally void of sense and expression, that they have little rhyme and less reason,

and that they are, from beginning to end, nothing more than nonsensical rhapsodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taste, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumstance, which I, who am professedly a Connoisseur, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all composers of music, that nothing is so melodious as nonsense. Manly sense is too harsh and stubborn to go through the numberless divisions and subdivisions of modern music, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demiquavers. For this reason, thought is so cautiously sprinkled over a modern Song; which it is the business of the finger to warble into sentiment.

Our Ballad-makers for the most part slide into the familiar stile, and affect that easy manner of writing, which (according to Wycherly) is easily written. Seeing the dangerous consequence of meaning, in words adapted to music, they are very frugal of sentiment: and indeed they husband it so well, that the same thoughts are adapted to every song. The only variation requisite in twenty Ballads is, that the last line of the stanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole song consists: and the author, whether 'he shall die if he has not the lass of the mill,' or 'deserves to be reckon'd an ass,' turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a similar sound, and every verse jingles to the same word, with all the agreeable variety of a set of bells eternally ringing the same peal.

The authors of love-songs formerly wasted a great deal of poetry in illustrating their own passion and the beauty of their mistress; but our modern poets content themselves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of these rhymers, than a mistress with an hard name: such a misfortune sends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, sciences, and languages, for correspondent terms; and after all, perhaps, the name is so harsh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verse, as the celebrators of the Duke of Marlborough were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the Dutch towns taken in Queen Anne's wars. Valen-

tine in Love for Love, when he talks of turning poet, orders Jeremy to get the maids together of an evening to Crambo: no contemptible hint to our Ballad-makers, and which, if properly made use of, would be of as much service to them as Bysshe's Art of Poetry.

Fearing lest this method of Song-writing should one day grow obsolete, in order to preserve to posterity some idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a specimen of the modern manner. I must, however, be ingenuous enough to confess, that I can claim no farther merit in this elegant piece, than that of a compiler. It is a Cento from our most celebrated new Songs; from which I have carefully culled all the sweetest flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different Songs set to different tunes, I would humbly propose, that this curious performance should be sung jointly by all the best voices, in the manner of a Dutch concert, where every man sings his own tune. I had once some thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader by note, at what place the Song, whence it is taken, was first sung. But I shall spare myself that trouble, by desiring the reader to look on the whole piece, as arising from a coalition of our most eminent Song-writers at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's Wells: assuring him, that this short dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expression from the Fine Lady in Lethr) the *Quintessence* and *Emptiness* of all our modern Songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CORYDON AND SUSAN.

Sus. AH! whither so fast would my Corydon go?

Step in, you've nothing else to do.

Cor. They say I'm in love, but I answer
No, no;

So I wish I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitter-patter,

And I sigh'd but I could not tell why.

Now let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Sus. O fye, shepherd, fye, shepherd, fye.

Cor.

Cor. Though you bid me begone back again;

Yet, Sukey, no matter for that.

The women love kissing as well as the men.

Suf. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;

Upon my word he did.

Cor. I swear I meant nothing but playing the fool.

Suf. Very fine! very pretty, indeed.

Cor. Come, come, my dear Sukey, to church
let us go;

No more let your answer be no.

Suf. The deuce sure is in him to plague a
maid so;

I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS BY BOTH.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,

Who bill like the sparrow and dove.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,

Sure this is mutual love.

N^o LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

— SECERNERE SACRA PROFANIS. —

HOR.

WHEREVER GOD ERECTS AN HOUSE OF PRAY'R,
THE DEVIL ALWAYS HAS A CHAPEL THERE.

DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in Westminster Abbey, among the many ostentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help observing a little stone, on which was this pompous inscription: '*Eternæ Memoriae Sacrum*—Sacred to the Eternal Memory of —.' The name of the person to whom immortality was thus secured is almost obliterated; and, perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and soon forgot by the small circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I have been used to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is set down a long catalogue of virtues that nobody knew they were possessed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of these posthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly suspected, as we are generally told, that the disconsolate widow, or weeping son, erected the monument in testimony of their affliction for the loss of the kindest husband, or most affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good man's decease, would refuse to set her hand to it on his tomb-stone, that he was the best of husbands, though perhaps they had parted beds? Or what heir would be so base and ungrateful, as not to give a few good words to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his estate?

By the extravagant praises which are thus indiscriminately lavished on the ashes of every person alike, we entirely

pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and justice to the virtuous and the good. But by the present practice, the reputations of men are equally confounded with their dust in the grave, where there is no distinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed searchers to enquire, when any one dies, into the cause of his death: in the same manner I could wish, that searchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him upon the tomb-stone.

The flatteries that are paid to the deceased are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their survivors, which is the same among the lowest as the highest set of people. When an obscure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at Islington, the news-papers are stuffed with the same detail of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world: and the petty overseer of a little hamlet has a painted board stuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a distich setting forth the godliness of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who reposes under a grand mausoleum erected to his memory, with a long list of his titles and heroic deeds.

The great, indeed, have found means to separate themselves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their ashes deposited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the most superb monuments: but the false pomp of the monument, as well as the gross flattery of the

the inscription, often tends only to make the deceased ridiculous. In my late visit to Westminster Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of Taste, which has prevailed in setting up these edifices for the dead. In former times it was thought sufficient to clap up the bust or statue of the deceased, set round perhaps with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or station of life. Thus, if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed out by two or three little chubby-faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was spread out at full length in a complete suit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him; and the bishop was laid flat upon his back, with his coiled head resting on a stone bible, and his hands joined together in the posture of praying.

If Socrates, or any other of the ancient philosophers, could revive again, and be admitted into Westminster Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himself in a Pantheon. The Modern Taste, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and representing the Virtues under allegorical images, has ransacked all the fabulous accounts of the Heathen Theology to strike out new embellishments for our Christian monuments. We are not in the least surprised to see Mercury attending the tomb of an orator, and Pallas or Hercules supporting that of a warrior. If there is not a stop put to this Taste, we may soon expect to see our churches, instead of being dedicated to the service of religion, set apart for the reception of Heathen Gods. A deceased admiral will be represented like Neptune, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a shell by dolphins, preceded by Tritons, and followed by Nereids lashing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like Mars, bearing an helmet and spear in polished stone; and a celebrated toast will be stuck up naked, like the Venus de Medicis, cut in alabaster. Our pious forefathers were contented with exhibiting to us the usual emblems of death, the hour-glass, the skull, and the cross marrow-bones. These emblems, if not very elegant, were at least not indecent: but now the Three Fatal Sisters, mentioned in the Heathen Mythology, must be introduced spinning, drawing, and

cutting the thread of life. Could one of the last century see a winged figure blowing a trumpet on the top of a modern monument, he would be apt to mistake it for an arch-angel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, 'when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise.' But the design, we are told, is very different; and this winged messenger is no other than the ancient personage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account, to have a separate place, distinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wish to see such a scheme put in execution: for the present absurd mixture of the several objects of the Pagan and Christian belief, as represented on the tombs lately set up in compliance with the Modern Taste, must be shocking to every serious beholder. Should any one propose to take down from St. Paul's cathedral those paintings of Sir James Thornhill representing the transactions of St. Paul, and in their place to set up Titian's pictures of the amours of the Heathen Gods and Goddesses, every one would be shocked at the impiety of the proposal. But the fashion of introducing Heathen Deities into our monuments is not much less absurd: and as Milton has been blamed for his frequent allusions to the Heathen Theology in his Sacred Poem, surely we are more to be condemned for admitting the whole class of their fictitious deities into the House of God itself. A reformation in this point is no less necessary than from the Popish superstitions; and these profane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to be set up in the Temple of the Living Lord, than those of the canonized Saints of the Roman Catholics.

Modern Taste is continually striking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our statuaries have travelled through the ancient Pantheon, and exhausted all the subjects of the Grecian and Roman Mythology, we shall have recourse to the superstitions of other nations for the designs of our monuments. They will then probably be adorned with Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and the tomb of some future hero may be built according to the model of the Prophet's tomb at Mecca. It

is not to be doubted, but that the Chinese Taste, which has already taken possession of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will also soon find its way into our churches: and how

elegant must a monument appear, which is erected in the Chinese Taste, and embellished with dragons, bells, Pagoda, and Mandarins!

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Nº LXXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

—NON ITA ROMULI
PRÆSCRIPTUM, ET INTONSI CATONIS
AUSPICIIS, VETERUMQUE NORMA.

HOR.

ROME BOASTS HER SONS, A RACE OF STUBBORN FOOLS,
TO VIRTUE TRAIN'D BY GREY-BEARD CATO'S RULES:
SUCH RIGID PRIDE OUR MODEST YOUTH DISCLAIM,
GREAT IN THEIR CRIMES, AND GLORIOUS IN THEIR SHAME.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the fashion of drawing invidious parallels between the present times and the past. The grumbling politician rails over his coffee at the present ministry, and reminds you with a sigh of the golden days of Queen Bess: while, in matters of less consequence, the critic shakes his head at Mr. Town, and mentions Bickerstaff. But the moralists are above all others devoted to this practice. These wise gentlemen are continually looking backwards, and condemning what lays immediately before them by retrospect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have scarce more words in their mouths than the solemn sentences said to be delivered by Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, 'Time is—Time was—Time is past.'

No comparisons of this sort are so frequently repeated, and so much insisted on, as those drawn between the Ancients and Moderns. If an eloquent member of the House of Commons is cruelly suspected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but Tully and Demosthenes. If a gentleman, or perhaps a nobleman, with an heavy mortgage upon his estate, disencumbers it by selling his interest at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one Roman, that was not ashamed to follow the plough-tail, and another, who could refuse large bribes, and content himself with a cottage and turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate slip, she is told again and again of Lucretia, and fifty other school-boy tales of honour and chastity. In a word, there is not one fashionable frailty, but

has some stubborn antiquated virtue set in opposition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with destruction for its degeneracy from the rigid maxims of Rome or Sparta.

In the midst of all these severe reflections, it gives me infinite pleasure that I can with justice take notice of the incontestible superiority of the Moderns in point of Modesty. The arrogance of the Ancients was so remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect character, they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a strict observance of all the duties of life: and if some old Romans had been stiled Gods while living, it would not have been such gross flattery as was afterwards practised in honouring the Emperors with an Apotheosis. Their inflexible honesty was their perpetual boast, and their virtue was their pride. This high idea of a Perfect Character among the Ancients naturally urged them to lift themselves to an invidious superiority above the rest of the world: while the modest Moderns, by taking all the vices, instead of the virtues, into their notion of a Fine Gentleman, endeavour to let themselves down to a level with the lowest of their species, and have laid the surest foundation for humility. Fine Gentlemen are so far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing which gives them the least reason to be so: and our Fine Ladies have none of the disgusting haughtiness of virtue, though indeed they are seldom known to be ashamed.

It is impossible to devise any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might possibly conceive of himself, that

that has not been put in practice. No Fine Gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give some little occasion for pride, the greatest pains have been taken to destroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in drunkenness, and a strong constitution sweated away in bagnios: and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, lest improvement should bring on pedantry and literary pride. The most shining parts in the character of a Fine Gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dresses genteelly, rides well, can shoe his own horse, and is possessed of some other qualifications which nobody can ever suspect that a mind the least given to ambition would ever labour to acquire. For my part, I am so far from agreeing with our Satirist, that the love of fame is the universal passion, that when I observe the behaviour of our Fine Gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the lowest and humblest turn of mind. Indeed, their singular Modesty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meanest and most contemptible light.

Nothing but this invincible Modesty, and fear of seeming to aim at excellence, could ever give rise to certain habits, not only ridiculous, but ungraceful. Good eyes, for instance, are universally acknowledged to give lustre to the whole countenance; yet fashion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through spying glasses. It has been known to be the vogue for persons of fashion to lose the use of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled. This practice I daily expect to be revived: for I take it for granted, that the tall staves now carried about must naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate lisp even now infects the delivery in polite conversation. It is not at all unfashionable to pretend deafness; and unless the ladies object to it, I do not despair of seeing the time when the whole modish world shall affect to be dumb.

This humble way of thinking has been carried so far, that it has even introduced a new species of hypocrisy. Fine Gentlemen, fearing lest their good qualities should in their own despite overbalance their bad ones, claim several vices, to

which they have no title. There is something very admirable and ingenuous in this disposition among our young people, who not only candidly discover all their frailties, but accuse themselves of faults which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow who is almost every morning complaining of the head-ache, and cursing the last night's Champagne at the St. Alban's, when I am well assured he passed his evening very soberly with his maiden aunts in Cheapside. I am also acquainted with another gentleman who is very fond of confessing his intrigues, and often modestly takes shame to himself for the great mischief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too bashful even to make love to his landlady. He sometimes laments publicly the unlucky consequences of an amour, and has more than once been discovered to send pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himself, to be left at the bar of neighbouring coffee-houses. The same humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conscience, and affect the character and conversation of an atheist. To say the truth, the generality of the gay world are arrant hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worse than they really are. Many of our pretended Bloods are, in fact, no more drunkards, whoremasters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little sincere in their boasts of vice, as statesmen or beauties in their mutual professions of friendship.

That part of the female world which composes the order of Fine Ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the Fine Gentlemen. There is something so charming in the fair sex, that we should almost adore them, if they did not lay aside all the pride of reputation, and by some good-natured familiarities reduce themselves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellencies from their characters. When we see them almost as naked as the Graces, it is natural to suppose them as warmly devoted to Venus; and when we hear them talk loosely, and encourage double meanings in conversation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very strict or severe. But after all, this is frequently
mere

mere hypocrisy, and the effect of humility. Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modest; and many a coquet has lost her reputation without losing her virtue. I make no doubt but that several ladies of suspicious characters are not so bad as they seem, and that there are honourable persons among the gayest of our women of quality.

To return whence I set out, the extraordinary Modesty of the Moderns, soaverse to the arrogant pride of the Ancients claiming all virtues and good qualities whatsoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at least the appearance of vice, becomes absolutely requisite to pass through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of spirit. As Sir John Brute

says, 'They were sneaking dogs, and 'afraid of being damned in those days;' but we are better informed, and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To secure the nobility, gentry, and others, from so shocking an imputation, a friend of mine will speedily present the world with a curious piece compiled from the practice and principles of the present times, entitled, 'A New Treatise on Ethics; or, a System of Immoral Philosophy.' In this work he has treated at large of Modern Modesty, shewn the excellence and utility of Immorality, and considered Drinking, Whoring, Fighting, and Gaming, as the four Cardinal Vices, or, in other words, the principal constituents of Bucks, Bloods, and Fine Gentlemen.

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N^o LXXV. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

NON TU CORPUS ERAS SINE PECTORE.——

HOR.

WITHOUT A MIND A MAN IS BUT AN APE,
A MERE BRUTE BODY IN AN HUMAN SHAPE.

GOOD-Nature is to the mind what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable disposition creates a love and esteem for us in the rest of mankind, as an handsome person recommends us to the good graces of the fair sex. It may be further observed, that any little defect in point of figure is sooner overlooked, than a sourness in the temper; and we conceive a more lasting disgust at a morose churlishness of manners, than at an hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-nature is, indeed, so amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to possess it: and the ladies themselves would no more like to be accused of a perverse turn of mind, than of an unhappy cast of features. Hence it proceeds, that those unfortunate stale virgins, usually called Old Maids, have both these heavy censures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some persons are (according to the strict import of the phrase itself) born Good-natured. These fortunate people are easy in themselves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, constitutionally pleasing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in conversation, than an Hamilton or a

Coventry can be otherwise than beautiful and charming. Yet it is the duty even of those who are naturally endowed 'with the soft parts of conversation,' to be careful not to deprave or abuse them. They must not rely too confidently on their native sweetness of disposition: for we should no more esteem a man who discovered a negligence of pleasing, than we should admire a beauty who was an intolerable flatterer. Nor, on the other hand, should they let their Good-nature run to an excess of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often spoiled by this troublesome politeness, as a fine shape has been squeezed into frightful distortions by tight stays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requisite, even in those few who are blessed with this native complacency and good-humour, how necessary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpose it would be fully sufficient if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds that is daily used to set off their persons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and essence are called in as auxiliaries

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to the embroidered suits and French perukes, but this anxiety to supply any personal defect has set the invention of artificers to work with so much earnestness, that there is scarce any external blemish which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their assistance be made a model for a statuary, or a pattern for a painter to study. If you want an inch in height, your shoe-maker can supply it; and your hofier can furnish you with a pair of calves that may put an Irishman to the blush. An irregularity in your shape can be made invisible by your taylor, or at least by the artist near the Hay-market, who daily gives notice that he makes steel stays for all those who are *INCLINED to be crooked*. There are various beautifying lotions and cosmetics, that will cure spots and freckles in the complexion; and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the finest brown. Do you want an eye? Taylor will fill the vacant socket with as bright a piercer as the family of the Pentweazles can boast. Or is your mouth *deficient* for want of teeth? Paul Jullion (to use his own phrase) will *rectify your head*, and will fix a set in your gums as even and as white as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-sweeper. These, and many other inventions no less curious and extraordinary, have been devised; and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been submitted to with patience to conquer personal deformities. I know a gentleman who went through the agony of having his leg broken a second time, because it had been set awry; and I remember a lady who died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the application of repelling plaisters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be destroyed. I most heartily with the same resolution was discovered in improving the disposition. Tully, in that part of his Offices where he speaks of Grace, tells us that it is destroyed by any violent perturbations either of the body or mind. It is a pity that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; since it is likely they would spare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their persons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worse figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruke: and that know-

ledge is a greater ornament to the head than a bag or a smart cocked hat; that anger sets like a blood-shot in the eyes, while Good-nature lights them up with smiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced that we want this social turn, is the grand reason that so little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be persuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemishes of the mind more easily corrected and amended than the defects and deformities of the body: but, alas! every man is in his own opinion sensible and good-humoured. It is, indeed, possible to convince us that we have a bad complexion or an awkward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by washes and a dancing-master; but when the mind is accused, self-adulation, the most fatal species of flattery, makes us cajole ourselves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own disposition, but in that of our companions; as the mad inhabitants of Moorfields conclude all who come to visit them out of their senses. This foolish flattery it is that makes us think ourselves inflexibly in the right, while we are obstinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleasure in society. A whimsical person complains of the fickleness of his acquaintance, and constantly accuses them of fancy and caprice; and there never was an instance of a positive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverseness and obstinacy of the rest of the world. A modern Buck damns you for a sullen fellow, if you refuse a pint bumper; and looks upon you as a sneaking scoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not chuse to lay all night in the roundhouse. The untractable humourist, while he disgusts all that are about him, conceives himself to be the person affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the conversation, though he is himself the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that 'the eye sees not itself:' but when this blind partiality is carried so far, as to induce us to believe those guilty of the folly who make us sensible of it, it is surely as absurd as to imagine that the hare lip or carbuncled nose a man sees in the glass, belongs to the figure in the mirror, and not to his own face.

Perfection

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their persons: natural defects and irregularities in both must be overlooked and excused. But then equal attention should be paid to both; and we should not be anxious to clothe the person, and at the same time let the mind go naked. We should be equally assiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are compleatly dressed, we should take care that Good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole; which will throw the same grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine cloaths receive from being cut according to the fashion. In order to acquire these good qualities, we should examine ourselves impartially, and not erect ourselves into judges, and treat all the rest of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a person of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hose,

and the habit worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and while he strutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuse all the rest of the world of being out of the fashion?

I cannot conclude better than with a passage from Swift's Tale of a Tub, where the strict analogy between the cloathing of the mind and the body is humourously pointed out. 'Man,' says he, 'is a *Micro-Coat*. As to his body 'there can be no doubt; but examine 'even the acquirements of his mind, 'you will find them all contribute in 'their order towards furnishing out an 'exact dress. To instance no more; 'is not *Religion* a Cloak, *Honesty* a pair 'of Shoes worn out in the dirt, *Self-love* a Surtout, *Vanity* a Shirt, and 'Conscience a pair of Breeches, which, 'though a cover for lewdness as well 'as nastiness, is easily slipt down for 'the service of both?'

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N^o LXXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

VOMERIS HUC ET FALCIS HONOS, HUC OMNIS ARATRI
CESSIT AMOR: RECOQUUNT PATRIOS FORNACIBUS ENSES:
CLASSICA JAMQUE SONANT: IT BELLO TESSERA SIGNUM.

VIRG.

THE SCYTHER NEGLECTED, AND FORGOT THE PLOUGH,
THE RUSTIC KNITS HIS POLITICIAN BROW:
HIS GRANDSIRE'S RUSTY SWORD HE LONGS TO WIELD,
WHILE GUNS, DRUMS, TRUMPETS, CALL HIM TO THE FIELD.

THE British Lion, who has for a long time past been a passive couchant beast, or at most been heard to growl and grumble, now begins to roar again. His tremendous voice has roused the whole nation, and the meanest of the people breathe nothing but war and revenge. The encroachments of the French on our colonies are the general topic of conversation, and the popular cry now runs—'New England for ever!' Peace or war has been the subject of bets at White's, as well as the debates at the Robin Hood; and 'a fleet roasting, new world's new dress, the colonies in a rope,' &c. were, last Sunday, the subjects of a prayer and lecture at the Oratory in Clare Market. The theatres also, before they closed the season, entertained us with several warlike dramas: the *Pres-gang* was exhibited at Covent Garden; and at Drury Lane

the same sea, that rolled it's canvass billows in Pantomime at the beginning of the season to carry Harlequin to China, was again put in motion to transport our sailors to North America. At present the streets ring with the martial strains of our ballad-fingers, who are endeavouring, like Tyrtæus of old, to rouse their fellow countrymen to battle; while all the polite world are hurrying to Portsmouth to see mock-fights, and be regaled with pickled pork and sea-biscuit on board the Admiral.

This posture of affairs has occasioned politics, which have been long neglected, as studies useless and impertinent, to become once more fashionable. Religion and politics, though they naturally demand our constant attention, are only cultivated in England by fits. Christianity sleeps among us, unless roused by the apprehensions of a plague, an earthquake,

earthquake, or a few Bill: and we are alarmed for a while at the sudden news of an invasion or a rebellion; but, as soon as the danger is over, the Englishman, like the soldier recovered from his fright occasioned by Queen Mab's drumming in his ear, 'swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again.' To preach up public spirit is at some seasons only blowing a dead coal; but at others, an accidental blast kindles the embers, and they mount into flame in an instant. The reign of politics seems at present to be re-commencing. Our news-papers contain dark hints and shrewd conjectures from the Hague, Paris, and Madrid; and the lye of the day is artfully contrived to influence the rise and fall of the money-barometer in Change Alley. This is the present state of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I shall now take no further notice, but submit to the perusal of my readers the following letter from my Cousin Village on the same important subject.

—, JUNE 30, 1755.

DEAR COUSIN!

WAR, though it has not laid our fields waste or made our cities desolate, engrosses almost all the attention of this place. Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their wise heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted. The preparations now making by sea and land are as popular subjects as the price of corn or the Broad-wheel-act. Success to our noble admirals, and a speedy War, are also as common toasts over a mug of ale as *God speed the plough*, or a good harvest: though it must be owned, that some selfish country squires, who have not an equal share of public spirit and love of their country with their fellow rustics, are somewhat apprehensive of the influence which a war may have upon the Land-tax.

I am at present on a visit to Sir Politic Hearty, who is one of those country gentlemen, who so much prefer the public welfare to their own private interest, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of their own estates. Sir Politic is miserable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his spirits revive at the

sound of the post-horn, when the mail brings him the London Evening Post, and a long letter of news from his nephew at the Temple. These Sir Politic himself reads after dinner to me, the curate of the parish, and the town-apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep insight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many shrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two Doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the asterisks, dashes, and italics. Nothing at first puzzled the honest baronet, and his privy council, so much as the new feat of war. They very well knew the situation of Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other scenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ohio, Oswego, &c. (to use a common phrase) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length surmounted by the Templar's having transmitted to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps; by the help of which the baronet sometimes delineates the progress of the French up the Ohio, in meanders of port winding along the table, and sometimes demolishes the forts lately raised by the enemy in different parts of our colonies. At present writing I am but just withdrawn from the taking of Crown Point, represented by a cork, and stormed by Sir Politic at the head of an army of cherry-stones.

Sir Politic has, indeed, studied Monsieur D'Anville thoroughly: he has also been very much taken up of late with the perusal of the History of the Six Nations: so that he has scarce one idea in his head, that does not bear some relation to the West Indies. We had some boiled beef the other day for dinner, when the good knight observed, that he should be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the *War-kettle*; and he had no sooner lighted his pipe, than the first puff of the tobacco threw him into some reflections on the danger of Virginia. 'By the bye,' said the Baronet, 'I am a great admirer of the Indian oratory; and I dare say old Hendrick the Sachem would have made a good figure in the House of Commons. There is something very elegant in the *Covenant-Belt*; but pray what a pox are those damned *Strings of Wampum*? I cannot find any account of them in Chambers's Dictionary.' He then entered

entered into a dissertation on the *War-boop*; and turning to the apothecary—'Doctor,' said he, 'what do you think of *Scalping*?' The Doctor replied, that for his part he imagined it to be somewhat in the nature of an *Epispastic* or *Blister*. 'Ay,' said the other reverend Doctor, shaking his head, 'it is a very barbarous custom indeed: though it is no wonder, since they have only had a few Jesuits among them; so that they have very little notion of Christianity.'

War never fails of producing groundless and contradictory reports: and if Fame is a lying jade in town, she is the

idlest gossip that ever spoke in the country. We have gained several victories in Virginia, and taken several forts, but lost them all back again the next post. At one time we burnt, sunk, took, and destroyed the whole French fleet, though it had not stirred out of Brest harbour; and but last week we shot off poor Boscawen's legs, and made him fight, like Witherington, on his stumps; till a letter from Sir Politic's nephew confuted this report, and set the admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

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N^o LXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

CUM PULCHRIS TUNICIS SUMET NOVA CONSILIA ET SPES.

HOR.

WISDOM WITH PERIWIGS, WITH CASSOCKS GRACE,
COURAGE WITH SWORDS, GENTILITY WITH LACE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Read your late paper, shewing the close analogy which cloathing the body bears to adorning the mind; and am thoroughly persuaded that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embellish their minds as to set off their persons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good-nature, with the same ease that they can furnish themselves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug or duffel can, at a moment's warning, be furnished with a compleat suit of lace or embroidery from Monmouth Street, his long lank greasy hair may be exchanged in Middle Row for a smart bag or a jemy scratch; and his clouted shoes with the rough hobnails in the heel and sole clumping at every step, may be transformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the Yorkshire Warehouse, or the Old Crispin in Cranbourn Alley. The draggled street-walker can rig herself with a clean smock, a linen gown, and an hat smartly cocked up behind and before, in Broad St. Giles's; or if she can afford it; every pawnbroker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tissue or brocaded sack, and all the *paraphernalia* of a countess. But where, Mr. Town, can these people go to clothe

their minds, or at what shops are retailled sense and virtue? Honour and honesty are not to be purchased in Monmouth Street; knowledge is not infused into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no bush, sense is not derived from the full-bottomed periwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for shew with paint, patches, piumpers, and every external ornament that art can administer, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot for any price buy chastity in Broad St. Giles's, or hire honesty from the pawnbroker's.

Seeing, therefore, at one view, the difficulty in obtaining the accomplishments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dress, I have been labouring this week past to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length devised a scheme, which will fully answer that purpose. In a word, then, I shall next winter open a shop or warehouse in the most public part of the town, under the name of a MIND-AND-BODY-CLOTHIER: two trades which, though never yet united, are so far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inseparable. I shall not only supply my friends with a suit or a single virtue, but furnish them with compleat habits of mind and body from head to foot; and by a certain secret art in the form

form and texture of the things sold, the required virtues shall be as inherent in them as the materials of which they are composed. That such virtues may be transfused by cloaths is evident from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. Town, I remember to have met with an account of Fortunatus's Wishing Cap, by which he could transport himself in an instant from one place to another: it is also well known, that the famous Jack the Giant-killer possessed a Sword of Sharpness, Shoes of Swift-ness, and a Coat of Invisibilty. Why then may not I sell a surtout of patriotism, or a sword of honour, and retail modesty and chastity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons?

No one who duly considers the natural influence which cloaths commonly have upon their wearers, will object to my scheme as utterly impracticable. That a person can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or periwig, is plain in very numerous instances. The young counsellor, who every morning in term-time takes the measure of Westminster Hall with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once divests himself of his gravity with the starched band and long robe, and resumes the spirit of a Buck together with the sword and bag-wig. In the same manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the disposition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of a carpenter by his leathern apron, or a soldier by his red coat. When we see a snuff-coloured suit of *ditto* with bolus buttons, a metal-headed cane, and an enormous bushy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a dispenser of life and death, as if we had seen him pounding a mortar or brandishing a clyster-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been distinguished by different colours; as scarlet has been made to represent valour, yellow to denote jealousy, and true blue to signify integrity. Thus we may likewise discover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feast I see the guests tucking their napkins into their shirt-collars, as if they

were all of them going to be shaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dress than in the Alley; and when the antiquated toast is laying on her complexion at the toilet, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is she doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can discover impudence staring from the bold cock of a Kevenhuller, parsimony skulking in a darned stocking, coquetry spread out in a hoop-petticoat, and foppery dangling from a shoulder-knot. I often please myself with thus remarking the various dresses of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmost linings of the heart, and discover 'the very stuff of the thoughts.'

It must, however, be owned, that in these matters the nicest penetration may be imposed on; since, in the present random method of dressing, many persons appear in masquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for, as whoever deals with me will at once clothe his mind and his body, the whole town will be dressed in character. Thus if a chimney-sweeper or a plough-boy put on a suit of embroidery, a sword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the same time invest themselves with the internal dignity of a person of quality: my lady's youngest son may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchased at the same time with a gown and cassock by the young smarts from the universities. My scheme also further recommends itself, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge that the world will chuse to follow; for, as my cloaths will always be cut according to the newest and most elegant manner, these qualifications of the mind, inherent in them, must necessarily come into fashion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their *valet de chambre*; and a young lady of fashion will acquire new accomplishments with every new ribband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilette. I depend on your readiness to promote my scheme: but what I most earnestly intreat of you, Mr. Town, is to use your utmost interest with the polite world, but especially with the ladies, not to discard cloaths entirely; as by such a resolution my scheme must be defeated; and, indeed, it will not be in the

the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As knowledge and virtue can never be sufficiently diffused, my warehouse will be calculated for general use, and stored with large assortments of all kinds of virtues and dresses, that I may suit persons of whatever denomination. Physicians may be furnished from my shop with gravity and learning in the ties of a periwig; serjeants at law may be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counsellors may be endued with a sufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a smart tie between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupée. I shall sell religion to country parsons in pudding-sleeves, and to young town curates just come from the university in doctors scarfs and full grizzles: I shall have some pious ejaculations, whinings and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, bricklayers, tallow-chandlers, and butchers, at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields. For our military gentlemen designed to go abroad, I shall have several parcels of true British courage, woven in a variety of cockades and sword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who stay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of

French *Bagatelle*, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I suppose, will all of them to a woman, be desirous of purchasing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I shall not be able to answer their demands; but I shall have several dresses, which will make up for the want of it. I shall have neatness done up in a great variety of plain linen; decency and discretion in several patterns for mobs, hoods, and night-gowns; together with modesty disposed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, stays that almost meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I shall also have a small portion of chastity knit into garters, and twisted into laces for the stays, very proper to be worn at masquerades and assemblies.

I had almost forgot to mention, that authors, who are often in equal want of sense and cloaths, shall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reasonable rates. As for yourself, Mr. Town, I shall beg leave to present you with an entire suit of superfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, and appear creditable, and in which no author would be ashamed to be seen. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

W

Nº LXXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

ÆTATIS CUJUSQUE NOTANDI SUNT TIBI MORES.

HOR.

WHAT FOIBLES WAIT ON LIFE THROUGH EV'RY STAGE!
OUR YOUTH A WILD FIRE, AND A FROST OUR AGE!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whosoever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular

set of company. Instead of cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with it's opposite; as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar dye, which shews itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense or a liberal

beral education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesman, will appear in company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse; and the clergyman will grow morose and severe, who seldom or never converses with the laity. If no particular profession claims this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious, or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birth-day suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those who will not go to heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of Whitefield, Wesley, or Count Zinzendorff. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stag heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family-pictures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally incident to the different ages of life! It is not certain that a person will be en-

gaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronicl distempers. This, indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and the old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity which they retain too long; while at the same time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth; by which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old; and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition, who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I will not pretend to decide which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly arises from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and a son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an husband and wife; and chiefly for the same reason: for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they

they are each tugging a different way. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diversions in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness so frequently dissolves; or at least, if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

This unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages; but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young because they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsists. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reprov'd by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuse to be corrected by their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends: which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with so great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence,

as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I am an old man myself, Mr. Town; and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities which ever accompany youth; and if the son would in return endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection in the room of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain shades, will form a picture the most heightened and exquisite in it's colouring. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

N^o LXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

—————O TE, BOLLANE, CERERRI
FELICEM! AIELAM TACITUS, DUM QUIDLIBET ILLE
GARRIRET, VICOS, URHEM LAUDARET. —————

HOR.

SILENT I SAID—' O HAPPIEST HEAD OF CIT,
' WITH BRAIN UNCUMBER'D, AND THE LOAD OF WIT!
' FROM STREET TO STREET STILL RAMBLING UP AND DOWN,
' WHILE ALL HIS TALK WAS STILL OF LONDON TOWN.'

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Have been very much diverted with your observations on the honest tradesmen who make weekly excursions into the villages about town; and I agree with you, that the generality of your citizens seldom dare trust themselves out of the sight of London smoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the Wandsworth double post-chaise, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a stray citizen, whom business had dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myself the other day, about forty miles from London: and as I was mightily pleased with his behaviour and conversation, I have taken the liberty to send you an account of it.

Being caught in a shower upon the road, I was glad to take shelter at the first inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I should have thought, from its antique appearance, had been an house of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had scarce alighted, when a strange figure (driven thither, as I supposed, on the same account with myself) came soberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the steps before he would venture to get off his horse, I had the opportunity of surveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten furtout, which I believe had once been scarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up close round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each side, and fastened about his ears with a list garter, tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs something that resembled spatterdashers, which (as I afterwards

learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right shoe was considerably larger than the other, and had several slits in the upper-leather. He had spurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip, a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head studded with brass pins, hung from his wrist by a string of greasy black leather.

I soon found I was Nobody; for the Gentleman, it seems, took up the whole attention of the maid, mistress, and hostler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the assistance of the steps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was possible for her to see any part of him but his nose, told him, 'he looked brave and jolly;' and when she had led him into the kitchen, she fetched a large glass of what she called 'her own water,' which (she said) would drive the cold out of his stomach. All hands were now busied in drawing off his furtout, which discovered underneath a full-trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waistcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarnished. The furtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was supplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady; and as the gentleman complained of having suffered by loss of leather, the maid was dispatched to the doctor's for some *diachylon*. The usual question now succeeded, concerning dinner; and as he observed I was all alone, he very courteously asked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important business of dinner being settled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-guest told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for these twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods; and that

that he had always put up at this house. He then run on in the praises of the landlady; and tipping me a wink—'Ay,' says he, 'she has has been a clever woman in her time, before she bore children.' He added, that for his part he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and six. He further informed me, that he was married to his present wife in the first mayoralty of Alderman Parsons, and in the very waistcoat he had on: 'But,' says he, 'I now wear it only on a journey; because, you know, a bit of lace commands respect upon the road.' On enquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound apprentice to himself; the other was sent to sea, because he was a wild one; and the youngest he designed to make a parson, because he was grave, and his play-fellows at Poule's school used to call him Bishop.

All this while he had sat in my landlady's riding hood, with a linen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, because it was cooler than a wig. But the saddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle, carefully buckled, which he combed out himself, borrowing some flour from the kitchen drudger. His spatterdashers were next taken off, and his shoes wiped with a wisp of hay; when being assured by the landlady herself, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himself, in order to wait on several tradesmen with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the stables to see his mare: and though the beast seemed as lean and harmless as Sancho's ass, he assured me he had much ado to ride her, she was so frisky, for she had not run in the chaise these two Sundays past.

Being summoned to dinner, we sat down to a repast of mutton chops and sheeps hearts, which last he declared to be the wholesomest eating in the world. He objected to wine, because there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vastly recommended my landlady's home-brew'd, which he affirmed to be better than Hogden ale, or the thatch beer at Islington. Our meal being ended, my

companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mawled the French terribly both by land and sea. At last, among other talk, he happened to ask me, if I lived in the city? As I was desirous of hearing his remarks, I answered, that I had never seen London. 'Never seen it?' says he. 'Then you have never seen one of the finest sights in the whole world. Paris is but a dog hole to it.' There luckily hung a large Map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. 'There,' says he, 'there's London for you.—You see it is bigger than the Map of all England.' He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal streets from Hyde Park to Whitechapel. 'That,' says he, 'is the River Thames—There's London Bridge—There my Lord Mayor lives—That's Poule's—There the Monument stands: and now, if you was but on the top of it, you might see all the houses and churches in London.' I expressed my astonishment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln's Inn Fields—'There,' said he, 'there all the noble-men live.' At last, after having transported me all over the town, he set me down in Cheapside, which, he said, was the biggest street in the city. 'And now,' says he, 'I'll show you where I live.—That's Bow Church—and thereabouts—where my pipe is—there—just there my shop stands.' He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and see him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, assured me, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promised to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after settling the balance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but just as I had mounted my horse, and was going to set forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and shaking me by the hand—'Harkye,' says he, 'if you will be in town by the twenty-fifth of this instant July, I will introduce you to the *Cockney's Feast*; where, I assure you, you'll be mighty merry, and hear a great many good songs.'

T I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

N^o LXXX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.NULLA VIRI CURA INTEREA, NEC MENTIO FIET
DAMNORUM.

Juv.

WHAT THOUGH THE SPOUSE BE RUIN'D, WHERE'S THE SIN,
BY MADAM'S FRIENDS, SO DEAR, SO NEAR AKIN?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IF polygamy was allowed in this country, I am sure I might maintain a seraglio of wives at less expence than I have brought upon myself by marrying one woman. One, did I say? Alas! I find it, to my cost, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herself into as many bodies as she pleases. You must know, Mr. Town, I took a woman of small fortune, and made her my own flesh and blood: but I never thought that all her relations would likewise fasten on me, with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had scarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother: then I was prevailed upon to marry her two maiden sisters; after that I married her aunts; then her cousins. In short, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do not exaggerate matters, when I say that I am married to them all: for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the person whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and sleep with me: every room in the house is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me: and since I have the whole family quartered upon me, what signifies it which of them takes upon her my name—my wife, her sister, or her twentieth cousin?

O, Mr. Town! I never sit down to table without the lamentable prospect of seeing as much viands consumed as would dine a whole vestry. So many mouths constantly going at my expence! And then there is such a variety of provisions! For cousin Biddy likes one dish; my aunt Rachel is fond of another; sister Molly cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that—though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the best of every thing in season. Besides, I could entertain a set of jolly toppers at a less rate than it costs me in

light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but Lisbon; with another nothing goes down but Rhenish and Spa; and a third swallows me an ocean of Bristol Milk, with as little remorse as she would so much small beer: my eldest aunt likes a glass of dry Mountain; while the other thinks nothing helps digestion so well as Madeira. It was but last week that my wife expressed a desire of tasting some Claret, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it: but with much ado I at last prevailed on them to compound with me for a chest of Florence.

You may imagine that my house cannot be a very small one: and I assure you there are as many beds in it as in a country inn. Yet I have scarce room to turn myself about in it: for one apartment is taken up by this relation, another by that; and the most distant cousin must have more respect shewn her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid-servants: so that poor I have no more liberty in my own house than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to shake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town, scarce big enough to hold my own family. But, alas! they stuck as close to it as a snail to her shell: and rather than not lie under the same roof with their relation, they contrived to litter together like so many pigs in a sty. At another time, thinking to clear my house at once of these vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and sent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? there was no getting rid of those left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the household, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her absence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preserve sweetmeats, another to make Morella brandy; all which they executed with the notableness

ness peculiar to good housewives, who spoil and waste more than they save, for the satisfaction of making these things at home. At last my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new cousins fresh out of the country, who she never knew before were related to her:—but they have been so kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever since.

One would imagine, that it were sufficient for these loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my house in every respect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me, in a manner, to find them in cloaths likewise. I should not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to put up with a cast-off suit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her just dues, and would look more like a dependant than a relation. Not but that they will condescend now and then to take a gown, before it is half worn out, (when they have talked my wife into a dislike of it)—because it is too good for a common servant. They have more spirit than to *beg* any thing: but—if my wife has a fancy to *part* with it—they will wear it, purely for her sake. A cap, an apron, or an handkerchief, which, I am told, looks hideous upon her, I always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, soon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a silk brocade my wife had just bought, one of her sisters took it from her, and told me she would have it made up for herself, and wear it on purpose to spite me.

You must know, Mr. Town, that upon my marriage I was indiscreet enough to set up my chariot: and since my family has encreased so prodigiously, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewise, and another pair of horses. This also furnishes them with a pretence for running about to public diversions, where I am forced to treat them all: for they are so very fond of each other's company, that one will hardly ever stir out without the other. Thus, at home or abroad, they constantly herd together: and what is still more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at my house, my wife makes a merit of it, that she keeps little or no company.

Such is the state of my family within doors: and though you would think this sufficient for one man, I can assure you I have other calls upon me from relations no less dear to me, though I have never yet had the happiness to see them. A third cousin by my wife's father's side was set up in the country in a very good way of business; but by misfortunes in trade must have gone to jail, if my wife had not teased me into being bound for him, and for which I was soon after arrested, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promising youth, was just out of his time, and only wanted a little sum to set him up; which as soon as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to sea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a sober discreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country: but the poor innocent girl being drawn aside by a vile fellow that ruined her, I have been forced to support the unhappy mother and child ever since, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I shall say nothing of the various presents which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at Christmas; nor shall I put to account the charge I have been at in the gossip fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and cousins, to which I had the honour of standing godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this last circumstance makes me reflect with an heavy heart on a new calamity which will shortly befall me. My wife, you must know, is very near her time: and they have provided such a store of clouts, caps, forehead cloths, biggins, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of childbed-linen, as would set up a Lying-in Hospital. You will conclude that my family wants no further increase: yet, would you believe it? I have just received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another cousin, are coming up in the stage coach to see their relation, and are resolved to stay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my house, they will resolve to stay with her till she has had another and another child.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.
T

N^o LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.— GENUS HUMANUM MELTO FUIT ILLUD IN ARVIS
DURIUS. —

LUCRET.

AN HARDY RACE OF MORTALS, TRAIN'D TO SPORTS;
THE FIELD THEIR JOY, UNPOLISH'D YET BY COURTS.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

A Mere country squire, who passes all his time among dogs and horses, is now become an uncommon character; and the most awkward loobily inheritor of an old mansion-house is a fine gentleman in comparison to his forefathers. The principles of a town education formerly scarce spread themselves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every London refinement travels to the remotest corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town daily import to their distant seats the customs and manners of Pall Mall and Grosvenor Square.

I have been for this fortnight past at Lord Courtly's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the distance of above two hundred miles from London. He never leaves his bed till twelve or one o'clock; though indeed he often sees the sun rise; but then that only happens when, as the old song says, he has 'drank down the moon.' Drinking is the only rural amusement he pursues; but even that part of his diversions is conducted entirely in the London fashion. He does not swill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every dish at his table is served up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds; but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life: yet strangers never want a chase, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord Courtly's, who never saw London; and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his Lordship's table, might naturally be considered as his whipper-in or his game keeper.

The evening-walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord Courtly's: for though situated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves, than

if they had never existed but in poetry or romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax-candles, and set out with as many card-tables as the rout of a foreign ambassador's lady. Here Faro, Whist, Brag, Lansquenet, and every other fashionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeness has often fallen heavy on some honest country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordship turn out a very dear ordinary; and many a good lady has had occasion to curse the cards, and her ill-starred connections with persons of quality: though his lordship is never at a loss for a party; for as several people of fashion have seats near him, he often sits down with some of his friends of the club at White's. I had almost forgot to mention that her ladyship keeps a day, which is Sunday.

This, dear Cousin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help observing, that persons polite enough to be fond of such exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change their situation: but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his compting-house; and the nobleman, though in the farthest part of England, may still be said to breathe the air of St. James's.

I was chiefly induced to send you this short account of the refined manner in which persons of fashion pass their time at Lord Courtly's, because I think it a very striking contrast to the character described in the following transcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural portraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here described is now at the seat of the Lord Shaftesbury, at

St.

St. Giles's, near Cranborn in Dorsetshire; and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by Anthony Ashley Cowper, first Earl of Shaftesbury, and is inscribed on the picture. I doubt not but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their usual candour.

THE CHARACTER OF THE HONOURABLE W. HASTINGS, OF WOODLANDS, IN HAMPSHIRE; SECOND SON OF FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

IN the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings; by his quality son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age; or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair; his cloaths always green cloth, and never all worth (when new) five pounds.

His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer; and near the house rabbits to serve the kitchen; many fish-ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never leveled since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls; and it had a banqueting-house, like a stand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to care for his neighbours wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father; who was to boot very welcome to his house, whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small-beer, in great plenty. A house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes: the great hall strewed

with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers: the upper side of the hall hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed; game-keepers and hunters poles in great abundance.

The parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a little white round stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows (which were very large) served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best-chosen hunting and hawking poles. An oyster-table at the lower end; which was of constant use twice a day all the year round: for he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them.

The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes, were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses; that being the rule of the house exactly observed: for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison-pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye with thick crust, extremely baked.

His table cost him not much; though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays,

Fridays, when he had the best salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get; and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'My part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack; and had always a tun glass, without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

He was well-natured, but soon angry, calling his servants Bastards and cuckoldy Knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past four-score he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

I am, dear Cousin, your's, &c.

N° LXXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1755.

NOSSE OMNIA HÆC, SALUS EST ADOLESCENTULIS.

TER.

ALL THESE TO KNOW, IS SAFETY TO THE YOUTH.

THOUGH the following letter was originally written for the instruction of a young gentleman going to the University; yet as it contains several just and sensible reflections, which may be of use to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the request of my correspondent in making it the entertainment of to-day.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the University, I would not be thought to pay so ill a compliment to your own natural good sense, as to suppose that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in some measure apply yourself to study: otherwise the time you spend there will be entirely lost; for (as Swift very justly remarks) 'all ornamental parts of education are better taught in other places.' At the same time I do not mean that you should commence Pedant, and be continually poring on a book; since that will rather puzzle than inform the understanding. And though I know many sprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to despise it altogether, it will be necessary to learn something of Logic; I mean in the same manner one would learn Fencing—not to attack others, but to defend one's self. In a word, you will find it a great unhappiness, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you some taste for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no society in books, will have little else to do, besides following his sports, but to sit as

squire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whose understandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horses.

It has been an established maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of persons according to the company they are known to keep. In the University, as well as in other places, there are people whom we ought to avoid as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmost consequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or sink gradually into indolence and stupidity, I shall point out some of these pests of society in as few words as possible.

The first person I would caution you against is the wretch that takes delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that speech, which was given him by God to celebrate his praise, in questioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itself, is likewise the height of ill-manners. It is hoped there are but few of them to be met with in a place of sound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as possible; and if they will force themselves into our company, they should be used with the same contempt with which they have the hardness to treat their Maker. And this, I can assure you, may be done safely: for I never knew any body, who was above the fear of God, but was under the most terrible apprehensions whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would advise

advise you to shun, is the Gamester, in some respects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his shrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever speak or think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths, and curses, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the least notion of friendship; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himself. He indeed professes himself your friend; but that is only with a design to draw you in: for his trade is inconsistent with the principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendship. It should, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy without giving up his estate.

The next person, whom you ought to beware of, is the Drunkard; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowning his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises maudlin in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that society should be esteemed dull and insipid without the assistance of the bottle to enliven it: so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to 'keep a watch over the doors of our lips.'

A Lownger is a creature that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the Sot to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence, both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one with whom he happens to come in contact.

It were also best to forbear the company of a Wrangler, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises,

not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of shewing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young Academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great sauciness and volubility of expression confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate Rake or the affected Coxcomb, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles already instilled into you will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense not to despise the absurd fopperies of the latter. Noted Liars are no less to be avoided, as the common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lyes, their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to repeat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

But above all I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any Party. Be not transported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice; nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person in whose interest you are may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentleman—just as butchers treat their bull-dogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

After having guarded you against the
2 A evil

evil influence of your own sex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the Ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I shall pass over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though 'endowed with every accomplishment requisite to make the marriage state happy.' In these hasty and unequal matches it sometimes hap-

pens that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent visiting friend, when she reminds us of our past miscarriages, and prescribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet she is a most troublesome companion when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, &c.

H. A.

N^o LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

TOT PARITER PELVES, TOT TINTINNABULA DICAS
PULSARI.

JUV.

ROUGH REPETITION ROARS IN RUDEST RHYME,
AS CLAPPERS CLINKLE IN ONE CHARMING CHIME.

SINCE genius is the chief requisite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very essence of it, than the adopting as beauties, certain arts which are merely mechanical. There are daily arising many whimsical excellencies, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the present mode of writing. With these it is as easy to fill our compositions, as to dress ourselves in the fashion: but the writer who puts his work together in this manner, is no more a poet than his taylor. Such productions often betray great labour and exactness, but shew no genius: for those who sit down to write by rule, and follow 'dry receipts how poems should be made,' may compose their pieces without the least assistance from the imagination; as an apothecary's prentice, though unable to cure any disease, can make up medicines from the physician's prescription, with no more knowledge of physic than the names of the drugs. Thus the Muse, that ought to fly, and 'ascend the brightest heaven of invention,' walks in leading-strings, or is supported by a go-cart.

Among the many poetical tricks of this sort, none have been more successfully practised, or had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantastical conceit, called Alliteration: which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line, with the same letter. This method of running divisions upon the alphabet, and pressing particular letters into the

service, has been accounted one of the first excellencies in versification, and has indeed received the sanction of some of our best poets: but wherein the beauty of it consists, is something difficult to discover; since Quarles or Wethers might practise it with as much adroitness as Dryden or Spenser. It is one of those modern arts in poetry, which require no fancy, judgment, or learning, in the execution: for an author may huddle the same letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer selects his types, and ranges them in whatsoever order he pleases.

This partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contrast to the famous Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, where every letter in the alphabet was in its turn excluded; and the Alliterator must be as busily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or consonant, as the Greek poet to shut out the letter he had proscribed. Nothing is esteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than a happy choice of epithets; but Alliteration reduces all the elegancies of expression to a very narrow compass. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactness; but the closest relation they are intended to bear to the word to which they are joined, is that the initials are the same. Thus the *fields* must be *flowery*, *beauty* must be *beaming*, *ladies* must be *lovely*; and in the same manner must the 'waves' wind their watery way, the 'blustering blasts blow,' and 'locks all loosely lay,' not for the sake of the poetry, but

but the elegance of the Alliteration. This beauty has also taken possession of many of our tragedies; and I have seen ladies wooed and heroes killed in it; though I must own, I never hear an actor 'dying with deadly darts and fiery flames,' &c. but it always puts me in mind of the celebrated pippin-woman in Gay's Trivia, whose head, when it was severed from her body, rolled along the ice crying, 'Pip, pip, pip,' and expired in Alliteration.

The same false taste in writing, 'that wings display'd and altars rais'd,' also introduced Alliteration; and Acrostics in particular are the same kind of spelling book poetry. It is, therefore, somewhat extraordinary, that those sublime writers, who have disgraced their pages with it, did not leave this as well as the other barbarous parts of literature to the Goths in poetry; since it is a whimsical beauty, below the practice of any writer, superior to him who turned the *Æneid* into Monkish verses. Shakespeare, who was more indebted to nature than art, has ridiculed this low trick with great humour in his burlesque tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Besides that noted passage—

—With blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast,

he before introduces a mock rant, which Bottom calls *Ercles' vein*; which is not only rank fustian, but is also remarkable for its Alliteration. 'To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates—and Phibbus car shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates.' In this strange stile have whole poems been written; and every learned reader will recollect on this occasion the *Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam*, which I wish some of our poetasters would translate in the true spirit of the original, and praise pigs and pork with all the beauties of Alliteration.

The advocates and admirers of this practice have asserted, that it adds significance and strength of expression to their verses; but I fear this boasted energy seldom appears to the reader. The Alliteration either remains unregarded, or, if it is very striking, disgusts those who perceive it; and is often an itself, from such a disagreeable cluster of the same letters, harsh and uncouth.

There are many instances, where Alliteration, though studiously introduced, renders the versification rough and inharmonious; and I will appeal to the greatest lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was scarce intended, is one of the most pleasing in all Virgil's works—

Neu patriæ Validas in Viscera Vertite Vires.

Wound not with Vigour Vast the Vitals of the Veal.

It must be acknowledged, that there is something very mechanical in the whole construction of the numbers in most of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than sense, and the words are expected to express more than the sentiment. There are set rules to make verses run off glibly, or drawl slowly on; and I have read many a poem with scarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all these excellencies of versification: for which reason I must confess myself no friend to those critics who analyse words and syllables, and discover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole should be taken together. Poetry should seem at least to flow freely from the imagination, and not to be squeezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to describe, we should then of course express ourselves with force, elegance, and perspicuity; and this native strength of expression would have more true energy than elaborate phrases, and a quaint and studied combination of words and letters. Fine numbers are undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry; but to make the sound echo to the sense, we should make the sense our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the ancients, and of our own Shakespeare, Milton, &c. who breathed the true spirit of poetry, without having recourse to little tricks and mean artifices which only serve to disgrace it. A good writer, who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never pursue words, and play with letters, but leave such a childish employment for the small fry of rhymers, who amuse themselves with anagrams and crambo. The true poet trusts to his natural ear and strong conception, and knows that the versification is adapted to the sentiment, with-

but culling particular letters, and stringing them on his lines; as he is sure that his verses are just measure, without scanning them on his fingers.

There are almost daily published certain Lilliputian volumes entitled, 'Pretty Books for Children.' A friend of mine, who considers the little rhymers of the age as only 'children of a larger growth,' that amuse themselves with rhymes instead of rattles, proposes to publish a small pocket volume for the use of our poetasters. It will be a Treatise on the Art of Poetry *adapted to the meanest capacities*, for which subscriptions will be taken, and specimens may be seen, at George's and the Bedford coffee-houses. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occasion, and will instruct the young scribbler in all the modern arts of verification. He will here meet with infallible rules, how to soften a line and lull us to sleep with liquids and diph-

thongs; to roughen the verse and make it roar again with reiteration of the letter R; to set it hissing with semi-vowels; to make it pant and breathe short with an hundred heavy aspirates; or clog it up with the thickest double consonants and monosyllables: with a particular table of Alliteration, containing the choicest epithets, disposed into alphabetical order; so that any substantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the same letter, which, (though a mere expletive) shall seem to carry more force and sentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more distant sound. The whole to be illustrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be published about the middle of the winter, under the title of 'The Rhymer's Play-Thing; or, Poetaster's Horn-Book;' since there is nothing necessary to form such a poet, except teaching him his letters. T

N° LXXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1755.

—TU, DUM TUA NAVIS IN ALTO EST,
HOC AGE. ————— HOR.

THINK, SAILORS, THINK, THOUGH LANDMEN ARE YOUR HATE,
WHO LIKES A MERE TARPULIN BUT HIS MATE!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,
YOU obliged the world some time ago with a few reflections on the Gentlemen of the Army: at the present juncture, a word or two on our Sea-Officers would not be unseasonable. I do not mean, that you should presume to direct them how to behave in their several stations, but rather to remark on their conduct and conversation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maritime characters. There is a certain unfashionable dye, which their manners often take from the salt-water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on shore. If you could assist in blotting out these stains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeness to their ordinary conversation, and would be of as much service to our naval commanders in this point, as he was to navigation in general, who first invented the compass.

As the conversation of those fair-

weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is usually flat and insipid, that of our sea officers is turbulent and boisterous: and as a trip to Paris has perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in red, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the seaman, who comes home so rough and unpolished, that one would imagine he had not visited any nation in the world, except the Savages, or the Hottentots. The many advantages he has received from having seen the customs and manners of so many different people, it is natural to suppose, would render his conversation very desirable, as being in itself particularly instructive and entertaining; but this roughness, which clings to the seaman's behaviour like tar to his trowsers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite society. He behaves at an assembly as if he was upon deck; and his whole deportment manifestly betrays, that he is, according to the common phrase, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from

from him concerning the several nations he has visited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin: and he seems to know as little of them, as the fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has, for the sake of improvement, rid post through all Europe.

That our ordinary seamen, who are many of them draughted from the very lowest of the populace, should be thus uncivilized, is no wonder. The common sailor's education in Tottenham Court, or at Hockley in the Hole, has not qualified him to improve by just reflections on what he sees during his voyage; and going on board a man of war is a kind of university education, suitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the polite seminaries which he came from. A common sailor too is full as polite as a common soldier; and behaves as gently to a Wapping landlady, as the gentleman soldier at a fustling-house. But surely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their situation: and it is beneath the dignity of the British Flag to have an Admiral behave as rudely as a Swabber, or a Commodore as foul-mouthed as a Boat-swain.

It may perhaps be alledged in excuse, that the being placed among such a boisterous set of people as our common sailors, must unavoidably wear off all politeness and good manners: as it is remarkable, that all those who are employed in the care of horses, grow as ~~more~~ brutish as the animals they attend; and as we may often observe those justices, whose chief business is the examination of highwaymen, house-breakers, and street-walkers, become as vulgar and foul-mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be some truth in this, the commander should therefore be still more on his guard to preserve the gentleman in his behaviour; and like the sea itself, when the storm is over, grow smooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the Thames to abuse the other passengers on the water; and there are certain set terms of abuse, which fly to and fro from one boat to another on this occasion. A wag might perhaps amuse himself with this water-language in his voyage to Vauxhall, but must be a very silly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on shore with him.

In the same manner some roughness may perhaps be necessary to keep the crew in order: but it is absurd for an officer to retain his harshness in polite company; and is in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and disciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine-tails.

But the worst part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt, which they often contract for all mankind, except their fellow-seamen. They look on the rest of the world as a set of fresh-water wretches, who could be of no service in a storm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obstinacy, are particularly deaf to any proposals of new improvements in navigation, though experience daily teaches them the great use of the discoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion how studious men can sit at home, and devise charts and instruments to direct them in their course; they despise those ingenious persons, who would assist them in their undertakings; while they consider them with the utmost contempt, as going round the world in their closets, and sailing at sea in their elbow-chairs. It is no less shameful than true, that the Ventilator, one of the most beneficial inventions that ever was devised, was first offered to the service of our men of war, and rejected. It was first used in foreign ships, then by our merchantmen, and last of all among our men of war, to whose use it was first recommended. This is a strong proof of that fatal obstinacy, which our sea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a further instance of it, I have been told of an Admiral's indignation on this subject venting itself in the following manner: 'A pack of blockheads,' said he, 'sit poring, and pretend to make improvements for our use. They tell you, that they discover this, and discover that; but I tell you they are all fools. —For instance now, they say the world is round; every one of them says the world is round;—but I have been all round the world, and it is as flat as this table.'

The unpolished behaviour of our sea-officers is in a great measure owing to their being often sent to sea very young, with little or no education beyond what they have received at the academy of Woolwich or Portsmouth. A lad of
good

good family, but untoward parts, or mischievous disposition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar-school, or snubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ship in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at first messes with the lowest of the seamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly mess-mates in the course of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, sing a bawdy catch, and dance an horn-pipe. These genteel accomplishments he is sure to retain, as he grows old in the service; and if he has the good fortune to rise to a command, he is as furly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the mast.

After all, it is but justice to confess, that there are many among our sea-officers, who deservedly bear the character of Gentlemen and Scholars; and it is easy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the rest of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of service, are as mere logs as the main-mast. An officer, who has any relish for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and satisfaction, than in sauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, seriously recommend it to those young sailors who have the happiness

to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to suffer every trace of it to be washed away, like words written on the sands: but that, when they return from sea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. James's, as well as at Wapping or Rotherhithe.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to say a word or two concerning our Sea-Chaplains. The common sailors are known to have, when on board, a very serious regard for religion; and their decent behaviour at prayers, and sedate attention to the sermon upon quarter-deck, might shame a more polite audience at St. James's Church. For this reason a truly religious Chaplain, of good morals and sober conversation, will necessarily have as much influence on their behaviour as a mild and prudent Commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumspect on this point; since, if he does not act in every respect conformable to his function, his place might be as well supplied by any one of the unbefitted Doctors of the Fleet. In a word, if a Chaplain will so far divest himself of his sacred character, as to drink, swear, and behave in every respect like a common sailor, he should be obliged to work in the gangway all the rest of the week, and on Sundays be invested with a jacket and trowsers instead of his canonicals. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

O

T. FORE-CASTLE.

N^o LXXXV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1755.

ANIMORUM
IMPULSU, ET CÆCA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE.

HOR.

AS THE FRAIL DAME NOW LOVE, NOW REASON GUIDES,
THE MAGIC MIXTURE RISES OR SUBSIDES.

SO long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a Female Thermometer, constructed by my ingenious friend Mr. James Ayscough, optician, on Ludgate Hill; and I then informed the public, that 'the liquor contained within the tube was a chemical mixture, which being acted upon by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, would rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer.' But I have now the

further satisfaction to acquaint my fair readers, that after several repeated trials and improvements, we have at length brought the instrument to so great a degree of perfection, that any common by-stander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's passions. The liquor, among other secret ingredients, is distilled *secundum artem* from the herbs lady's-love and maiden-hair, the wax of virgin-bees, and the five greater hot and cold seeds: and the properties of it are so subtle and penetrating,

penetrating, that immediately on it's coming within the atmosphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the same manner as the spirits are by the impulse of the air in the common Thermometer.

It was not without some difficulty that we could settle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's desires, which it would be proper to delineate on our Thermometer: but at last we found, that the whole scale of female characters might be reduced to one or other of the following, viz.

ABANDONED IMPUDENCE.

———— GALLANTRY.

———— LOOSE BEHAVIOUR.

———— INNOCENT FREEDOMS.

———— INDISCRETIONS.

INVIOABLE MODESTY.

From these degrees, which we have accurately marked on the side of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of several ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In some of these we have found the gradations very sudden; and that the liquor has risen very fast from the lowest point to the highest. We could likewise discover, that it was differently affected according to the different station and quality of the subject; so that the same actions, which in a lady of fashion scarce raised the liquor beyond Indiscretions, in another caused it to mount almost to Impudence. Much also depended upon the air and temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dress had some influence on our Thermometer: as we frequently observed, that the rise and fall of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the rise and fall of the stays and petticoat.

I shall now proceed to give a succinct account of the many repeated experiments which we have made on different subjects in different places. During the winter season we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects which the play-house, the opera, and other places of diversion, might have on the Thermometer. At the play-house we always found the liquor rise in proportion as the drama was more or less indecent or immoral: at some comedies, and particularly the Chances, it's elevation kept pace exactly with the lasciviousness of the dialogue and the ripening of the plot;

so that it has often happened, that with some subjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has struggled a-while, and rose and sunk about the degrees just above Modesty; before the third act it has stood suspended at the middle point between Modesty and Impudence; in the fourth act it has advanced as far as Loose Behaviour; and at the conclusion of the play, it has settled at downright Impudence. At public concerts, and the opera especially, we observed that the Thermometer constantly kept time (if I may so say) with the music and singing; and both at the opera and the play-house, it always regulated it's motions by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our instrument at the masquerades in the Hay Market; but the temperature of that climate always proved so exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room, the liquor has boiled up with a surprising effervescence to Abandoned Impudence.

During the summer season, we have not failed to make our observations on the company at the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with some raw unpolished females, who came only to eat cheese-cakes and see the cascade and fire-works, the liquor did not stir beyond Modesty; with many it has crept up to Indiscretions; and with some it has advanced to Loose Behaviour. We had no opportunity to try our Thermometer in the dark walks: but with some subjects we have plainly perceived the liquor hastening up towards Innocent Freedoms, as they were retiring to these walks from the rest of the company; while with others, who have gone the same way, it has continued to point, (as it did at the beginning of our observations) at Gallantry. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into Vauxhall, gallanted by an officer. We were glad to see, at her first going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aspired towards Indiscretions, still gravitated back again to Modesty: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between Innocent Freedoms and Loose Behaviour: after this we lost sight of them for some time; and at the conclusion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern observe, that the liquor was hastily bubbling

bubbling up to a degree next to Impudence.

Besides the experiments on those ladies who frequent the public places of diversion, we have been no less careful in making remarks at several private routs and assemblies. We were here at first very much surpris'd at the extreme degree of COLD which our Thermometer seem'd to indicate in several ladies who were seated round the card-tables; as we found not the least alteration in it either from the young or old: but we at last concluded that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally absorb'd all their other passions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has ris'n from cards after so much ill luck as to have involved herself in a debt of honour to a gentleman, the Thermometer has been surpris'ingly affected; and as she has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor, which before was quite stagnant, run up instantaneously to the degree of Gallantry. We have also been at the trouble to try it's efficacy in the long rooms at Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, &c. and we have found that these places have brought about surpris'ing changes in the constitutions of those

sick ladies who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

Having thus sufficiently proved the perfection of our Thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. Ayscough will be ready to supply the public with these useful instruments as soon as the town fills. In the meantime I would advise those ladies who have the least regard for their characters, to reflect that the gradations, as marked on our Thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the transitions from the lowest to the highest are quick and obvious; and that though it is very easy to advance, it is impossible to recede. Let them, therefore, be careful to regulate their passions in such manner, as that their conduct may be always consistent with decency and honour, and (as Shakespeare says) 'not stepping o'er the bounds of Modesty.' I shall conclude with observing, that these Thermometers are designed only for the ladies: for though we imagin'd at first that they might serve equally for the men, we have found reason to alter our opinion; since, in the course of several fruitless experiments on our own sex, there has scarce appear'd any medium in them between Modesty and Impudence.

W

N^o LXXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1755.

—VIA SACRA, SICUT MEUS EST MOS,
NESCIO QUID MEDITANS NEGARUM, TOTUS IN ILLIS.

HOR.

BE RANGE IN QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE EV'RY STREET,
AND STUDY ARTS AT LUDGATE OR THE FLEET.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been generally imagin'd that learning is only to be acquired in the closet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reason men have been assiduous to heap together a parcel of dusty volumes, and our youth have been sent to study at the universities: as if knowledge was shut up in a library, and chained to the shelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one overlook the most obvious and ready means of coming at literature; while, as the Wise Man has remarked, 'Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the opening of the gates: in the city she

uttereth her words, and no man regardeth her.' Every lane teems with instruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or curious passer-by shuts his eyes against that universal volume of arts and sciences which constantly lies open before him in the highways and bye-places; like the laws of the Romans, which were hung up in the public streets.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard student; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never possess'd of so much as an horn-book. In the course of my studies I have followed the example of the ancient Peripatetics, who us'd to study walking: and as I had not

not the advantage to be brought up a scholar, I have been obliged, like the Lacedæmonian children, to the public for my education. My first relish for letters I got by conning over those elegant monosyllables, which are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in *Caricatura*. I soon made a further progress in the alphabet by staring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertisements for stage-coaches and waggons; till at length I was enabled to make out the inscriptions upon signs, bills on empty houses, and the titles on rubric-ports. From these I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has since been to visit the Philibiblian libraries, and other learned stalls, and the noble collections at Moorfields; in which choice repositories I have with infinite pleasure and advantage run over the elaborate systems of ancient divines, politicians, and philosophers, which have escaped the fury of pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine-compilers, I make it my business to take my rounds every morning at the open shops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, fresh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a shift to squint over the first page of the *Connoisseur*, as it lies before me, at Mrs. Cooke's; at the next shop I steal a peep at the middle pages; at another proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cooke's. By the same means I am myself become a *Connoisseur* likewise; and you will be surprised when I assure you, that I have a great variety of the finest prints and paintings, and am master of a more curious set of nick-nacks than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's Collection. For as I constantly survey the windows of every printshop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curiosity as actually in my possession; and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of seeing them, the real owners cannot have more satisfaction in locking them up in Cabinets and Museums.

It is recorded of Democritus, that he transcribed a system of ethics from the volumes of Acicarus in Babylonia. In

like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge which I have thus picked out of the streets has been very extensive: I have gone through a compleat course of physic by perusing the learned treatise of Dr. Rock and other eminent practitioners, pasted up at the entrance of allies and bye-places: I have learned at every corner, that the scurvy is a popular disease—that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the blue posts in Haydon Yard—that nervous diseases were never so frequent—and that the royal family and most of our nobility are troubled with corns. I was completely grounded in politics by stopping at Temple Bar every morning to read the *Gazetteer*, which used to be stuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their stands. But above all, I have acquired the most sublime notions of religion, by listening attentively to the spirited harangues of our most eminent field-preachers: and I confess myself highly obliged to the itinerant missionaries of Whitefield, Wesley, and Zinzendorf, who have instructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint stools. Next to these, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I constantly used to thrust myself into the circle gathered round them, and listen to their ditties, till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewise got some notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too scanty for me ever to get admittance even among the Gods in the upper regions of the twelve-penny gallery. I therefore had recourse to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outside of one of the pit doors: the next act I took my stand at the other: and as the author generally rises in the middle, I could catch the most tearing parts during the third act in the passage to the two-shilling gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively listened to the pathetic, at the conclusion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed with so much learning, you will doubtless be curious to know to what purposes I have turned it. Almost before I could read at all, I got into the service of a very eminent doctor of phy-

fic, who employed me in sticking up his bills, and slipping them slyly into the hands of spindie-thanked young fellows, as they passed by. After this, by closely studying these elegant compositions, I got together a sufficient set of medical phrases, which (by the help of Bayley's Dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for those doctors who were not so happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my business was to invent terrible stories, write Yorkshire tragedies, and occasionally to put the ordinary of Newgate's Account of Dying Speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works that required a greater fund of erudition, such as bog-house miscellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-half-penny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an Eyes-dropper, or collector of news for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lyes for the day. Once, indeed, being out of other business, I descended to the mean office of a ballad-singer, and hawked my own verses; but not having a good ear for music, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of Methodist Preacher. In this station I made new converts every day among the old women by my sighs and groans, who in return contributed their halfpence, which I disposed of in charity to myself: but I was at last beat off the field by a journeyman shoe-maker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myself deserted by my usual

audience, I became Setter to a Fleet Parson.

My employment now was to take my stand at the end of Fleet Market, and whenever I saw any gaping young couple staring about them, to whisper them softly in the ear, and ask them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride: and when my master the doctor died, I made a shift to purchase his entire stock in trade, (consisting of a rusty cassock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and succeeded him in his benefice of the Hand-and-Pen Chapel. I now got a more comfortable subsistence than many regularly ordained curates in the country: but the Marriage-act soon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of May Fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to sell snuff in the Fleet Prison, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, have I set before you the progress I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumstances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any provision for the poor distressed Clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a New Oratory-Chapel in Fleet Market, to be conducted on the same principles with that established in Clare Market; and for which I flatter myself I shall appear no less qualified by my education than the renowned Henley, or any of his butchers. I shall, therefore, beg leave to subscribe myself, hoping for your countenance and protection, your very humble servant,

T ORATOR HIGGINS.

Nº LXXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

QUID DIGNUM TANTO TIBI VENTRE GULAQUE PRECABOR?

MART.

SO WIDE A SWALLOW, AND SO VAST A PAUNCH,
SAY WHAT SHALL CRAM? A TURBOT OR AN HAUNCH?

EATING and drinking being absolutely requisite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and satisfy the regular cravings of the appetite: though it is, in truth, but a very small part of the world that eat because they are hun-

gry, or drink because they are dry. The common day-labourer may, indeed, be glad to snatch an hasty meal with his wife and children, that he may have strength to return to his work; and the porter finds it necessary to refresh himself with a full pot of entire butt, while he

he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food than what is barely wholesome or necessary; their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high-seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomachs to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach: and the whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner, and supper. These people, of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck-loaves for wagers, whether a duke at White's, or a chairman at the Blue Posts, are certainly of the number of those 'whom nature,' as Sallust tells us, 'has made like the brutes, obedient to their bellies;' and, indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the Serpent, 'to be cursed above all cattle, and to go for ever on their bellies.'

There are many vices and follies which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world: but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming; and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of Folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of *Good Living*, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your good opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chase, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance which I have lately made with a person whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, *Table-talk*. His brain seems to be stuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually

serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of Longinus, that he was a Walking Library, in the same manner I consider this gentleman as a Walking Larder: and as the orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friend's whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory; and recollects every place he has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, 'for there the cook spoiled a fine turbot.' Another house is recollected, 'because the parson took all the fat of the haunch of venison:' he remembers a gentleman you mention, 'because he had the smallest stomach he ever knew;' or one lady, 'because she drank a great deal of wine at supper;' and another, 'because she had the best receipt for making her pickled cucumbers look green.'

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies. He is fond of hare-hunting, as he says his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puffs smoking on the table: but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chase after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several Wells in the kingdom: but these he considers, not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. 'Bath,' says he, 'is one of the best markets in the world; at Tunbridge you have fine mutton, and most exquisite wheat-ears: but at Cheltenham, pox take the place, you have nothing but cow-beef, red veal, and white bacon.' He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the most excellent in it's kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish: and it was but last week that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, 'which,' says he in his letter, 'is the best place we can settle our business at, on account of those excellent rolls we may have for breakfast, and

' the delicious trout we are sure to have
' at dinner.'

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is so unfortunate as to want a purse adequate to his taste; so that he is obliged to have recourse to several artifices to gratify his appetite. For this purpose he has with great pains constituted a Club, consisting of persons most likely to promote *Good Living*. This society is composed of members who are all of some trade that can furnish it with provisions, except one country squire, who supplies it with game; and they are obliged to send in the best of whatever their trade deals in, at prime cost: by which wise management the Club is supplied with every delicacy the season affords, at the most reasonable rates. Mr. Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the science of Eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual Caterer: and he has arrived to such a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is sufficient, that he seems to gage the stomachs of the Club, as an exciseman does a cask; so that, when all the members are present, they seldom send away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy much care and deliberation is used in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of venison, with the fat of another as sauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution used at the death of a Pope, to elect a successor who appears the most likely to be short-lived, than by this Society of Epicurean hogs, to admit nobody of a stomach superior to their own. A Captain of a ship trading to the West Indies has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a present to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high spirits, when he told me, that he was the happiest man in the world. 'Now,' says he, 'we shall have Ortolans as plenty as pigeons; for it was but yesterday that we ballotted into our society one of the Flankerkin Bird merchants.'

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cram-

well's luxury at a cheap rate; and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a Bath Cheese, or a Ruff or Land-rail from his friends in Lincolnshire or Somersetshire; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily as if he had kept Lent, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side-dish to escape him: for one is so exceeding good; another looks so tempting; another is so great a rarity; and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make a shift to find room for this or that dainty, because he never tasted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company: he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any tid-bit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily as an hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an Alderman, his appetite so far got the better of his good breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plumb-pudding; and he has ever since been talked of in the city by the name of Skin-pudding.

As all his joy and misery constantly arises from his belly, he thinks it is the same with others; and I heard him ask a perfect stranger to him, who complained that he was sick, whether he had over-eat himself. It is no wonder that Cramwell should be sometimes troubled with the gout: I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On asking him what he was reading, he told me he was *taking physic*; and on enquiring whose advice he had—'Oh,' says he, 'nobody can do me so much good as Mrs. Hannah Glasse. I am here going through a course of her *Art of Cookery*, in hopes to get a stomach; for indeed, my dear friend,' added he, with tears in his eyes, 'my appetite is quite gone; and I am sure I shall die if I do not find something in this book which I think I can eat.'

O.

N^o LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1755.

— FUIT HAUD IGNORILIS ARGIS,
 QUI SE CREDEBAT MIROS AUDIRE TRAGOEDOS,
 IN VACUO LÆTUS SESSOR PLAUSORQUE THEATRO.
 HIC UBI COGNATORUM OPIBUS CURISQUE REFECTUS
 EXPULIT HELLEBORO MORBUM BILEMQUE MERACO,
 ET REDIT AD SESE;—POL ME OCCIDISTIS, AMICI,
 NON SERVASTIS, AIT; CUI SIC EXTORTA VOLUPTAS,
 ET DEMPTUS PER VIM MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR.

Hor.

A-WIGHT THERE WAS, WHOSE MAD DISTEMPER'D BRAIN
 CONVEY'D HIM EV'RY NIGHT TO DRURY LANE:
 PLEAS'D AND TRANSPORTED IN TH' IDEAL PIT
 AT FANCIED TRAGEDIES HE SEEN'D TO SIT.
 NOW TO HIS WITS BY SAGE MONRO RESTOR'D,
 NO THANKS, BUT CURSES ON HIS FRIENDS HE POUR'D.
 ' YE FOOLS!' HE CRY'D, ' THE DEAR DELUSION LOST,
 ' MY PLEASURE FLED, YOU'VE CUR'D ME TO MY COST:
 ' SEIZ'D WITH SUCH WHIMS, WITH PHRENZY SO DIVERTING,
 ' CRUEL! TO CLOSE THE SCENE, AND DROP THE CURTAIN.'

HORACE, in the passage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after Aristotle) of a man who used to sit in the empty theatre, and fancy that he saw real exhibitions on the stage. We have the like account, in another ancient author, of a person that used to wait with great solicitude the coming of ships into the harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of these madmen was also similar: they were both cured; and both complained, that they were deprived of the satisfaction which they before enjoyed from a pleasing error of their minds.

That the happiness and misery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be insisted on: '*Crede quod habes, et habes*—Think ' that you have, and you have,' is a maxim not confined to those only within the walls of Bedlam. I remember an humourist, who would frequently divert himself in the same manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and supply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and suppose himself to be cheapening the most dainty provisions; and when he came home to his scanty meal, by the same ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his small beer into the most delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his customers while he combed out their

wigs: with every bag he would conceive himself going to court or an assembly; and once, when he was sick, he got together three or four of the largest tyes, placed them upon blocks round his bedside, and called them a consultation of physicians.

But of all others, there are none, perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happiness, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no set of people who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have less means, than those gentlemen whom the world has filed Authors. Wit and pride as of en go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred from possessing a profuse share of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompensed by enjoying them in speculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not pence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of Pontac's before them, though they are at a loss perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a critic, by a kind of magic, will transport himself to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be seated at once in the front-boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in Vinegar Yard before the opening of the doors, to secure to himself a corner in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it also happens

to

to most Authors, that though their way of life be ever so mean, their writings favour of the most unbounded magnificence; and as they have nothing to bestow, a most surprising generosity always accompanies every action of the quill. A Novelist, for example, is remarkably lavish of his cash on all occasions; and spares no expences in carrying on the designs of his personages through ever so many volumes. Nothing, indeed, is more easy than to be very profuse upon paper: an author, when he is about it, may erect his airy castles to what height he pleases, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of Peru: and as he deals about his money without once untying his purse-strings, it will cost him the same whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three *gratis* cyphers, may in an instant convert a single ten into as many thousands.

But it must be confessed, that we Essay-writers, as we are the greatest Egoists, are consequently most vain and ostentatious. As we frequently find occasion to prate about ourselves, we take abundant care to put the reader constantly in mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the best company, are present at the most expensive places of diversion, and can talk as familiarly of White's, as if we had been admitted to the honour of losing an estate there. Though the necessities, as well as the luxuries of life, may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for instance, I remember a brother Essayist, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations—'From my own Apartment;' which he represented as abounding with every convenience: though at the same time he was working three stories from the ground, and was often forced, for want of other paper, to scribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myself, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago discovered, without my telling him, that I loll at my ease in a crimson velvet chair, rest my elbow on the polished surface of a mahogany table, write my essays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a silver standish.

Indeed, though I have taken upon

me the title of Connoisseur, I shall not presume to boast, that I am possessed of a Museum, like Sloane's, or a Library equal to Mead's. But as Pliny, and after him our countryman Mr. Pope, have left us a description of their elegant Villas, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have said, if I set before the reader an account of my own Study. This is a little edifice situated at some distance from the rest of the house, for the sake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a small rivulet; and as the entrance into it is shaded by a thick hedge of evergreens, which cast a kind of awful gloom about it, some learned Antiquarians have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a Temple, or rather Chapel of Ease, dedicated to one of the heathen Goddesses. This Goddess, they inform me, was worshipped by the Romans, and was probably held in no less veneration by the Egyptians, Chaldees, Syrians, and other nations. However this be, the walls on the inside are decorated with various inscriptions alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this Study I retire constantly every morning after breakfast, and at other parts of the day, as occasion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I suffer no one to break in upon my privacy: and (what will perhaps surprise my readers) I find in myself the greatest inclination to visit it after an hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progress in literature, and have gone through several very learned volumes, which otherwise I should never have looked into. I have here travelled leaf by leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected ancient divines, critics, and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal satisfaction. I must not forget to mention, that (like the scrupulous Mahometans) I have often picked up the fragments of several learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them among others no less valuable, in my Study.

I may safely boast, that I am indebted for many of my best thoughts in the course of these papers, to the reflections

I have

I have had the leisure to make in this Study; which probably has the same influence on my mind, as the stew'd prunes had upon Bayes, which he tells us he always took when he wrote. But if my Study serves to inspire me sometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated

proofs, that we may justly say of our works, as well as of ourselves—

Serius aut citius Sedem proferamus ad itnam.
OVID.

O lamentable chance! to one vile Seat,
Sooner or later we must all retreat!

T

N^o LXXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1755.

LUGETE, O VENERES CUPIDINESQUE,
ET QUANTUM EST HOMINUM VENUSTIORUM!
PASSER MORTUUS EST MEÆ PUELLÆ;
PASSER DELICIÆ MEÆ PUELLÆ;
QUEM PLUS ILLA OCULIS SUIS AMABAT.

CATUL.

WEEP, YE BELLES, YE BEAUX DEPLORE!
PRETTY, PRETTY POLL'S NO MORE!
POLL, THE DEAR DELIGHT, THE FANCY,
POLL, THE DARLING OF MY NANCY!
PRETTY POLL, WHOM SHE DID LOVE,
'BOVE HER EYES, O FAR ABOVE.

GOING the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had waited some time in the parlour, the maid returned with her mistress's compliments, and informed me, that as she was extremely busy, she begged to be excused coming down to me, but that she would be very glad to see me in the Nursery. As I knew she was a maiden lady, I was a good deal startled at the message: but however I followed the servant up stairs to her mistress; whom I found combing a little spotted dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the settee where she sat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a Nursery for all kinds of animals, except those of the human species. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, mackaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the chairs were several cats reposing on soft cushions; and there were little kennels in the Chinese taste, in almost every corner of the room, filled with pugs, Fidos, and King Charles's breed. As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewling of the cats, which my entrance occasioned, began to cease—'You find me here, Sir,' said the lady, 'tend-

ing my little family, the only joy of my life. Here's a dear pretty creature!' holding up the dog she was combing, 'a beauty! what a fine long-eared snub-nosed beauty! Lady Faddle advertised three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. Ah, bless it, and love it, sweet soul!'—And then she stroked it, and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all those inarticulate sounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be stiled the Language of the Nursery. Upon observing me smile at the embraces she bestowed on her little motley darling—'I am afraid,' said she, 'you don't love these pretty creatures. How can you be so cruel? Poor *dumb* things! I would not have them hurt for all the world. Nor do I see why a lady should not indulge herself in having such sweet little company about her, as well as you men run out estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds.' Then she laid Pompey on his cushion by the fire-side; and railed at the barbarity of the human species to the rest of the creation, and entered into a long dissertation on tenderness and humanity.

An humane disposition is indeed so amiable, either in man or woman, that

it

it ought always to be cherished and kept alive in our bosoms; but at the same time we should be cautious not to render the first virtue of our nature ridiculous. The most compassionate temper may be sufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own species: but who would ever boast of their generosity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? Or would any lady deserve to be celebrated for her charity, who should deny support to a relation or a friend, because she maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs, as the Egyptians did of old; and ere I would so extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would (as *Jago* says on a different occasion) 'exchange my humanity with a baboon.'

Yet there have been many instances, besides my female friend, of this fondness for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lap-dog, and inspect the urine of a squirrel: nay, I am myself acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter so far, as to discharge her chaplain because he refused to bury her monkey. But the most solemn piece of mummary on these occasions is the making provisions for these animals by will; which absurd legacies as little deserve the title of humanity, as those people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright starve their relations, by leaving their estates to found an hospital. It were indeed to be wished, that money left in trust for such uses were subject to some statute of Mortmain; or at least that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive some scheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, mackaws, Italian grey-hounds, and tabby cats.

That a stage coachman should love his cattle better than his wife or children, or a country squire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not so surprising, because the reason of their regard for them is easily accounted for: and a sea-captain has, upon the same principles, been known to contract an affection for his ship. Yet no coachman would, like *Caligula*, tie his horses to a golden rack; but thinks he shews sufficient kindness by giving them a good feed and clean straw: and the country sportsman takes

care to provide his hounds with a warm kennel and horse-flesh; but would never think of placing them on cushions before the fire, and cramming them with fricassees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his estate.

This irregular passion (if I may so call it) is most frequently to be met with among the ladies. How often has the slighted gallant envied the caresses given to a lap-dog, or kisses bestowed on a squirrel! and 'I would I were thy bird!' has been the fond exclamation of many a *Romeo*. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beasts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies discard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites when they can bestow their endearments on a husband. Wherefore, these dry nurses to pugs and grimalkins are mostly to be met with among those females who have been disappointed in the affairs of love, and have against their will retained the flower of virginity till it has withered in their possession. It often happens that there is some kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an instance of a lady's passion for a lawyer being converted into a dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt who once languished for a beau, whose heart is now devoted to a monkey.

But I should not so much quarrel with these humane ladies, who chuse to settle their affections on the brute species, if their love for these pretty creatures was not troublesome to others who are not so sensible of the charms of a snub nose, or cannot discover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never forgive you, if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about, and prattle with it, with as much seeming rapture as herself: in like manner, a lady would take it as an affront to her own person, if you did not pay your addresses equally to her pug or paroquet. I know a young fellow that was cut off with a shilling by an old maiden aunt, on whom he had great dependance, because he gave poor *Venus* a kick, only for lifting up his leg against the gentleman's stocking: and I have heard of another who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himself to extend his caresses to her dormouse. Indeed, I cannot

not help thinking, that the embraces and endearments bestowed on these rivals of the human species should be as private as the most secret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and squalling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nursery. We may often see a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to stop short in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raised from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug: and I once saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a discerning critic of King Charles's black breed, who jumped out of the stage-box, and fastening upon the hero's peri-

wig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear strange, after what has been said, that these ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, should be as solicitous to preserve the breed of their favourite animals, as a sportsman of his hounds and horses. I have known a gentleman in St. James's Street send his little Cupid in a sedan chair as far as Grosvenor Square, to wait upon a lady's Veny for this very purpose: and I shall never forget a Card which was sent to another lady on a like occasion, expressed in the following terms. 'Mr. ———'s compliments to Lady Betty ———, is glad to hear Miss Chloe is safely delivered, and begs it as a particular favour, that her ladyship would be pleased to set him down for a puppy.'

O

N^o XC. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1755.

—EGO NEC STUDIUM SINE DIVITE VENA,
NEC RUDE QUID PROSIT, VIDEO INGENIUM.—

HOR.

AH, WHAT CAN APPLICATION DO,
UNLESS WE HAVE A GENIUS TOO?
OR GENIUS NOW HAVE CULTIVATION,
WITHOUT DUE PAINS AND APPLICATION?

IF we consider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we shall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many instances disappointed. Those who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others, who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a Genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which it signifies a very silly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a Genius, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because he had no Genius at all.

It is a shocking drawback from a father's happiness, when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that these very talents may be his ruin. If vanity

once gets into his head, and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculously proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the mean time those, whom nature threw far behind him, are by Application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his Genius, till it subsists no longer, but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, take away the means of success, and perhaps reduce him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these early Geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a book-feller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet Prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere Genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unwearied applica-

tion to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry Cases and Reports; but, though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a Brief: and many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profession than what lies in his periwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not chuse to be bantered out of their estates, or joked out of their lives: and even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretel the bankruptcy of any wit, who should laugh at the labour of Accounts, or despise the Italian Method of Book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not roused and called forth by study and application, they would become torpid and useless: as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no further on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable; which is written by the same ingenious hand that obliged the public with the Verses on Imitation, inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

GENIUS, blest term of meaning wide!
(For sure no term so misapply'd)
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd Inclination.

But yet suppose a Genius true;
Exempli gratia, me or you.
What'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Should he presume alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts?
Sure of success when'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold if you will, for value sake;
It's springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true:

If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays
Perhaps within our bosom plays.
O how the purer rays aspire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
Nay, Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail.
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd, as well as fung,
And use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind;
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
For Geniuses are ever proud,
His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow,
For horse and dog, he'd beat them hollow.
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstript his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation—
' O Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
' When I defy thee to the race.
' Come, 'tis a match—nay, no denial,
' I lay my shell upon the trial.'

'Twas done and done—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring Hare outstripp'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
' Friend Tortoise,' cries the jeering Hare,
' Your burthen's more than you can bear:
' To help your speed, it were as well
' That I should ease you of your shell,
' Jog on a little faster, prythee,
' I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'
So said, so done—and safely sure;
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd, (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere;
Still drawl'd along, as who should say,
I win, like Fabius, by delay:
On to the goal securely crept;
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets are won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake:
' Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
' Things are not always won by starts;
' You may deride my awkward pace,
' But slow and steady wins the race.'

N^o XCI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

OMNIA CASTOR EMIT; SIC FIET UT OMNIA VENDET.

MART.

SUCH BARGAINS PURCHAS'D BY HIS DEAR;
HER TASTE AT AUCTIONS SHEWING,
HIMSELF MUST TURN AN AUCTIONEER—
'A GOING, A GOING, A GOING.'

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am married to a woman of the most notable disposition, who values herself upon going the nearest way to work in every thing, and laying out her money to more advantage than any body else. But her œconomy is so strangely expensive, and her savings attended with such ridiculous extravagance, that she has almost undone me by her frugality.

In the first place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent *Market-woman*. She understands this business so well, it seems, that she buys every thing better of it's sort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other person: for which reason she always undertakes it herself, and trudges to market with all the notable airs and housewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here she flatters herself, that she has the art of *beating down* every thing so very low, that she cannot resist the temptation of buying such extraordinary *pennyworths*; and after spending the whole morning at twenty different shops, and four or five different markets, she comes home with provisions enough to support the first duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural consequence of this housewifery is, that above half her marketings stink and grow musty before we can use them; yet she is highly delighted with her management, and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her œconomy, and the complaints of the tradesmen, that there was no *dealing* with her, that she is too *hard* for them, and that they shall be ruined by *selling her such bargains*.

I should tell you, Sir, that soon after we were married, my wife over-persuaded me to take an house in the country; and she assured me, that we should save more than the rent of it, by the advan-

tage of breeding our own poultry, and feeding our own cattle, for the supply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it, and my wife took upon her the whole management of the estate; for the ordering of which she had collected together so many excellent rules, that she was sure to save *cent. per cent.* in every article. The consequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye instead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkies were crammed with bran and butter-milk, to save the expence of corn, and were most of them carried off by a looseness; our geese were fattened with acorns instead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of Lincolnshire. Our hogs cost us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-stalks, pease and bean-shells, scalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in consequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork measly. We had two cows for the use of our dairy; but the very first winter, being fed for cheapness with nothing but collart-leaves and chopt straw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at last died of the distemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which used to run in the chaise, fared no better than a miller's horse, as she was kept chiefly upon bran, and very seldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; so that the poor creature, after a journey somewhat harder than usual, dropt down dead between the shafts. We had scarce better luck in the management of our garden: for though my wife prided herself on her notable skill in these matters, our fruit-trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and pease for a groat a peck, we had the pleasure of gather-

ing them fresh from our own garden, after they had stood us in more than ten times their value in the raising.

Among her other housewifely accomplishments, my wife was possessed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all sorts of Made Wines, which nobody could distinguish from those of a foreign growth. She therefore set about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder-berries, and Mountain and Frontinac from raisins and brown sugar: but when these had been kept to a proper age, and were fit to be drank, we had this only consolation, that they were the best Vinegar that could be used for our pickles. Our October, which she contrived to brew with as much bran as malt, and mugwort instead of hops, grew dead in the casks before it had sufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burst above twenty dozen of the bottles, and the remainder was sour. My wife also bought a Still, with it's whole apparatus, that she might make Plague and Hyfteric Water for her own use, and give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the Still flew off, and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another, it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we *lost* elevenpence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic economy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a *Pennyworth* in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a *Bargain*. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as to me, if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery; and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away as the purchase costs. We have as much linen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the Scotch pedlars that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast-off cloaths sufficient to

furnish a sale-shop, which she has bought of ladies maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that silyly whisper in your ear, and offer you right India handkerchiefs made at Spital Fields. But above all, she constantly attends the several Auctions of the Stock in Trade of eminent Tradesmen, that were never heard of; and the Household Furniture, Plate, China, &c. of Baronets and Squires, that never existed but in the brain of the Auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent *Pennyworths*, that, as my pantry is stored with more provisions than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, peruke-pated beaux, and fine ladies, (beauties of their times) that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as, she says, all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate *buying things for nothing*, as she calls it, I shall shortly have nothing to buy withal.

As these valuable purchases are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my house is become a repository for the refuse of Sales and Auctions, the only method I can think of at present to get rid of them, is to make an Auction myself. For this purpose I have drawn out a catalogue; and have sent you the following specimen, that by it you may judge of the rest of my curiosities.

CATALOGUE

Of the choice and valuable

EFFECTS OF MR. ****,

Leaving off HOUSEKEEPING.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

In the First Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included,

A Whole sheet Print of King Charles on Horseback, by Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured.

Mary Queen of Scots, by the same Master, done after the Life, and painted upon Glass, the Right-eye cracked, and the Nose a little scratched.

A Capital

A Capital Picture of Adam and Eve in Cross-stitch.

Noah's Ark, in Tent-stitch, it's Companion.

Fair Rosamond's Bower, in Nun's Work, by the same Hand.

A lively Representation of Chevy Chase, in Lignum Vitæ, Rose-wood, and Mother of Pearl, curiously inlaid.

Several lesser Pieces of Birds, Beasts, Fruits, and Flowers, copied from Nature, in coloured Silks, stained Feathers, and painted Straw.

Merlin's Cave, in Shell-work; composed of above a thousand beautiful Shells, with a Cascade of Looking-glass playing in the Middle.

A most curious Tea-table of rare old Japan; with the Edges broke off, and one of the Legs wanting.

A most rare and inestimable Collection of right old China; consisting of Half a Punch-bowl, Three Parts of a Dish, Half a Dozen Plates joined together with Wires drilled through their Middles, a Sugar-dish with a Piece broke off the Side, a Tea-pot without a Spout, another without an Handle, and five odd Cups and Saucers, the Cracks neatly joined with white Paint.

Some large and elegant Jars and Vases in *Papier Maché*.

Several Figures of Dogs, Monkeys, Cats, Parrots, Mandarins, and Bra-

mins, of the Chelsea and Bow Manufactory.

To which will be added,

A small, but Well-chosen

COLLECTION

OF

MODERN BOOKS;

CONSISTING OF

POPE's Works, and all our best Authors—published in Ink-stands, Tea-chests, and Quadrille-boxes for Fishes and Counters.

Miss in her Teens—The Fool in Fashion—All for Love—The Way to Win Him—She Would if she Could—Much Ado about Nothing—bound together, for the Use of the Fair Sex, in a compleat Set of Dressing-boxes.

A new Form of Self Examination—in a Snuff-box with a Looking-glass in the Lid of it.

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Closet—in a small Pocket Volume, containing a Bottle of Cordial Water.

The Posthumous Works of the late Lord Viscount Bolingbroke—In a Close-stool.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T

Nº XCII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

O NATA MECUM CONSULE MANLIO,
SEU TU QUERELAS, SIVE GERIS JOCOS,
SEU RIXAM, ET INSANOS AMORES,
SEU FACILEM, PIA TESTA, SOMNUM;
DESCENDE.

HOR.

BRISK WINE SOME HEARTS INSPIRES WITH GLADNESS,
AND MAKES SOME DROOP IN SOBER SADNESS;
MAKES POLITICIANS SOUND TO BATTLE,
AND LOVERS OF THEIR MISTRESS PRATTLE;
WHILE WITH ' POTATIONS POTTLE DEEP,'
IT LULLS THE SERIOUS SOT TO SLEEP.

DRINKING is one of those popular vices, which most people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to say he takes his glass rather too freely. But as those vices are most dangerous and likely to prevail,

which, if not approved, are at least commonly excused, I have been tempted to examine, whether Drinking really deserves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I must own, that after a strict attention to the principal motives that induce men to become

come Hard-drinkers, as well as the consequences which such excesses produce, I am at a loss to account for the received maxim, that 'in good wine there is truth;' and should no more expect happiness in a full bowl, than chastity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are some of them very shocking, and some very ridiculous: as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was blest with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world; but was unfortunately bound in a very large sum for a friend, who disappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The distresses, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepest despair; and he had at last recourse to Drinking, to benumb, if possible, the very sense of reflection. He is miserable, when sober; and when drunk, stupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all the joys of life; and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a slow poison.

Tom Buck, from the first day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of spirit; and before he reached the top of Westminster school, knew the names and faces of the most noted girls upon the town, tossed off his Claret with a smack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he espoused the Tory party, because they drank deepest; and he has for some years been accounted a four-bottle man. He drank for fame; and has so well established his character, that he was never known to send a man from his chambers sober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the University, nobody ever acquired more reputation by Electioneering; for he can *see out* the stoutest freeholder in England. He has, indeed, swallowed many a tun in the service of his country; and is now a sounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the county.

Poor Wou'd-be became a debauchee through mere bashfulness, and a foolish sort of modesty, that has made many a man drunk in spite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a set of Hard-drinkers: and though he would as soon chuse to swallow a dose of phy-

sic, has not courage to refuse his bumper. He is drunk every night, and always sick to death the next morning, when he constantly resolves to drink nothing stronger than small beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modesty. Thus Wou'd-be suffers himself to be pressed into the service; and since he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the most miserable wretches upon earth.

Honest Ned Brimmer is at present the most dismal object that ever fell a sacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his first ambition to promote what is called Good Fellowship. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his constitution; and now stalks up and down in so piteous a condition, as might inspire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite lost all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the same means that destroyed the natural warmth of his constitution. Rum, Brandy, and Usquebaugh, are his diet-drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months before he falls a martyr to Good Fellowship.

Having thus taken a short view of the unhappy motives that induce men to become Hard-drinkers, few perhaps will think such reasons any recommendation to Drunkenness. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by observing what strange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakespeare calls it 'putting a Devil into their mouths, to steal away their brains:' and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong side out: and wine, at the same time it takes away the power of standing from the legs, deprives the mind of all sense and reflection. It is whimsical enough to consider the different effects which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool sensible, and a wise man an ass; and seems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleasantry recapitulated the various effects of wine in a stanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws

throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his dearest friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a street-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor serves as an opiate, and lulls him to sleep. Shakespeare has also shewn this variety of characters with great humour. Cassio cries, 'Let's to business,' and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of salvation: Justice Silence, who does not speak a word while he is sober, has no sooner swallowed the rousing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noisiest man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the most exquisite entertainments of the Choice Spirits in the beginning of this century, to get Addison and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them, till he was tipsy; when the same wine that stupefied him, only served to elevate Addison, who took up the ball just as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the rest of the evening. They who have never been present at a scene of this kind, may see the whole groupe of drunken characters, displayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's *Modern Midnight Conversation*.

Thus excess of Drinking verifies all the transformations recorded in the fable of Circe's Cup: and perhaps the true reason why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beasts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themselves in Drinking, except those who (like Steele and Addison) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of Hard-drinkers would be very happily diminished. Most men have so little right to plead an excuse of this sort in vindication of their Drunkenness, that wine either makes them very rude, very stupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that liquor only shews ill qualities, since it also frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to it's natural disposition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The disgustful appearance, which

most people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their slaves, and shew them to their children, in order to deter them from so odious a vice. In like manner let the Choice Spirit, who is often seen snoring in an armed chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a shocking figure he must have made, when he sees the drunken beggar sleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus considers the motives that generally induce men to give into these excesses, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, Hard-drinking is frequently one, among the many evils, that arise from want of education. The dull country squire, who has not taste for literary amusements, has nothing, except his dogs and horses, but his bumper to divert him; and the town squire sits soaking for the same reason in a tavern. These are the common herd of Bacchus's swine: but nothing is more shocking than to see a man of sense thus destroying his parts and constitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but also robs him of the society of those like himself, with whom he should associate, and reduces him to the level of a set of wretches; since all may be admitted to his company and conversation who are able to toss off a bumper.

These considerations are sufficient to convince us of the evils which result from Hard-drinking: but it will shock us still more, if we reflect how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profession, will never apply to it with success, while he sticks so close to his bottle; and the tradesman who endeavours to make business and pleasure compatible, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or interest, is regarded, Drunkenness should be avoided: and we may say with Cassio, 'Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.' Q

N^o XCIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

—HEU, FORTUNA, QUIS EST CRUELIOR IN NOS
TE DEUS! UT SEMPER GAUDES ILLUDERE REBUS
HUMANIS! —————

HOR.

WHY, FORTUNE, SERVE US SUCH A CRUEL FRANK,
TO TURN THY WHEEL, AND GIVE US BLANK, BLANK, BLANK!

I Cannot but admire the ingenious device prefixed to the advertisement of Hazard's Lottery Office, in which Fortune is represented hovering over the heads of a great number of people, and scattering down all kinds of prizes among them. What Mr. Hazard has here delineated, every adventurer in the late Lottery had pictured to himself: the Ten Thousand constantly floated before his eyes, and each person had already possessed it in imagination. But alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vanished; and those whose heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of Fortune was turning round, have now leisure soberly to reflect on their disappointment. How many unhappy tradesmen must now trudge on foot all their lives, who designed to loll in their chaises! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, must languish all their days without the comforts of an husband and a coach and six! Every loser thinks himself ill used by Fortune: and even Mrs. Betty, the possessor of a single Sixteenth, flies to the Office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with surprize; goes to another Office, pays her penny, hears the same disagreeable information; and can hardly, very hardly persuade herself, that Fortune should have doomed her still to wash the dishes, and scrub down the stairs.

Thus the views of every adventurer are directed to the same point, though their motives for engaging in the Lottery may be different. One man puts in, because he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, because he had good luck in the last; and another, because he never got any thing before: this indulges in the prospect of making a fortune; and that comforts himself with the pleasing hopes of retrieving his desperate circumstances. Every one, however, thinks himself as sure of the

Ten Thousand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is, how to dispose of it. We may, therefore, consider every adventurer, as having been in actual possession of his treasure; and out of fifty thousand people, who have been blest within this fortnight with such ideal good fortune, I shall select the following instances which fell within my own notice.

Joseph Wilkins, of Thames Street, Esquire, Common-council-man and Cheesemonger, got the 10,000l. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy situation of the city: he, therefore, resolved to take a house at the St. James's end of the town, and to fit up a snug Box at Hampstead, in the Chinese taste, for his retirement on Sundays. A Chariot was absolutely necessary to carry him to and from 'Change every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern fashion, that it might occasionally be converted into a Post-chaise, to wheel him on a Saturday night to his country-seat, and back again on the Monday morning. He designed to be chosen Alderman the first vacancy; after that to be made Sheriff, receive the honour of Knighthood, and perhaps get into Parliament: and whenever he passed by the Mansion-house, he could not but look upon it with pleasure, as the future residence of his Lordship. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who should take upon himself the whole drudgery of the shop; so that the Squire might have no farther trouble than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was considering on whom this important favour should be conferred, his ticket was drawn—BLANK; and Squire Wilkins is contented with his greasy employment of cutting out penny-worths of Cheshire cheese.

Jonathan Wildgoose, of Cheapside, Silk-mercator, had too much taste to be confined to a dirty business, which he neglected

neglected for the more agreeable pursuits of pleasure. Having therefore met with great losses in trade, he was obliged to embark the remains of his shattered fortune in the Lottery, and by purchasing a number of tickets, secured to himself the 10,000*l*. He had determined to keep his success secret, bilk his creditors by becoming bankrupt, turn the whole into an annuity for his life, and live abroad like a gentleman upon the income. But unluckily his creditors came upon him too quickly; and before he could know that he had not got the Ten Thousand, hurried him to jail, where he now lies, lamenting that the *Act of Insolvency* had not been postponed till after the Lottery.

John Jones of Ludlow, in the county of Salop, Esquire, Dealer and Chapman, got the 10,000*l*. This gentleman was forewarned of his success by several indisputable tokens. His lady had dreamed of a particular Number four nights together: and while the bells were ringing on his being chosen Bailiff of the Corporation, they spoke in as plain words, as ever Whittington heard—*‘Mr. John Jones will get Ten Thousand Pound—Mr. John Jones will get Ten Thousand Pound.’* He and his lady, therefore, came up to London; and not being able to meet with the particular Number at Hazard’s or Wilson’s, or any other Office always remarkable for selling the Ten Thousands, they advertised it in the papers, and got the Great Prize, only paying a guinea more for their ticket than the market-price. As Mrs. Jones knew a good deal of the world, having lived for some years in quality of an upper servant in a great house—she was determined that Mr. Jones should take the opportunity, now they were in town, of learning how to behave himself, as he should do, when he came to his fortune. She, therefore, introduced him to the best company in all the house-keepers and stewards rooms in the best families, where she was acquainted: and as Mr. Jones was so deficient in politeness, as not even to know how to make a bow in coming into a room, he had private lessons from Mr. Aaron Hart, who undertakes to teach Grown Gentlemen to dance. Mrs. Jones herself was very busy in consulting with the milliner and mantua-maker about the newest fashions, when the long looked-for Ten Thousand came up;

and directly after the *Hey-Ge-Ho* carried them down again to Salop, with this only consolation, that their ticket was within one of the fortunate Number.

Sir Humphry Oldcastle having greatly dipped his estate by being chosen into Parliament on the Tory interest, mortgaged all he had left, to put himself in the way of the 10,000*l*. for the good of his country. This seasonable recruit fixed him a staunch Patriot: and he declared, he would stand another election against all opposition. But, however it happened, the finishing of the Lottery has induced him to change his sentiments; and Sir Humphry, in lieu of the 10,000*l*. has accepted a Place.

Jemmy Lister, an Attorney’s Clerk, was carried into the Lottery by pure disinterested love. He had conceived a violent passion for his master’s daughter; but the prudent old gentleman could not be prevailed on to give her away to an handsome young fellow without a penny. This enraged him so much, that he immediately sold the reversion of a small estate after the death of his grandmother, and by laying out the purchase-money, as far as it would go, in Shares and Chances, got the 10,000*l*. He was for some time in doubt, whether he should bestow his good fortune on the young lady, or employ it more fashionably in keeping a girl. However, his hopes soon sunk to one of the 5000*l*. prizes, which he generously determined to settle upon her, together with his person. But in this too he was unhappily disappointed; and at last, like a true lover, contented himself with the thoughts of maintaining her very prettily (even though the father should give her nothing) on the income of one or other of the inferior prizes, which he was sure would fall to his lot. Fortune, alas! is no less blind a deity than Love: they both conspired to disappoint him; and the unsuccessful gallant, having received a positive refusal from his mistress, out of mere spite directly married the maid.

Captain MacMullen, a decayed Gamester, made shift to purchase the CHANCE of a Sixteenth, which (notwithstanding the great Odds against him) was sure to come up 10,000*l*. The first thing to be done was to purchase a genteel suit of cloaths with his part of the prize, hire an equipage, pass himself off for a man of quality, and snap

up a rich dowager or heiress: after which it was very easy for him to dupe all the raw gamesters at Arthur's out of their estates, and to take in all the Knowing-ones on the Turf at Newmarket. He accordingly bespoke his liveries, settled the fashion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady whose good luck it should be to fall in love with him: but so uncertain is the state of a gamester, that since the drawing of the Lottery he has advertised for charitable contributions to a Distressed Gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with most of the Nobility and Gentry in the kingdom.

I need not point out any particular instances among the other sex, with respect to their disposal of the Ten Thousand; which every lady had secured by chusing the Ticket herself, taking particular care that the number should be an odd one. The married ladies have sufficient calls for even double this sum, to supply them with the necessaries of dress, and to answer the expences of frequenting public diversions; and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that 'in ten thousand pounds ten thousand

' charms are centered.' Some ancient maiden ladies, who could never be brought to think of an husband, or to give into the vanities of the world, were resolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good dispositions behind them, by swelling out their Wills with a long list of *Items* to this or that Charity or Hospital.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generosity of my own Publisher upon getting the 20,000*l.* As his success was owing to his laying out in the Lottery all the profits which had already risen from the publication of this Paper, he had determined to circulate my future numbers *gratis*; and had even designed to keep open house for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has frustrated his disinterested scheme: even I myself am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week; and (instead of giving away my papers) he has advertised, that the *Twelve*s edition of the *Connoisseur* will be published on Tuesday the 25th of this instant November, in Two Pocket Volumes, Price *Six Shillings* bound.

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Nº XCIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755

—MILITAVI NON SINE GLORIA.

HOR.

I TOO FROM MARTIAL FEATS MAY CLAIM RENOWN,
THE CENSOR AND DICTATOR OF THE TOWN.

AS I was going through Smithfield the other day, I observed an old fellow with a wooden leg, drest in a sailor's habit, who courteously invited the passer-by to peep into his raree-show, for the small price of an half-penny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well suited to the times, and quite in character for himself: for among other particulars, with which he amused the little audience of children that surrounded his box, I was mightily pleased to hear the following:—' There you

' see the British fleet pursuing the French

' ships, which are running away—

' There you see Major-general Johnson

' beating the French soldiers in Ame-

' rica, and taking Count Dieskau pri-

' soner—There you see the Grand Mo-
' narque upon his knees before King
' George, begging his life.' As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder that every method is taken to inspire us with a love of our country, and an abhorrence of the French King: and not only the old seaman with his raree-show, but the public theatres have likewise had a view to the same point. At Drury Lane we have already been entertained with the *Humours of the Navy*; and I am assured, that at Covent Garden Mr. Barry will shortly make an entire conquest of France, in the person of that renowned hero Henry the Fifth. And as the English are naturally fond of bloody exhibi-

tions

bitions on the stage, I am told that a new Pantomime, entitled the Ohio, is preparing at this last house, more terrible than any of it's Hells, Devils, and fiery Dragons; in which will be introduced the Indian Manner of Fighting, to conclude with a representation of the Grand Scalping Dance with all it's Horrors.

While this warlike disposition prevails in the nation, I am under some apprehensions lest the attention of the public should be called off from the weighty concerns of these papers. I already perceive that the common newspapers are more eagerly snatched up in the public coffee-houses than my essays; and the Gazette is much oftener called for than the Connoisseur. For these reasons I find it necessary to lay open my own importance before the public, to shew that I myself am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Censor General Town has done his country no less service as a valiant and skilful commander at home, than Major-general Johnson in America. Authors may very properly be said to be engaged in a state of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by those great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no less hardships in the service, than the common soldiers who are contented to be shot at for a groat a day.

It has been my province to repel the daily inroads and incroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invasion of foreign fopperies and French fashions. The Town has been principally the scene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with, no less formidable than the Tquattotquaws or the Chickchimuckchis of North America. But as the curiosity of the public is so much engaged in attending to the enterprizes of old Hendrick the Sachem, and the incursions of Indians who have taken up the hatchet against our colonies, I am afraid that my exploits against the Savages, which infest this metropolis, will be wholly over-looked. I have, therefore, resolved to give my readers fresh advices from time to time of what passes here, drawn up in the same warlike stile and manner as those very alarming articles of news

which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

We hear from White's, that the forces under Major-general Hoyle, which used to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters at Arthur's. The same letters say, that an obstinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, in which one party gained a great booty, and the other suffered a considerable loss. We are also informed, that an epidemical distemper rages among them, and that several of the chiefs have been carried off by a sudden death.

They write from Covent Garden, that last week a body of Irregulars sallied out at midnight, stormed several forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a detachment from the allied army of watchmen, constables, and justices, they were put to flight, and several of them taken prisoners. The plague still rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of Drury.

We hear from the same place, that the Company commanded by Brigadier Rich has been reinforced with several new-raised recruits, to supply the place of some deserters, who had gone over to the enemy: but his chief dependance is on the light-armed troops, which are very active, and are distinguished, like the Highlanders, by their party-coloured drefs. The enemy, on the other hand, have taken several Swifts* and Germans into pay; though they are under terrible apprehensions of their being set upon by the Critics. These are a rude, ignorant, savage people, who are always at war with the nation of Authors. Their constant manner of fighting is to begin the onset with strange hissings and noises, accompanied with an horrid instrument, named the Cat-call; which, like the War-hoop of the Indians, has struck a panic into the hearts of the stoutest heroes.

We have advice from the Butcher Row, Temple Bar, that on Monday night last the Infidels held a grand council of war at their head quarters in the Robin Rood, at which their good friend and ally, the Musli of Clare Market,

* Alluding to the Dancers, employed in the Entertainment of the Chinese Festival, at Drury Lane Theatre.

assisted in person. After many debates, they resolved to declare war against the Christians, and never to make peace till they had pulled down all the Churches in Christendom, and established the Alcoran of Bolingbroke in lieu of the Bible.

All our advices from the city of London agree in their accounts of the great havock and slaughter made there on the Festival commonly called My Lord Mayor's Day. All the Companies in their black uniform, and the trained band in their regimentals, made a general forage. They carried off vast quantities of chickens, geese, ducks, and all kinds of provisions. Major Guzzledown, of the Ward of Bassishaw, distinguished himself greatly, having with his sword in hand gallantly attacked the outworks, scaled the walls, mounted the ramparts, and forced through the covert way of a large fortified Custard, which seemed impregnable.

The inhabitants of Sussex have lately been alarmed with the apprehensions of an Invasion; as the French have been very busy in fitting out several small vessels laden with stores of wine and brandy, with which it is thought they will attempt to make a descent some-

where on our coasts. The independent Companies of Smugglers in the service of France are to be sent on this expedition: but if the fleet of Custom-house smacks, &c. do not intercept them at sea, we are preparing to receive them as soon as they are landed.

From divers parts of the country we have advice, that the roads are every where crouded with Ladies, who (notwithstanding the severity of the weather) are hurrying up to London, to be present at the meeting of the *Female Parliament*. At this critical juncture, the fate of the nation depends entirely on the deliberations of this wise assembly: and as there are known to be many disinterested patriots in the House, it is not to be doubted but that proper measures will be taken by them for the good of their country. Many salutary laws are already talked of, which we could wish to see put into execution; such as—A Bill for prohibiting the importation of French Milliners, Hair-cutters, and Mantua-makers—A Bill for the exportation of French Cooks and French Valets de Chambres—A Bill to restrain Ladies from wearing French Dresses—And lastly, a Bill to restrain them from wearing French Faces,

W

Nº XCV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

VELLE SOPORATAM ET MEDICATIS FRUGIBUS OFFAM
OBJICIT.

VIRG.

THE HONEY'D CAKE WILL LOSE IT'S SWEETNESS SOON,
AND PROVE A BITTER IN THE HONEY-MOON.

AS every marriage is a kind of family festival, the wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, and distinguished like the fifth of November, the birth days of the Royal Family, or any other public day, with many demonstrations of joy: the happy couple are dressed in their richest suits, the bells ring all day, and the evening is concluded with the merry ceremony of throwing the stocking. But these festivities are not always so religiously observed in Town; where many a pair of quality are tacked together with the utmost privacy, and immediately after sneak out of town, as if they were ashamed to shew their faces after what they had done. In the Country, when

the squire or any other person of distinction is married, the Honey-moon is almost a continued Carnival; and every marriage is accounted more or less likely to be prosperous, in proportion to the number of deer, oxen, and sheep, that are killed on the occasion, and the hogheads of wine and tons of ale with which they are washed down. By the last post I received an account from my cousin Village of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the splendor of the ball, and the universal joy of the whole manor. At the same time I received compliments from the newly-married couple, with a large slice of the Bride Cake; the virtues of which are well

well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in possession of this nuptial charm before; but I was so much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind so many reflections on conjugal happiness, that (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occasion to the following Dream.

I found myself in the middle of a spacious building, which was crowded with a variety of persons of both sexes; and upon enquiry was told that it was the Temple of the God of Marriage; and that every one, who had an inclination to sacrifice to that Deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of Cakes of different shapes and appearance. Some of these were moulded into the form of hearts; and others were woven into true-lovers-knots; some were strewed with sugar, and stuck about with sweet-meats; some were covered with gold; some were stamped with coronets; and others had their tops embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, or a coach and six. Plutus and Cupid were busily employed in distributing these Cakes (which were all of them marked with the word *MATRIMONY*, and called Bride-Cakes) to different persons, who were allowed to chuse for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I observed several hasten to the Altar, who all appeared to be variously affected by their choice. To some the Cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, that they imagined they should never be surfeited; while others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it to be flat and insipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more (particularly among the quality) addressed themselves to Plutus than to Cupid.

Being desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the crowd, and placed myself close by the Altar. A young couple now advanced, and applying to Cupid, desired him to reach them one of the cakes, in the shape of a double heart pierced through with darts: but just as they were going to share it betwixt them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix upon another, which Plutus picked out

for her, and which represented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt gingerbread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the business of the Alley, next came towards the Altar, and seemed to express a strong desire for a Cake. Plutus, who recollected him at first sight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning Cupid for a Cake of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients. The little God at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards SOLD it to him for a large sum of money; a circumstance which amazed me beyond expression, but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this Temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize; and though I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

I was afterwards very much disgusted with the many instances that occurred of these delicate morsels being set up to sale: and I found that their price rose and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or scarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the disposal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the Altar, and had agreed to take between them a Cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked Love and Competence; but a person of quality stepping forward, persuaded the false female to join with him, and receive from Plutus one much more glittering, marked Indifference and a large Settlement. Another lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted by a Cake with a red ribband streaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth-Cake; but was prevailed on by a person of greater rank and distinction to accept a more showy Cake, adorned with a blue ribband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next, and begged very hard for a Cake. She had before received several, which suited her tooth, and pleased her palate so excessively, that as soon as she had dispatched one, she constantly came to Cupid for another.

ether. She now seized her Cake with great transport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could discern her greedily mumbling the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn out six and twenty of her teeth in the service. After this an ancient lady came tottering up to the Altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat, with a shoulder-knot. Plutus gave him a stale Cake marked with the word Jointure in large golden capitals, which he received with some reluctance, while the old lady eagerly snatched another from Cupid, (who turned his head aside from her) on which I could plainly discover the word Dotage.

A rich rusty bachelor of the last century then came bustling through the crowd. He brought with him a red-cheeked country girl of nineteen. As he approached the Altar, he met several coming from it with Cakes, which he had refused; some of which were marked Riches, some Family, some Beauty, and one or two Affection. The girl he brought with him proved to be his dairy-maid, whom he had for some time past been in vain attempting to bring over to his wishes; but at last finding his design impracticable, he came with her to the Altar. He seemed, indeed, a little ashamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of awkwardness in his manner and deportment. However, as soon as he had taken his Cake, he retired; and determined to spend the rest of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To satisfy a modest longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threescore. She had, it seems, heretofore refused several offers from Cupid and Plutus; but being enraged

to find that they had now given over all thoughts of her, she seized by the hand a young Ensign of the Guards, and carried him to the Altar, whence she herself snatched up a Cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taste of it at first; but her partner being very soon cloyed, she too late discovered, that the half which she held in her hand was signed Folly, and that which she had forced upon her paramour was marked Aversion.

A little, pert, forward Miss, in a frock and hanging sleeves, ran briskly up to Cupid, and begged for a Cake:—what it was she did not care; but a Cake she must and would have, of one kind or another. She had just stretched out her hands to receive one from Cupid, when her mamma interposed, sent the child back again blubbering to the boarding-school, and carried off the Cake herself.

An old woman, fantastically dressed, then burst into the Temple, and ran raving up to the Altar, crying out, that she *would* have an husband. But the poor lady seemed likely to be disappointed; for, as she could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both Cupid and Plutus refused to favour her with a Cake. Furious with rage and despair, she snatched one off the Altar; and seizing on the first man that came in her way, which unfortunately happened to be myself, she would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the least crumb of it was as disagreeable as a drench to an horse, I began to spawl, and sputter, and keck; and though the flurry of spirits which it occasioned awaked me, I thought I had the nauseous taste of it still in my mouth.

W

N^o XCVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1755.

SEX PARATUR AUT DECEM SOPHOS NUMMIS,
 SECRETA QUERE CARMINA, ET RUDES CURAS,
 QUAS NOVIT UNUS, SCRINIOQUE SIGNATAS
 CUSTODIT IPSE VIRGINIS PATER CHARTÆ.
 MERCARE TALES AB EO, NEC SCIET QUISQUAM.

MART:

WOULD YOU THE NAME OF AUTHOR NOT REFUSE,
 WE'VE PENN'ONTHS FOR YOUR PENNY, PICK AND CHUSE:
 WE'VE PLAYS OR POEMS, READY MADE FOR SALE;
 WITH WIT AND HUMOUR, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
 ON THESE THE PUBLIC BREATH HAS NEVER BLOWN;
 BUY THEM, AND FAIRLY CLAIM THEM FOR YOUR OWN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AMONG the many Register-Of-fices erected within these few years past, I am surpris'd that no scheme of the like nature has been thought of for the service of literature; and that no place has been set apart, where Literary Commodities of every sort might be disposed of: where men of learning might meet with employment; and where others, who want their assistance, might be sure to meet with men of learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at present, except among the bookfellers; who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engrossed the whole market to themselves. To remedy this inconvenience, my design is to set up a Literary Register-Office: for which purpose I intend to hire the now useless theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and convert it into a mart for the staple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I shall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in supplying the public with the requisite manufactures. This scheme will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility: and I do not remember any design of the same nature, except at a barber's on the other side the water, who has hung out a board over his shop with the following inscription—'Letters read and written for Servants and Others.'

I shall always have a fresh assortment of goods in the best taste and newest fashion: as of Novels for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this

branch I shall retain a very eminent Master Novelist, to cut out adventures and intrigues, and shall employ a proper number of hands to tack them together with all possible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, chuse to furnish their own materials for Memoirs and Apologies, they may have them done up, and be fitted exactly, at my Office. Besides several others, which my men shall get up with the greatest dispatch, I can assure you I have myself worked night and day, and have already finished six and thirty sheets of the History of Miss Sukey Sapling, Written by Herself.

Pamphlets of all sorts shall be composed, whenever any popular subject starts up that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play shall be followed by an *Examen* or Remarks: all riots at either playhouse will afford scope for Letters to the Managers; and every new actor or actress produce theatrical Criticisms. Poetry, you know, Mr. Town, is a mere drug; but I shall always have a number of ready-made Odes by me, which may be suited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I shall also have a large bundle of Poems on several Occasions, very proper for any gentleman or lady who chuses to publish by subscription; besides a more ordinary sort of Hymns to the Morning; Verses on the Death of—; Odes to Miss A. B. C. Acrostics and Rebuses, for the use of the Magazines; to be sold a pennyworth, with allowance to those who take a great quantity.

With regard to Law matters, as they have no sort of connection with wit or learning, I shall not concern myself with their

their unintelligible jargon; nor presume to interfere with those authors in parchment, who measure their words by the foot-rule, and sell their writings at so much *per* line. However, I shall furnish young Students of the several Inns of Court with compleat Canons of Criticism, and Opinions on any new theatrical Cases; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-house. For Medical subjects, I shall procure a learned Graduate by *Diploma* from abroad, whose practice will not so much take up his time as to prevent his being at leisure to write occasional treatises, setting forth the virtues of any newly-invented Powder, or newly-discovered Water. He shall also draw up the advertisements for medicines that remove all diseases, and are never known to fail; he shall compile the wonderful accounts of their surprising cures; and furnish cases that never happened, and affidavits that were never made. With respect to Divinity, as I have reason to believe that controversial writings will be often called for, I intend to bargain with the Robin Hood Society to undertake in the lump to furnish my Office with defences of Lord Bolingbroke, &c. and till I can procure some poor curate out of the country, or servitor from the university, to write the *Manuscript Sermons of eminent Divines lately deceased, warranted Originals*, I must make shift with the Fleet Parsons now out of business.

Though I shall not keep any dramatic works ready made by me, (as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion) yet either of the theatres may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or the like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three days notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a poet who has long worked for the drolls at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, and has even printed a comedy, as it was *half* acted at Drury Lane. My tragedies will be furnished by a North-Briton, who walked up to London from his native country last winter with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play of Shakespeare or Ben Johnson shall be pieced with modern ones according to the present taste, or cut out in airs and recitative for an English Opera: Songs for Pan-

tomimes may be had, to set to the clack of a mill, the tinkling of a tin cascade, or the flaps of Harlequin's wooden sword. The proprietors of our public Gardens, during the summer season, may be also supplied from my Office with Love-ditties to a new Burthen, or comic Dialogues in *Crambo*; and words shall at any time be fitted to the music, after the tunes are composed.

As I propose to make my Office of general utility, every thing that bears the least affinity to literature will be naturally comprehended in my Scheme. Members of Parliament may be supplied with Speeches on any political subject; and Country Justices may, on directing a letter (post-paid) to the Office, have Charges to the Jury at the Quarter Sessions sent down to them by the first coach or waggon. Addresses on particular occasions shall be drawn up for the worshipful Mayor and Aldermen of any city or corporation: Laws, Rules, Regulations, or Orders, shall be formed for the Anti-Gallicans, Ubiquarians, Gregorians, or any other private clubs and societies. *N.B.* The Free Masons may depend upon secrecy.

Many advantages may likewise accrue to the polite world from the establishment of my Office. Gentlemen and ladies may have *Billet doux* written for them with the most soft and languishing expressions: Message Cards, and Invitations to Routs, shall be filled up and circulated, at so much *per* hundred, or undertaken in the gross at a fixed price all the year round. *Beaux* may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to send to their laundresses, or have them copied out in a fashionable female scrawl, and directed to themselves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penned for them in the true stile and spirit of a modern Blood.

There are many other conveniencies arising from such an Office, which it would be too tedious to enumerate: and it will be found to be no less beneficial to you authors, Mr. Town, than those other Register-Offices are to men and maid-servants. If an author, for example, wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but to enter his name with me, and I shall presently get him work; or if a bookseller wants an hand for any particular job, (as a translation-spinner, a novel-weaver, a play-

play-wright, a verse-turner, or the like) upon searching my books he will be sure to meet with a man fit for the business. In short, any composition, in prose or rhyme, and on any subject, may be procured at a minute's warning, by applying to my office; and I dare say, you yourself, Mr. Town, will be very glad now and then to purchase a Connoisseur of me, whenever the idle fit seizes you.

If that should happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better; you will oblige me by laying the Scheme here sent before your readers; and in return, you shall have the credit of publishing your papers at my Office, as soon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

J. WITSELL.

N^o XCVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

DE TE PENDENTIS, TE RESPICIENTIS AMICI.

HOR.

YOUR FRIEND, YOUR PIMP, YOUR HANGER-ON, WHAT NOT?
YOUR LACQUEY, BUT WITHOUT THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

I Remember to have heard a cousin of mine, who was formerly at Cambridge, often mentioning a sect of Philosophers, distinguished by the rest of the collegians under the appellation of *Tuft-bunters*. These were not the disciples of the Stoics or Epicureans, or the advocates for the old or new philosophy, but the followers (literally speaking) of the fellow-commoners, noblemen, and other rich students, whom it seems the courtesy of the University has honoured with a cap adorned with a gold tassel. These gold threads have almost as much influence in the University, as a red or a blue ribband at court; and always draw after the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfast, dine, or sup with him, whenever he pleases; will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a sort of disease of the place, which a man of fortune is sure to catch as soon as he arrives there: and these fast friends stick so close to him, that he can never shake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

The University of London is not without its *Tuft-bunters*, who fasten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune at his first coming to town. They beset him as soon as he arrives, and when they have once surrounded him, seldom fail of securing him to themselves; for no persons of character care to have any connections with him, when he has been frequently seen in such bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands:

though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wisest: and as at the University, 'where the learned pate ducks to the golden fool,' the gentleman-student is distinguished by a cap with a gold tuft, I always consider these sons of folly in town as adorned with a showy cap hung with bells, which serve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

The dialect of the Town has very expressively characterized these humble dependants on men of fortune by the name of *Hangers-on*. They will, indeed, take such sure hold, and hang on a man so constantly, that it is almost impossible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the *Hanger-on* is sure to be at his elbow. They will squeeze themselves into every party that is formed; and I have known instances of their thrusting themselves into strange families, by sticking to their patron's skirts, and impudently introducing themselves where he has been invited to dinner: which, indeed, I think would not be an improper custom, provided they would submit to stand behind his chair. They will stick so closely, that all the adhesive qualities of burs, pitch, &c. seem to be collected in them; and the line in Pope's *Odyssey*, so often ridiculed, may rather be considered as emphasis than tautology in speaking of them. The *Hanger-on* clings to his fool, as Ulysses did to the rock, and in Pope's words—

They STICK ADHERENT, and SUSPENDED
HANG.

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The tenaciousness of an *Hanger-on* is so very strong, that whoever is drawn into their snares, is so firmly limed that he can hardly ever loose himself from them. For as nothing but the lowest meanness of spirit could ever prevail on a man to submit to such dependance on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of such abject wretches by treating them with contempt. They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity, as a spaniel. They will also submit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themselves useful whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or submit to any other such gentleman-like employment to serve their friend.

It must here be noted, that every *Hanger-on* is a person of strict honour and a gentleman; for though his fortune is, to be sure, somewhat inferior to your's, and he submits to make himself convenient on several occasions, yet on that account you are indebted to his infinite good-nature; and all his endeavours to serve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of these friendly gentlemen, who carried his esteem so far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with several tweaks by the nose, and kicks on the breech, he received all these injuries with patience, and only said, with tears in his eyes—'Dear Jack, I never expected this usage from you. You know I don't mind fighting; but I should never have a moment's peace, if I was to do you the least injury. Come, Jack, let us buss and be friends.' Their gentility is unquestionable; for they are seldom of any trade, though they are sometimes (being younger brothers perhaps) of a profession. I know one who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often feed him, our Counsellor could never with any propriety consider him as a client. And I know another, who (like Gibbet in the play) is called Captain, whose elegant manner of living must be supported by his being on full pay with his patron, since he does not receive even the common soldier's groat a day from his commission. However, considering at one view the gentility of their profession, and the shortness of their finances, I often look upon them

as a band of decayed gentlemen, the honourable pensioners of those they follow. The great men among the Romans had a number of these *Hangers-on*, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called *Umbrae*, or *Shadows*; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of these humble retainers to the wealthy, since they not only follow them like their shadows, but 'like a shadow prove the substance true:' for whenever you observe one or more of these *Umbrae* perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

These faithful friends are so careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always enquire with the greatest exactness into your affairs, and know almost as well as your steward the income of your estate. They are also so fond of your company, and so desirous of preserving your good opinion, that an *Hanger-on* will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himself, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a mistress: and as a convenient female is a very necessary part of the equipage of a person of fashion, these male companions must be a very agreeable part of the retinue of those high-spirited young gentlemen, who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taste in expences to pay a man for laughing at your wit and indulging your humour, and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I might also take notice of an humbler sort of *Hangers-on*, who fix themselves to no one in particular, but fasten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are seldom extended beyond a present subsistence; and their utmost aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpose they keep a register of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you just as you are sitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed on to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with your family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your absence; or if your family is out, they will breakfast, dine, and sup with you out of charity, because you should not be alone. Every house is haunted

haunted with these disturbers of our meals: and perhaps the best way to get rid of them, would be to put them, with the rest of your servants, upon board-wages.

But besides these dangles after men of fortune, and intruders on your table in town, the country breeds a race of lowly retainers, which may properly be ranked among the same species. Almost every family supports a poor kinsman; who, happening to be no way related to the estate, was too proud of his blood to apply himself in his youth to any profession, and rather chose to be supported in laziness at the family-seat.

They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light than his servants out of livery; and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudgery as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of *Hangers-on*, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the sons of idleness: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whose bread depends on his industry, gives himself up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanness whatever; and if *they cannot dig*, yet, like our *Hangers-on*, to beg *they are not ashamed*.

N° XCVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1755.

UT ID OSTENDEREM, QUOD TE ISTI FACILEM PUTANT,
ID NON FIERI EX VERA VITA, NEQUE ADEO EX AQUO ET BONO,
SED EX ASSENTANDO, INDULGENDO, ET LARGIENDO.

TER.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT? FOLLY, OR GOOD-NATURE?
SO SOFT, SO SIMPLE, AND SO KIND A CREATURE!
WHERE CHARITY SO BLINDLY PLAYS IT'S PART,
IT ONLY SHEWS THE WEAKNESS OF HER HEART!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Have been some years married to one of the best women in the world. She possesses all the virtues that can be named: but, alas! she possesses some of them to excess. Those which I wish to particularize, and which are infinitely pernicious to me and my fortunes, are her super-abundant Good-nature, and her boundless Generosity.

It is a little difficult perhaps to ascertain what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of Good-nature; which, of all virtues, seems to me most necessary to be confined, or at least mitigated in such a manner as to hinder it from destroying it's own excellence and utility. On the one hand, if it is restrained too close, the world will say, that it must entirely lose it's essence: but, on the other hand, fatal experience has convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a full unlimited sway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice; and brings with it, as in my wife's case, fruitless expences, ill-judged concessions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

Generosity is the daughter of Good-nature. She is very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of Judgment and Reason; but when she escapes from her tutors, and acts indiscriminately, according as her fancy allures her, she subjects herself, like her mother, to sneer, ridicule, and disdain.

To illustrate these assertions by some examples from among the many mishaps, losses, and embarrassments, which have accrued to us in the course of our domestic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that some years ago we had a foot-boy, who acted as butler, and had the custody of the little plate which our small fortune could afford us. The fellow was awkward, and unfit for the station; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our service, because he intended to marry the nursery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent husband. The rascal was a thief: but as it is ill-natured to suspect people before we have full proof of their knavery, several of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higgles, (we then living at Newington) who frequently called at our door. At last, however,

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after several rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly-good natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating-watch, and a pair of our best silver candlesticks, with which he voluntarily transported himself, as we have been since told, to the West Indies; leaving his mistress the nursery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great licence to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing prescience in foreseeing his excellencies as a husband.

You must know, Sir, that my dear consort, in the full glow of her goodness, is never contented unless her servants marry each other. All I can urge against so impolitic a custom has been to no purpose: marriage, she says, prevents vice, and saves souls from destruction. Perhaps it may: but are no unmarried servants to be found in Mr. Fielding's Register-office, or elsewhere, but what are vicious? At least, I am sure that this piece of sanctity is very expensive in it's effects, and is attended with many inconveniencies. One of her maids, about two years ago, was discovered to be very intimate with my footman: my wife, to prevent ill consequences, hastened to have them married, and was present herself at the ceremony. She admired the modesty of the woman, and the sober gravity of the man, during the holy rites; and was entirely convinced that no harm could have happened from so decent a couple. In a short space after the marriage, Patty brought forth a swinging girl; but as it was born almost six months before it's time, my wife advised them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to shield, if possible, the new-married woman's reputation; but finding our neighbours sneer at the incident, and smile contemptuously at the prescription of cotton, she contented herself in believing Patty's own account, that in truth she had been married eight months before by a Fleet parson, but was afraid to own it.

If my wife's indulging her domestics in matrimony was productive of no other ill consequence than merely their being married, it might, indeed, sometimes prove a benefit: but the chaster and more sober they have been before marriage, the greater number of children are produced in matrimony; and my wife looks upon herself as in duty oblig-

ed to take care of the poor helpless offsprings, that have been begotten under her own roof; so that I assure you, Sir, my house is so well filled with children, that it would put you immediately in mind of the Foundling Hospital; with this difference, however, that in *my Hospital* not only the children are provided for, whether bastards or legitimate, but also the fathers and mothers.

Your office, Mr. Censor, requires and leads you to hear domestic occurrences; otherwise I should scarce have troubled you with the records of a private family, almost ruined by excrescencies of virtue. The same overflowing humanity runs through the whole conduct of the dear woman whom I have mentioned. Even in trifles she is full of works of supererogation. Our doors are perpetually surrounded with beggars, where the halt, the maimed, and the blind, assemble in as great numbers, as at the door of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. She not only gives them money, but sends them out great quantities of bread, beer, and cold victuals; and she has her different *pensioners* (as she herself calls them) for every day in the week. But the expence attending these outdoor petitioners, many of whom have from time to time been discovered to be impostors, is nothing in comparison to the sums that are almost daily drawn from her by begging letters. It is impossible to imagine a calamity, by which she has not been a sufferer, in relieving those who have extorted money from her by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by losses in trade, sustained great damages by fire, undergone many hardships from sickness, and other unforeseen accidents; and it was but yesterday that she paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir, though my wife keeps but little company, and the family expences are to all appearance very small, yet this dear woman's superabundant Good-nature is such a perpetual drawback on her oeconomy, that we run out considerably. This extravagant and ill-judged Generosity renders all her numerous excellencies of none effect: and I have often known her almost destitute of cloaths, because she had distributed her whole wardrobe among lyars, sycophants, and hypocrites.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have set before you my unhappy case. I am perishing by degrees; not by any real extravagance, any designed ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the person who destroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the simplicity of her dress, the humility of her desires, or the contented easiness of her nature. What name, Sir, shall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly: they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away, or absorbs all judgment or reflection. To call these errors the fruits of Good-nature, is too mild a definition: and yet, to give them an harsher appellation, is unkind. Let me suffer what I will, I must kiss the dear hand that ruins me.

In my tender hours of speculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate, and the natural disposition of our natives. When the English are good-natured, they are generally so to excess: and as I have not seen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myself; and shall draw to the conclusion of my letter by one piece of advice, 'Not to be GENEROUS over-much.' The highest acts of Generosity are seldom repaid in any other coin but baseness and ingratitude: and we ought ever to remember, that, out of ten lepers cleansed, 'one only came back to return thanks; the rest were made whole, and went their way.'

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
TIMON OF LONDON.

Nº XCIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

DEA VENIAM, SERVIRE TUIS QUOD NOLO CALENDIS.

MART.

THY WORKS, O WING, O PARTRIDGE, I DESPISE,
AND ROBIN'S FOR THE POOR, AND RYDER'S FOR THE WISE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AT this season of the year, while the streets resound with the cry of 'New Almanacks,' and every stall is covered with News from the Stars, Diaries, Predictions, Compleat Ephemerides, &c. drawn up by Partridge, Parker, Vincent Wing, and the rest of the sagacious body of Philomaths and Astrologers, give me leave to acquaint you of my intentions of appearing annually in a like capacity. You must know, Sir, that having observed, that among the great variety of Almanacks now published, there is not one contrived for the use of people of fashion, I have resolved to remedy this defect by publishing one every year under the title of the Court Calendar, calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

The plan which has been hitherto followed by our Almanack-makers, can be of no use whatever to the polite world, who are as widely separated, in their manner of living, from the common herd of people, as the inhabitants of the Antipodes. To know the exact Rising and Setting of the Sun, may serve to di-

rect the vulgar tradesman and mechanic when to open shop or go to work: but persons of fashion, whose hours are not marked by the course of that luminary, are indifferent about it's motions; and, like those who live under the Equinoctial Line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The Red-letter-days, pointed out in our common Almanacks, may perhaps be observed by some formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them: but people of quality perceive no difference between the Moveable or Immoveable Feasts and Fasts, and know no use of Sunday, but as it serves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau reap from Rider's List of the Fairs, which can only be of service to his groom? Or what use can any gentleman or lady make of those Diaries now inscribed to them, which are filled with Algebra and the Mathematics? In a word, the present uncouth way of dividing the months into Saints Days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the present modes of polite life, than the Roman division into Ides, Nones, and Calends.

Instead

Instead of supposing with the vulgar tribe of Astronomers, that the day begins at Sunrise, my day, which will commence at the time that it usually breaks into fashionable apartments, will be determined by the Rising of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early risers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together. For want of a thorough knowledge of the distribution of the day, all who have any connection with the polite world might be guilty of many mistakes; and when an honest man from Cornhill intended a nobleman a visit after dinner, he would perhaps find him sipping his morning chocolate. The inconveniences of the Old Stile in our manner of reckoning the days were so manifest, that it was thought proper to amend them by Act of Parliament. I am resolved, in like manner, to introduce the New Stile of dividing the Hours into my Almanack: for can any thing be more absurd than to fix the name of morning, noon, and evening, at present at the same hours, which bore those appellations in the reign of Queen Elizabeth? A Duchess is so far from dining at eleven, that it often happens, that Her Grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-table; and a Maid of Honour would no more rise at five or six in the morning, as it was called by the early dames of Queen Bess's court, than she would, in imitation of those dames, breakfast upon strong beer and beef-steaks. Indeed, in those houses where the hours of quality are observed by one part of the family, the impolite irregularity of the other, in adhering to the Old Stile, occasions great disturbance; for, as Lady Townly says—'Such a house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches. What between the impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink of sleep all night.'

The reformation which I have also made in respect to the Red-letter-days is no less considerable. I have not only wiped away that immense catalogue of Saints which croud the Popish Calendar, but have also blotted out all the other Saints that still retain their places in our common Almanacks: well knowing,

that persons of fashion pay as little attention to the Apostles and Evangelists, as to St. Mildred, St. Bridget, or St. Winifred. Indeed, I retain the old name of St. John, because I am sure that people of quality will not think of any body's being designed under that title, except the late Lord Bolingbroke. Having thus discharged the Saints, *people whom nobody knows*, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the best company: for the Red-letters in my Calendar will serve to distinguish those days on which ladies of the first fashion keep their routs and visiting-days; a work of infinite use, as well to the persons of distinction themselves, as to all those who have any intercourse with the polite world. That season of the year, commonly distinguished by the appellation of Lent, which implies a time of fasting, I shall consider, according to its real signification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly festival; and shall, therefore, mention it under the denomination of The Carnival. The propriety of this will be evident at first sight; since nothing is so plain, as that, at this season, all kinds of diversion and jollity are at their height in this metropolis. Instead of the *Man in the Almanack*, I at first intended (in imitation of Mr. Doddsley's Memorandum Book) to delineate the figure of a Fine Gentleman, dressed *à la mode*: but I was at length determined, by the advice of some ingenious friends, to suffer the old picture to remain there; since, as it appears to be run through the body in several places, it may not improperly represent that fashionable character, a Duellist.

In the place which is allotted in other Almanacks for the Change of Weather, (as hail, frost, snow, cloudy, and the like) I shall set down the Change of Dress, appropriated to different seasons, and ranged under the titles of Hats, Capuchins, Cardinals, Sacks, Negligees, Gauze Handkerchiefs, Ermine Tippetts, Muffs, &c. and in a parallel column (according to the custom of other Almanacks) I shall point out the several parts of the body affected by these changes; such as head, neck, breast, shoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c. And as Mr. Rider accompanies every month with seasonable Cautions about sowing turnips, raising cabbages, blood-letting, and the like important articles, I shall

I shall give such directions as are most suitable to the *beau monde*: as a specimen of which, I shall beg leave to lay before you the following

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
MONTH OF MAY.

IF the season proves favourable, it will be proper at the beginning of this month to attend to the Cultivation of your Public Gardens. Trim your trees, put your walks in order, look to your lamps, have ballads written, and let to music, for the ensuing summer. Ladies

and gentlemen must be careful not to catch cold in crossing the water, or by exposing themselves to the damp air in the Dark Walk at Vauxhall.

Towards the middle of this month the air at both play-houses will begin to be too close and sultry for ladies that paint, to risk the loss of their complexion in them.

About the end of this month it will be expedient for those ladies, who are apt to be hysterical, when the town empties, to prepare for their removal to Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough, for the benefit of the waters.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
W TYCHO COURTLY.

Nº C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1755.

ILICET PARASITICÆ ARTI MAXIMAM IN MALAM CRUCEM!
ABEO AB ILLIS, POSTQUAM VIDEO ME SIC LUDIFICARIER.
PERGO AD ALIOS: VENIO AD ALIOS: DEINDE AD ALIOS:
UNA RES.

PLAUT.

LET TYBURN TAKE THE FLATTERERS AND THEIR ARTS;
TO FOOLS A MAYGAME I, A MAN OF PARTS:
PULL'D BY THE NOSE BY ONE; I'M KICK'D BY T'OTHER;
AND EACH SWORN FOOL, I SWEAR, HAS HIS SWORN BROTHER.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am one of those idle people (of whom you have lately given an account) who not being bred to any business, or able to get a livelihood by work, have taken up the servile trade of a *Hanger on*. But as you have only just touched on the many dangers and difficulties incident to this way of life, in order to illustrate this part of the character, give me leave to present you with a narrative of my own adventures.

I first served my time with an old nobleman in the country; and as I was a distant relation of his lordship's, I was admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet and apothecary. My business in a morning was to wait on him at dressing-time; to hold the basin while he washed his hands, buckle his shoes, and tie on his neck-cloth: besides which, his lordship had such a regard for me, that nobody but myself was ever trusted with cutting his corns, or paring his toe-nails; and whenever he was sick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the

water-closet when he took a cathartic, and sometimes to administer a clyster. If his lordship had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to sit at table with him; but when he received any visitors more grand than ordinary, I was equipped (together with some of the best-looking tenants) in a tye-wig, full-trimmed coat, and laced waistcoat, in order to swell the retinue of his servants out of livery. I bore my slavery with the greatest degree of patience; as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will: however, I had the mortification to find myself supplanted in his good graces by the Chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheedle, out-fawn, and out-cringe me. In a word, my lord died:—and while the Chaplain (who constantly prayed by him during his last illness) had the consolation of having a good benefice secured to him in the will, my name was huddled among those of the common servants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

With this small pittance, (besides what I had made a shift to squeeze out of

of the tenants and tradesmen, as fees for my good word when I had his lordship's ear) I came up to town, and embarked all I was worth in fitting myself out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of the old lord came from abroad; when I contrived to get into his favour by abusing his deceased uncle, and fastened myself upon him. It is true, he supported me; admitted me into an equal share of his purse; but considering the dangers to which I was constantly exposed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plaisters to my sores. My head, back, and ribs, have received many a payment, which should have been placed to his lordship's account: and I once narrowly escaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow whom my lord in a frolic had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taste, kept a mistress; and I, as his particular crony, and a man of honour, was allowed to visit her. It happened one evening he unluckily surprised us in some unguarded familiarities together: but my lord was so far from being enraged at it, that he only kicked madam down stairs, and very coolly kicked me down after her.

I was thrown now upon the wide world again: but as I never wanted assurance, I soon made myself very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from Ireland, who was just come over to England to spend his estate here. I must own, I had some difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend; as I had so many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and some of them even pretended to be related to him. Besides, they all persuaded the young squire, that they had fortunes in different parts of Ireland; though not one of them had any real estate more than myself: and, indeed, I also had a nominal 1500*l.* *per ann.* in the West Indies. These furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble: however, I found out my young friend's foible, and in spite of his countrymen became his inseparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular passion for new faces: and to humour this inclination, I was perpetually on the look-out to discover fresh pieces for him. I brought him mantua-

makers, milliners, and servant-maids in abundance; and at length grew so great a favourite, by having prevailed on one of my own cousins to comply with his proposals, that I verily believe he would soon have made me easy for life in an handsome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I next got in favour with an old colonel of the Guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the Tilt Yard Coffee-house, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war that had challenged my toast. As his sole delight was centered in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glass for glass with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When sober, he was the best humoured man in the world: but he was very apt to be quarrelsome and extremely mischievous when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: sometimes he has diverted himself by setting fire to my ruffles, shaking the ashes of his pipe over my periwig, or making a thrust at me with the red-hot poker: and I remember he once soured me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter Jordan topsyturvy upon my head. All these indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was sure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commission in the army through his interest, when to my great disappointment he was suddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that I next contrived to squeeze myself into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city-merchant, and one of the Circumcised. He could have no objection to my religion, as I used to spend every Sunday with him at his country-house, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became so desperately in love with her, that I would even have turned Jew to obtain her: but instead of that, I very foolishly

ly made a Christian of her; and we were privately married at the Fleet. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received me with a loud laugh—'Sir,' says he, 'if my child had married the Devil, he should have had every penny that was her due: but, as she is only my Bastard, the law cannot oblige me to give her a farthing.'

This I found to be too true: and very happily for me my Christian wife had so little regard for her new religion, that she again became an apostate, and was taken into keeping (to which I readily gave my consent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I shall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me since: I shall only acquaint you, that I have exactly followed the precept of 'becoming all things to all men.' I was once supported very splendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blasphemy, and ridiculing the Bible, till my patron shot himself through the head; and I lived at bed and board with an old Methodist lady for near a twelvemonth, on account of my zeal for the New Doctrine, till one of the maid-servants wickedly laid a child to me. At present, Mr. Town, I am quite out of employ; having just lost a very profitable place which I held under a great man, in quality of his pimp. My disgrace was owing to the baseness of an old Covent Garden acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature just come

out of the country: but the hussy was so ungrateful, as to bestow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,
PETER SUPPLE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Have a little God-daughter in the country, to whom every year I send some diverting and instructive book for a New Year's-Gift: I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the purpose; which will oblige your humble servant,

T—W—.

TO MR. T—W—.

SIR,

I Know no book so fit for your purpose as the *Connoisseur*, lately published in *Two Pocket Volumes*; which I would further recommend to all Fathers and Mothers, Grand-fathers and Grand-mothers, Uncles and Aunts, God-fathers and God-mothers, to give to their Sons and Daughters, Grand-sons and Grand-daughters, Nephews and Nieces, God-sons and God-daughters—as being undoubtedly the best present at this season of the year, that can possibly be thought of.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR.

N. B. Large allowance to those who buy quantities to give away.

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N^o CI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

—JANIQUE BIFRONTIS IMAGO.

VIRG.

IN TWO-FAC'D JANUS WE THIS MORAL FIND;
WHILE WE LOOK FORWARD, WE SHOULD LOOK BEHIND.

AS the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-year's-day, I cannot open the business of the year with a better grace, than by taking the present hour for the subject of this paper: a subject which pleases me the more, as it also gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the season, and most sincerely wishing them all 'a happy new year, and a great many of them.'

But, in order to make these civilities of more consequence than a bare compliment, I will also endeavour to give them a little wholesome advice; by which they may be most likely to ensure to themselves that happiness, and to go through the ensuing year with ease and tranquillity.

No god in the heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more significantly represented, than Ja-

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nus;

nus; whom we may fairly stile in our language, the God of the New Year. The medals, on which the image of this Deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other, like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was past. There cannot be devised a stronger, or more sensible lesson of moral instruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itself the sum of human prudence; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future, by reflecting on the past; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course, as when it sets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the New Year by a recollection of the Old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to result from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind guess, and rashly presuming on the future, without the least attention to the past. With these the impetuosity of the passions gives their reason no scope to exert itself, but, neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarce take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters, whose misconduct arises from two such contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless vacant animals may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in the stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties, in which

men of any the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial survey of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common: indeed, almost every man, like the dairy maid with her pail of milk, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarce a servitor at either university, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bishop, or at least head of a college, though perhaps at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hospitals flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice and a chariot: and among those few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himself, some time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life these vain hopes may perhaps serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say to those people, who, in spite of experience and repeated disappointments, still place their chief dependance on groundless expectations from their future fortune! This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spendthrifts is built on some ideal riches, of which they are soon to be in possession; and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get in the lottery. I am myself acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thousand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm constitution, and turned of sixty, the nephew very considerately computed, that his uncle could hardly last above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of 2000*l.* *per ann.* However, the old gentleman held together above seven years, the two last of which our young
spark

spark had no consolation but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth discovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might possibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himself disinherited.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of those profound speculatists, who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the future, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity: but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past as the school of experience from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind of retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would not throw us so far back, as to keep us lagging, like the Old Stile, behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons who are given to such deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct as country beaux in their dress, who adopt the two modes just after they are become unfashionable in London.

But there is no task so difficult as to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccustomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befall him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose actions are not the result

of thought, or guided by experience? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitution, till at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires some thought to ensure to ourselves a likelihood of success in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the Old Year, and gather instructions from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the New. Let us also endeavour to draw from it a lesson of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too solemn a conclusion of this paper, if I advise my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the past, and look forward to the future, will also naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being who has existed from all eternity, and shall exist world without end. No consideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power who first created us, and whose providence is always over us. Let us then consider with attention this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Christianity. O

N^o CII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

—————PATER! NEC JAM PATER—————

OVID.

O SHAME TO ANCESTRY! HIS GRACE'S SON
OWES HIS VILE BIRTH TO HARRY OR TO JOHN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been my good fortune to be born of a family that is recorded in the Herald's Dictionary as one of the most ancient in the kingdom. We are supposed to have come into England

with William the Conqueror. Upon my accession some years ago to my elder brother's estate and title of a Baronet, I received a visit from Rouge Dragon, Esquire, Pursuivant at Arms, to congratulate me upon my new rank of a *Vavasour*, and to know whether I should chuse to bear the *Dexter Base Points of*

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the *Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief*, or only her *Sinister Corners*; she being one of the seventeen coheiresses of my great great great grandfather's fourth wife Dorothy, the daughter and sole heiress of Simon de la Frogpool of Croakham in Suffolk. This unexpected visit must have disconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. Rouge Dragon as a constant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor in initiating him into the Science of Heraldry, and the Civil and Military Achievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As soon, therefore, as I could recover myself from my first surprize in hearing an unknown English language, I humbly thanked Mr. Dragon for the pains he had taken in considering my Coat of Arms so minutely, but hoped he would give himself no farther trouble upon my account; because I was fully determined to *bear* the plain *Shield* of my grandfather Peter, without taking the least notice of *Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief*, or even of her *Sinister Corners*.

Be it to my shame or not, I must confess that Heraldry is a Science which I have never much cultivated: nor do I find it very prevalent among the fashionable studies of the age. Arms, and Armorial Tokens, may, I suppose, be regularly distinguished, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate to which they belong: but I have observed of late, that these honourable ensigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are usurped by every body who thinks fit to take them; inasmuch that there is scarce an hackney coach in London which is not in possession of a Ducal Crest, an Earl's Coronet, or a Baronet's Bloody Hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a scandal on our nobility and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a Duke's coach to be seen waiting at a night cellar, or for a Countess's landau to set down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-house. I remember I was one morning disturbed at my breakfast by a fashionable rap at my door; when looking out at my window, I saw the coach of the Lady Dowager — drawn up before it. I was extremely surprized at so early and unexpected a visit from her Ladyship; and while I was preparing to receive her, I

overheard her ladyship at high words with her coachman in my entry; when stepping to the stair-case, I found that the coachman, and her ladyship, represented in the person of one of my housemaids, were squabbling together about sixpence. This badge of nobility, assumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occasions: for I once travelled from London to Derby in an hired chariot finely ornamented with a Viscount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumstance I was compelled in every inn to pay as a Lord, though I was not at that time even a simple Baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. Dragon) arrived to the dignity of a *Vavasour*.

I have sometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage which they are generally esteemed to be: and I am almost inclined to think, that they answer no desirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and ostentation. A long roll of ennobled ancestors makes, I confess, a very alluring appearance. To see coronet after coronet passing before our view in an uninterrupted succession, is the most soothing prospect that perhaps can present itself to the eye of human pride: the exultation that we feel upon such a review, takes rise in a visionary and secret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets may spring from ourselves, as have descended from our Ancestors. We read in Virgil, that Anchises, to inspire his son with the properest incitements to virtue, shews him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the misery of Macbeth is made by Shakespeare to proceed less from the consciousness of guilt, than from the disappointed pride that none of his own race shall succeed him in the throne.

The pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should perhaps have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a French Novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to all vain glories that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

‘ A Nobleman of an ancient house, of
‘ very

‘very high rank and great fortune,’ says the Novellist, ‘died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at Purgatory, was sent down immediately into Hell. He had not been long there, before he met with his coachman Thomas, who, like his noble master, was gnashing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, surprised to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, thieves, pickpockets, and all the *canaille* of Hell, started, and cried out in a tone of admiration—“Is it possible, that I see my late master among Lucifer’s tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers! How much am I astonished to find your lordship in this place! Your lordship! whose generosity was so great, whose affluent housekeeping drew such crowds of nobility, gentry, and friends to your table, and within your gates; and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens, by building temples and obelisks, and by forming lakes of water, that seemed to vie with the largest oceans of the creation! Pray, my lord, if I may be so bold, what crime has brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?”—“Ah, Thomas,” replied his lordship, with his usual condescension, “I have been sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, and cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to enrich, and purchase titles, honours, and estates, for that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But prithee, Thomas, tell me, as thou didst always seem to be an honest, careful, sober servant, what brought thee hither?”—“Alas! my noble lord,” replied Thomas, “I was sent hither for begetting that son!”

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
REGINALD FITZWORM.

I must agree with my correspondent, that the study of Heraldry is at present in very little repute among us: and our nobility are more anxious about preserving the genealogy of their horses, than of their own family. Whatever value their progenitors may have formerly set upon their Blood, it is now found to be of no value, when put into the scale and weighed against solid *plebeian* gold: nor would the most illustrious descendant from Cadwallader, or the Irish Kings, scruple to debase his lineage by an al-

liance with the daughter of a city-plumb, though all her ancestors were yeomen, and none of her family ever bore arms. Titles of quality, when the owners have no other merit to recommend them, are of no more estimation than those which the courtesy of the vulgar has bestowed on the deformed: and when I look over a long Tree of Descent, I sometimes fancy I can discover the real characters of Sharpers, Reprobates, and Plunderers of their country, concealed under the titles of Dukes, Earls, and Viscounts.

It is well known, that the very servants, in the absence of their masters, assume the same titles; and Tom or Harry, the footman or groom of his Grace, is always *my Lord Duke* in the kitchen or stables. For this reason, I have thought proper to present my reader with the Pedigree of a Footman, drawn up in the same sounding titles as are so pompously displayed on these occasions: and I dare say, it will appear no less illustrious than the pedigrees of many families which are neither celebrated for their actions nor distinguished by their virtues.

The Family of the Skips, or Skip-kennels, is very ancient and noble. The founder of it, Maître Jacques, came into England with the Dutchess of Mazarine. He was son of a Prince of the Blood, his mother one of the Mesdames of France: this family is therefore related to the most illustrious *Maitres d’Hotel* and *Valets de Chambre* of that kingdom. Jacques had issue two Sons, viz. Robert and Paul; of whom Paul, the youngest, was invested with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a Bishop, and soon after became an Archbishop. Robert, the elder, came to be a Duke, but died without issue: Paul, the Archbishop, left behind him an only daughter, Barbara, base-born, who was afterwards Maid of Honour; and intermarrying with a Lord of the Bed-chamber, had a very numerous issue by him; viz. Rebecca, born a week after their marriage, and died young; Joseph, first a Squire, afterwards Knighted, High Sheriff of a County, and Colonel of the Militia; Peter, raised from a Cabin Boy to a Lord of the Admiralty; William, a Faggot in the First Regiment of Guards, and a Brigadier; Thomas, at first an Earl’s Eldest Son, and afterwards a Brewer, and Lord Mayor of the City of London. The several branches

branches of this family were no less distinguished for their illustrious progeny. Jacques, the founder, first quartered lace on his coat, and Robert added the shoulder-knot. Some of them, indeed, met with great trouble: Archbishop Paul lost his See for getting a cook-maid with child; Barbara, the Maid of

Honour, was dismissed with a big belly; Brigadier William was killed by a Chairman in a pitched battle at an ale-house; the Lord of the Admiralty was transported for seven years; and Duke Robert had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn.

N^o CIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1756.

— Nihil videtur mundius.

TER.

THE HOUSE SO NEAT, SO NICE WITHIN,
'TIS PITY WE SHOULD ENTER IN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am married to a lady of a very nice and delicate disposition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the *Neatest Body in her House* they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grievance: this extraordinary Neatness is so very troublesome and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the horses in the stables.

It must be confessed that a due regard to Neatness and Cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our habitations as our persons: but though I should not chuse to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-sweeper's, I would not, like the superstitious Mahometans, wash them six times a day; and though I should be loth to roll in a pig-sye, yet I do not like to have my house rendered useless to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference between having an house that is always dirty, and an house that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my home, with other masters of families, every Saturday night: but my wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing work must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in

continual dirtiness, that my house may be clean; for during these nice operations every apartment is stowed with soap, brick-dust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dish-clouts.

You may suppose that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors. For this reason all that come to our house (besides the ceremony of scraping at the door) are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they must straddle their way along several lesser mats, ranged at due distances from each other in the passage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with an hop, a step, and a jump. The like caution is used by all the family: I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down stairs; the maid-servants are continually stumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house bare-footed, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude that my wife must be no less nice in other particulars. But as it is observed by Swift, 'that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas,' in like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the most slovenly on many occasions. They cannot conceive that any thing which is done by such delicate persons can possibly give offence: I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have seen her, before company, dust the tea-cups with a foul apron or a washing gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when,
through

through her extreme cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket handkerchief. People, Mr. Town, who are not very intimate with families, seldom see them (especially the female part) but in disguise: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aspect when she comes before company, than when she first sits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel to those who visit us in the afternoon; but in the morning she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greasy bonnet, and a coarse dowlas apron; so that you would rather take her for a chair-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of such an occupation: for so great is her love of Cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth over the boards.

This extraordinary solicitude in my wife for the cleanliness of her rooms, and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for show and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any thing better than a Delft plate, that the æconomy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of China, may not be disarranged: and indeed my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old China not fit for use, but disposed in such a manner, as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used, for fear it should be dirtied;

and I live with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them; which is as ridiculous an absurdity, and almost as great an hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them; the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them; and feet without being permitted to walk.

Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for Cleanliness, so predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt; and while we are surrounded with all necessaries, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it still a greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruque on one of the gilt sconces. Having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcilable for a month; and I had scarce brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately ran against the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and pease-pudding on the parlour floor. This superabundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped: and the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of our losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependance, came up to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit: but though he had rode above sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe: but this you may be sure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls; because the Chints bed-chamber was, indeed, too
nice

nice for a dirty country squire. These flights very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occasion. It happened that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his first coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog having found means to escape, had crept sily up stairs, and (besides other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson damask settee. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline

of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the matter interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he would never *darken our doors* again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
T PETER PLAINALL.

Nº CIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1756.

ACTUM EST: ILICET: PERISTI.

TER.

RUIN'D AND UNDONE!

THE use of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects which raise ideas in our minds, we use words, which are made signs of those objects. No man could otherwise convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to those pieces of furniture; as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention King Charles on horseback, I must carry my companion to Charing Cross; and would I next tell him of the statue of Sir John Barnard, we must trudge back again, and he must wait for my meaning till we got to the Royal Exchange. We should be like the sages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having substituted *things* for words, used to carry about them such *things* as were necessary to express the particular business they were to discourse on. 'I have often beheld,' says he; 'two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us: who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.' In these circumstances, a man of the fewest words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus

of conversation than is contained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other flight-of-hand artist: he could not speak of a chicken or an owl, but it must be ready in his pocket to be produced. In such a case, we could not say we heard, but we saw the conversation of a friend; as in the epistolary correspondence, carried on by those pretty *hieroglyphic* letters (as they are called), where the picture of a *deer* and a *woman finely dress* is made to stand for the expression of *dear lady*.

But the invention of words has removed these difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have seen, but what neither we nor the persons to whom we speak ever saw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of learning it from the cannon's mouth: and we can talk of the people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make use of Bishop Wilkins's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary course of life, are like the paper-money among merchants, invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largest sum can be transmitted to the most distant place with as much ease as a letter; while the same in specie would require bags and chests, and even carts or ships, to transport it. But, however great these advantages are, the use of language has brought along with it

it several inconveniences, as well as paper-money; for as this latter is more liable to miscarry, more easily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited, than bullion, merchants have frequent causes to complain that the convenience of this sort of cash is not without it's alloy of evil; and we find, that in the use of language there is so much room for deceit and mistake, that though it does not render it useless, it is much to be wished some remedy could be contrived.

Men are so apt to use the same words in different senses, and call the same thing by different names, that oftentimes they cannot understand others, or be themselves understood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodigality which another calls generosity, they mistake each other's meaning, and can never agree till they explain the words. It is to this we owe so much wrangling in discourse, and so many volumes of controversy on almost every part of literature. I have known a dispute carried on with great warmth, and when the disputants have come to explain what each meant; it has been discovered they were both of a side: like the men in the Play, who met and fought first, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themselves to be friends. What should we say, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name was to obtain among tradesmen? If you was to send to your haberdasher for an hat, you might receive a pair of stockings; or instead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furnished with a cathartic or a clyster.

It would be needless to insist upon the inconveniences arising from the mistake or misapprehension of terms in all verbal combats; whether they be fought on the spot by word of mouth, or (like a game of Chess) maintained, even though lands and seas interpose, by the assistance of the press. In our ordinary conversation, it is notorious, that no less confusion has arisen from the wrong application or perversion of the original and most natural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author, I published a little pamphlet, which I flattered myself had some merit, though I must confess it did not sell. Conscious of my growing fame, I resolved to send the first fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely

to prove to the family: but how was I mortified, when the good man sent me word, that he was sorry to find I had *ruined* myself, and had wrote a book; for the parson of the parish had assured him that authors were never worth a farthing, and always died in a gaol. Notwithstanding this remonstrance, I have still persisted in my *Ruin*; which at present I cannot say is quite compleated, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean shirt for Sundays at least, and am lodged somewhat below a garret. However; this prediction of my uncle has often led me to consider, in how many senses, different from it's general acceptation, the word *Ruined* is frequently made use of. When we hear this word applied to another, we should naturally imagine the person is reduced to a state worse than he was in before, and so low that it is scarce possible for him to rise again: but we shall often find, instead of his being undone, that he has rather met with some extraordinary good fortune; and that those who pronounce him *ruined*, either mean you should understand it in some other light, or else call him undone, because he differs from them in his way of life; or because they wish him to be in that situation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injustice, in the misapplication of this term; as it may literally *ruin* a man, by destroying his character; according to the old English proverb—'Give a dog an ill name, and hang him.'

Most people are, indeed, so entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the same colour. From this selfish prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the motives and actions of others: and it is no wonder that they should see *Ruin* staring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I shall, therefore, here set down a catalogue of some of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good-nature of the world have not scrupled to pronounce absolutely *ruined*.

A young clergyman of Cambridge might have had a good college-living in about thirty years time, or have been at the head of the house: but he chose to quit his fellowship for a small cure in town with a view of recommending himself by his preaching - *Ruined*.

A G

A fellow

A fellow of another college in the same university refused to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a smoking, drinking, swearing, fox-hunting country squire, who would have provided for him - - - *Ruined.*

Dr. Classic, a young physician from Oxford, might have had more practice than Radcliffe or Mead: but having studied Aristotle's Poetics, and read the Greek Tragedies, as well as Galen and Hippocrates, he was tempted to write a play, which was universally applauded, and the author was *Ruined.*

A Student of the Temple might have made sure of a Judge's Robes, or the Chancellor's Seals; but being tired of sauntering in Westminster Hall without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commission in one of the new-raised regiments, and is *Ruined.*

A younger brother of a good family threw himself away upon an obscure widow with a jointure, of 500*l.* *per ann.* by which he is - - - *Ruined.*

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though she makes him an excellent wife, he is universally allowed to have *Ruined himself.*

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the strange sense, in which a

friend of mine once heard this word used in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and spirits, engrossed all the conversation to herself; and herself indeed was the subject of all the conversation: but what most surprized him, was the manner in which she used this word *Ruined*; which occurred frequently in her discourse, though never intended by her to convey the meaning generally affixed to it. It served her sometimes as an era to determine the date of every occurrence—She bought such a gown, just after she was *ruined*—The first time she saw Garrick in *Ranger*, she was in doubt whether it was before or after she was *ruined*.—Having occasion to mention a young gentleman, she burst into raptures—‘O he is a dear creature!—He it was that *ruined* me—O he is a dear soul!—He carried me to an inn ten miles from my father's house in the country, where he *ruined* me.—If he had not *ruined* me, I should have been as miserable and as moping as my sisters. But the dear soul was forced to go abroad upon his travels, and I was obliged to come upon the town three weeks after I was *ruined*—no, not so much as three weeks after I was *ruined*—yes, it was full three weeks after I was *ruined*.’

THE
CONNOISSEUR.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

N^o CV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1756.

GAUDET EQUIS, CANIBUSQUE, ET APRICI GRAMINE CAMPI.

HOR.

TO SPRING A COVEY, OR UNEARTH A FOX,
IN REV'REND SPORTSMEN, IS RIGHT ORTHODOX.

MY Cousin Village, from whom I had not heard for some time, has lately sent me an account of a *Country Parson*; which I dare say will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our Clergy than what they have collected from the spruce and genteel figures which they have been used to contemplate here in doctors scarfs, pudding-sleeves, starched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my Cousin's description, that these reverend ensigns of orthodoxy are not so necessary to be displayed among rustics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or surplice, the good pastors may, without censure, put on the manners as well as dress of a groom or whipper-in.

DONCASTER, JAN. 14, 1756.

DEAR COUSIN,

I Am just arrived here, after having paid a visit to our old acquaintance Jack Quickset, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Quickset, rector of — parish in the North-Riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds *per ann.* As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, per-

haps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, *rough draught* of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unenterprising to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the world, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me that he had been *double japanned* (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of —; where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best Yorkshire Stingo, and would engage to shew me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of 'No mortals on earth are so jovial as we,' that I began to think I had made a mistake; but it's close neighbourhood to the church soon convinced me that this could be no other than the Parsonage-house. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room-full of fox-hunters in boots and bob wigs) got up to welcome me to —, and embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his Stingo by belching in my face, as he did me the honour of saluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right-hand of his own elbow-chair, assured them that I was a very *honest Cock*, and loved a chace of

five and twenty miles an end as well as any of them: to preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of Port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed into it to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole œconomy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and an house-full of children, (the most common family of a country clergyman) he is single; unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper. The calm amusements of piquet, chess, and backgammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees his 'dearest action in the field,' and boasts that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots. The estimation in which he holds his friends is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him that they have found an hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came in to tell him that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk came only to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Quickset, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor; so that Jack has full power to beat up the game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye,

the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear to him half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman, as to any fine lady in town: not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chase. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him; and the more to encourage me, he assured me that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the North. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of 'Hark to Mer-riman!' and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef, and a horn or two of Stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon an hunter, which he assured me was never yet *thrown out*: and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a *soft* morning should be thrown away upon a Sunday; at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and *took* every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had *earth'd*. At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but to alight, pull his hand out of the sermon-case, give his brown scratch bob a shake, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself both in the desk and pulpit to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as the squire of it, who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the squire's; who, being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was
hugely

hugely delighted with Jack's conversation. 'Church and King,' and *another* particular toast, (in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character) were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to 'Horses sound, Dogs healthy, Earths stopt, and Foxes plenty.' When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chaces as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers; after which, though the squire would fain have had us stay and take an hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church door, and rode home in the dark; because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother sportsmen, who were to lie all night

at his own house, to be in readiness to make up for the loss of Sunday, by going out a cock-shooting very early the next morning.

I must leave it to you, Cousin, to make what reflections you please on this character: only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or the dog-kennel than the church: and, indeed, it will be found, that our friend Jack and all of his stamp are regarded by their parishioners, not as Parsons of the Parish, but rather as Squires in Orders.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c. T

Nº CVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1756.

NON HÆC SOLENNIA NOBIS
VANA SUPERSTITIO, VETERUMVE IGNARA DEORUM,
IMPOSUIT. SÆVIS, HOSPES TROJANE, PERICLIS
SERVATI FACIENS.

VIRG.

THESE SOLEMN RITES NOR SUPERSTITION VAIN,
NOR FEARS FROM BLINDER IGNORANCE ORDAIN:
SAV'D FROM THE SHOCK, FROM DANGERS YET UNKNOWN,
HIS MERCY WE IMPORE, WHOSE POW'R WE OWN.

IT is not easy for the mind of man to recover itself from any extraordinary panic which has once seized it: for which reason we cannot be surpris'd, that many well-meaning people, who have not yet shaken off the apprehensions occasioned by the late dreadful earthquakes, should be led to conjure up new terrors, and alarm themselves with imaginary dangers. Their fears interpret every common incident, and even the change of weather, as signs of approaching destruction: if the day be calm and serene, such, they say, is the usual forerunner of a shock; or, if the night prove tempestuous, they can hardly persuade themselves that it is only the wind which rocks their houses. With this propensity to entertain any unreasonable dread about future events, it is no wonder that weak minds should be worked upon by little dabblers in philosophy, who, having gleaned a few barren scraps from the Magazines, presume even to foretel the dissolution of the world by the Comet which is expected to appear in 1758.

Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, has a passage so very apposite to these idle pretenders to science, that I shall beg leave to transcribe it.

'These people,' says he, 'are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed, or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with it's own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one and thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in it's perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun,

' sun, (as by their calculations they
 ' have reasons to dread) it will receive
 ' a degree of heat ten thousand times
 ' more intense than that of red-hot glow-
 ' ing iron; and, in it's absence from
 ' the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hun-
 ' dred thousand and fourteen miles long;
 ' through which if the earth should pass
 ' at the distance of one hundred thou-
 ' sand miles from the *nucleus*, or main
 ' body of the comet, it must in it's pas-
 ' sage be set on fire, and reduced to
 ' ashes. That the sun, daily spending
 ' it's rays without any nutriment to
 ' supply them, will at last be wholly
 ' consumed and annihilated; which
 ' must be attended with the destruction
 ' of this earth, and of all the planets that
 ' receive their light from it.

' They are so perpetually alarmed
 ' with the apprehensions of these and the
 ' like impending dangers, that they can
 ' neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor
 ' have any relish for the common plea-
 ' sures or amusements of life. When
 ' they meet an acquaintance in the
 ' morning, the first question is about
 ' the sun's health, how he looked at his
 ' setting and rising, and what hopes
 ' they have to avoid the stroke of an ap-
 ' proaching comet. This conversation
 ' they are apt to run into with the same
 ' temper that boys discover to hear ter-
 ' rible stories of spirits and hobgoblins,
 ' which they greedily listen to, and dare
 ' not go to bed for fear.'

Let Us, however, banish from our
 thoughts all such vain notions, and let
 us fortify our minds with a true sense of
 religion, which will teach us to rely on
 the protection of that Providence which
 has hitherto preserved us. It is with
 great pleasure that I remark the unani-
 mous concurrence of almost all ranks of
 people, in allowing the propriety of the
 present solemn Fast, as a necessary act
 of humiliation, to avert the wrath and
 vengeance of Heaven, and call down it's
 mercies upon us. It is true, indeed,
 that no persons do more prejudice to the
 cause of religion, than they who cloud
 it's genuine cheerfulness with the gloom
 of superstition, and are apt to consider
 every common accident that befalls us
 as a judgment. They clothe religion
 in the most terrifying habit, and (as it
 were) dress it up in all the horrors of
 the Inquisition. These people are much
 to be pitied; and it is to be wished that

their mistaken piety could be better re-
 gulated. But there is another set of
 men of a different turn, more numerous,
 and much more dangerous to the com-
 munity, who treat every act of religion
 as a jest, and hold it's most sacred ordi-
 nances in contempt. Set forms and ce-
 remonies, though they have no essential
 virtue in themselves, are yet indispen-
 sably requisite to keep alive in us a quick
 sense of our duty. It must be allowed,
 indeed, that if a man could constantly
 employ his mind in holy meditations,
 exercise his virtues, and believe the mys-
 teries of our religion, he would be a true
 Christian, though he never complied
 with any outward forms, or repeated so
 much as a single prayer. But it is ma-
 nifest from experience, that those who
 neglect the ordinances, neglect also the
 duties of a Christian; and the least re-
 flection on the human mind will con-
 vince us, that some external rites are ne-
 cessary to settle the wandering ideas, and
 to fix the attention on it's proper object.
 The fervent repetition of a prayer in-
 spires us with love and gratitude towards
 the Deity, and kindles the sparks of de-
 votion within us: and it is easy to con-
 ceive, that, if the celebration of public
 worship was neglected among us only
 for one year, it would be a more fatal
 blow to religion than all the weak at-
 tacks of infidels and free-thinkers.

But though forms may be said to com-
 pose the body, a good life is the soul of
 religion, without which the rest is but a
 dead mass. The most rigid compliance
 with every ordinance of the church, if
 it has no influence on our conduct, is
 rather a solemn mockery, than an atone-
 ment for our offences: as they who re-
 ceive the bread and wine without a firm
 resolution to lead a new life, are said to
 eat and drink their own damnation.
 Wherefore, a strict observance of this
 or that particular day is not a sufficient
 discharge of our duty, except it serve to
 rouse us from the lethargy of sin, to
 awaken in us a desire of becoming wor-
 thy the protection of the Almighty, by
 animating our faith, amending our lives,
 and working in us a repentance of our
 transgressions. Thus the Lord's Day
 is not merely set apart for devotion,
 with an unlimited licence to wickedness
 all the rest of the week; but our being
 particularly exercised in acts of piety for
 one day, is calculated to strengthen our
 virtue,

virtue, and give a tincture of religion to our whole conduct through the other six.

On the present solemn occasion, I doubt not but every persuasive, tending to make this temporary Fast a lasting benefit, will be urged by the Clergy: I shall therefore content myself with touching on some laxities in the usual manner of keeping a Fast; which, though they are not of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of from the pulpit, should yet be pointed out, as the violation of the Fast in these particulars is almost universal.

The very name of a Fast implies a day of abstinence, of mortification and self-denial: which has always been enjoined as a necessary means of subduing irregular desires, and fitting us for holy meditations. For this reason, in former days, when people of quality rose earlier than even mechanics now open their shops, when the court itself dined at eleven, that meal was deferred till four o'clock, in compliance with this religious exercise, which was in those times a real abstinence, a true piece of mortification and self-denial. But if the observance of a Fast consists in not dining till four o'clock, our persons of fashion may be said to fast every day of their lives. In truth, the several hours of the day are adapted to such very different employments to what they were formerly, that our four o'clock stands in the place of their eleven: and nothing can be more absurd, (to use no harsher term) than to adhere to the form in the performance of a religious act, when by the alteration of circumstances that form flatly contradicts the very meaning of it's original institution. I would also ask those rigid devotees, who observe this day in all the strictness of the letter, and would be shocked at the sight of a leg of mutton or beef-steak on their tables, whether the dining upon salt or other fish may not be considered rather

as feasting than fasting, if (as is often the case) it should happen to be a dish they are remarkably fond of. All these methods of keeping a Fast without abstinence, mortification, or self-denial, are mere quibbles to evade the performance of our duty, and entirely frustrate the design of appointing this solemnity. There is something of this nature very commonly practised in France; where there are many families who keep the whole Lent with great strictness, but the last night of it invite a great deal of company to supper. The moment the clock strikes twelve, a magnificent entertainment, consisting of all sorts of rich fare, is served up, and these most Christian debauchees sit down to indulge in luxury, without sinning against the Canon.

I cannot conclude without an earnest wish, that the observation of the present Fast may awaken in us a serious attention to our duty hereafter; that we may not seem to have barely complied with a stated form, or to have been affected with the short-lived piety of a single day. As to those who require constantly to be frightened into their duty, I will for once venture to commence prophet: and let them be assured that my predictions will infallibly come to pass. There is a danger more certain than an Earthquake or a Comet, which will inevitably overwhelm us; a danger, from which we cannot possibly guard ourselves, and which perhaps is even now at our doors. This danger I cannot better set forth, than in the alarming words of a celebrated French preacher. 'I know a man, (and I will point him out presently) who is now in this church; a man, in perfect health; a man, in the flower of his age: and yet this man, perhaps before next Sunday, perhaps by to-morrow, will be in his grave. This man, my dear brethren, is Myself who speak to you, it is You who hear me.'

O

No

N^o CVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1756.

CEDUNT GRAMMATICI VINCUNTUR RHETORES.—

Juv.

FULL IN THE MIDST OF EUCLID DIP AT ONCE,
AND PETRIFY A GENIUS TO A DUNCE.

POPE.

TO MR. TOWN.

— COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
JAN. 30, 1756.

SIR,

I Have just now, with near an hundred more, taken the first degree which this University confers on her sons; and begin to consider within myself, in what manner we have spent our time for these four years past, and what profit we are likely to receive hereafter from our academical studies. But upon retrospection I find that, instead of having laid up a store of learning which might have been of service to us in our future connections and intercourse with mankind, we have been confounding our heads with a miscellaneous heap of nonsense, which most of us, I am certain, are endeavouring to unlearn as fast as we possibly can: instead of having acquired such a share of common sense, as might have been of service to ourselves and acquaintance, we must entirely sell off our old stock, and begin the world of literature anew. This reflection cannot be very pleasant to those, who, I must say, have squandered away so very precious a time of life; a time of life, when, though judgment perhaps is not come to maturity, yet imagination and invention, those noble offsprings of a promising mind, are in the very flower and bloom of perfection.

This seat of learning, for it undoubtedly deserves that name, has drawn and kept us together for some years: our manners, conversation, and studies, bear a great similitude; but now either chance or choice is going to disperse us over the whole kingdom; and our places of abode will scarce be more widely different than our schemes of life. Notwithstanding this, the same plan of study has been imposed on all: whether agreeable or contrary to the bent of inclination, has never been regarded. Mathematics is the standard to which all merit is referred; and all other excellences, without

these, are quite overlooked and neglected: the solid learning of Greece and Rome is a trifling acquisition; and much more so, every polite accomplishment: in short, if you will not get all Euclid and his diagrams by heart, and pore over Saunderson till you are as blind as he was himself, they will say of you, as in the motto to one of your late papers — *Actum est! ilicet! peristi!* — 'Tis 'all over with you! you are ruined! 'undone!' Not that I would depreciate this kind of learning; it is certainly a most noble science, and reflects the greatest honour on human wit and invention: all that I complain of, is the unreasonable stress that is laid upon it; nay, even the most abstruse parts of it: which is still more absurd, as there are so very few heads able to perceive and retain the nice chain of reasoning and deduction, which must necessarily be made use of; and as a small number of mathematical geniuses would be sufficient for the service of his Majesty's dominions.

I take it for granted, that your sagacity has by this time discovered, that you have been addressed by a young man, whose too over-weening conceit of himself has perhaps induced him to imagine, that the University has not sufficiently rewarded his deserts: if so, you are not deceived. But though this disappointment may at present sit a little uneasy upon me, yet I think I can foresee, that it will be the most fortunate mortification that could possibly have befallen me. For, in the first place, it has sufficiently abated that upstart pride, which most young men are apt to take in their own abilities; than which nothing can be more irksome to all their acquaintance, or a greater impediment to their own real improvement. A pert scholar, whenever he enters a room of company, immediately assumes a superiority in discourse, and thinks himself obliged to correct all improprieties in thought or expression. You must 'speak by the card,' as Hamlet says, or expect

pest the censure of this superficial coxcomb. If, according to the common form of speech, you say, that there is either heat in fire, or coldness in ice, he will inform you, that you deliver yourself very inaccurately, as Mr. Locke has fully demonstrated; he will tell you, you cannot prove, that two and two make four, or that you are alive yourself. These, and a thousand other observations equally impertinent, he is continually making, to the no small uneasiness and perplexity of the ladies and honest country gentlemen.

What is still a greater misfortune, is, that a man of this cast is never likely to know any better: for, having raked together a few metaphysical distinctions and scholastic refinements, he thinks he has laid up a sufficient fund of knowledge for his whole life: he despises all common sense (which is the best sense) through an ambition of appearing particular: and as for the advice or opinion of others, those he thinks himself indispensably bound to disregard; inasmuch as such submission implies some inferiority, which he would by no means be thought to labour under. Such a disposition as this I take to be the sure and infallible token of confirmed ignorance: a melancholy instance of the depravity of human nature, that the less we know, the more we presume; and the fewer advances we have made towards true knowledge, the less occasion we think we have of any further improvement.

In the second place, if I may be allowed to judge of what I cannot possibly have experienced, I take it to be of the greatest benefit to a young person to meet with early disappointments in life: for sooner or later every one must have his share of them; and the sooner we meet with some of them the better. By this means the mind is easily made familiar with crosses and vexations, and is not thrown off it's balance by every thwarting and wayward accident: by this means we submit to ills and troubles, as the necessary attendants on mankind; as on a rainy day we make ourselves quiet and contented, but hope for sunshine on the morrow. And, indeed, there seems to be a strong analogy between the inclemency of the weather attacking our bodies, and the storm of afflictions which batter our minds. The rain will beat, and the wind will roar, let us use our utmost endeavours to the

contrary; but by inuring our persons to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and using other proper methods, we shall feel no very sensible inconvenience from them. In like manner, all our skill and art cannot prevent or elude the rubs and disasters to which we are liable: but if by degrees, and early in life, we are hardened and accustomed to them, and if by the help of reason and sound philosophy, we arm and fortify ourselves against them, they may still perhaps reach us, but their shocks will be quite weak and languid; and we may say of the darts of Fortune, as Virgil says of Priam, when he hurled a javelin at Pyrrhus—

————— *Telum imbellesine ictu*
Conjecit. —————

Short of it's aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble shaft falls hurtle's in the ground.

Thus you see, Mr. Town, that out of a seeming evil, I have discovered a real good: and I am certain, if this method of reasoning could be made universal, we should find much fewer murmurers against the present distribution and order of things.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
B. A.

MR. TOWN,

I Am so great an admirer of the fair sex, that I never let a tittle of their vendible writings escape me. I bought this year the Lady's Diary, merely because it was advertised as the Woman's Almanack, which I construed, the Almanack composed by a Woman; but I find I have been mistaken in my supposition. It is not the work of a female. The Christian name of the author, I have reason to believe, is Marmaduke; unless I misunderstood a most curious copy of verses, describing a most superb entertainment of fish, flesh, pies, and tarts, exhibited upon New Year's Day 1755. His Surname remains as great an ænigma as any in his book. His coadjutors, contributors, or assistants, are Messrs. Walter Trott, Timothy Nabb, Patrick Ocavannah, John Honey, Henry Season, and others. I honour these gentlemen, and their works: but I own my chief delight is reading over the Riddles and Unriddles, the Questions and the Answers of Miss Sally West, a H Cælia,

Cælia, Miss Nancy Evelyn, Miss E. S. Miss Atkinson, Enira, and other choice little feminine spirits of the age. Riddles are so becoming, and appear so pretty, when dandled about by ladies, that they may be compared to soft, smooth, painted, waxen babies, dressed up in a proper manner for Misses to play with, from eighteen to fourscore. But above all, I must take this opportunity of congratulating dear Miss Fanny Harris, who, I find, 'has given an elegant Solution to a Prize Problem, by a Fluxionary Calculus founded on the Properties of Tangents,' and by that means has run away with no less than twelve Diaries for this important year 1756. As this young lady is justly called 'the honour of her sex,' and deals entirely in the Properties of Tangents, I fear she will never descend so low as *Riddleme Riddlemeree*; and therefore I must humbly offer, by the vehicle of your paper, Mr. Town, a small

Riddle, invented with much pains and thought by myself, to the solution of those three ingenious Spinsters, Miss Polly Walker, Miss Grace Tetlow, and Miss Ann Rickaby, to appear in the Lady's Diary of 1757, and to receive upon appearance, as a premium, one compleat set of the Connoisseur in Pocket Volumes, to be the property of one or more of these three ladies who shall explain my *Ænigma*.

Fire and Water mix'd together,
Add to this some Salt and Tin;
Tell me, Ladies, tell me whether
In this Mixture there is Sin?

The Solution itself, if not truly explained by the Three Graces, to whom I now address it, shall appear, by your permission, in the first Connoisseur after next New Year's Day.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
MICHAEL KRAWBIDGE.

Nº CVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1756.

TER CENTUM TONAT ORE DEOS, ERERUMQUE, CHAOSQUE,
TERGEMINAMQUE HECATEN, TRIA VIRGINIS ORA DIANÆ.
VIRG.

DIRE EXECRATIONS SPLIT YOUR EARS ASUNDER,
DEATH! AND DAMNATION! FURIES! BLOOD! AND THUNDER!

AS there are some vices which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of Cursing and Swearing: a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman: but it is accounted no disgrace to him, to use the same coarse expressions of Cursing and Swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a 'By Gad,' or a 'Gad dem-me,' minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression

bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The Swearer of either station devotes himself piece-meal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the Gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor, the Tatler, gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted Swearers o' dinner with him, and ordered their discourse to be taken down in shorthand;

hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprized at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *Polite Conversation*, though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable Oaths and Curses in present use at Arthur's, or any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned their choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has, indeed, provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent, according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of Swearers pour forth the same execrations at the Hazard-table or in the Tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the Shuffle-board or in the Skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped in the Stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous, but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same Stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since the first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware, that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that Oaths and Curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-

fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the Devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the Swearer himself, like the Old Man in the fable, calling upon Death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would, therefore, be adviseable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar Cursing and Swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof. One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy Dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *Devil*, and *Damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of *his* cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. *Bottle* and *glass* might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the Knave of Clubs, or the Curse of Scotland; or he might, with some propriety, retain the old execration of *The Deuce* take it. The beau should be allowed 'to swear by his gracious self, which is the god of his idolatry;' and the common expletives should consist only of 'upon my word,' and 'upon my honour;' which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning. Q

N^o CIX. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1756.

INTERDUM VULGUS RECTUM VIDET; EST, UBI PECCAT.

HOR.

WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS, IS OFTEN TRUE;
BUT VERY OFTEN 'TIS A FALSEHOOD TOO.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquirer after truth, the famous Sir Thomas Brown, for an excellent treatise, in which he has refuted several idle and ridiculous opinions that prevailed in his time; to which work he has very properly given the title of *Vulgar Errors*. Among others, of no less importance, he has taken great pains to explode the common notion, that a witch can make a voyage to the East Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick: an assertion, maintained by that wise monarch, King James the First, who even condescended to commence author in support of it. He has also refuted the generally received opinion, that the Devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven stump; nay, has even denied, that wheresoever he goes, he always leaves a smell of brimstone behind him; and has no less seriously endeavoured to shew the absurdity of the supposition, that Adam and Eve were born into the world without navels. But all these mistaken notions, though they might possibly obtain belief in former times of superstition and ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt the existence of the Witch of Endor: that illustrious personage the Devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear; and the lowest mechanics have been taught at the Robin Hood Society, that the whole account of our first parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's story.

Since the days of Sir Thomas Brown such strange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and sciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think a work, intended as a supplement to the above-mentioned treatise of *Vulgar Errors*, would be highly acceptable to the public; since it is notorious, that many te-

nets, which were then thought indisputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uninformed vulgar. A work of this nature it is my intention shortly to publish: in the mean time, I shall content myself with laying the following specimen of the performance before my readers.

The ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it 'to be absolutely impossible that a Maid can be with child.' But it is well known to the learned, that in these later times there have been many instances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the west-wind, like Virgil's mares, or, as it was said of Juno, by eating a salad; whether they bring forth, as Dutch ladies do, Sooterkins; whether they conceive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cause, has not been ascertained. Several instances have been recorded, among the Roman Catholicks, of Nuns and Lady-abbesses, who have miraculously proved with child: and here in England we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a Maid of Honour. I myself know a lady, almost approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-cholic; for relief of which she went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly seized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the most unspotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, just as they were going to tap her for the dropsy. An eminent man-midwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his practice called to a virgin, who, to his great surprize, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly resembling a mandrake. This he considered as a most wonderful *Lusus Nature*; and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monster) to be laid before the Royal Society; but in less than a twelve-

a twelvemonth he delivered the same lady, who still continued in a state of virginity, of another false conception, like the former; and for many years after, this prodigy of a virgin had several other monstrous and preternatural births of the same kind. He further assures me, that he has since very frequently met with these *phenomenas*; and that the only difference between maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifest the signs of pregnancy so fully in their waists, nor do they cry out so vehemently in their labour-pains; and it is remarkable that they never chuse to suckle their children.

It is vulgarly supposed, that 'the events of Gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune;' but the wise and polite, that is, the Knowing Ones, cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, seem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The professors at Arthur's, and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of Gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons, at reasonable rates, to those novices who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain: and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the *Bias*, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

It is a notion confined wholly to the Vulgar, that 'Matrimony brings people together;' but it is notorious, that in higher life a Marriage is the most effectual method to keep them asunder. It is impolite for a man and his wife ever to be seen together in public; and a person of quality had rather enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with any body's wife but his own, in private. Genteel couples have separate amusements, pay separate visits, keep separate company, lie in separate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-house) are never seen together: nay more, if they are very genteel indeed, the lady has her separate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of fashion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reside in the same house, partake of the same diversions, and observe every other article of the strictest cohabitation. The surest way of dissolving a connection of this sort

is to marry. Sir John Brute bluntly declares, that, if he was married to an hoghead of claret, the thought of Matrimony would make him hate it. Thus, in general, the very names of Wife and Husband are sufficient to destroy all affection: and it was but a day or two ago that I met with a sprightly young gentleman much of the same opinion with Sir John; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a mistress, and reminded that Man and Wife were one flesh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleasure could he have in touching his own flesh? Modern Wedlock, therefore, may be rather said to divide than unite: at least, if matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to separate them more effectually; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other, by the principles of repulsion.

It may be well called a Vulgar Error, since none but the Vulgar think so, that 'the Sabbath is a day of rest.' It is, as experience teaches us, a day of business with some, of pleasure with others, but of rest with none. It is true, indeed, that a cessation from worldly occupations, together with roast beef and plumb pudding, were formerly the characteristics of the Sabbath in England: but these inactive principles are now entirely out of fashion; nor do I know any person, who is strictly debarred from exercising his employment on that day, except the Sheriff's Officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would sustain, *on an average*, by the loss of the seventh part of his time, defrauds the Sabbath of its due right, as he cheats his customers, *in the way of trade*. As to people of quality, they, I suppose, (duly considering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite system) are willing to husband the little time allotted them, by adding 'night to day, and Sunday to the week.'

If Old Woman was not a term frequently made use of by the perverse and impolite multitude, I should hardly attempt to prove so clear and obvious a proposition, as that 'there is no such thing in the creation as an Old Woman.' Old Women are, indeed, mentioned by some few Writers: but I have always looked upon their existence

to be as chimerical, as that of the Brobdignags or the Yohoes; and I do not believe, that there has ever been such an animal in nature since the Flood. In the present distant period we are unable to conceive the least idea of such a creature, as the same appearance of youth, the same lilies and roses bloom on the faces of the whole sex. For a proof of this, if we look round at the opera, the playhouse, a lady's route, or any other assembly, we may observe, that all our girls, whether of a smaller, or of a larger growth, assume the same air of gaiety and intrigue, and wear the same complexions. A limner of great business has often declared to me, that though he has had several mothers, and grand-mothers, and great grand-mothers sit on him, he never yet drew the picture of an Old Woman. Medea is said to have renewed the youth and vigour of her father Æson by boiling him with certain magic herbs in a cauldron: but I will not presume to say, that our ladies are preserved from old-age by stewing in a copper; or that, according to a more modern notion, Old Women are

ground young again by a mill. This, however, is certain; that youth, as well as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative of the female sex; and that age, though it sits venerable on a man, would no more become a lady than a beard.

In an age so enlightened as the present, when we have thrown off all other mean prejudices of nature and education, it is no wonder that we should discard the Gospel; and I am almost in doubt, whether I should mention the belief of it as a Vulgar Error, since it daily loses it's credit among us. Wherefore, if I may not be allowed to set down the belief in a God, a Saviour, a Future State, the Immortality of the Soul, &c. &c. as prevailing Errors, I cannot omit so fair an opportunity of congratulating my cotemporaries on their having overcome them. Nor can I better conclude this paper, than by an hint to my friends, the Freethinkers, cautioning them to consider, whether, if we were made by chance, the world was made by chance, and every thing else was made by chance, there may not also be an *Hell* by chance! O

N^o CX. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

CONTRACTA MELIUS PARVA CUPIDINE
VECTIGALIA PORRIGAM.

Hor.

VIRTUE SHALL GO SCOT-FREE; OUR NEW EXCISE
FROM VICE AND FOLLY SHALL RAISE LARGE SUPPLIES.

TO MR. TOWN.

177,

EVERY Englishman, who has the good of his country at heart, must lament the perplexity which our ministers labour under, in contriving ways and means to raise money for the present exigence of affairs. I have with pleasure hearkened to the several projects proposed in the debates of patriots in our coffee-houses and private clubs: but though I find they are unanimous in allowing the necessity of levying new taxes, every one is willing to shift off the burden from himself.

I was introduced the other night into a set of worthy citizens, who very zealously took this subject into consideration over their evening pipe. One of them, a grave gentleman, pulling the Evening Post out of his pocket, and

putting on his spectacles, read aloud to us the several methods already proposed; to which many wise objections were immediately started by the company. 'What's that?' says an old Don, who I afterwards found had a small estate in houses; 'An additional duty upon bricks, and pan-tiles and plain-tiles?' 'I suppose they will lay a duty upon plain-tile pegs by and by.' This speech was received with an hearty chuckle of applause from the rest of the company; when another took occasion to observe, 'That he very much approved the scheme for laying a larger tax upon cards and dice;' one of which he called the *devil's books*, and the other his *bones*. The duty upon plate might perhaps have passed into a law in this assembly, if it had not been vehemently opposed by one member, (whom I discovered to be a silversmith,) in which he

was seconded by the landlord of the house, who had a seat in this meeting, and told us, 'that it would lie very hard upon publicans, as nobody would now drink their porter out of a pewter pot.' These and the like arguments induced us to set aside all the projects that had been offered hitherto, and to consult together in order to find new ones in their room; among which I could not but smile at the proposal of an honest peruke-maker, who advised the levying of a poll-tax upon all that wore their own hair: 'For,' says he, 'we have never had good times since wigs were out of fashion. What rare days were those in Queen Anne's reign, when the nobility and gentry wore large flaxen flows of thirty guineas price! And, as you may see by my Lord Godolphin's monument in Westminster Abbey, a prime minister's wig could not be made, I am sure, under fifty guineas.'

The discourse, that passed at this society of politicians, has led me to turn my thoughts on devising some method that might answer the present demands for a supply, with the least injury to the community. On this account I am of opinion, that private vices (according to the favourite tenet of Maundeville) may in some measure be converted into public benefits, by laying a certain tax or duty on the fashionable amusements of the gay and polite world. For this purpose I have, with great pains and labour, contrived a plan, a few heads of which, without further preface, I shall (with your leave) submit to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

First then, I would propose, that no person of quality, or others, should be allowed to keep any rout, drum, assembly, visiting-day, (or whatever other name it may hereafter be called by) at which more than one hundred persons shall be found assembled, without paying a certain rate for every such rout, drum, &c. The number of these meetings which are held in this town, (including the city of London and the suburbs thereof) I have computed, upon an exact calculation, to amount annually to eight thousand three hundred and upwards: so that if a duty, at only sixpence *per* head, were to be levied upon the company, it would bring in a prodigious income to the government; deducting for the decrease consequent of this tax, as also for those which we may

expect will be smuggled, or carried on clandestinely. And, as gaming is an essential diversion at all these meetings, I would further advise, that every card-table be entered, in the same manner as all wheel-carriages, and a proportionable rate fixed on them, according to the degree and quality of the owners. Be it enacted moreover, that extraordinary licences shall be taken out for playing at cards on the Sabbath day; but that these be granted only to persons of the highest rank and fashion.

At the present juncture of affairs every one will agree with me, that if an absolute prohibition be impracticable, an heavy duty should be laid on the importation of French fashions and fopperies into this kingdom. It is therefore but reasonable that all French cooks, valets de chambre, milliners, manteau-makers, hair-cutters, &c. should be at least doubly taxed, as it is notorious that they exact from the dupes, who employ them, more than double the wages or price for their labours, that our own modest countrymen would require. This tax, I make no doubt, would produce no inconsiderable sum for the public use: and as our ladies, though I would not suspect that they have French hearts, are ambitious of wearing French complexions, a further sum might also be raised by fixing an high duty upon *rouge* and *carmine*.

There are many other particulars in the fashionable world, which might be turned in the same manner to the public good. A tax on kept mistresses, for example; who are now become so very numerous, that I question not but a duty, properly levied on them, would be sufficient to maintain all the widows of our soldiers and sailors who shall happen to be killed in the service. An heavy duty might also be laid on all Bagnios, French-wine-houses, Covent Garden coffee-houses, &c. and since, in spite of laws and decency, these places are suffered to be kept open, it is surely equitable that they should pay round taxes for the relief of the nation, as well as an annual tribute for the connivance of the neighbouring Justices. To add to this scheme, and to make vice and folly further contribute to the public necessity, I would also propose, that Messieurs Harris, Derry, and the rest of the fraternity of Pimps, retained as caterers to the voluptuous at any tavern or

or bagnio, should enter all the *backs* in their service at an excise-office appropriated to this purpose; and that, to prevent frauds, as well as to point out the means of application to the office for redress in case of complaint, these *backs* should be all marked and numbered like the hackney-coaches.

As it is incumbent on every Englishman to expose his life in defence of his country against the common enemy, I must particularly recommend, that some means may be devised, that the gallant feats of those men of honour, who rather chuse to risk their lives in the modish way of duelling, may be attended with some advantage to their countrymen. I would therefore advise, that swords and pistols, of a settled length and bore, with the Tower-stamp, be provided by the government for the use of Duellists, and that they shall not presume to make use of any other, under pain of incurring the guilt of murder. These weapons may be let out at a certain price; and if one of the parties happen to kill the other, the survivor shall be subject to a fine according to his rank and station, and a jury shall be directed to bring in the verdict, *Self-defence*. In like manner, persons of quality may have leave granted them to put an end to their own lives, after an ill run at cards, or the like emergent occasions;

when, on paying a certain rate, they may be indulged in a private execution from the hands of Jack Ketch, and the Coroner's inquest shall be directed to bring in their verdict, *Lunacy*. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AS you are a Connoisseur, I shall make no apology for desiring you to give the following Advertisement (which has already appeared in the Daily Advertiser) a place in some corner of your paper. By doing this, you will greatly oblige the *Virtuosi in Flowers*, as well as

Your humble servant, &c.

TO BE SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION,
AT HALF A GUINEA EACH PLANT,

AN *Auricula* raised by Mr. William Redmond, at Islington, named the *Triumph*; having fine *Grafts*, a strong *Stem*, a certain *Blower*, a large *Trusser*, the *Fingers* a just Length, a good *Pip* for Size and Shape, the *Eye* extremely white, the *Thrum* full, the *Margin* a beautiful Purple Black, finely variegated with Silver and Green, continues long in *Bloom*, and dies in *Colour*. No Plant to be sold for less than one Guinea after the Subscription is closed, until the *Bloom* is over.

N^o CXI. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

TANDIN DESINE MATREM.

HOR.

WITH DEAR MAMMA O MAKE NOT SUCH A POTHER!
BUT STRIVE TO BE A MAN BEFORE YOUR MOTHER.

THE generality of the young unmarried ladies of the present age dislike no company so much as the elderly persons of their own sex, whether married or unmarried. Going with an old maiden aunt, a mamma, or grandmamma, to the play or to Ranelagh, is so insipid an amusement, that it robs their entertainment of the very name of a party of pleasure. To be handed into a box, walk in the public gardens, or make one at a card-table at a route, with a sprightly young nobleman, or gallant colonel of the guards, has some life in it; but to be kept perpetually under the wing of an old lady, can have

no charms for a woman of spirit. The presence of these antiquated females imposes a constraint on their behaviour: they are, indeed, like the *Duennas* in Spain, spies on the conduct of the gay and young; and a good old gentlewoman, with a blooming beauty by her side, watches her every motion, and is as much frightened, if the pretty creature makes any advances to a man, as an hen, who has been foster-mother to a brood of ducklings, is alarmed at their taking to the water.

This loose coquet behaviour so much in vogue, and consequently so genteel, has, I must own, no charms in my eye,

as a modest deportment appears to me most natural and becoming in the fair sex; and I am always glad to see a young lady of sufficient sense and discretion, to behave with an innocent cheerfulness, instead of apparent uneasiness and constraint, before her more aged female friends and relations. But though a daughter should prefer no company to her mother, a son, always dangling at the side of his mamma, would appear as ridiculous as if he wore his sister's petticoats: and however amiable this maidenly demeanor might seem in a young girl, I cannot view it with equal approbation in the character of a Male-Virgin—a character with which I shall here present the reader, as drawn by one of my correspondents.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

YOU have already given us several instances of those ambiguous creatures among the men, who are both male and female; permit me to add to them an account of those lady-like gentlemen, whom we may distinguish by the title of *their mother's own sons*; who have in vain changed the bib and leading-strings for the breeches, and stick as close to their mammas, as a great calf to the side of an old cow. I am intimately acquainted with one of these over-grown babies; who is indeed too big to be dandled in a lap, or fed with a pap-spoon, though he is no more weaned from his mother, than if he had not yet quitted the nursery.

The delicate Billy Suckling is the contempt of the men, the jest of the women, and the darling of his mamma. She doats on him to distraction; and is in perpetual admiration of his wit, and anxiety for his health. The good young gentleman, for his part, is neither undutiful nor ungrateful: she is the only woman that he does not look on with indifference; and she is his tutors, his physician, and his nurse. She provides his broth every evening; will not suffer him to look into a book by candle-light, lest he should hurt his eyes; and takes care to have his bed warmed: nay, I have known him sit with his mamma's white handkerchief round his neck through a whole visit, to guard him from the wind of that *ugly door*, or that *terrible chink in the wainscot*.

But however familiarly he may be-

have in his addresses to his mother, and whatever little acts of gallantry may pass between them, no encouragement can prevail on him to treat other women with the same freedom. Being once desired at a ball to dance a minuet, instead of taking out any of the young ladies, he could pitch upon no partner so agreeable, to whom he might offer the compliment of his hand, as his mother; and I remember, when he was once called upon in a large company at a tavern to give a lady in his turn, he plainly shewed who was the sole mistress of his affections, by toasting his mother. The gallant custom of challenging a lady to drink a bumper, by leaving it to her option whether she will have *bob* or *nob*, frequently gives a delicious flavour to the liquor, especially when, as I have known it happen, joining the lips of the glasses has proved a prelude to a meeting between the lips of the parties: but he could not be prevailed on to accept a glass of claret from the fairest hand, though a kiss were sure to follow it. I have known him so very nice, as to refuse a glass of sack filled with walnuts, which had been peeled by the snowy fingers of a beautiful young lady; though I have seen him smack his lips after a glass of raisin wine, in which his prudent mother had been dabbling with her snuffy finger, in order to fish out the small particles of cork, which might possibly have choked him. If a lady drops her fan, he sits without any emotion, and suffers her to stoop for it herself; or if she strikes her tea-cup against the saucer to give notice that it is empty, he pays no regard to the signal, but sees her walk up to the tea-table, without stirring from his chair. He would rather leave the most celebrated beauty, in crossing the street, to the mercy of a drayman, than trust her with his little finger: though, at the same time, should his mother be so distressed, he would not scruple to bear as much of her weight as he could stand under, and to redeem her silk stockings from jeopardy, would even expose his own.

One would imagine that this extreme coyness and reserve, in which he so remarkably differs from the generality of his own sex, would in another respect as effectually distinguish him from the generality of women: I mean, that being less polite in his address than a footman, we should hardly expect to find

him more loquacious than a chambermaid. But this is really the case: suffer him to take the lead in conversation, and there are certain topics, in which the most prating gossip at a christening would find it difficult to cope with him. The strength of his constitution is his favourite theme: he is constantly attempting to prove that he is not susceptible of the least injury from cold; though a hoarseness in his voice, and the continual interruptions of a consumptive cough, give him the lye in his throat at the end of every sentence. The instances, indeed, by which he endeavours to prove his hardiness, unluckily rather tend to convince us of the delicacy of his frame, as they seldom amount to more than his having kicked off the bed-cloaths in his sleep, laid aside one of his flannel waistcoats in a hot day, or tried on a new pair of pumps before they had been sufficiently aired. For the truth of these facts he always appeals to his mamma, who vouches for him with a sigh, and protests that his carelessness would ruin the constitution of an horse.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary part of his character. This pusillanimous creature thinks himself, and would be thought, a Buck. The noble fraternity of that order find that their reputation can be no otherwise maintained, than by prevailing on an Irish chairman now and then to favour them with a broken head, or by conferring the same token of their esteem on the unarmed and defenceless waiters at a tavern. But these feats are by no means suited to the disposition of our

hero: and yet he always looks upon his harmless exploits as the bold frolics of a Buck. If he escapes a nervous fever a month, he is quite a Buck: if he walks home after it is dark, without his mamma's maid to attend him, he is quite a Buck: if he sits up an hour later than his usual time, or drinks a glass or two of wine without water, he calls it a debauch; and because his head does not ache the next morning, he is quite a Buck. In short, a woman of the least spirit within the precincts of St. James's, would demolish him in a week, should he pretend to keep pace with her in her irregularities; and yet he is ever dignifying himself with the appellation of a Buck.

Now might it not be giving this gentleman an useful hint, Mr. Town, to assure him, that while milk and water is his darling liquor, a Bamboo cane his Club, and his mother the sole object of his affections, the world will never join him in denominating him a Buck: that if he fails in this attempt, he is absolutely excluded from every order in society; for whatever his defects may be, no assembly of antiquated virgins can ever acknowledge him for sister, nature having as deplorably disqualified him for that rank in the community, as he has disqualified himself for every other: and that, though he never can arrive at the dignity of leading apes in hell, he may possibly be condemned to dangle in that capacity at the apron-string of an old maid in the next world, for having so abominably resembled one in this.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W. C.

Nº CXII. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

AUREUS AXIS ERAT, TEMO AUREUS, AUREA SUMMÆ
CURVATURA ROTÆ, RADIORUM ARGENTEUS ORDO:
PER JUGA CHRYSOLITHI, POSITÆQUE EX ORDINE GEMMÆ.

OVID.

HERE ON A FAIR ONE'S HEAD-DRESS SPARKLING STICKS,
SWINGING ON SILVER SPRINGS, A COACH AND SIX:
THERE ON A SPRIG OR SLOP'D POMPON YOU SEE
A CHARLOT, SULKY, CHAISE, OR VIS-A-VIS.

TO MR. TOWN.

IT has for a long time been observable, that the ladies heads have run much upon wheels; but of late there

has appeared a strange kind of inversion, for the wheels now run upon the ladies heads. As this assertion may probably puzzle many readers, who pay no attention to the rapid and whimsical revolutions

tions of modern taste, it will be necessary to inform them, that instead of a cap, the present mode is for every female of fashion to load her head with some kind of carriage; whether they are made with broad wheels or not I cannot determine; however, as they are undoubtedly excluded the Turnpike Act, it is by no means material. Those heads which are not able to bear a coach and six (for vehicles of this sort are very apt to crack the brain) so far act consistently with prudence as to make use of a post-chariot, or a single-horse chaise with a beau perching in the middle.

The curiosity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of these machines, led me to make inquiry about them of a fashionable milliner at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the sight of one of these equipages, designed for the head of a lady of quality, which I surveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself, like Gulliver, taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her state-coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple greys of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, and gentleman within, of the same brittle manufacture. Upon further enquiry, the milliner told me, with a smile, that it was difficult to give a reason for inventions so full of whim, but that the name of this ornament (if it may be called such) was a *Capriole* or *Cabriole*; which we may trace from the same original with our English word *Caprice*, both being derived from the French word *cabrer*, which signifies *to prance like an horse*.

It is not to be doubted but that this fashion took its rise among the ladies from their fondness for equipage; and I dare say, that every fair one, who carries a coach and six upon her head, would be glad to be carried with equal splendour in a coach of her own. I would therefore propose a scheme which might render this whimsical mode of some kind of service to both sexes; by which the ladies may give a tacit hint of their inclinations without the least breach of modesty; the men may prevent the danger and inconvenience attending the present method of advertising for wives; and the whole course of a

modern courtship may be carried on by means of this new head-dress.

Instead of a *Capriole*, suppose this capital decoration was called a *Scutcheon of Pretence*, which must not here be understood as a term of Heraldry, but as an invitation to matrimony. Thus, if a lady presumes that she has a right, either from her wit, beauty, merit, or fortune, to pretend to a set of horses, let six bright bays, blacks, or greys, prance down one side of her head; and according to the rank she insists upon, let a ducal or an earl's coronet, or a bloody hand be distinguished upon her *Capriole*. The females of less ambition may likewise express their inclinations by a post-chariot and pair; and even those who, from a due consideration of the low condition of the funds, are so condescending as to stoop to a plain cit, have nothing to do but to fix upon their heads a single-horse chaise, filled with a loving couple, sticking as close together as two dried figs. As to those who have rashly vowed virginity, if their great proneness to censure the rest of the sex, and the fretfulness of their aspect, be not sufficient indications to keep the men at a distance, they may erect upon their noddles a formal female seated in a Sulky, foolishly pleased with having the whole vehicle to herself, and awkwardly exercising the imaginary power of having the sole command of the reins.

As a further means of facilitating this new method of courtship, I must beg leave to propose, that every lady's bosom should, instead of a pendent cross, which favours of popery, be ornamented with a chain and locket, something like those bottle-tickets which direct us to port, claret, or burgundy, upon which might be curiously engraved the numbers two hundred, five hundred, or a thousand, according to the settlement expected. But to those female Quixotes who scorn the *Capriole*, and erect *Wind-mills* upon their heads instead of it, I shall offer a word of advice worthy their attention; which is, that they would provide a pipe of communication, to be conveyed from these machines to the brain, and constituted upon the model of the ingenious Dr. Hale's ventilators, that, whenever the sails of the Wind-mill are put into motion by the external air, they may draw off all pernicious vapours, which may occasion a vertigo

in the inside, as well as on the outside of their heads.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

H.

I am much pleased with the proposal of my ingenious correspondent, and think it particularly well adapted to the present disposition of the ladies. A fondness for shewy equipages is now become one of their darling passions; and the splendour in which they are to be maintained, seems to be one of the chief considerations in modern matches. If a fine lady can be carried to court in a chair richly ornamented, or roll to the opera in a gilt chariot, she little considers with how disagreeable a companion she goes through the journey of life: and a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man who drives but a beggarly pair, than she could be contented with being tumbled down to his country seat, like Punch's wife to Rumford, in a wheel-barrow.

The ladies having thus strongly manifested their passion for equipage, the gentlemen, I suppose, out of mere gallantry, and in order to further the gratification of their desires, have taken great pains to convert themselves into coachmen, grooms, and jockies. The flapped hat, the jenny frock with plate buttons and a leathern belt, and the pride which some young men of quality take in driving, are all calculated the better to qualify them for being the ladies' humble servants. I am therefore for extending my correspondent's scheme: and as the ladies now adorn their heads with the sign of a coach and six, like the door of a Meuse alehouse, I would have the gentlemen also bear these emblematical vehicles; by which the other sex may, by a single glance at a lover's head, see in what state they will be supported; as we know a clergyman by his rose, or an officer by his cockade.

The pretty fellows, who study dress, might shew a great deal of invention in suiting their *Caprioles* to their circumstances. Any nobleman or gentleman, who has the honour to be a *Knowing One*, might shew his affection for the turf by carrying the horse and jockey; another, who is an excellent driver, might bear his own figure exalted in a Phaeton; and a third, who thinks of picking up a partner for life that can be pleased with a *tête-à-tête* or sober piquet party with her husband,

may bear a *vis-à-vis*. In a word, all the different proposals of various suitors might be made by means of these ornaments, which might be worn over the foreheads of the beaux, like the white horse in the grenadiers caps; and the ladies might be as much smitten with a promising *Capriole* on the head of a lover, as heretofore with an elegant periwig.

If this mode should prevail, the concluding a treaty of marriage between two persons of quality might be considered in the same light, and expressed in the same terms, as *making a match* at Newmarket; and instead of the hackneyed phrases at present used by our news-writers, we might perhaps see the important articles concerning marriages drawn up after the following manner.

We hear that a match will be shortly made between the mourning coach and six of a merchant's widow, with a great jointure, and an hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horse, highly valued for his blood, is expected to start soon with a young filly from Yorkshire. Many thousand pounds are depending on this match.

A few days ago a young fellow from Ireland, mounted on a single horse, attacked an heiress in her coach and six. The lady made little or no resistance, and suffered herself to be taken out of the coach, and carried off behind him.

A gay coach and six, belonging to a young heir just of age, came to town last week in great splendour, and was intended to be matched with an equipage of the same kind: but having unfortunately run against Arthur's Chocolate-house, it broke down, and the owner was very much hurt.

We hear from Bath that the post-chaise of a young lady of great beauty lately made it's appearance in the long room, and soon after went off with the landau of a neighbouring country squire.

We are also informed from the same place, that an old-fashioned two-wheel chaise with a single horse, contrived to hold only one person, had driven about the walks for some time; but having jostled against the Sulky of an old bachelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them together; when they formed a most agreeable *vis-à-vis* for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

N^o CXIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.O SANCTAS GENTES, QUIBUS HÆC NASCUNTUR IN HORTIS
NUMINA!

JUV.

O HALLOW'D GROUND! A GROVE HERE REV'REND NODS,
HERE THICK PLANTATIONS RISE OF ALL THE GODS.

VIRTU is almost the only instance in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the present age; and our persons of rank acquire just enough scholarship to qualify themselves for Connoisseurs. This sort of students become sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the ancients, to learn the less interesting particulars concerning them. They can distinguish a Tiberius from a Trajan, know the Pantheon from the Amphitheatre, and can explain the difference between the *prætecta* and the *tunica*: which (only supposing the present times to have elapsed some hundred years) is just as deep knowledge, as if some future antiquarian should discover the difference between a *Carolus* and an *Anna*, or St. Paul's church and Drury Lane playhouse, or a full-trimmed suit and a French frock.

But the full display of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decoration of parks, gardens, &c. and centered in that important monosyllable, *Taste*. *Taste* comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and sheds it's influence on every lawn, avenue, grass-plot, and parterre. *Taste* has peopled the walks and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Christian Theology from our creed, *Taste* has introduced the Heathen Mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, Neptune, at the command of *Taste*, emerges from the basin, and presides in the middle; or if a vista is cut through a grove, it must be terminated by a *Flora* or an *Apollo*. As the ancients held that every spot of ground had it's guardian Genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, so in the gardens laid out by modern *Taste*, every walk is peopled with gods and goddesses, and every corner of it has it's tutelar deity. Temples are erected to all the train of deities mentioned in *Homer* or *Ovid*, which edi-

fices, as well as their several statues, are adorned with Latin or Greek inscriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own surprising stock of literature, which he sees drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inscribed upon his gallipots.

These persons of *Taste* may be considered as a sort of learned idolaters, since they may be almost said to adore these graven images, and are quite enthusiastic in their veneration of them. The following letter may possibly give them some offence; but as I have myself no extravagant fondness for a *Jupiter Tonans*, or a *Belvidere Apollo*, I heartily wish the scheme proposed by my correspondent may take place, though it should reduce the price of heathen god-heads.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

AT a time when all wise heads are considering the ways and means to raise taxes, that may prove the least oppressive to indigence, and most effectually restrictive of luxury, permit me to propose (as a supplement to the thoughts of one of your correspondents on this subject) a national tax upon Gods.

It is a strange, but an undeniable truth, Mr. Town, that if you and I were to travel through England, and to visit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his seat, the esquire at the hall-house, and even the divine at his parsonage, we should find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each mansion, stuffed and ornamented with Heathen Gods.

In the present declining state of our established religion, I almost tremble to consider what may be the consequences of these ready-made deities. Far be it from me to suppose that the great and the rich will worship any God whatsoever: but still I am induced to fear, that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worship ridiculed and laid aside,

may

may foolishly take to these molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find. If a tax on wheels has put down some hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reason, a tax upon Gods may pull down an equal, if not a greater number of statues. I would also offer another proposal, which is this: That an oak be immediately planted wherever a statue has been taken away; by which means those vast woods, which of late years have been cut down in England, to supply the immediate necessities of the illustrious Arthurites in St. James's Street, may be in some measure supplied to future generations.

Among our present taxes, some of them fall upon branches of splendor not totally luxurious. Wheel-carriages may be necessary; want of health or lameness of limbs may require them: but what necessities can we pretend for statues in our gardens, *Penates* in our libraries, and *Lares* on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared submissions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has destroyed his chapel, merely because he could not put up statues in it; and has filled his garden with every god that can be found in Spence's *Polymetis*. Another of my friends, after having placed a *Belvidere* Apollo very conspicuously and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an Obelisk to the Sun: and this expence he has not put himself to for the beauty of the Obelisk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the splendour of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only because, being in possession of copies or originals of every deity that Greece or Italy could boast, he was resolved to have the God of Persia, to complete his collection. A poll tax therefore upon gods and goddesses, be their representation what it will, Suns, Dogs, Moons, or Monkies, is absolutely necessary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the state.

Happening to be the other day at Slaughter's Coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, I saw two very fine statues of Fame and Fortune, brought out of Mr. Rou-billiac's gate, and exposed to view, before they were nailed up and carted. The boy of the house told us they were to be placed upon the top of Sir Thomas

—'s chapel in Hampshire. 'Is it for such as these,' observed a sneering papist, who stood near me, 'that crucifixes have been removed, and that reverend saints and martyrs have been destroyed, and pounded into dust? Is it for these that St. Peter has been broken to pieces, and St. Paul melted down into water-pipes? Must Our Lady make room for Proserpine? and the holy giant St. Christopher fall a victim to the Farnesian Hercules? Will you not agree with me, Sir,' continued he, 'that as men are induced, and almost constrained, to judge of others by their own manners and inclinations, we, who are supposed to worship the images of Christians, must naturally conclude, that the Protestants of the Church of England worship the images of Heathens?' I confess I was at a loss how to answer the acuteness of his questions; and must own, that I cannot help thinking St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, or St. Dunstan taking the Devil by the nose, as proper ornaments for a chapel as any Pagan Deities whatever.

Hitherto I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors; but were we to enter the several mansions whose avenues and demesnes are adorned in the manner I describe, we should find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monstrous images that the idolatry of India can produce. I will not presume to infer that the ladies address *Kitoos* (prayers which the Japanese make use of in time of public distress) to their *Ingens*, but I am apt to surmise, that in times of danger and invasion, some of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the approach of the French to their china than to their chapels, and would sooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a grotesque chimney-piece figure of a Chinese saint with numberless heads and arms. I have not yet digested my thoughts, in what manner the fair sex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires consideration. At present, I am of opinion, they ought to be spared, and the whole burthen entirely laid upon those Bramins and Imans, whose idolatrous temples lie publicly open to our streets. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

MOSES ORTHODOX.

N^o CXIV. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

VESANUM TETIGISSE TIMENT, FUGIUNTQUE POETAM.

HOR.

FLY! NEIGHBOURS, FLY! HE RAVES; HIS VERSES SHOW IT;
 FLY! OR YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU'RE BIT BY A MAD POET.

I Remember, when I was very young, a relation carried me to visit a gentleman who had wrote some pieces that had been very well received, and made me very happy by promising to introduce me to an Author. As soon as I came I surveyed his whole person from top to toe with the strictest attention; sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered; and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening, 'I am in company with an Author,' and waited with the most anxious impatience to hear him deliver something that might distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great cheerfulness and politeness: but he did not at all answer the idea which I had conceived of an Author; and I went away exceedingly disappointed, because I could not find any striking difference between him and the rest of my acquaintance.

There is no character in human life, which is the subject of more frequent speculation among the vulgar, than an Author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be something different from all other people; and it is remarkable with what greediness they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and conversation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By some he is supposed never to stir out of a garret, to wear a rusty black coat, dirty shirt, and darned stockings, and to want all the necessaries, as well as conveniences of life: while others regard him as a creature superior to the rest of mortals, and endued with something more than reason. One part, therefore, is surprised to see him walk abroad, and appear as well dressed as other people; and another is disappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of

life, no better than any other common man.

Nor is it less curious to consider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the business of writing is executed. The novice in literature, 'smitten with the love of sacred song,' but not yet dipped in ink, supposes it all rapture and enthusiasm, and in imagination sees the Author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables: while the mechanic considers him as working at his trade, and thinks he can sit down to write whenever he pleases, as readily as the smith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the Author with some veneration as a scholar: but writing appears to him a mighty easy business, and he smiles whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the least conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harassed with pursuing a long train of ideas.

As people are frequently led to judge of a man from his ordinary conversation, so it is common for them to form an idea of the Author's disposition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be spread over the face of a mathematician; a controversial writer must be given to wrangling and dispute; and they imagine, that a satirist must be made up of spleen, envy, and ill nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate: I know an author of a tragedy who is the merriest man living; and one who has written a very witty comedy, though he will sit an hour in company without speaking a word. Lord Buckhurst is celebrated for being 'the best good man with the worst-natured muse;' and Addison was remarkably shy and reserved in conversation. I remember I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a physician, who were no less famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence

lence in their several professions. After some minutes of general conversation, the physician and the poet fell into a dispute concerning predestination; the divine smoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myself formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it possible to conjure up the spirits of the most eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addison would probably sit staring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in the commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himself with sucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine spilt upon the table, or twirling the cork-screw round his finger.

The strange prejudices which some persons conceive against Authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the service of literature; or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the press, he steals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy, as he would perhaps, on another occasion, to a surgeon. He is afraid that he shall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will despise him as a low wretch, as soon as they discover him to be an Author: as if merely the appearing in print was a disgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a stamp of shame and ignominy. These are the terrors which at first disturb the peace of almost every Author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out, 'O that mine enemy had written a book!'

These fearful apprehensions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all Authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or suppress out of deference to the world: but, if this false modesty is too much cherished, it must of course damp all genius, and discourage every literary undertaking. Why should it be disgraceful to exert the noblest faculties given us by nature? and why should any man blush at acquitting himself well in a work, which there is scarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even supposing an Author to support himself by the profit arising by his works, there is no-

thing more dishonest, scandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politest of all professions) living on his commission. Sense and genius are as proper commodities to traffic in as courage; and an Author is no more to be condemned as an hackney scribbler, though he writes at the rate of so much *per sheet*, than a Colonel should be despised as a mercenary and a bravo, for exposing himself to be slashed, stuck, and shot at for so much *per day*. The truth is, that Authors themselves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a disgrace on the service of literature, by being ashamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire, in his Letters on the English, relates a remarkable instance of this kind of false pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his respects to a writer so much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough, but replied, that he should be glad to see him as a common gentleman, but would not be considered or conversed with as an Author. The French writer was a good deal surprised at such a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that, if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he should never have had any desire of seeing him.

I have often pleased myself with reflecting on the different opinions which my readers must have formed of me, since my first appearance as an Author. As poverty is one of the general characteristics of our brotherhood, those, who indulge themselves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not, often painted me to their imagination in a very grotesque taste. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often represented me lodged at least three stories from the ground, composing dissertations on the modern taste in architecture; at another time I may have been delineated sitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of an heathen philosopher, writing satires on the present modes of dress: and sometimes perhaps they have figured me half-starved for want of an hearty meal, penning invectives against luxury and debauchery.

But while these have reduced me to this low condition, and 'steeped me in poverty to the very lips,' I flatter myself;

self, that some few have bestowed on me an extraordinary share of virtue and understanding. After so many grave lessons against the vices and luxury of the present age, they will naturally suppose, that I never risked a farthing at the gaming-table, never kept a mistress, would decline an invitation to a turtle-feast, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the nose, with all the calmness and resignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I should blush to set down the many compliments I have had from several unknown correspondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honest gentleman, who desired to spend an evening

with me, promising himself great diversion in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. Town.

These various opinions of me as an Author I shall never labour to reconcile: but shall be equally contented with instructing and amusing the gentle reader, whether he considers my papers as favours showered down upon him from a bookseller's garret, or issuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I shall never think it a disgrace to have written, or be ashamed to be considered as an Author; and if ever Mr. Voltaire should think proper to visit England again, I shall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a most gracious reception. T

Nº CXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1756.

—COLEBS QUID AGAM?—

HOR.

WITH AN OLD BACHELOR HOW THINGS MISCARRY!
WHAT SHALL I DO? GO HANG MYSELF? OR MARRY?

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

APRIL 5, 1756.

NO man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation; and I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends, than the spleen or malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teased and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason, but that I am what the world calls an Old Bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion, that a Bachelor is not in fact a rational creature; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a Bachelor may be beaten like a stock-fish; that you may thrust pins into

his legs, and wring him by the nose; in short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a Bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though at the same time I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood; so that, if they happen at any time to be apprized of my coming, (which I take all possible care to prevent) they immediately dispatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and *help tease* Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord, fastened across the bottom of the door-case; which, as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover, till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chasing my broken shins, my wig is

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suddenly

suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking-glass, or tossed from one to the other so dextrously and with such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare-headed, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig; but the father, who has a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on it's being delivered up; and protested that he never knew the *Black Joke* better performed in his life.

I am naturally a quiet inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled; yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harass and torment me: and it is not many nights since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own, my resentment of this injury was so strong, that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honour feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corkin pin which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not, that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judaskiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily: but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a

right to entertain himself at his friend's expence, I live in hourly apprehensions of more mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the First of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster barrels stuffed with brickbats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me the most, was the being sent fifty miles out of town on that day, by a counterfeited express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse-hair was strewed upon my sheets: like him, I was made to ride on an hard-trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been courting my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking, that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one: if I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conquest; they are more properly the objects of derision who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account: and they are eternally boasting of the havock they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and 'squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epston; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-cheeked gentleman in a milk-white periwig, are the only remaining



C. Gould del.

Walker sculp.

1. The first of these is the fact that the
2. second of these is the fact that the
3. third of these is the fact that the
4. fourth of these is the fact that the
5. fifth of these is the fact that the
6. sixth of these is the fact that the
7. seventh of these is the fact that the
8. eighth of these is the fact that the
9. ninth of these is the fact that the
10. tenth of these is the fact that the

[illegible]

maining proofs of those beauties, which are now withered like the short-lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle: the ladies, whom I last mentioned, will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future; since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old age, as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fussy an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into an husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them, that I am rendered so exceeding tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease; and consequently, that by marrying me,

a woman will save herself all that trouble, which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied if she contents herself with contradicting me: that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served, if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns: that if I approach her lips, when she is not in a kissing humour, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or, if I take her by the hand in an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they were certainly intended by nature to fulfil. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button, or mend an hole in my stocking without any assistance.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE.

Nº CXVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

DESPICERE UNDE QUEAS ALIOS, PASSIMQUE VIDERE
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTES QUERERE VITÆ.

LUCRET.

HERE EACH PROFESSION, AND IT'S TRIBE WE VIEW,
SOME TOILING IN THE OLD, AND SOME INVENTING NEW.

THOSE parents who are unable to give their sons an estate, regard the educating them to one of the three great professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, as putting them in the high road to acquire one. Hence it happens, that nineteen parts out of twenty of our young men are brought up with a view to Lambeth, the Seals, or Warwick Lane. But, alas! their hopes and expectations of rising by their professions are often frustrated; and the surprising numbers engaged in running the same race, necessarily jostle one another. For though the courts of justice are tolerably supplied with matters of litigation; though there are many invalids and valetudinarians; and though great part of England is laid out in church prefer-

ments; yet there is not in all the kingdom sufficient matter for legal contention, to employ a tenth part of those who have been trained to engross deeds in their chambers, or to harangue at the bar: the number of patients bears no proportion to the swarms of the Faculty; nor would it, though a consultation were to sit on every sick man, like carrion-flies upon a carcase: and the prodigious number of Reverend Divines infinitely exceeds that of those bishopricks, deaneries, prebends, rectories, vicarages, &c. which, when they are ordained, they conceive it to be part of their holy office to fill. From these frequent failures in each of the professions, the younger sons of great men often wish that they had been permitted to disgrace

the family by some mercantile or more plebeian occupation; while the son of the mechanic curses the pride of his father, who, instead of securing him a livelihood in his own business, has condemned him to starve in pudding-sleeves, that he may do honour to his relations by being a gentleman.

The Three Professions being thus crouded with more candidates for business and preferment than can possibly be employed or promoted, has occasioned several irregularities in the conduct of the followers of each of them. The utter impossibility of supporting themselves in the usual method of practising Law, Physic, or Divinity, without clients, patients, or parishioners, has induced the labourers in each of those vocations to seek out new veins and branches. The young Solicitor, who finds he has nothing to do, now he is out of his clerkship, offers his assistance, in the transaction of all law affairs, by the public papers; and, like the advertising tailors, promises to work cheaper than any of his brethren; while the young Barrister, after having exhibited his tye-wig in Westminster Hall, during several terms, to no purpose, is obliged to forego the hope of rivalling Murray and Coke, and content himself with being the oracle of the courts of Carolina or Jamaica. The Graduate in Medicine, finding himself unsolicited for prescription or advice, and likely to starve by practising physic *secundum artem*, flies in the face of the College, and professes to cure all diseases by *nostrius* unmentioned in the dispensatory. He commences a thriving quack, and soon makes his way through the important medical degrees of walking on foot, riding on horseback, dispensing his drugs from an one-horse chaise, and lastly lolling in a chariot. The Divine, without living, cure, or lectureship, may perhaps incur transportation for illegal marriages, set up a theatrical-oratorical-Billingsgate chapel under the shelter of the toleration-act and the butchers of Clare Market, or kindle the inward light in the bosoms of the Saints of Moorfields, and the Magdalens of Broad St. Giles's.

But notwithstanding these shoots, ingrafted, as it were, into the main body of the Professions, it is still impossible for the vast multitude of Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians, to maintain themselves,

at any rate, within the pale of their respective employments. They have often been compelled, at least, to call in adventitious ones, and have sometimes totally abandoned their original undertakings. They have frequently made mutual transitions into the occupations of each other, or have perhaps embraced other employments; which, though distinct from all three, and not usually dignified with the title of Professions, may fairly be considered in that light; since they are the sole means of support to many thousands, who toiled in vain for a subsistence in the three Capital Ones. On these Professions, and their various followers, I shall here make some observations.

The first of these professions is an author. The mart of literature is, indeed, one of the chief resorts of unbeneficed Divines, and Lawyers and Physicians without practice. There are at present in the world of Authors, Doctors of Physic, who (to use the phrase of one of them) have no great fatigue from the business of their profession: many Clergymen, whose sermons are the most inconsiderable part of their compositions: and several Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, who, instead of driving the quill over skins of parchment, lead it through all the mazes of modern novels, critiques, and pamphlets. Many likewise have embraced this profession, who were never bred to any other: and I might also mention the many bankrupt tradesmen and broken artificers, who daily enter into this new way of business, if, by pursuing it in the same mechanical manner as their former occupations, they might not rather be regarded as following a trade than a profession.

The second of these professions is a Player. The ingenious gentlemen who assume the persons of the Drama, are composed of as great a variety of characters as those they represent. The history of the stage might afford many instances of those, who in the trade of death *might have slain men*, have yet condescended to deal counterfeit slaughters from their right hands, and administer harmless phials and bowls of poison. We might read also of persons, whose fists were intended to beat the drum ecclesiastic, who have, with unexpected spirit, become theatrical volunteers. In regard to the Law, many, who

who were originally designed to manifest their talents for elocution in Westminster Hall, have displayed them in Drury Lane; and it may be added, on theatrical authority, that

Not e'en Attorneys have this rage with-
 stood,
 But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink
 for blood,
 And, strange reverse!—dy'd for their
 country's good.

I will not so far affront those gentlemen, who were ever engaged in the study of the three honourable Professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, as to suppose that any of them have ever taken up the more fashionable employment of a Pimp: yet it is certain, that this is a very common and lucrative Profession, and that very many provide themselves with the necessaries of life, by administering to the pleasures of others. A convenient cousin, sister, or wife, has sometimes proved the chief means of making a fortune; and the tongue of slander has often ventured to affirm, that the price of procuration has been paid with a place or a bishoprick.

The most advantageous and genteel of all Professions is Gaming. Whoever will make this science his study, will find it the readiest way to riches, and most certain passport to the best company: for the polite world will always admit any one to their society, who will condescend to win their money. The followers of this Profession are very numerous: which is, indeed, no wonder, when we reflect on the numbers it supports in ease and affluence, at no greater

pains than packing the cards or coggling the dice, and no more risk than being sometimes tweaked by the nose, or kicked out of company: besides which, this Profession daily receives new lustre from the many persons of quality that follow it, and croud into it with as much eagerness as into the army. Among Gamesters may also be found Lawyers, who get more by being masters of all the Cases in Hoyle, than by their knowledge of those recorded in the report-books; Physicians, the chief object of whose attention is the circulation of the E O table; and Divines, who, we may suppose, were hinted at by a famous wit in a certain assembly, when, among the other benefits resulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might possibly prevent the Clergy from playing at back-gammon.

But the more danger the more honour: and therefore no Profession is more honourable than that of an highwayman. Who the followers of this Profession are, and with what success they practise it, I will not pretend to relate; as the memoirs of several of them have been already penned by the Ordinary of Newgate, and as it is to be hoped that the lives of all the present practitioners will be written hereafter by that faithful historian. I shall, therefore, only say, that the present spirit of dissoluteness and free-thinking must unavoidably bring this honourable Profession more and more into vogue, and that every Session may soon be expected to afford an instance of a *Gentleman Highwayman*.

W

Nº CXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

ERGO HAUD DIFFICILE EST PERITURAM ARCESSERE SUMMAM
 LANCIBUS OPPOSITIS, VEL MATRIS IMAGINE FRACTA.

JUV.

HERE TO THE SPENDTHIFT READY CASH IS LENT,
 ON PLATE, OR RINGS, OR WATCHES, CENT. PER CENT.
 HERE, FROM IT'S FRAME TH' ENAMELL'D PORTRAIT DRAWN,
 THE CIRCLING BRILLIANTS ARE RECEIV'D IN PAWN.

I Have often amused myself with considering the mean and ridiculous shifts to which the extravagant are sometimes reduced. When the certain supplies of a regular income are exhausted, they are obliged to cast about for ready cash, and set the invention to work, in

order to devise means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven those, whose great souls would not be curbed by the straitness of their circumstances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have sent lords to Arthur's, and ladies

to assemblies, or sometimes worse places. We may safely conclude, that whoever breaks through all oeconomy, will soon discard honesty: though perhaps it might be deemed *Scandalum Magnatum* to aver, that prodigal men of quality have often sold their country to redeem their estates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larceny.

One of the first and chief resources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the Pawnbroker's. I never pass by one of these shops, without considering them as the repositories of half the jewels, plate, &c. in town. It is true, indeed, that the honest and industrious are sometimes forced to supply their necessities by this method: but if we were to inquire, to whom the several articles in these miscellaneous warehouses belong, we should find the greatest part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great: and if, in imitation of the ancients, who placed the Temple of Honour behind the Temple of Virtue, propriety should be attempted in the situation of Pawnbrokers shops, they would be placed contiguous to a gin-shop, as in the ingenious print of Hogarth; or behind a tavern, gaming-house, or bagnio.

Going home late last Saturday night, I was witness to a curious dialogue at the door of one of these houses. An honest journeyman carpenter, whose wife, it seems, had pawned his best cloaths, having just received his week's pay, was come to redeem them; but, it being past twelve o'clock, the man of the house, who kept up the conversation by means of a little grate in the door, refused to deliver them; though the poor carpenter begged hard for his holiday cloaths, as the morrow was Easter Sunday. This accident led me to reflect on the various persons in town who carry on this kind of commerce with the Pawnbrokers, and gave occasion to the following Dream.

I was scarce asleep, before I found myself at the entrance of a blind alley, terminated by a little hatch; where I saw a vast concourse of people, of different ages, sex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of these I observed, as they went up, very richly dressed; and others were adorned with

jewels and costly trinkets: but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all divested of their finery; and several had even their gowns and coats stript off their backs. A lady, who strutted up in a rich brocaded suit, sneaked back again in an ordinary stuff night-gown: a second retreated with the loss of a diamond solitaire and pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole stock of linen, scarce escaped with what she had upon her back. I observed several gentlemen, who brought their sideboards of plate, to be melted down, as it were, into current specie: many had their pockets disburthened of their watches; and some, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their swords. Others of the company marched up, heavy laden with pictures, household goods, and domestic utensils: one carried a spit; another brandished a gridiron; a third flourished a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old sign of the Dog's Head in the Porridge-pot. I saw several trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the rest, who after having stript his whole house, even to his feather-bed, stalked along like a Lock-patient, wrapped up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him doing penance in the sheets.

As I was naturally curious to see the inside of the receptacle where all these various spoils were deposited, I stepped up to the hatch; and meeting a grave old gentleman at the threshold, I desired him to inform me what place it was, and what business was transacted there. He very courteously took me by the hand, and leading me through a dark passage, brought me into a spacious hall, which he told me was the Temple of Usury, and that he himself was the chief priest of it. One part of this building was hung round with all kinds of apparel, like the sale-shops in Monmouth Street; another was strewn with a variety of goods, and resembled the brokers shops in Harp Alley; and another part was furnished with such an immense quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I should rather have fancied myself in the Church of the Lady of Loreto. All these, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that crowd, which I had seen resorting to this Temple.

ple. The Churches in Roman Catholic countries have commonly a cross fixed upon them; the Chinese erect dragons and hang bells about their Pagods; and the Turkish Mosques are distinguished by crescents; but I could not help taking particular notice, that this Temple of Usury had it's vestibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the mystery of which, I was told, was as dark and unfathomable as the Pythagorean number, or the secret doctrines of Trismegist.

When I had in some measure satisfied my curiosity, in taking a general survey of the Temple, my instructor led me to an interior corner of it, where the most splendid offerings were spread upon a large altar. 'This bauble,' said he, shewing me an elegant sprig of diamonds, 'is an aigret, sent in last week by a lady of quality, who has ever since kept home, with her head muffled up in a double clout, for a pretended fit of the tooth-ache. She has, at different times, made an offering of all her jewels: and, besides these, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hysseric fever, and confined her to her bed-gown for upwards of a month. Those ear-rings and other jewels, are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was so constant a votary to this place, that, when nothing else remained for an offering, she even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be surprised, perhaps, to behold such a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, solitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is observable, that their devotions in the Temple of Usury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive by their assisting at the midnight orgies of Avarice.

'Nor are the gentlemen,' continued he, 'less encouragers of our rites. That gold watch laid snug, for a considerable time, in the fob of a young man of quality; but it was one night jerked out by a single throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made it's way into the pocket of a stranger, who placed it here to keep company with several others brought hither on a similar occasion. Those brilliant buckles once glittered on the shoes of a very pretty fellow, who set out last winter on his travels into foreign parts, but

never got further than Boulogne: and that sword, with the rich filigree hilt and elegantly-fancied sword-knot with gold tassels, once dangled at the side of a spirited Buck; who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry, to take possession of a large estate in his native country, Ireland, whence he is not yet returned. You may see many others of these instruments of death, which rust peacefully in their scabbards, as being of no use whatever to their owners: that which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you must know, to a noble captain: it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this instant mounting guard at St. James's.'

Not far from these rich ornaments hung several embroidered coats, laced waistcoats, *Point d'Espagne* hats, &c. 'This suit,' said my venerable instructor, pointing to one richly embroidered, 'was made up for a noble lord on the last Birth-day, and conveyed hither the very next morning after he had appeared at court. That jemmy waistcoat with the gold worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a smart Templar, who, having spent a night out of his chambers, sent his waistcoat hither in the morning, as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured handkerchiefs, which you see strung together a little further off, they are oblations made here by a sect of maudlin votaries, who resort to this Temple to pay their devotions to a Goddess, whom they have christened Madam Gin, but whom they sometimes honour with the more proper appellation of Strip Me Naked.'

While my conductor was thus relating the history of the various offerings, and the persons who had made them, he was suddenly called aside to a dark closet; several of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confessionals of the Romish priests. These little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries, who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the necessary rites and ceremonies were commonly solemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* among the Romans. At present, however,

ever, there was a greater noise and hubbub than usual. A person of the first rank in the kingdom, who had made some very considerable oblations of gold and silver plate, was now about to celebrate a feast in honour of Bacchus, in which, as these rich utensils would be requisite, he prayed to have the use of them. The chief priest, after having received the customary fee, granted a dispensation for this purpose, and loaded the messengers with a number of wrought ewers, vases, and chargers; at the same time commissioning two or three of the inferior officials of the Temple to attend the celebration of the feast, and to take care that the plate was duly returned, and safely lodged again in the Temple.

These matters were scarce adjusted, before an unexpected incident filled the whole Temple with confusion and disturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a stop to the rites, and seized the chief priest himself, charging him with having profaned the place by a crime almost as infamous as sacrilege. He was accused of having encouraged robbers to strip the citizens of their most valuable effects, and for a small reward to deposit them as offerings. The clamour on this occasion was very great; and at last one of the officers, methought, seized me, as a party concerned; when endeavouring to clear myself, and struggling to get out of his clutches, I awoke.

W

Nº CXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

NEC STULTITIA PARIT CIVITATES, HAC CONSTANT IMPERIA, MAGISTRATUS, RELIGIO, CONSILIA, JUDICIA; NEC ALIUD OMNINO EST VITA HUMANA, QUAM STULTITIÆ LUSUS QUIDAM.

ERASM.

NONSENSE O'ER EMPIRES, AND O'ER STATES PRESIDES,
OUR JUDGMENT, COUNSELLS, LAWS, RELIGION, GUIDES;
ALL ARTS AND SCIENCES DESPOTIC RULES;
AND LIFE ITSELF'S A DRAMA, PLAY'D BY FOOLS.

THERE is no race of people that has been more conspicuous, in almost every relation of life, than the illustrious family of Nonsense. In every age of the world they have shone forth with uncommon lustre, and have made a wonderful progress in all the Arts and Sciences. They have at different seasons delivered speeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philosophical enquiries and metaphysical disquisitions. In a word, the whole history of the world, moral and political, is but a Cyclopædia of Nonsense. For which reason, considering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite service it has been of to me and many of my cotemporaries, I have resolved to oblige the public with a kind of abstract of the history of Nonsense.

Nonsense was the daughter of Ignorance, begot on Falsehood, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in Boetia. As she grew up, she inherited all the qualities of her parents: she discovered too warm a genius to require being sent to school; but while other dull brats were

poring over an horn-book, she amused herself with spreading fantastical lyes, taught her by her mamma, and which have in later ages been familiarly known to us under the names of Sham, Barter, and Humbug. When she grew up, she received the addressess, and soon became the wife, of Impudence. Who he was, or of what profession, is uncertain: some say he was the son of Ignorance by another *unter*, and was suffered to become the husband of Nonsense in those dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies of Egypt married their own sisters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, Nonsense and Impudence were soon inseparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more numerous family than any yet preserved on any tree of descent whatsoever; of which ingenious device they were said to have been the first inventors.

It is my chief intent at present to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themselves remarkable

remarkable in England; though they began to signalize themselves very early, and are still very flourishing in most parts of the world. Many of them were Egyptian Priests four thousand years ago, and told the people that it was religion to worship dogs, monkeys, and green leeks: and their descendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of supposed deities, who were, in their own estimation of them, whores and whore-mongers, pick-pockets and drunkards. Others rose up some ages after in Turkey, and persuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodshed and of the sword, *in the name of the most merciful God*: and others have manifested their lineal descent from Nonsense and Impudence, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were also among them many shrewd philosophers; some of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the stone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the least degree of pain; and others would not trust their own eyes, but when they saw an horse or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own existence.

We have no certain account of the progress of Nonsense here in England, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloisters and convents, dreaming over old legends of saints, drawing up breviaries and mass-books, and stringing together some barbarous Latin verses in rhyme. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, so little encouragement was given to her family, that it seemed to have been almost extinct: but in the succeeding reign it flourished again, and filled the most considerable offices in the nation. Nonsense became a great favourite at court, where she was highly caressed on account of her wit, which consisted in puns and quibbles; and the bonny monarch himself was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her conversation. At this time many of her progeny took orders, and got themselves preferred to the best livings, by turning the Evangelists into punsters, and making St. Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the rest, there was a bishop, a favourite son of Nonsense, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he used to tickle his

courtly audience, by telling them that *matrimony* was become a *matter of money*, with many other right reverend jests recorded in Joe Miller. Several brothers of this family were likewise bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued against old women sucked by devils in the shape of ram-cats, &c. As an instance of the profound wisdom and sagacity of the legislature in those days, I need only mention that just and truly pious act of parliament made against the crying sin of witchcraft. 1 Jac. I. chap. 12. 'Such as shall use invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee or reward any evil spirit to any intent, or take up any dead person or part thereof, to be used in witchcraft, or have used any of the said arts, whereby any person shall be killed, consumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their accessories before the fact, shall suffer as felons, without benefit of clergy.'

In the troublesome times of King Charles the First, Nonsense and her family sided with the Parliament. These set up new sects in religion: some of them cropt their hair short, and called themselves the *Enlightened*; some fell into trances, and pretended to see holy visions; while others got into tubs, and held forth with many whinings, and groans, and snuffling through the nose. In the merry days of King Charles the Second, Nonsense assumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as luscious love-songs, and other loose verses, which were collected together, and greedily bought up in miscellanies. In the succeeding reign, some of the kindred, who had received their education at St. Omer's, thought themselves on the point of establishing Nonsense in church and state, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occasion in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the Revolution, the field of Politics has afforded large scope for Nonsense and her family to make themselves remarkable. Hence arose the various sects in party, distinguished by the names of Whig and Tory, Ministerial and Jacobite, Sunderlandians, Oxfordians, Godolphinians, Bolingbrookians, Walpolians, Pelhamians, &c. &c. &c. names

which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets and journals, as the Guelphs and Gibilines in Italy, or the Big and little Endians in the kingdom of Liliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a short abridgement of the history of Nonsense; though a very small part of the exploits of the family can be included in so compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep scholars, and filled the Professors Chairs at the Universities. They composed many elaborate dissertations to convince the world that two and two make four; and discovered, by dint of syllogism, that white is not black. Their inquiries in Natural Philosophy were no less extraordinary: many spent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to discover a wonderful Stone, that should turn every baser metal into gold; and others employed themselves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they should fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the *Belles Lettres*, and were the original founders of the learned society of Grub Street.

Never was any era in the annals of Nonsense more illustrious than the present; nor did that noble family ever more signally distinguish itself in every occupation. In Oratory, who are greater proficient than the progeny of Nonsense? Witness many long and eloquent speeches delivered in St. Stephen's Cha-

pel, in Westminster Hall, at Assizes and Quarter-Sessions, at Clare Market, and the Robin Hood. In Philosophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by Nonsense? The sometime Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College shewed Sir Isaac Newton to be a mere ass, and wire-drawn the book of Moses into a compleat system of Natural Philosophy: Life-guard-men have, with the utmost certainty of Nonsense, foretold Earthquakes; and others have penned curious Essays on Air-quakes, Water-quakes, and Comets. In Politics, how successfully have the sons of Nonsense bandied about the terms of Court and Country? How wisely have they debated upon taxes? And with what amazing penetration did they but lately foresee an Invasion? In Religion, their domain is particularly extensive: for, though Nonsense is excluded, at least from the first part of the service, in all regular churches, yet she often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moor-fields, and the Chapel in Long Acre. But, for the credit of so polite an age, be it known, that the children of Nonsense, who are many of them people of fashion, are as often seen at the Play-house as at Church: and it is something strange, that the family of Nonsense is now divided against itself, and in high contest about the management of their favourite amusement—the Opera.

T

Nº CXIX. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

PLENUS RIMARUM SUN, HUC ET ILLUC PERFLUO. TER.

LEAKY AT BOTTOM; IF THOSE CHINKS YOU STOP,
IN VAIN—THE SECRET WILL RUN O'ER AT TOP.

THERE is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend, than the entrusting him with a secret; nor any which he is so likely to abuse. Confidants in general are like crazy firelocks, which are no sooner charged and cocked, than the spring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifest their importance to another; till between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the

whole matter is presently known to 'all our friends round the Wrekin.' The secret catches, as it were, by contact, and like electrical matter breaks forth from every link in the chain, almost at the same instant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a huz tomorrow, by what was whispered in the middle of Marlborough Downs this morning; and in a week's time the streets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of fashion, hellowed out from the foul mouths of the hawkers, though at

at present it is known to no creature living but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of Secrecy is of so great importance to society, and the necessary commerce between individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakness should be so general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a funnel or a sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit any of your concerns to so slippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in those men who have thus lost the faculty of retention, the desire of being communicative is always most prevalent where it is least to be justified. If they are entrusted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more consequence will perhaps in a few hours shuffle it intirely out of their thoughts; but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earnestness, a low voice, and the gesture of a man in terror for the consequence of it's being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise; however they may promise secrecy, and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

This breach of trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in a great measure owing to our education. The first lesson our little masters and misses are taught, is to become blabs and tell-tales: they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below stairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a doll or an hobby-horse is generally the encouragement of a propensity which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as children can slip out the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit; if the butler has been caught kissing the housekeeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chambermaid, away flies little Tommy or Betty with the news; the parents are lost in admiration of the pretty rogue's understanding, and reward such uncommon ingenuity with a kiss or a sugar-plumb.

Nor does an inclination to Secrecy meet with less encouragement at school. The governesses at the boarding-school teach miss to be a good girl, and tell them every thing she knows: thus, if

any young lady is unfortunately discovered eating a green apple in a corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another miss's sampler, away runs the chit, who is so happy as to get the start of the rest, screams out her information as she goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that she is a good girl, and every body will love her.

The management of our young gentlemen is equally absurd: in most of our schools, if a lad is discovered in a scrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the Old Bailey, is made the condition of a pardon. I remember a boy, engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree, and conducted, under the strong guard of the farmer and his dairy-maid, to the master's house. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity; but finding it impossible to scourge the secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school-fellows. I must own, I am not fond of thus drubbing our youth into treachery; and am much more pleased with the request of Ulysses, when he went to Troy, who begged of those who were to have the charge of Telemachus, that they would above all things teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to keep a Secret.

Every man's experience must have furnished him with instances of confidants who are not to be relied on, and friends who are not to be trusted; but few perhaps have thought it a character so well worth their attention, as to have marked out the different degrees into which it may be divided, and the different methods by which Secrets are communicated.

Nod Trusty is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine whether he is more to be admired for

his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a Secret. He is also excellent at a 'doubtful phrase,' as Hamlet calls it, or an 'ambiguous giving out;' and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken inuendoes, as—

Well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—
Or, if I list to speak—or, there be, an if
there might, &c.

Here he generally stops; and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Poor Meanwell, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a Secret, is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home, he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself what he longs to publish to the world; and would gladly submit to the office of town-cryer, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burthen, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the

custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a chearful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

Careless is perhaps equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Entrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half-attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or perhaps in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his taylor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat, instead of a *pompadour*, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction; where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it, with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's: and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a Secret.

To these I might add the character of the open and unserved, who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the impertinent, who having by dint of observation made himself master of your Secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But I shall leave these, with many other characters which my reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil—That no man may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

N^o CXX. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

JUDICIUM SUBTILIS VIDENDI ARTIS.

HOR.

A SUBTLE FANCY, AND A JUDGMENT CHASTE,
FROM THE NICE MIXTURE OF A GENUINE TASTE.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with Taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chi-

nese, build with Taste; the painters paint with Taste; the poets write with Taste; critics read with Taste; and, in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are all the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet in this amazing superabundance of Taste, few

few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the stile of a Connoisseur, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all *tasteful* compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word *Taste*, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary conversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons, who talk perpetually of *Taste*, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word *accommodated*, wisely explains it by saying that '*Accommodated*, Sir, is—a—a—a—*accommodated*, Sir, is as if one should say—a—*accommodated*:' and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people, What is *Taste*? they will tell you that '*Taste* is a kind of a sort of a—a—a—; in short, '*Taste* is *Taste*.' These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they affix no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, *Taste* is commonly used in one of these two significations. First, when they give any person the appellation of a Man of *Taste*, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a Man of *Taste* is, that he is not only so far an adept in

those matters, as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will perhaps be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our Sensual *Taste*. The Man of *Taste*, according to the first, may be considered as a *Bon Vivant*, who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the second, he may be regarded as the Cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice *Taste* when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term that I ever remember to have met with: '*Taste* consists in nice harmony between the Fancy and the Judgment.' The most chastised Judgment, without Genius, can never constitute a Man of *Taste*; and the most luxuriant Imagination, unregulated by Judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an *Olio* not to be relished by any palate; and the man who has no *gout* for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glasse, and Martha Bradley. I confine myself at present chiefly to that signification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the several branches of *Taste*, because *that* always includes the other.

Having thus settled what *Taste* is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern *Taste* by these rules: and perhaps it will appear that, on the one hand, it's most pleasing flights and ravishing elegancies are extravagant and absurd; and that, on the other hand, those who affect a correct *Taste* in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The first species of *Taste*, which gives a loose to the imagination, indulges itself in caprice, and is perpetually striking new strokes, is the chief regulator of the fashion. In dress, it has put hunting-poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and
windmills

windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier maché*, and, by putting spotted Danish horses into the harness, has made our beaux look like Bacchus in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outside and inside of our houses, are all Gothic or Chinese; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular cross-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-house or a stable, fits up his house and garden entirely in Taste.

The second sort of Men of Taste are to be found chiefly among the *Literati*; and are those who, despising the modern whims to which fashion has given the name of Taste, pretend to follow, with the most scrupulous exactness, the chaste models of the ancients. These are the Poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and *tasteful* compositions; whose works are without blemish, and conformable to the precise rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Aristotle: and as they are intended merely for the perusal of persons of the most refined Taste, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common understandings. These too are the Critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarrass us with repeated allusions to the study of *Virtù*: and these too are the Connoisseurs in Architecture, who build ruins after Vitruvius, and necessaries according to Palladio. One gentleman of this cast has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four spacious porticoes, open on

each side to court the four winds; because, in the sultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought most convenient: and another has, in great measure, shut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all prospect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his house, which in Italy has been judged necessary, to screen them from the sun.

Architecture seems indeed to be the main article in which the efforts of Taste are now displayed. Among those who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might instance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be seen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious Taste among us, I shall beg leave to describe, in the stile of a Connoisseur, a most amazing curiosity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midst of a noble and spacious area stands a grand Obelisk. The Base forms a perfect square with right angles; the Body of it is cylindrical; but the Capital is an Heptagon, and has several curious lines and figures described on each of it's seven planes or superficies, which serve to terminate as many most magnificent and striking Views. This superb Column, no less remarkable than the famous Pillar of Trajan, seems (from the several Gnomons and other Hieroglyphics stuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the Sun; but is now known among the vulgar by the more common name of The Seven Dials.

O

N^o CXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

— PLACET IMPARET —

FORMAS ATQUE ANIMOS SUB JUGA ARTE REA

SEVO MITTERE CUM JOCO.

HOR.

OFFICIOUS COUPLERS WANTONLY ENGAGE

VIRTUE WITH VICE, BRISK YOUTH WITH FROZEN AGE:

BEMOLD THEM GROAN BENEATH THE IRON YOKES,

HAIL THE DEAR MISCHIEF, AND ENJOY THE JOKE.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they

call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender,

a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was severally recommended by them as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintance; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between. Some have come together, merely from having been talked of by their acquaintance as likely to make a match: and I have known a couple, who have met by accident at an horse race, or danced together at an assembly, that in less than a fortnight have been driven into matrimony in their own defence, by having been first paired in private conversations, and afterwards in the common newspapers.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands or wives, one would imagine that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know a good-natured lady who has officiously brought upon herself the ill-will and the curies of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on this very account. She has a sister, for whom she provided a most excellent husband, who has shewn his affection for her by spending her whole fortune upon his mistress: another near relation having, by her means, snapped up a rich widow, the bridegroom was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelvemonth to bring two doating lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be Match-makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffick in all

the accomplishments that can make the marriage state happy. These traders dispose of all sorts of rich heirs and heiresses, baronets, lords, ladies of fashion, and daughters of country squires, with as much coolness as drovers sell bullocks. They keep compleat registers of the condition and qualifications of all the marriageable persons within the kingdom; and it is as common to apply to them for an husband or wife, as to the register offices for a man or maid servant. They may, indeed, be considered as fathers and guardians to the greatest part of your youth of both sexes, since in marriage they may be most properly said to give them away.

It is something comical to consider the various persons to whom men of this profession are useful. We may naturally suppose that a young fellow, who has no estate but what, like Tinsel's in the Drummer, is merely *personal*, would be glad to come down handsomely after consummation with a woman of fortune; and a smart girl, who has more charms than wealth, would give round poundage on being taken for better for worse by a rich heir. Many a tradesman also wants a wife to manage his family, while he looks after the shop; and thinks it better to recommend himself by this convenient friend, than by means of the Daily Advertiser. There are also several young people, who are indifferent as to any person in particular, and have no passion for the state itself, yet want to be married, because it will deliver them from the restraint of parents. But the most unnatural, though very common, applications of this sort, are from the rich and the noble; who, having immense estates to bestow on their children, will make use of the meanest instruments to couple them to others of the same overgrown fortune.

I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary Match-makers; and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers. A careful old gentleman came up from the North on purpose to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these Couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold buckles, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mamma. He told her, that he

he had not the pleasure of being known to her; but as his son's quiet depended on it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, Madam, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady. 'Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.'—'*Not so much, Sir,*' said the old lady, very gravely. 'Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only seventeen thousand.'—'No, Sir.'—'Or six-

teen.'—'No.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.'—'*Not so much, Sir.*' Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead—'Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand? How much more is it than twelve thousand?'—'Less, Sir.'—'Less, Madam?'—'Less.'—'But is it more than ten thousand?'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Not so much, Madam?'—'*Not so much.*'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds.'—'NOTHING LIKE IT, SIR.' At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool; and the fellow who recommended me to you is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

Nº CXXII. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

—MONSTRUM NULLA VIRTUTE REDEMPTUM
A VITIIS.—

JUV.

WITHOUT ONE SNEAKING VIRTUE IN THY TRAIN,
O PRECIOUS VILLAIN! SCOUNDREL! ROGUE IN GRAIN!

I Mentioned in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing *A New Treatise on Ethics, or, A System of Immoral Philosophy*, compiled from the principles and practice of the present age; in which the extraordinary modesty of the moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, instead of virtues, in their idea of a *Fine Gentleman*. The work is now finished; and the author has sent me the following letter concerning the Dedication, with leave to submit it to the public.

DEAR TOWN,

THE flatness and fullsome insipidity of Dedications has often been the subject of our conversation; and we have always agreed, that Authors have mis-

carried in these pieces of flattery, by injudiciously affronting, when they meant to compliment, their patrons. The humble Dedicator loads his Great Man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and disposition, which sit as awkwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-sweeper; and so overwhelms him with the huge mass of learning with which he graciously dubs him a scholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure as the *Als* in the *Dunciad*. After having thus bepraised his patron, till the new *Mæcenæ*s is heartily ashamed of himself, he wonders that no notice is taken of so pompous an eulogium, and that a Dedication should be as mere a drug as a sermon.

Lory, in the *Relapse*, advises Fashion to get into the good graces of Lord Foppington,

pington, by falling in love with his coat, being in raptures with his peruke, seeming ravished with the genteel dangle of his sword-knot; and, in short, to recommend himself to his noble elder brother, by affecting to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the Author, who would make his Dedication really valuable, should not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity, and a pack of unfashionable qualities, which only serve to disgrace a Fine Gentleman; but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the same time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a scoundrel. This mode of Dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace before A System of Immoral Philosophy: wherefore, as my book is now finished, I have here sent you a rough draught of the Epistle Dedicatory, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of it.

May it please your Grace! or, My Lord!
or, *Sir!*

You are in every point so complete a Fine Gentleman, that the following Treatise is but a faint transcript of your accomplishments. There is not one qualification, requisite in the character of a man of spirit, which you do not possess. Give me leave therefore, on the present occasion, to point forth your inestimable qualities to the world, and hold up to the public view so glorious an example.

You distinguished yourself so early in life, and exalted yourself so far above the common pitch of vulgar Bucks, that you was distinguished, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of Stag: and when I consider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of rascally poltrons you have sent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with, and how many hog-heads of French wine have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a Stag of the first head.

What great reason have you to value yourself on your noble achievements at Arthur's! The fums you formerly lost, and those you have lately won, are amazing instances of your spirit and address; first, in venturing so deeply, before you was let into the secret; and then, in ma-

naging it with so much adroitness and dexterity, since you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards, half so skilfully: you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety, and are a most incomparably shrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the Turf rendered you less famous. Let the annals of Pond and Heber deliver down to posterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the Knowing Ones have been taken in; when, for private reasons you have found it necessary, that your horse should run on the wrong side of the post, or be distanced after winning the first heat. I need not mention your own skill in Horfemanship, and in how many matches you have condescended to ride yourself; for in this particular, it must be acknowledged, you cannot be outdone, even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witness the many instances of your Courage, which has been often tried and exerted in Hyde Park, and behind Montague House; nay, you have sometimes been known to draw your sword most heroically at the opera, the play, and even at private routes and assemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, constables, and headles, with the justices at their head! You have cleared a whole bawdy-house before you, and taken many a tavern by storm: you have pinned a waiter to the ground; and have besides proved yourself an excellent marksman, by shooting a post-boy flying. With so much valour and firmness, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the same intrepidity, if occasion called, upon Hounslow Heath, or in Maidenhead Thicket: and, if it were necessary, you would as boldly resign yourself up to the hands of Jack Ketch, and swing as genteelly as Marlean or Gentleman Harry. The same noble spirit would likewise enable you to aim the pistol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

But your Courage has not rendered you insusceptible of the softer passions, to which your heart has been ever inclined. To say nothing of your gallantries with women of fashion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your seducing raw country

girls and innocent tradesmens daughters, you have formerly been so constant in your devoirs to Mrs. Douglass, and the whole sisterhood, that you sacrificed your health and constitution in their service. But above all, witness that sweet delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping, and for whom you entertain such a strong and faithful passion, that, for her sake, you have tenderly and affectionately deserted your wife and family.

Though, from your elegant taste for pleasures, you appear made for the gay world; yet these polite amusements have not called off your attention from the more serious studies of Politics and Religion. In Politics you have made such a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have discovered the good of your country to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own interest,

as well as established your consequence, in the proper place, by securing half a dozen boroughs. As to Religion, you soon unravelled every mystery of that; and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have also written several volumes, to make your discoveries plainer to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a foolish world unhappily prevent your publishing them at present: but you have wisely provided, that they shall one day see the light; when, I doubt not, they will be deemed invaluable, and be as universally admired, as the Pothumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke.

I am,

May it please your Grace! or, My Lord! or, Sir! in humble admiration of your excellencies,

&c. &c. &c.

O

N^o CXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1756.

QUO PATRE SIT NATUS, NUM IGNOTA MATRE INHONESTUS?

HOR.

SAY, WHO CAN CLAIM THE FOUNDLING FOR THEIR SON?
MY LORD AND MOLLY? OR HER GRACE AND JOHN?

THE notices in the public papers, that the Foundling Hospital will be open for the reception of infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given universal satisfaction. The consequences of a big belly do not appear so dreadful as heretofore; and it was but yesterday, that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the Hospital, as he himself had been out of Arthur's, by black balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child by my house-keeper, nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wish to swell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I must own myself to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extension of so benevolent a design. I look upon it as the certain preservation of many hundreds in embryo: nor shall we now hear of so many helpless babes birth-strangled in a necessary, or smothered by the 'ditch-delivered drab.' As a bastard is accounted in law, *quasi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet is blessed with as fair

proportions, and capable of an equal degree of perfection with 'honest madam's issue,' it is surely an act of great humanity thus to rescue them from untimely deaths and other miseries, which *they* do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

Though it is obvious, that this Hospital will be made the receptacle of many legitimate children; it is no less certain, that the rich, as well as the poor, will often send their base-born bantlings to this general nursery. The wealthy man of quality, or substantial cit, may have their private family-reasons for not owning the fruits of their secret amours, and be glad to put the little living witness of their intrigues out of the way. For this reason, an history of the Foundlings received there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes not to be learned from any Parish-register. The reflections that passed in my mind on this subject, gave occasion the other evening to the following Dream.

Methought, as I was standing at the private door of the Hospital, where a crowd

crowd of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were pressing to get in, an elderly gentleman, whom from his white staff I took to be a governor of the charity, very courteously invited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having seated myself near him—'Mr. Town,' says he, 'I am conscious that you look upon most of these little infants as the offsprings of so many unmarried fathers and maiden mothers, which have been clandestinely smuggled into the world. Know then, that I am one of those guardian Genii, appointed to superintend the fortunes of Bastards: therefore, as this Hospital is more immediately under my tuition, I have put on this disguise; and, if you please, will let you into the secret history of those babes who are my wards, and their parents.'

I assured him, his intelligence would be highly agreeable; and several now coming up to offer their children, he resumed his discourse. 'Observe,' said he, 'that jolly little rogue, with plump cheeks, a florid complexion, blue eyes, and sandy locks. We have here already several of his brethren by the mother's side; some fair, some brown, and some black: and yet they are all supposed to have come by the same father. The mother has for many years been housekeeper to a gentleman, who cannot see that her children bear the marks of his own servants, and that this very brat is the exact resemblance of his coachman.'

'That puling whining infant there, with a pale face, emaciated body, and distorted limbs, is the forced product of viper-broth and cantharides. It is the offspring of a worn-out buck of quality, who, at the same time he debauched the mother, ruined her constitution by a filthy disease; in consequence of which, she, with much difficulty, brought forth this just image of himself in miniature.'

'The next that offers, is the issue of a careful cit; who, as he keeps an horse for his own riding on Sundays, which he lets out all the rest of the week, keeps also a mistress for his recreation on the seventh day, who lets herself out on the other six. That other babe owes his birth likewise to the city; but is the joint product, as we may say, of two fathers; who being great economists in their pleasures,

as well as in their business, have set up a whore and an one-horse chaise in partnership together.'

'That pert young baggage there, who so boldly presses forward with her brat, is not the mother of it, but is maid to a single lady of the strictest honour and unblemished reputation. About a twelvemonth ago, her mistress went to Bath for the benefit of her health: and ten months after, she travelled into North Wales to see a relation; from whence she is just returned. We may suppose, that she took a fancy to that pretty babe, while in the country, and brought it up to town with her, in order to place it here: as she did a few years ago to another charming boy; which, being too old to be got into this Hospital, is now at a school in Yorkshire, where young gentlemen are boarded, clothed, and educated, and found in all necessaries, for ten pounds a year.'

'That chubby little boy, which you see in the arms of yonder strapping wench in a camblet gown and red cloak, is her own son. She is by profession a bed-maker in one of the universities, and of the same college, in which the father (a grave tutor) holds a fellowship, under the usual condition of not marrying. Many sober gentlemen of the cloth, who are in the same scrape, are glad to take the benefit of this charity: and if all of the same reverend order, like the priests abroad, were laid under the same restrictions, you might expect to see a particular Hospital erected for the reception of the Sons of the Clergy.'

'That next child belongs to a sea-captain's lady, whose husband is expected to return every moment from a long voyage; the fears of which have happily hastened the birth of this infant a full month before it's time. That other is the posthumous child of a wealthy old gentleman, who married a young girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. This his son and heir was not born till near a twelvemonth after his decease, because it's birth was retarded by the excessive grief of his widow; who on that account rather chose to lie-in privately, and to lodge their only child here, than to have it's legitimacy, and her own honour, called in question by her husband's relations.'

My companion pointed out to me several others, whose original was no less extraordinary; among which, I remember, he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a Methodist Teacher, and another the premature spawn of a Maid of Honour. A poor author eased himself of a very heavy load of two twin-daughters, which in an evil hour he begot on an hawker of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luscious novel: but I could not help smiling at the marks sent in with these new Muses, signifying that one had been christened Terpsichore, and the other Polyhymnia. Several bantlings were imported from Illington, Hoxton, and other villages within the sound of Bow Bell: many were transplanted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were sent in from two or three parishes in

particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were most indebted to the parson or the squire.

A modest-looking woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother, on the contrary, persisted in affirming, that it was but just born; and, addressing herself to me, desired me to look at it. I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was tossing it up and down, and praising its beauty, the sly hussy contrived to slip away, leaving the precious charge to my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the squalling of the brat, which rung piteously in my ears, luckily awaked me; and I was very happy to find, that I had only been dandling my pillow, instead of a bantling. W

Nº CXXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

ACCIPERE, PER LONGOS TIBI QUI DESERVIAST ANNOS:
ACCIPERE, QUI PURA NŌRIT AMARE FIDE.
EST NULLI CESSURA FIDES; SINE CRIMINE MORES;
NUDAQUE SIMPLICITAS, PURPUREUSQUE PUDOR.
NON MIHI MILLE PLACENT; NON SUM DESULTOR AMORIS;
TU MIHI (SI QUA FIDES) CURA PERENNIS ERIS.

OVID.

SCORN ME NOT, CHLOE; ME, WHOSE FAITH WELL TRY'D,
LONG YEARS APPROVE, AND HONEST PASSIONS GUIDE:
MY SPOTLESS SOUL NO FOUL AFFECTIONS MOVE,
BUT CHASTE SIMPLICITY, AND MODEST LOVE:
NOR I, LIKE SHALLOW FOES, FROM FAIR TO FAIR
ROVING AT RANDOM, FAITHLESS PASSION SWEAR,
BUT THOU ALONE SHALT BE MY CONSTANT CARE.

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ALMOST every man is or has been, or at least thinks that he is or has been, a Lover. One has fought for his mistress, another drank for her, another wrote for her, and another has done all three: and yet, perhaps, in spite of their duels, poetry, and bumpers, not one of them ever entertained a sincere passion. I have lately taken a survey of the numerous tribe of *Enamoureds*, and after having observed the various shapes they wear, think I may safely pronounce, that though all profess to have been in Love, there are very few who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucault's, that 'many men would never have been in Love, if they had never heard of Love.' The justice of this remark is equal to its shrewdness. The ridicu-

lous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing else, by imitation. Young creatures, almost mere children, have been consumed with this second-hand flame lighted up at another's passion; and, in consequence of the Loves of the footman and chambermaid, I have known little master fancy himself a dying swain at the age of thirteen, and little miss pining away with Love in a bib and hanging-sleeves.

That vast heap of volumes, filled with Love, and sufficient in number to make a library, are great enflamers, and seldom fail to produce that kind of passion described by Rochefoucault. The chief of these literary seducers are the old romances, and their degenerate spawn,

spawn, the modern novels. The young student reads of the emotions of Love, till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breast; as valetudinarians study the history of a disease, till they fancy themselves affected with every symptom of it. For this reason, I am always sorry to see any of this trash in the hands of young people: I look upon Cassandra and Cleopatra, as well as Betty Barnes, Polly Willis, &c. as no better than bawds; and consider Don Bellianis of Greece, and Sir Amadis de Gaul, with George Edwards, Loveill, &c. as arrant pimps. But though romances and novels are both equally stimulatives, yet their operations are very different. The romance-student becomes a fond Corydon of Sicily, or a very Damon of Arcadia, and is in good truth such a dying swain, that he believes he shall hang himself on the next willow, or drown himself in the next pond, if he should lose the object of his wishes: but the young novelist turns out more a man of the world; and after having gained the affections of his mistress, forms an hundred schemes to secure the possession of her, and to barn her relations.

There are, among the tribe of Lovers, a sort of luke-warm gentlemen, who can hardly be said, in the language of love, to entertain a *flame* for their mistress. These are your men of superlative delicacy and refinement, who loath the gross ideas annexed to the amours of the vulgar, and aim at something more spiritualized and sublime. These philosophers in Love doat on the mind alone of their mistress, and would fain see her naked soul divested of its material incumbrances. Gentlemen of this complexion might perhaps not improperly be ranged in the romantic class, but they have assumed to themselves the name of *Platonic Lovers*.

Platonism, however, is in these days very scarce; and there is another class, infinitely more numerous, composed of a sort of Lovers, whom we may justly distinguish by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this sect are diametrically opposite to those of the Platonics. They think no more of the soul of their mistress than a Mussulman, but are in raptures with her person. A Lover of this sort is in perpetual extasies: his passion is so violent, that he even scorches you with his flame; and he runs over

the perfections of his mistress in the same stile that a jockey praises his horse: 'Such limbs! such eyes! such a neck and breast! such—oh, she's a rare piece!' Their ideas go no farther than mere external accomplishments; and, as their wounds may be said to be only skin-deep, we cannot allow their breasts to be smitten with Love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much grosser passion. Yet it must be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this cast to be involved in what is called a Love-match: but then it is owing to the same cause with the marriage of Sir John Brute, who says—'I married my wife, because I wanted to lie with her, and she would not let me.'

Other gentlemen, of a gay disposition and warm constitution, who go in the catalogue for Lovers, are adorers of almost every woman they see. The flame of Love is as easily kindled in them, as the sparks are struck out of a flint; and it also expires as soon. A Lover of this sort dances one day with a lady at a ball, and loses his heart to her in a minute; the next, another carries it off in the Mall; and the next day, perhaps, he goes out of town, and lodges it in the possession of all the country beauties successively, till at last he brings it back to town with him, and presents it to the first woman he meets. This class is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true Lovers, since a gentleman who is thus in Love with every body, may fairly be said not to be in Love at all.

Love is universally allowed to be whimsical; and if whim is the essence of Love, none can be accounted truer Lovers, than those who admire their mistress for some particular charm, which enchains them, though it would singly never captivate any body else. Some gentlemen have been won to conjugal embraces by a pair of fine arms; others have been held fast by an even white set of teeth; and I know a very good scholar, who was ensnared by a set of golden tresses, because it was the taste of the ancients, and the true classical hair. Those ladies, whose Lovers are such piecemeal admirers, are in perpetual danger of losing them. A rash, or a pimple, may abate their affection. All those, the object of whose adoration is merely a pretty face or a fine person,

are

are in the power of the like accidents; and the small-pox has occasioned many a poor lady the loss of her beauty and her Lover at the same time.

But after all these spurious *Enamors*, there are some few, whose passion is sincere and well-founded. True, genuine Love, is always built upon esteem: not that I would mean, that a man can reason and argue himself into Love; but that a constant intercourse with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will insensibly win his heart, before he is himself aware of it, and beget all those hopes, fears, and other extravagancies, which are the natural attendants on a true passion. Love has been described ten thousand times: but that I may be sure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the story of honest Will Easy and his amiable wife. Will Easy and Miss ——— became very early acquainted; and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family, Will might be almost said to live there. He dined and supped with them perpetually in town, and spent great part of the summer with them at their seat in the country. Will and the lady were both universally allowed to have sense, and their frequent conversations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodness of each other's disposition. They delighted in

tions, of each other, and gave a thousand little indications of a growing passion, not unobserved by others, even while it was yet unknown and unsuspected by themselves. However, after some time, Will, by mutual agreement, demanded the lady of her father in marriage. But, alas! 'the course of true Love never yet run smooth:' the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuse her hand to the only man in the world with whom she could live happily, because he imagined that he might, in the Smithfield phrase, do *better* for her. But Love, grounded on just principles, is not easily shaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual passion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at last, reluctantly, half consented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profession, and a blessing to his wife; whose greatest praise is, that her virtues deserve such an husband. She is pleased with having 'left dross to dutchesses;' he considers her happiness as his main interest; and their example every day gives fresh conviction to the father, that where two persons of strong sense and good hearts conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their passion is genuine and lasting, and their union is perhaps the truest state of happiness under the sun. O

Nº CXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

CERVUS HEC INTER VICINUS CARRIT ANILES
EX RE FABELLAS.

Hor.

WITH MR. TOWN, WHEN PROSE AND PRECEPTS FAIL,
HIS FRIENDS SUPPLY A POEM OR A TALE.

NOTHING has given me a more sensible pleasure, in the course of this undertaking, than the having been occasionally honoured with the correspondence of several ingenious gentlemen of both our Universities. My paper of to day gives me unusual satisfaction on this account; and I cannot help looking on it with a great deal of pleasure, as a sort of a little Cambridge Miscellany. The reader will see it is com-

posed of two poems, which I have lately received from a correspondent in that learned University. These little pieces, unless my regard for the writer makes me partial to them, contain many beauties, and are written with that elegant peculiarity of style and manner, which plainly speak them to come from the same hand, that has already obliged the public with some other pieces of poetry published in this paper.

TO MR. TOWN.

TRIN. COLL. CAN. JUN. 6.

SIR,

YOUR Essay on the Abuse of Words was very well received here; but more especially that part of it which contained the modern definition of the word *Ruined*. You must know, Sir, that in the language of our old Dons, every young man is *ruined*, who is not an arrant *Tycho Brabe*, or *Erra Pater*. Yet it is remarkable, that, though the servants of the Muses meet with more than ordinary discouragement at this place, Cambridge has produced many celebrated poets; witness Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, &c. not to mention some admired writers of the present times. I myself, Sir, am grievously suspected of being better acquainted with Homer and Virgil than Euclid or Saunderson; and am universally agreed to be *ruined*, for having concerned myself with Hexameter and Pentameter more than Diameter. The equity of this decision I shall not dispute; but content myself at present with submitting to the public, by means of your paper, a few lines on the import of another favourite word, occasioned by the Essay above-mentioned.

But fearing that so short a piece will not be sufficient to eke out a whole paper, I have subjoined to it another little poem, not originally designed for the public view, but written as a familiar epistle to a friend. The whole is nothing more than the natural result of many letters and conversations that had passed between us on the present state of poetry in these kingdoms; in which I flattered myself, that I was justifiable in my remarks on the barrenness of invention in most modern compositions, as well as in regard to the cause of it. We are now, indeed, all become such exact Critics, that there are scarce any tolerable Poets: what I mean by exact critics is, that we are grown, (I speak in general) by the help of Addison and Pope, better judges of composition than heretofore. We get an early knowledge of what chaste writing is; and even school-boys are checked in the luxuriancy of their genius, and not suffered to run riot in their imaginations. I must own I cannot help looking on it as a bad omen to poetry, that there is now-a-days scarce any such thing to be met

with as fustian and bombast: for our authors, dreading the vice of incorrectness above all others, grow ridiculously precise and affected. In short, however paradoxical it may seem, we have now, in my opinion, too *correct* a taste. It is to no purpose for such prudent sober wooers, as our modern bards, to knock at the door of the Muses. They, as well as the mortal ladies, love to be attacked briskly. Should we take a review even of Chaucer's poetry, the most inattentive reader, in the very thickest of old Geoffrey's woods, would find the light sometimes pierce through and break in upon him like lightning; and a man must have no soul in him, who does not admire the fancy, the strength, and elegance of Spenser, even through that disagreeable habit which the fashion of the times obliged him to wear. To conclude, there is this material difference between the former and present age of Poetry; that the writers in the first *thought* poetically; in the last, they only *express* themselves so. Modern poets seem to me more to study the manner how they shall write, than what is to be written. The minute accuracy of their productions; the bells of their rhymes, so well matched, making most melodious tinkle; and all the *mechanism* of poetry so exactly finished; (together with a total deficiency of spirit, which should be the leaven of the whole) put me in mind of a piece of furniture, generally found in the studies of the learned—'In an odd angle of the room,' a mahogany case, elegantly carved and fashioned on the outside, the specious covering of a chamber pot. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

R. L.

THE SATYR AND THE PEDLAR.

A FABLE.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a power at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd*, for instance—Al' agree
Damn'd's the superlative Degree;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of it's own;
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as it's neighbour's understood.

Examples

Examples we may find enough;
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine,
damn'd stuff.

So fares it too with it's relation,
 I mean it's substantive, *damnation*.
 The wit with metaphors makes bold,
 And tells you he's *damnation* cold:
 Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
 The self-same wit's *damnation* hot.

And here a fable I remember—
 Once in the middle of December,
 When every mead in snow is lost,
 And ev'ry river bound with frost;
 When families get all together,
 And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
 When—pox of the descriptive rhyme—
 In short, it was the winter time.
 It was a Pedlar's happy lot
 To fall into a Satyr's cot:
 Shivering with cold, and almost froze,
 With pearly drop upon his nose,
 His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
 He blew upon them with his breath.
 'Friend,' quoth the Satyr, 'what intends
 'That blowing on thy fingers' ends?'—
 'It is to warm them thus I blow,
 'For they are froze as cold as snow;
 'And so inclement has it been,
 'I'm like a cake of ice within.'—
 'Come,' quoth the Satyr, 'comfort, man!
 'I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
 'You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
 'To a warm fire and morsel of pottage.'

This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
 A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth;
 Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
 As smoking on the board it stood.
 But, though the very steam arose
 With grateful odour to his nose,
 One single sip he ventur'd not,
 The gruel was so wondrous hot.
 What can be done?—with gentle puff
 He blows it, till 'tis cold enough.

'Why, how now, Pedlar, what's the
 'matter?'
 'Still at thy blowing?' quoth the Satyr.
 'I blow to cool it,' cries the clown,
 'That I may get the liquor down;
 'For, though I grant you've made it well,
 'You've boil'd it, Sir, as hot as hell.'

Then raising high his cloven stump,
 The Satyr smote him on the rump.
 'Begone, thou double knave, or fool;
 'With the same breath to warm and cool!
 'Friendship with such I never hold,
 'Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold.'

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
 That Modern Rules obstruct perfection,
 And the severity of *Taste*
 Has laid the walk of Genius waste.

Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
 Our authors creep instead of soaring;
 And all the brave imagination
 Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry, in sober sadness,
 'There is discretion e'en in madness.'
 A pithy sentence, but wants credit,
 Because, I find, a Poet said it:
 Their versific makes but small impression,
 Who are known liars by profession.
 Rise what exalted flights it will,
 True Genius will be Genius still;
 And say, that horse would you prefer,
 Which wants a bridle, or a spur?
 The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
 The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had Shakespeare crept by Modern Rules,
 We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools;
 Instead of all that wild creation,
 He'd form'd a regular plantation,
 Or garden trim and all inclos'd,
 In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
 The hedges cut in proper order,
 Nor e'en a branch beyond it's border.
 Now like a forest he appears,
 The growth of twice three hundred years;
 Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
 It's airy summit in the clouds,
 Where round it's root still loves to twine
 The ivy and wild eglantine.

'But Shakespeare's all-creative fancy,
 'Made others love extravagancy;
 'While cloud-capt Nonsense was their aim,
 'Like Hurlothrumbo's mad Lord F'ame.'
 True.—Who can stop dull imitators,
 Those younger-brothers of translators,
 Those insects, which from Genius rise,
 And buz about, in swarms, like flies?
 Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
 Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
 As formerly the sons of rhyme
 Sought Shakespeare's fancy and sublime,
 By cool correctness now they hope
 To emulate the praise of Pope.
 But Pope and Shakespeare both disclaim
 These low retainers to their fame.

What task can Dulness e'er effect
 So easy, as to write correct?
 Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
 By too much or too little wit;
 So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
 They miss their mark, and follow neither:
 They so exactly poise the scale,
 That neither measure will prevail;
 And Mediocrity, the Muse
 Did never in her sons excuse.
 'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
 With all the charms of modern *Taste*,
 And ev'ry senseless line is dress'd
 In quaint Expression's tinsel vest.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A Monsieur Barber in the street,

Whose



P. Gould del.

W. H. sculp.

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Whose ruffie, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of Dresden laces;
While, for the body, Monsieur Puff
Would think ev'n Dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhimes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes;
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly strip them to the shirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.

Shall then such wretches Bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or, do I scorn the critic's rules,
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' foul-mouth'd prose,
With all the force of Genius glows;
Though Dionisius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful, wise physician,
Dissects each part of composition,

And shews how beauty strikes the soul,
From a just compact of the whole;
Though Judgment, in Quintilian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet Hypercritics I disdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain;
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a Genius with dull rules;
And what their narrow science mocks,
Damn with the name of Her'odox.
These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the Critic's name,
Cry—' This is *Taste*—that's my opinion;
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen, with dire affright,
The Petty Monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry—' You'll suffer for your daring,
' And damn you, you shall pay for swearing:
Then, turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
I sit to represent the KING.

N^o CXXVI. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

PROINDE TONA ELOQUIO, SOLITUM TIBI.—

VIRG.

RANT, ROAR, AND BELLOW WITH THEATRIC AIR,
AND SINK THE REV'REND PREACHER IN THE PLAY R.

I Remember a rector of a parish at the court end of the town, who was generally accounted a very fine preacher, that used to aim at delivering himself in the most bold and animated stile of oratory. The tone of his voice was nicely accommodated to the different branches of his discourse, and every thing was pronounced with uncommon energy and emphasis: he also indulged himself in equal freedom of action, and abounded in various extraordinary gesticulations: his sermons themselves were sown thick with tropes, metaphors, and similes, and every-where enriched with *apostrophe* and *profopoeia*.

As I knew that this reverend gentleman had been abroad with a young nobleman in the capacity of a travelling tutor, I did not wonder at the violent exertion of his voice, and the vehemence of his action; this affected air being a piece of clerical foppery, which an itinerant clergyman is apt to adopt, while his pupil is gleaning all the other follies of Paris: at which place it is very common to see a *capuchine* so heated with

the subject, that he often seems in danger of throwing himself out of the pulpit. But I was at a loss how to account for the glowing stile of his discourses; till, happening to turn over the works of a celebrated French preacher, I found that the oratorical performances of my friend were no other than the faithful translations of them.

This sort of pulpit plagiarism may perhaps be more adapted to the taste of some of our fashionable declaimers, than the more hackneyed method of transcribing a page from Barrow, Tillotson, or Atterbury. But, although such practices may be less liable to detection, it is certainly more orthodox to rifle the works of our own Divines, than to ransack the treasures of Romish priests; and their enflamed orations are undoubtedly less adapted to the genius of our people, than the sober reasonings of our own preachers. Voltaire, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, has touched this point with his usual vivacity, and given a very just description of the different species of Pulpit Eloquence that obtain in

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France and England. The whole passage is as follows. 'Discourses, aiming at the *pathetic*, pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied with violent gestures, would excite laughter in an English congregation. For as they are fond of bloated language and the most impassioned eloquence on the Stage, so in the Pulpit they affect the most unornamented simplicity. A Sermon in France is a long *Declamation*, scrupulously divided into three parts, and delivered with *enthusiasm*. In England, a Sermon is a *solid*, but sometimes *dry*, *Dissertation*, which a man reads to the people, without gesture, and without any particular exaltation of the voice. In Italy,' he adds, 'a Sermon is a Spiritual Comedy: or rather Farce, he might have said; since the Preachers in that country harangue their audience, running to and fro on a sort of raised stage, like a mountebank. It must be owned, however, that some of our clergy are greatly wanting in that life and spirit, which would render their instructions more affecting, as well as more pleasing. Their sermons are frequently drawled out in one dull tone, without any variation of voice or gesture: so that it is no wonder if some of the congregation should be caught napping, when the preacher himself hardly seems to be awake. But though this drowsy delivery is not to be commended, yet a serious earnestness is most likely to engage the attention, and convince the reason. This manner, as it is most decent in itself, is best suited to an English audience: though it is no wonder that a different strain of oratory should prevail in France; since a Frenchman accompanies almost every word in ordinary conversation with some fantastic gesture; and even enquires concerning your health, and talks of the weather, with a thousand shrugs and grimaces.

But though I do not like to see a preacher lazily lolling on the cushion, or dozing over his sermon-case, and haranguing his audience with an unchristian apathy; yet even this unanimated delivery is perhaps less offensive, than to observe a clergyman not so assiduous to instruct his audience, as to be admired by them: not to mention, that even Voltaire himself seems to think our manner of preaching preferable, on the whole, to the declamatory stile and af-

fectured gestures, used by the clergy of his own nation. A sober divine should not ascend the pulpit with the same passions that a public orator mounts the *rostrum*: much less should he assume the voice, gesture, and deportment of a player, and the language of the theatre. He should preserve a temperance in the most earnest parts of his discourse, and go through the whole of it in such a manner, as best agrees with the solemn place in which it is uttered. Pompous nonsense, bellowed out with a thundering accent, comes with a worse grace from the pulpit, than bombast and fustian injudiciously ranted forth by a 'periwig-pated fellow' on the stage. I cannot better illustrate the absurdity and indecency of this manner, than by a familiar, though shameful, instance of it. Whoever has occasionally joined with the butchers in making up the audience of the Clare Market Orator, will agree with me, that the impropriety of his stile and the extravagance of his action become still more shocking and intolerable by the day which they profane, and the ecclesiastic appearance of the place in which the declaimer harangues. Thus, while those who thunder out damnation from parish pulpits, may, from assuming the manners of the theatre, be resembled to ranting players; the Clare Market Orator, while he turns religion into farce, must be considered as exhibiting shews and interludes of an inferior nature, and himself regarded as a Jack-pudding in a gown and cassock.

A bloated stile is perhaps of all others least to be commended. It is more frequently made a shelter for nonsense, than a vehicle of truth: but, though improper on all occasions, it more especially deviates from the chaste plainness and simplicity of Pulpit Eloquence. Nor am I less displeased with those who are admired by some as *pretty* preachers; as I think a clergyman may be a coxcomb in his stile and manner, as well as a prig in his appearance. Flowers of rhetoric, injudiciously scattered over a sermon, are as disgusting in his discourse, as the smug wig and iced white handkerchief in his dress. The *pretty* preacher aims also at politeness and good-breeding, takes the ladies to task in a genteel vein of railery, and handles their modish foibles with the same air that he gallants their fans: but
if

if he has a mind to put his abilities to the stretch, and indulge himself in a more than ordinary flow of rhetoric, he fritters away the solemnity of some scriptural subject; and I have heard a flourishing declaimer of this cast take off from the awful idea of the Passion, by dwelling principally on the gracefulness of person, sweetness of voice, and elegance of deportment, in the Divine Sufferer; and at another time, in speaking of the Fall, I have known him enter into a picturesque description of the woods, groves, and rivulets, pansies, pinks, and violets, that threw a perpetual gaiety over the face of nature in the garden of Eden.

Affected oratory and an extravagant delivery were first practised by those who vary from the established church: nor is there any manner so unbecoming and indecent, which has not, at one time or another, been accounted truly spiritual and graceful. Snuffing through the nose, with an harmonious twang, has been regarded as a kind of church-music best calculated to raise devotion, and a piteous chorus of sighs and groans has been thought the most effectual call to repentance. Irregular tremblings of the voice, and contortions of the person, have long been the eloquence of Quakers and Presbyterians: and are now the favourite mode of preaching practised by those self-ordained teachers, who strike out new lights in religion, and pour

forth their extempore rhapsodies in a torrent of enthusiastical oratory. An inspired cobbler will thunder out anathemas, with the tone and gesture of St. Paul, from a joint-stool; and an enlightened bricklayer will work himself up to such a pitch of vehemence, as shall make his audience quake again. I am sorry to see our regular divines rather copying, than reforming this hot and extravagant manner of preaching: and have with pain been witness to a wild intemperate delivery in our parish-churches, which I should only have expected at the chapel in Long Acre, or at the Foundery and Tabernacle in Moorfields.

As a serious earnestness in the delivery, and a nervous simplicity in the stile of a discourse, are the most becoming ornaments of the pulpit, so an affectation of eloquence is no where so offensive. The delivery of a preacher, as well as his diction, should, like his dress, be plain and decent. Inflamed eloquence and wild gestures are unsuitable to the place and his function; and though such vehement heat may perhaps kindle the zeal of a few enthusiastic old beldams in the aisle, it has a very different effect on the more rational part of the congregation. I would therefore recommend it to our fashionable divines, to aim at being Preachers rather than Orators or Actors, and to endeavour to make their discourses appear like Sermons rather than Orations. O

Nº CXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

PERVENS DIFFICILI BILE TUMET JECUR.

HOR.

RAGE IN HER EYES, DISTRACTION IN HER MIEN,
HER BREAST INDIGNANT SWELLS WITH JEALOUS SPLEEN.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

WE are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very Duenna: she is as careful of me, as the Kaiser A., or

Chief Eunuch, is of the Grand Signior's favourite Sultana: and whether she believes that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house, like a child in leading-strings: nay, if I do but step down stairs on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I should

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give

give her the slip, that she always screams after me, 'My dear, you are not going out;' though, for better security, she generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cardinal, that one may not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself, that I am handsomer or better made than other men: nor has she, in my eyes at least, fewer charms than other women. Need I add, that my complexion is not over sanguine, nor my constitution very robust? and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealousy. Such an one, she is sure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our house: she has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the last century.

She will scarce allow me to mix even with persons of my own sex; and she looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common seducers: one evening, indeed, she vouchsafed to trust me out of doors at a tavern with some of my male friends; but the first bottle had scarce gone round, before word was brought up, that my boy was come with the lanthorn to light me home. I sent him back with orders to call in an hour, when presently after the maid was dispatched, with no ice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the summons; when, to our great surprise, the sick lady herself booted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit; from which she did not recover, till the coach had set us down at our own house. She then called me the basest of husbands; and said, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houses, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at last she declared it to be her firm resolution,

that I should never set my foot in any one of them again, except herself be allowed to make one of the company.

You will suppose, Sir, that while my wife is thus cautious that I should not be led astray when abroad, she takes particular care, that I may not stumble on temptation at home. For this reason, as soon as I had brought her to my house, my two maid-servants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and some open accusations, of too near an intimacy between us: though I protest to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton; and the other, a strapping wench, as coarse and brawny as the Female Samson. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was picked off, as being too well acquainted with his master's sly ways. A chair-woman was forced to do our work for some time, before madam could suit herself with maids for her purpose. One was too pert an hussy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our household is made up of such beautiful monsters, as Caliban himself might fall in love with: my lady's own waiting-woman has a most inviting hump back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over, like a Chinese figure; the house maid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of it's fellow; and the cook, besides a most captivating red face and protuberant waist, has a most graceful hobble in her gait, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I must never write a letter, but my wife must see the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till she has broke the seal, or read it, till she has first run it over. Every rap at the door from the post-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burst with spleen at seeing a superscription, written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impression on the wax: and a Cupid, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or stamped with a thumb, she interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux: and if there is a blank space left
in

in any part of the letter, she always holds it for some time before the fire; that, if it should be filled with any secret contents, written in juice of lemons, they may by that means become visible.

About a month ago she found a mysterious paper in my coat-pocket, which awakened all her mistrust. This suspicious manuscript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which, as she could not interpret, she immediately concluded it to be a *billet-doux* from some nasty creature, whom I secretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we corresponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blacksmith in the country; who, never having learnt to write, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a spade, he charged it to my account, by drawing, as well as he could, the figure of a spade, and adding at a little distance six perpendicular lines, to signify *sixpence*; or, if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote *four shillings*. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as possible, but very little to her satisfaction. It is absolutely impossible to quiet her suspicions:

she is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay, upbraids me on this account before strangers; and it was but last week, that she put me to inconceivable confusion before a whole room full of company, by telling them, that I was in love with a blacksmith.

Jealousy, Sir, it is said, is a sign of love. It may be so: but it is a species of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to say, that many a modern wife hates her husband most heartily, without causing him half that uneasiness, which my loving consort's suspicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims disturb me the more, because I am naturally of an even mind and calm disposition: and one of the chief blessings I promised myself in matrimony was, to enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquillity. I loved my wife passionately; but I must own, that these perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with less and less tenderness every day; and though there is not a woman in the world that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that such violent suspicions, without a cause, have often created real matter for jealousy. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

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N^o CXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

QUOD OPTIMUM SIT QUÆRITIS CONVIVIVM,
IN QUOD CHOLAURES NON VENIT?

MART.

HAPPY THAT HOUSE, WHERE FIDDLES NEVER COME,
HORN, HAUTBOY, HARPSICORD, NOR KETTLE-DRUM!

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

MY wife is mad, stark mad; and unless you can prescribe some remedy for that strange phrenzy which possesses her, my peace of mind must be for ever broken, and my fortune inevitably ruined. You must know, Sir, that she is afflicted with a disorder exactly opposite to the bite of a Tarantula: for, as that is said to admit of no cure but music, there is not a note in the Gamut, but what tends to heighten and inflame my wife's lunacy. I find it is the fashion, in this age, for fiddlers and fiddlers to publish Appeals to the public:

wherefore, as you have hitherto listened to the complaints husbands, I must beg you now to consider mine, and to suffer me also to appeal to the public, by means of your paper.

A few years ago business called me over to Italy; where this unfortunate woman received the first touches of this disorder. She soon conceived a violent passion for Taste in general, which settled at last in an unquenchable rage after musical compositions. Solos, Sonatas, Operas, and Concertos, became her sole employment and delight, and fiddlers and musicians her only company. At length, full of Italian airs, she returned to England, where also her whole happiness

happiness has been centered in the orchestra, and it has been her whole pride to be thought a *Connoisseur* in music. If there is an opera, oratorio, or concert, to be performed within the bills of mortality, I do not believe that the riches of the Indies could prevail on her to be absent. Two, and only two, good consequences flow from this madness; and those are, that she constantly attends St. James's Chapel, for the sake of the anthem and the rest of the music: and, out of the many pounds idly squandered in minims and semi-quavers, some few are dedicated to charities, which are promoted by musical performances.

But what makes this rage after catgut more irksome and intolerable to me is, that I have not myself the least idea of what they call Taste, and it almost drives me mad to be pestered with it. I am a plain man, and have not the least spice of a *Connoisseur* in my composition; yet nothing will satisfy my wife, unless I appear as fond of such nonsense as herself. About a month ago she prevailed on me to attend her to the Opera, where every dying fall made her expire, as well as Lady Townly. She was ravished with one air, in extasies at another, applauded *Ricciarelli*, encored *Mingotti*, and, in short, acted like an absolute madwoman; while the performance, and her behaviour, had a quite different effect upon me, who sat dumb with confusion, 'most musical, most melancholy,' at her elbow. When we came home again, she seemed as happy as harmony could make her; but I must own, that I was all discord, and most heartily vexed at being made a fool in public. 'Well, my dear,' said she, 'how do you like the Opera?'—'Zounds, Madam, I would as soon be dragged through an horsepond, as to go to an opera with you again.'—'O fie, but you must be delighted with *The Mingotti*.'—'*The Mingotti!* The Devil.'—'Well, I am sorry for it, Sir Aaron, but I find you have no Ear.'—'Ear, Madam? I had rather cut off my ears, than suffer them to make me an idiot.' To this she made no reply, but began a favourite opera tune, and, after taking a tour round the room, like one of the fencers, left me alone.

If my wife could be satisfied, like other musical ladies, with attending public performances, and now and then

thrumming on her harpsichord the tunes she hears there, I should be content; but she has also a concert of her own constantly once a week. Here she is in still greater raptures than at the opera, as all the music is chosen and appointed by herself. The expence of this whim is monstrous; for not one of these people will open their mouths, or rosin a single string, without being very well paid for it. Then she must have all the best hands and voices; and has almost as large a set of performers in pay as the manager of the opera. It puts me quite out of patience to see these fellows strutting about my house, dressed up like lords and gentlemen. Not a single fiddler, or singer, but what appears in lace or embroidery; and I once mistook my wife's chief musician for a foreign ambassador.

It is impossible to recount the numberless follies, to which this ridiculous passion for music exposes her. Her devotion to the art makes her almost adore the professors of it. A musician is a greater man in her eye than a duke; and she would sooner oblige an opera-singer than a countess. She is as busy in promoting their benefits, as if she was to have the receipts of the house; and quarrels with all her acquaintance who will not permit her to load them with tickets. Every fiddler in town makes it his business to scrape an acquaintance with her; and an Italian is no sooner imported, than she becomes a part of my wife's band of performers. In the late Opera disputes, she has been a most furious partizan; and it is impossible for any patriot to feel more anxiety for the danger of Blakeney and Minorca, than she has suffered on account of the Opera, and the loss of *Mingotti*.

I do not believe my wife has a single idea except recitative, airs, counter-tenor, thorough-bass, &c. which are perpetually singing in her head. When we sit together, instead of joining in any agreeable conversation, she is always either humming a tune, or 'discouraging' most eloquent music. Nature has denied her a voice; but as Italy has given her Taste and a graceful manner, she is continually squeaking out strains, less melodious than the harmony of ballad-singing in our streets, or psalm-singing in a country-church. To make her still more ridiculous, she learns to play on that masculine instrument the bass-voil:

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the pleasure of which nothing can prevail on her to forego, as the bass-viol, she daily tells me, contains the whole power and very soul of harmony.

What method, Mr. Town, shall I pursue to cure my wife of this musical phrenzy? I have some thoughts of holding weekly a burlesque *Roratorio*, composed of mock-airs, with grand accompaniments of the Jew's Harp, Wooden Spoons, and Marrowbones and Cleavers, on the same day with my wife's concert; and have actually sent to two of Mrs. Midnight's hands to teach me the art and mystery of playing on the Broomstick and Hurdy-Gurdy, at the same time that my wife learns on the bass-viol. I have also a strong rough voice, which will enable me to roar out Bumper, Squire Jones, Roast Beef, or some other old English ballad, whenever she begins to trill forth her melodious airs in Italian. If this has no effect, I will learn to beat the drum, or wind the post-horn: and if I should still find it impossible for noise and clamour to overcome the sound of her voices and instruments, I have resolved peremptorily to shut my doors against fingers and fiddlers, and even to demolish her harpsichord and bass-viol.

But this, alas! is coming to extremities, which I am almost afraid to venture, and would endeavour to avoid. I have no aversion to music; but I would not be a fiddler: nor do I dislike company; yet I would as soon keep an inn, as convert my house into a theatre for all the idle things of both sexes to assemble at. But my wife's affections are so wedded to the *Gamut*, that I cannot devise any means to wean her from this folly. If I could make her fond of dress, or teach her to love cards, plays, or any thing but music, I should be happy. This method of destroying my peace with harmony, is no better than tickling me to death; and to squander away such sums of money on a parcel of bawling scraping rascals in laced coats and bag-wigs, is absolutely giving away my estate for an old song. You, Mr. Town, are a professed *Connoisseur*; therefore, either give me a little Taste, or teach my wife to abandon it: for at present we are but a jangling pair, and there is not the least harmony between us, though, like bass and treble, we are obliged to join in concert. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T

AARON HUMKIN.

Nº CXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

—POST CINERES GLORIA SERA VENIT.

MART.

FAME TO OUR ASHES COMES, ALAS! TOO LATE;
AND PRAISE SMELLS RANK UPON THE COFFIN-PLATE.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I Am a rich old bachelor, and, like other ancient gentlemen of that order, am very fond of being indulged in all my odd humours, and always having my own way. This is one reason I never married: for if my wife had been a shrewish termagant, she would have killed me; and if she had been a tame domestic animal, I should have killed her. But the way of life I have now fallen into is, of all others, the best calculated to gratify my fantastical temper. I have no near relation, indeed, who will submit to be treated as an humble cousin all my life, in hopes of being happy at my death; yet I abound in sycophants and followers, every one of whom I delude, like another Volpone, with the expectations of being

made my heir. The abject spirit of these wretches flatters me, and amuses me. I am indolent, and hate contradiction; and can safely say, that not one of my acquaintance has contradicted me for these seven years. There is not one of them but would be glad if I would spit in his face, or rejoice at a kick of the breech from me, if they thought I meant it as a token of my familiarity. When I am grave, they appear as dull as mutes at a funeral: when I smile, they grin like monkeys: when I tell a silly story, they chuckle over every ridiculous particular, and shake their sides in admiration of my wit. Sometimes I pretend to be short-sighted, and then not one of them sees farther than his nose. They swallow four wine, eat musty victuals, and are proud to ride in my old boots.

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I have been told of a certain prelate, who brought his chaplains to such a degree of servility, that after every deal at whist, they would ask him what he would chuse to have for trumps next deal? I keep my fellows in equal good order. They all think me a close old hunk; and, imagining that winning their money will put me in good-humour with them, they practise all the arts of sharpening to cheat themselves. I have known them pack the cards at Whist, that I might hold all the four honours in my own hand: they will load the dice in my favour at Hazard; pocket themselves on purpose at Billiards; and at Bowls, if any one is near winning the game, he never fails in the next cast to mistake his bias. It is impossible for the most despotic monarch to be more absolute over his subjects, than I am over these slaves and sycophants. Yet, in spite of all their endeavours to oblige me, I most heartily despise them; and have already drawn up a will, in which I have bequeathed to each of them a shilling and a dog-collar.

But, though I have settled in my mind what legacies I shall leave to them, I have not thoroughly resolved in what manner I shall dispose of the bulk of my estate. Indeed, I am fully determined, like most other wealthy bachelors, either to leave my fortune to some ostentatious pious uses, or to persons whom I have never seen, and for whose characters I have not the least regard or esteem. To speak sincerely, ostentation carries away my whole heart: but then it is a little difficult to find out a new object to indulge my vanity, whilst I am on this side the grave; by securing to me a certain prospect of posthumous fame, which is always so agreeable to living pride.

The hospitals are so numerous, that my name will be lost among those more known and established of Guy, Morden, Bancroft, and I know not who. Besides, in the space of four or five centuries, perhaps, it may be thought, notwithstanding my whole length picture and statue, that I had assistance from parliament. If I order my money to be laid out in churches, they will never be built: if in temples, gardens, lakes, obelisks, and serpentine rivers, the next generation of the sons of Iatle will demolish all my works, turn my rounds into squares, and my squares into

rounds, and not leave even my bust, although it were cast in plaster of Paris by Mr. Racstrow, or worked up in wax by Mr. Goupy. Or supposing, in imitation of some of my predecessors, I were to bequeath my fortune to my housekeeper, and recommend her in my will as a pattern of virtue, diligence, and every good quality, what will be the effect? In three weeks after my death she will marry an Irishman, and I shall not even enjoy my monument and marble periwig in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing perplexes me so much as the disposal of my money by my last will and testament. While I am living it procures the most servile compliance with all my whims from my sycophants, and several other conveniencies: but I would fain buy fame with it after my death. Do but instruct me how I may lay it out in the most valuable purchases of this sort; only discover some new object of charity, and perhaps I may bequeath you a round sum of money for your advice.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS VAINALL.

It is said by an old poet, that no man's life can be called happy or unhappy till his death; in like manner, I have often thought that no words or actions are a better comment on a person's temper and disposition, than his last will and testament. This is a true portraiture of himself, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very strongly marked. In the discharge of this solemn act, people sign and seal themselves either wise and good characters, or villains and fools: and any person that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money to frivolous uses, only takes a great deal of pains, like Dogberry in the play, 'that he may be set down an ass.'

The love of fame governs our actions more universally than any other passion. All the rest gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This perhaps is one of the chief inducements that influences wealthy persons to bequeath their possessions to ostentatious uses; and they would as willingly lay out a considerable sum in buying a great name (if possible) at their deaths, as they would bestow it on the purchase of a coat

a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleased with leaving some memorial of their existence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themselves by the application of their money to some vain-glorious purposes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themselves remarkable, or laid out a single shilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an *Apotheosis* were to be bought, how many rich rogues would be deified after their deaths! not a pumb in the city but would purchase this imaginary godship as readily as he paid for his freedom at his first setting up; and I doubt not but this fantastical distinction would be more frequent on an escutcheon than a coronet.

The disposal of our fortunes by our last will should be considered as the discharge of a sacred trust, which we should endeavour to execute in a just manner; and as we have had the enjoyment of rich possessions, we ought carefully to provide that they may devolve to those who have the most natural claim to them. They who may first demand our favour, are those who are allied to us

by the ties of blood: next to these stand those persons to whom we are connected by friendship; and, next to our friends and relations, mankind in general. But the humanity of a testator will not be thought very extensive, though it reaches to posterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or those individuals who have the best title to his benevolence. Virgil has placed those rich men, who bestowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief personages in his Hell. Wherefore I would advise my good correspondent Mr. Vainall first to consider whether he has not some poor relation starving perhaps in some distant part of the kingdom; after that let him look round, whether he has not some friends whom he may possibly relieve from misery and distress. But if he has no relation, nor any person in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hospital, I should take it as a particular favour if he would leave his money to me, and will promise to immortalize his memory in the *Connoisseur*.

N^o CXXX. THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

—LYRÆ SOLERS, ET CANTOR.—

HOR.

SWEET VIRTUOSA! WITH WHAT ART SHE SINGS,
WITH WHAT A GUSTO STRIKES THE TREMBLING STRINGS!

I Have just received the following letter from Lady Humkin, the musical consort of my late correspondent Sir Aaron. I shall not pretend to moderate in family-disputes of so important a nature, but leave each party to speak for themselves.

MR. TOWN,

PRAY hear both sides fairly before you judge; for (to use the vulgar expression) 'one story is good till the other is told.' I am, Sir, the unfortunate wife of that inelegant (I had almost said insensible) husband, who, in your paper of the eighth instant, pronounced and publishes me to be mad, stark mad.

I confess and glory in my passion for music: and can there be a nobler or more generous one? My nerves are naturally strung to harmony, and va-

riously affected by the various combinations of the *Gamut*. Some say in Italy added skill and taste in composition to my natural happy disposition to music; and the best judges, as well as the best performers in that country, allowed me to have an uncommon share of *virtù*. I both compose and perform, Sir: and though I say it, perhaps few, even of the profession, possess the *contra-punto* and the *cromatic* better; and I have had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing my compositions and my performances dignified in Italy with the unanimous appellations of *squisito, divino, and adorevole*.

Is there any madness in this? Does not he better deserve that imputation whose breast is insensible and impenetrable to all the charms and powers of harmony? To be plain, I mean my husband; whom I have frequently seen

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yawn,

yawn, nay leave the room, in the middle of the most touching pathetic, sung by the most affecting Signora Mingotti, accompanied by the divine Signor di Giardino. And yet—pardon this digressive transport—how irresistible is the expression, the melody, the cadences, the *apogyraturas*, of that incomparable *virtuosa*! What energy, what delicacy, and what variety are in the inimitable compositions and execution of the charming Signor di Giardino! What an *arpeggio* he has, what a *staccato*, what an *andante*! In short, I may, I am sure, with truth assert, that whether in the *allegro* or the *piano*, the *adagio*, the *largo*, or the *forte*, he never had his equal. Oh, Mr. Town, what an irretrievable loss has this country sustained! My good man, among his other qualifications, is a politician, you must know; and one of his principal objections against these *virtuosi* is, that they are foreigners. He flew into a violent passion with me last Sunday night, because I had a concert at my house, when, he said, such bad news were received from abroad. I know not what he, and other muddy-headed politicians, may think: but let him talk what he will of THE Blakey, THE Governor, THE Admiral, I am sure the nation cannot sustain a greater evil than the loss of THE Mingotti; who, as the public prints will inform you, 'is gone to Holland, till her affairs 'in England can be settled.'

But however gothic my husband may be, I am fully determined to discharge the duty of a good wife. Accordingly, whenever he comes into my room, I sit down to my harpsichord, and sing and play the most soothing pieces of music, in hopes some time or other of hitting his union, but hitherto to no purpose; and, to say the truth, I fear he has not one harmonic nerve in his whole system, though otherwise a man of good plain sense. When he interrupts my performances (as in his letter he owns that he does) with wishing for the men from Mother Midnight's, with their wooden spoons, salt-boxes, Jew-harps, and broomsticks, to play in concert with me; I answer him with all the gentleness and calmness imaginable—'Indeed, 'my dear, you have not the least notion 'of these things. It would be impossible to bring those ridiculous instruments into a concert, and to adapt a 'thorough-bass to them: they have not

'above three notes at most, and those 'cannot be *sostenute*.'—'I wish, for 'all that,' answers he, 'that they were 'here: I should like them better than 'all your *Signors* and *Signoras*; and I 'am sure they would cost a great deal 'less.'

This article of *expence* he often dwells upon, and sometimes even with warmth; to which I reply, with all the mildness that becomes a good wife—'My dear, 'you have a good fortune of your own, 'and I brought you still a better. Of 'what use is money if not employed? 'And how can it be better employed 'than in encouraging and rewarding 'distinguished *gusto* and merit? These 'people whom you call ballad-singers 'and pipers, are people of birth, though 'for the most part of small fortunes; 'and they are much more considered, 'as you know, in Italy, than all the 'greatest ancient Roman heroes, if revived, would now be. They leave 'their own country, where they are so 'infinitely esteemed for their moral as 'well as their musical characters, and 'generously sacrifice all these advantages to our diversion. Besides, my 'dear, what should we do with our money? Would you lavish it away upon 'foundling bastards; lying-in women, 'who have either no husbands or too 'many; importunate beggars, all whose 'cries and complaints are the most 'shocking discords? Or, suppose that 'we were to save our money, and leave 'our children better fortunes, who 'knows but they might, as too many 'do, squander them away idly? whereas what we give to these *virtuosi*, we 'know, is given to merit. For my 'own part, my dear, I have infinite 'pleasure when I can get any of them 'to accept of fifty or an hundred guineas; which, by the way, cannot always be brought about without some 'art and contrivance; for they are most 'exceedingly nice and delicate upon 'the point of honour, especially in the 'article of money. I look upon such 'trifling presents as a debt due to superior talents and merit; and I endeavour to insinuate them in a way that 'the receiver may not blush.' Here my husband breaks out into a violent passion, and says—'Oons, Madam, 'shew me a *virtuoso*, or a *virtuosa* (as 'you call them) who ever ruined in 'their lives, and I will give them the 'fee-

'fee-simple of my estate.' You see, Mr. Town, what a strange man he is, that he has no idea of elegance and *di-wertimenti*; and when he is so violently in *alt*, I will leave you to judge who it is that is mad, stark mad.

In short, Sir, my husband is insensible, untuneable to the most noble, generous, and strongest of all human passions, a passion for music. That divine passion alone engrosses the whole soul,

and leaves no room for lesser and vulgar cares; for you must certainly have observed, Mr. Town, that whoever has a passion for, and a thorough knowledge of music, is fit for no one other thing. Thus truly informed of my case, I am sure you will judge equitably between Sir Aaron and your very humble servant,

MARIA HUMKIN,

N° CXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

INTER

PERFECTOS VETERESQUE REFERRI DEBET, AN INTER
VILES ATQUE NOVOS?

HOR.

HERE THE WISE YOUTH IS DEEM'D A REV'REND SAGE,
AND SHARES THE HONOURS OF GREY HAIRS AND AGE:
TH' OLD DOTARD HERE, WHOM CHILDISH PASSIONS RULE,
TAKES HIS DUE NAME, AN INFANT AND A FOOL.

NO other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it: he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family, from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all

pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and, with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and Bob Majors as the Boys of Christ-Church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding of his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhimer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal

diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a Gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by Indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved, and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out — 'I have lost a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days

shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost? and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that in every parish several acres were marked out for a new and spacious Burying-ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with '*Ob. Ann. Ætat. 80,*' would be a nobler eulogium than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a Burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of survivors, which would certainly point out the most brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps see some inscriptions not much unlike the following.

' Here lie the remains of a celebrated Beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the small-pox in her twenty-third.'

' Here rests, in eternal sleep, the mortal part of L. B. a Free-thinker, aged 88, an Infant. He came into the world by chance in the year —, and was annihilated in the first year of his age.'

' Here

‘ Here continue to rot the bones of a noted Buck, an embryo, which never shewed any signs of life; but after twenty-three years was so totally putrified, that it could not be kept above ground any longer.’

‘ Here lies the swollen carcase of a Boon Companion, who was born in a dropsy in his 40th year. He lingered in this condition, till he was obliged to be tapped; when he relapsed into his former condition, and died in the second year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.’

‘ Here lies Isaac Da Costa, a convert from Judaism, aged 64. He was born and christened in his sixty-first year, and died in the true Faith in the third year of his age.’

‘ Here is deposited the body of the celebrated Beau Tawdry, who was born at court in the year —, on a Birthnight, and died of grief in his second year, upon the court’s going into mourning.’

O

Nº CXXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO. HOR.

I HATE THE VULGAR; NOR WILL CONDESCEND
TO CALL A FOUL-MOUTH'D HANDICRAFTSMAN FRIEND.

I Know not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow, at his first setting out in life, than his falling into Low Company. He that sinks to a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and, though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again. He will also inevitably contract a mean air, and an illiberal disposition; and you can no more give him an ingenuous turn of mind, by a sudden introduction to genteel company, than you can make an apprentice a fine gentleman, by dressing him in embroidery: though experience teaches us, that the mind is, unhappily, sooner distorted than reformed; and a gentleman will as readily catch the manners of the vulgar, by mixing with such mean associates, as he would daub his cloaths with soot, by running against a chimney-sweeper.

A propensity to low company is owing, either to an original meanness of spirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly arising from both the fore mentioned causes. Those who are naturally of a grovelling disposition, shew it even at school, by chusing their playfellows from the scum of the class; and are never so happy as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. They have

no emulation in them: they entertain none of that decent pride, which is so essential a requisite in all characters; and the total absence of which, in a boy, is a certain indication that his riper age will be contemptible. I remember a young fellow of this cast, who, by his early attachment to Low Company, gave up all the advantages of a good family and ample fortune. He not only lost all his natural interest in the country where his estate was situated, but was not honoured with the acquaintance of one gentleman in it. He lived, indeed, chiefly in town, and at an expence sufficient to have maintained him among those of the first rank; but he was so perpetually surrounded with men of the lowest character, that people of fashion, or even those of much inferior fortune, would have thought it infamous to be seen with him. All the while, he was reckoned, by his associates, to be a mighty good-natured gentleman, and without the least bit of pride in him.

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder, that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well-

well-educated, cherish this ill placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of The Gentleman: while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes, indeed, it happens, that a person of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house or cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel in the very fact, of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few who have been led into Low Company, merely from an affectation of Humour; and, from a desire of seeing the droll scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink punch in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dine for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew Fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practised, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then had the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is

a match even for the natives of Essex or Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged in the Artillery Ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket, and is himself esteemed as good at Bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the air and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths, and expressive dialect; which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and *high fun*, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's Court, or at the meetings of the Sons of Sound Sense and Satisfaction. He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These, and other like accomplishments, frequently promote him to the chair in these factious Societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of Humour even in his amours; and is well known to every street walker between Charing Cross and Cheapside. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet Ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier, for engaging with his trull in St. James's Park. The last time I saw him, he was laid up with two black eyes and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar.

N^o CXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

SEX HORAS SOMNO, TOTIDEM DES LEGIRUS AQUIS;
 QUATUOR ORABIS, DES EPULISQUE DUAS.
 QUOD SUPEREST, ULTRO SACRIS LARGIRE CAMENIS.*
 Co. LITT.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

MIDDLE TEMPLE.

IF we look into the several inns of court, the professed students of the law compose a very numerous body: but if we afterwards turn our eyes on those few who are employed in exercising their talents in Westminster Hall, this prodigious army of lawyers shrinks to a very thin and inconsiderable corps. Thousands, it seems, are disgusted with the unpleasing dryness of the study, as it is now managed, and conceive an unconquerable aversion to the white leaves and the old black letter. This early dislike to legal inquiries certainly proceeds from the fatal mistakes in the plan of study hitherto recommended. According to all systems now extant, it is absolutely impossible to be at once a lawyer and a fine gentleman. Seeing with concern the many evils arising from these erroneous principles, I have at length devised a method to remedy all these inconveniencies; a method now very successfully practised by several young gentlemen. Wherefore I must beg leave to submit my thoughts to the public by means of your paper, and to chalk out the outlines of a treatise, now ready for the press, intitled, *The Compleat Barrister; or, a New Institute of the Laws of England.*

My Lord Coke prescribes to our student to follow the advice given in the ancient verses prefixed to this letter, for the good spending of the day: 'Six hours to sleep, six to the study of the law, four to prayer, two to meals, and the rest to the Muses.' But what an absurd and unfashionable distribution of the four-and-twenty hours! I will venture a thousand pounds to a shilling, that not one student in the kingdom divides his time in this manner. Here is not a single word of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, or other

public diversions; not to mention, that nobody but a methodist would ever think of praying four hours; and that it would be impossible, though we were content with snapping up a chop every day at Betty's, to dispatch even dinner in two. How then shall we reconcile these precepts, scarce practicable by an hermit, to the life of a young gentleman, who keeps the best company; or how can these rules for severe application be made consistent with the practice of those, who divide their whole time between eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusements? Well knowing that the volatile dispositions of the young gentlemen of the present age can never submit the ordering of their lives to any prescribed rules, I have endeavoured to square my precepts to their lives; and have so contrived the matter, that amidst the keenest pursuit of their pleasures, they shall be engaged in the most improving course of the law.

As laws are chiefly nothing else but rules of action, what can be more cruel and absurd, than to coup up a brisk young man, to learn, in his chambers, what he can so much better teach himself by going abroad into the world? I propose to dose gentlemen with study, as Dr. Rock does with physic, to be taken at home or abroad, without loss of time or hindrance of business. This, I am convinced, is not only the best method, but also the only scheme which several inhabitants of the inns of court would ever follow. I shall not at present foretell the contents of my treatise, by presenting you with a dry abstract of it; but rather endeavour to give you an idea of the spirit and manner in which it is written, by delineating the plan diligently pursued by one of my favourite pupils: and I cannot but congratulate the bar, that so many young men, instead of blinding their eyes and bewil-dering their understandings with Coke,

* See the translation in the body of the paper.

Plowden, Salkeld, &c. have sense enough to follow the same course of study.

Tom Riot, the principal ornament of my class of students, was sent to the Temple, not with any intention that he should become a great lawyer, but merely because, for a few years, his father did not know how to dispose of him otherwise: but so unwearied has been his application to the new method, that his father and the rest of his friends will, I doubt not, be surprized at his wonderful proficiency. As nothing is of more consequence to those gentlemen, who intend to harangue at the bar, than the acquiring a ready elocution, and an easy habit of delivering their thoughts in public, to this I pay particular attention. For this purpose, I advised him to a diligent attendance on the theatres; and I assure you, Mr. Town, he never fails to take notes at a new play, and seldom or never misses appearing at one house or the other, in the green boxes. He has also gathered many beautiful flowers of rhetoric, unblown upon by all other orators ancient or modern, from the Robin Hood Society; and at the same place he has collected the strongest arguments on every subject, and habituated himself to modes of reasoning never hitherto introduced into courts of justice. But what has been of more than ordinary service to him, and is particularly recommended by Lord Coke himself, who calls 'conference the life of study,' is his so frequent attendance at George's, and the other coffee houses about the Temple, where every student has so many opportunities of benefiting himself by daily conversation with counsellors, attorneys, clerks to attorneys, and other sages of the law.

The law is intended to take cognizance of all our actions; wherefore my pupil, who is fond of exerting his faculties in polite life, has already digested almost all the grand leading points of the law into a journal of his transactions, which I shall lay before my readers at large in my treatise, as the best method for a common-place book. Thus, for instance, having been frequently employed, after leaving the Shakspeare, in what is called *beating the rounds*, it has happened to him to be taken into custody by the magistrate of the night, and carried the next morning before a

justice; by which means he has attained as full a knowledge of certain parts of the duty of a constable and justice of peace, as could be collected from Dalton, Blackerby, or Burn. Certain impertinences of his taylor and other tradesmen have given him a clear notion of the laws of arrest, and been of as much service to him as the best treatises on bail and mainprize. Besides which, the several sums of money which he has taken up at different times, payable on his father's death, have opened to him some difficult points in conveyancing, by teaching him the nature of bonds, deeds, &c. and have at the same time shewn him what Lord Coke calls 'the amiable and admirable secrets of the common law,' by unravelling to him the intricate doctrines of reversion and remainder, as well as the general nature of estates. Thus he is continually improving; and whenever he shall happen to commit a rape or a genteel murder, it will serve him for matter of instruction, as well as any history of the pleas of the crown, and give him an insight into the nature of the practice and extent of the jurisdiction of our courts of justice.

By this plan of study no time is lost; so that, while other students are idling away their vacation in the country, my pupil is daily improving there. As he is a member of the association, he is very conversant in all the laws enacted for the preservation of the game; and he picks up all the learning of the circuit, by dancing at the balls at the assizes. As his father has a place, he is employed in canvassing for votes at the time of an election, which instructs him in all the points of law touching those matters. He was principally concerned in discovering the Customary Tenants, that new species of freeholders unknown to Littleton, Coke, and all the lawyers of antiquity: and he is so intimately acquainted with all the doctrine contained in the several clauses of the bribery act, that I propose publishing in the body of my treatise, 'Les Readings del Mon Seigneur RIOT Sur L'Estatute de 2 Geo. II. &c.'

By this time, Mr. Town, you must perceive, that the ground of my scheme is, in short, no more than this, viz. that the student should regard his life as a kind of commentary on the law, as it is recommended to the clergy to be-

come

come examples of the doctrine they teach. Or, to bring my illustration more home to these gentlemen, let them learn the law by being occasionally interested in different parts of it; as they become in some measure doctors of physic from frequent need of it, and can cure themselves in certain cases, as well as Rock himself. Instead of poring over books, a gentleman need only observe, how far the law and his actions tally with each other; and as it is said by Lord Coke, 'that the knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding;' so, in pursuance of my plan, the student will improve according to the eagerness with which he engages in his pleasures: and this, no doubt, was intended by Lord Coke, as it is the most obvious interpretation of his words, when he concludes the comparison by saying, that 'when the professor of the law can dive into the depth, it is *delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen*, so long as he keeps himself in his own proper element.'

What plan, Mr. Town, can be more

delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, than Institutes of this nature? I have indeed often looked with concern upon those unhappy gentlemen, who have impaired their health by the old method of study, and considered them as martyrs to huge volumes of reports and statutes at large: my pupils will be in no danger of these misfortunes. It is recorded of an eminent counsellor, of the North family, (who, being one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, was overloaded with business,) that sometimes chusing to retire a while from hurry and perplexity, he would say to his clerk—'Tell the people I do not practise this term.' This proper relaxation I always recommend to my pupils, and have some reason to think they are prudent enough to embrace it; for, as I am acquainted with several students on the new plan, and do not remember to have seen them doing any business in the courts for some time, I suppose they had given notice to their clerks 'to tell the people that they did not practise in those terms.' I am, Sir, your humble servant,

W

IGNORAMUS.

Nº CXXXIV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

DELICTA MAJORUM IMMERITUS LUES,
ROMANE, DONEC TEMPLA REFECERIS
ÆDESQUE LABENTES DEORUM, ET
FOEDA NIGRO SIMULACRA SUMO.

HOR.

THE TOTT'RING TOW'R AND MOULD'RING WALLS REPAIR,
AND FILL WITH DECENCY THE HOUSE OF PRAY'R:
QUICK TO THE NEEDY CURATE BRING RELIEF,
AND DECK THE PARISH-CHURCH WITHOUT A BRIEF.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I begun to despair of picking up any intelligence that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste, but proceed to give you some reflections, which occurred to us on observing several

country churches, and the behaviour of their congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence; and I could not help wishing, that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by inclosing his gooseberry-bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe-land into a bowling-green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service. It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage-house well thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church

2 P

perhaps

perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies, makes the principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours by which the damp has stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with an hammer.

In other churches I have observed, that nothing unseemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The squire of the parish, or his ancestors perhaps, to testify their devotion, and leave a lasting monument of their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat; and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendor and expence; while the gentleman, who fills it, is exalted, in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that seems to have transferred it's faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion; and that he who bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered testaments till they have found the text; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion: while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away

upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them that making posies in summer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish-clerk, who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books; while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the Old Style. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggyish measures; and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the two first staves of the hundredth psalm, with the *gloria patri*, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and, after a prelude with the pitch-pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and anthems of their own composing. As these new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally suppose, that there is a perfect concord and symphony between them: and, indeed, I have known it happen, that these sweet fingers have more than once been brought into disgrace, by too close an union between the thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide, which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church, the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every Sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an *Amen*, or usher in the sermon with a staff; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing god-father to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church, than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the Squire; who, like

like the King, may be stiled Head of the Church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion: or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast beef and plumb pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the Squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the church-yard, an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the Squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the Squire, as formerly by the hour glass: and I know one parish where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the Squire gives the signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females that are stared at for their finery: but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by the stage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace their gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayorefs, who came sidling after him in an enormous fan-

hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several Negligees, with furbelowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most woefully eclipsed by a burges's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trolloppe or Siammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gimped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one, a grocer's wife attracted our eyes, by a new fashioned cap, called a Joan; and, at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there, as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies, immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-flicks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the Haberdashers Bills, glewed upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds: the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the service, and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

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N^o CXXXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1756.

VOS SAPERE, ET SOLUS AIO BENE VIVERE, QUORUM
CONSPICITUR NITIDIS FUNDATA PECUNIA VILLIS.

Hon.

O CIT THRICE HAPPY, THAT CANST RANGE
TO BOW OR CLAPHAM FROM THE 'CHANGE;
IN WHOSE SPRUCE VILLA IS DISPLAY'D
THE PLUMB, THOU HAST ACQUIR'D BY TRADE!

I Am sorry to have provoked the resentment of many of our present poets by rejecting their compositions; which, as they abounded in high-flown metaphors and compound epithets, were, I feared, too sublime for my humble

province of plain prose. I have found, that the same poetical genius, which could soar to an Ode, can be whetted to a most cutting Satire against me and my works: and one in particular has poured forth his whole wrath upon me

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in an *Acrostic*. But I need not offer any apology for laying the following verses before the public, which may be considered as a supplement to a former paper on the like subject. The easy elegance which runs through the whole, will readily distinguish them to come from the same hand that has more than once obliged us in the course of this undertaking.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation;
And thus she opens her oration.

‘What signify the loads of wealth,
‘Without that richest jewel, health?
‘Excuse the fondness of a wife,
‘Who doats upon your precious life!
‘Such ceaseless toils, such constant care,
‘Is more than human strength can bear:
‘One may observe it in your face—
‘I de d my dear, you break apace:
‘And nothing can your health repair,
‘But exercise and country air.
‘Sir Traffick has an hute, you know,
‘About a mile from Cheney Row:
‘He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
‘But not so warm, my dear, as you:
‘And folks are always apt to see—
‘One would not be outdone, my dear.’

Sir Traffick's name, so well apply'd,
Awk'd his brother-merchant's pride:
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And, by the approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stock,
And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have an house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over:
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
‘Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
‘It is a charming spot of ground:
‘So sweet a distance for a ride,
‘And ail about so countryfy d!
‘'Twould come but to a trifling price,
‘To make it quite a paradise.
‘I cannot bear those nasty rails,
‘Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
‘Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
‘We build a railing all Chinese.
‘Although one hates to be expos'd,
‘'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd:
‘One hardly any object sees—
‘I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
‘Objects continual passing by
‘Were something to amuse the eye:
‘But to be pent within the walls—
‘One might as well be at St. Paul's.
‘Our house beholders wou'd adore,
‘Was there a level lawn before;
‘Nothing it's views to incommode,
‘But quite laid open to the road:
‘While ev'ry traveller, in amaze,
‘Should on our little mansion gaze,
‘And, pointing to the choice retreat,
‘Cry—“That's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.”

No doubt, her arguments prevail;
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian name;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, *Grüt*,
Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-sai-quoi*, *Virtù*;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful come, which secret hand
Embosom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese.
With many a bill and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water four feet wide;
With angle, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking fly *Ha-ba*;

By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two filds distance.
And now from Hyde Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens and of Rome:
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;

And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa, thus compleatly grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a Taste:
And Ma'am's female friends and cousins,
With Common-councilmen by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

N^o CXXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1756.

——— HOMINEM PAGINA NOSTRA SAPIT.

MART.

TO PAINT MANKIND, OUR SOLE PRETENCE;
AND ALL OUR WISDOM, COMMON SENSE.

WE, whose business it is to write loose essays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one subject, are not expected to enter into philosophical disquisitions, or engage in abstract speculations: but it is supposed to be our principal aim to amuse and instruct the reader, by a lively representation of what passes round about him. Thus, like those painters who delineate the scenes of familiar life, we sometimes give a sketch of a Marriage *à-la-mode*, sometimes draw the outlines of a Modern Midnight Conversation, at another time paint the comical distresses of itinerant Tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the Rake or Harlot's Progress. Sometimes we divert the public by exhibiting single portraits; and when we meet with a subject, where the features are strongly marked by nature, and there is something peculiarly characteristic in the whole manner, we employ ourselves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we consider all mankind as sitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring; and though perhaps they are not always highly finished, yet they seldom fail of pleasing some few, at least, of the vast multitude of Critics and *Connoisseurs*, if we are so happy as to hit off a striking likeness.

There is perhaps no knowledge more requisite, and certainly none at present more ardently sought after, than the Knowledge of the World. In this science we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to initiate, or at least improve our readers in it. And though

this knowledge cannot be collected together from books, yet, as Pope says, 'Men may be read, as well as books, too much;' and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only consulted the volume of life as it lay open before them, have rather become worse, than better, by their studies. They who have lived wholly in the world, without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all its vices; to which the gathering part of their instructions from books would perhaps have proved an antidote. There, indeed, though they would have seen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly represented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable, light: but those, who unwarned go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the splendour with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and, being accustomed to see bare-foot honesty treated with scorn, are themselves induced to consider it as contemptible. For this reason, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern novelists and writers of comedy, who often gloss over a villainous character with the same false varnish that lackers so many scoundrels in real life: and while they are exhibiting a fellow who debauches your daughter, or lies with your wife, represent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

The world, even the gayest part of it, may be painted like itself, and yet become a lesson of instruction. The pieces of Hogarth (to recur to the illustration I first made use of) are faithful delineations of certain scenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear
odious

odious and contemptible. I could wish it were possible to learn the Knowledge of the World, without being 'hackneyed in the ways of men:' but as that is impracticable, it is still our duty so to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourse with mankind. We should endeavour to guard against fraud, without becoming ourselves deceitful; and to see every species of vice and folly practised round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villainy of others is but a poor excuse for the loss of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on Hounslow Heath, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I should be very deservedly brought to the gallows, if I took a purse from the next person I met, because I had been robbed myself.

The Knowledge of the World, as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on its vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and those who consider themselves as best acquainted with it, are either the dupes of fashion, or slaves of interest. It is also supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations. Thus,

for instance, the man of fashion seeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau monde*; while the man of business looks no farther for it than the Alley. I shall beg leave to illustrate this, by concluding my paper with a description of two characters; each of whom, though diametrically opposite to the other, has acquired a thorough Knowledge of the World.

Sir Harry Flash had the good luck to be born before his brother Richard: consequently, the heir to the estate was bred a gentleman, and the other condemned to plod in the dull drudgery of business. The merchant was sent to learn accompts at the Academy upon Tower Hill, and the baronet had the finishing of his education in France. Sir Harry is now a most accomplished fine gentleman, is an excellent judge of fashions, and can calculate the odds at any game, as readily as Hoyle or Demolivre: the Alderman is the most knowing man upon 'Change, and understands the rise and fall of Stocks better than any Jew. Both of them know the world; but with this difference, that one by his consummate knowledge has run out a large estate, while the other has raised a plumb by it.

N^o CXXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1756.

HUNC COMEDENDUM ET DERIDENDUM VOBIS PROPINO.

TER.

TO ALL HIS GUESTS A JOKE, THE GLUTTON LORD
SEEMS THE JACK-PUDDING OF HIS OWN RICH BOARD.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,
'**W**HAT cloying meat is love, 'when matrimony is the 'saucy to it!' says Sir John Brute. But if he had been married to such an *Epicurean* consort as I am joined with, those expressions, that favour of the kitchen, would have been real; instead of metaphorical. We live in a land really flowing with milk and honey, and keep an house of entertainment for all comers and goers. We hardly ever sit down to table less in number than twenty or thirty, and very often to above double that number of dishes. In short, Sir, so much feasting has given me a surfeit.

There are, I see, scattered up and down your papers, several accounts of the petty distresses and domestic concerns of private families. As you have listened to many complaints from husbands, I flatter myself, you will not refuse your attention to the humble remonstrance of a wife: being assured, that my only reason for thus serving up my dear lord as a new dish to gratify the public taste, is to check (if possible) his violent passion for giving his friends entertainments of another kind; which, if indulged much longer, must eat us out of house and home.

The magnificent feasts of Timon of Athens, or the stories of old English Hospitality, would give you but a faint
idea

idea of the perpetual riot and luxury of our family. Our house is always stored with as large a quantity of provisions, as a garrison in expectation of a siege, and those too of the dearest and most extravagant kind. Ortolans and woodcocks are as common as sparrows, and red mullets are scarce a greater rarity with us than gudgeons or sprats; while turtle and venison are regarded as branches of citizen-luxury, which scarce deserve notice among the many other delicacies in which we abound. Authors, they say, (you will pardon me, Mr. Town) are seldom admitted to great entertainments; and I can assure you, that it is not easy for any, but those who are present, to conceive the parade and extravagance displayed in our house. I myself am condemned to sit at the head of the table, while my lord is placed at the other end, in pain and uneasiness at my awkward mistakes in *doing the honours*. you must know, Sir, that I was bred up under an housewifely aunt in the country, who taught me to pickle and preserve, and gave me, as I thought, a tolerable notion of cookery. But, alas! though I understood plain boiled and roast, and have a very good notion of a pudding, I am often totally ignorant of the names and compositions of the delicacies before me, and have imagined fish to be fowl, and mistaken a *petit pattée* for a plebeian mince-pie. In the mean time, my lord is displaying his exquisite taste, by deciding upon every dith, and pronouncing, with a critical smack, upon the flavour of the wines; all the while not a little solicitous about the exactness of the Removes, and the duly adjusting the *entremets*. Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne abound, like ale or small-beer; and even Hermitage and Tokay are swallowed with as little remorse as Port or Lisbon. To add to all this, is most absurdly introduced the French custom of serving in *les Liqueurs*; which consist of almost as many sorts, as are contained in the advertisements from the Rich Cordial Warehouse. In a word, every common dinner with us is a feast; and when we have what my lord calls an entertainment, it is an absolute debauch.

But there is no part of this monstrous expence affects me so much as the vast sums ridiculously lavished on a Desert. This piece of folly and extravagance could be nothing but the joint product

of a Frenchman and a confectioner. After the gratification of the appetite with more substantial fare, this whipt-syllabub raree-shew is served up chiefly to feed the eye, not but that the material of which the desert is composed, are as expensive as the several ingredients in the dinner; and I will leave you to your own method of rating the rest, after telling you that my lord thinks himself an excellent economist, by having reduced the expence of the Hot-house to a thousand *per annum*, which perhaps the admirers of exotic fruits will not think dear, since we have pine-apples in as great plenty as golden-pippins or nonpareils.

One would think that the first requisite in eating was extravagance; and that, in order to have any thing very good, it must be produced at a time when it is out of season. Therefore one of the principal uses of our Hot-house is to invert the order of nature, and to turn winter into summer. We should be ashamed to see pease upon our table while they are to be had at a common market; but we never spare any cost to provide a good crop, by the assistance of our hot-beds, at Christmas. We have no relish for cucumbers during the summer months, when they are no rarity; but we take care to have them forced in November. But my lord mostly prides himself on the improvements that he has made in his Mushroom-beds; which he has at length brought to so great perfection, that by the help of horse-dung, and throwing artificial sun-beams through a burning-glass, we can raise any quantity of Mushrooms, of the right Italian kind, at two hours warning.

From the Hot-house we may make a very natural transition to the Kitchen; and as in the former every thing must be produced out of season, so every thing in the latter must undergo a strange metamorphosis. The ordinary distinctions of fish, flesh, and fowl, are quite destroyed; and nothing comes upon table under its proper form and appellation. It is impossible to conceive what vast sums are melted down into saucers! We have a cargo of hams every year from Westphalia, only to extract the Essence of them for our soups. Half a dozen turkies have been killed in one day, merely for the sake of the pinions; I have known a whole pond dragged, to
furnish

furnish a dish of Garp's Palates: and ten legs of mutton mangled raw, to make out a dish of Pope's Eyes.

The concomitant charges of the cellar, you will imagine, are no less extravagant; and, indeed, it is not enough, that we abound in the best French and Italian wines, (which, by the bye, are purchased on the spot at an extraordinary price) but we must have several other kinds of the highest value, and consequently of the most delicious flavour; and though but a taste of each has been sipped round by the company, the same bottles must never be brought a second time upon the table, but are secured as perquisites by the butler, who sells them to the merchant, who sells them back again to my lord. Besides these, his lordship has lately been at an immense charge in raising a Pinery, in order to try the experiment of making Cyder of Pine-apples; which he hopes to do at little more than treble the expence of Champagne. To this article I might also add the charge of his Ice-houses: for although these are stored with an home-commodity, originally of no value; yet I may venture to say, that every drop of water comes as dear to us, as the most costly of our wines.

As all our liquors, I have told you, are of foreign growth, and all our dishes distinguished by foreign titles, you will readily conceive, that our household is chiefly composed of foreigners. The *Maitre d'hôtel* is a Frenchman: the

butler out of livery, and his two under-butlers, are Frenchmen: the clerk of the kitchen is a Frenchman: and Monsieur Fricando, the head-cook, to be sure is a Frenchman. This gentleman never soils his fingers in touching the least bit of any thing; but gives his orders (like a general) to four subalterns, who are likewise Frenchmen. The baker, the confectioner, the very scullions, and even the fellow that looks after the poultry, are, all of them, Frenchmen. These, you may be sure, are maintained at very high salaries: and though Monsieur Fricando had the pay of a captain in a marching regiment, my lord was forced to double his wages at the beginning of the war, and allow him the free exercise of his religion, to prevent his leaving the kingdom.

I am sorry to add, that this pride of keeping a table has visibly impaired my lord's fortunes; and this very summer he has been obliged to sell all the timber on his estate, as I may say, to keep up his kitchen fire. The only satisfaction, which he can possibly reap from all this expence, is the vanity of having it said, that nobody treats so elegantly as his lordship; and now and then perhaps reading in the news-papers, that such a day the right honourable — gave a grand entertainment at his house in —, at which were present the principal officers of state and foreign ministers. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

Nº CXXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1756.

SERVATA SEMPER LEGE ET RATIONE LOQUENDI.

Juv.

YOUR TALK TO DECENCY AND REASON SUIT,
NOR PRATE LIKE FOOLS, OR GABBLE LIKE A BRUTE.

IN the comedy of the Frenchman in London, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of—'How do you do? How do you do?' Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other

hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops very soon; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarm. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a valet

de

de chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; inasmuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whitt than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those, who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot the mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball handed to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or

a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb shew with their own person in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers. And first, the Emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding-brass; the Bawler who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the 'soft parts of conversation,' and sweetly 'prattling'

THE CONNOISSEUR.

'out of fashion,' make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice and coarse feature, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from an Hurdy-Gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-Swearers, who split, and mince, and frinter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fjb* and *demmee*; the Gothic Hum-buggers, and those who 'nick-name' 'God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always *wondering* what o'clock it is, or *wondering* whether it will rain or no, or *wondering* when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold; and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only *yea yea*, and *nay nay*.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though

without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any *Signor* or *Signora* for an Italian Air; that the boars of Westphalia grunt as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants in High German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs: Snarlers are Curs; and the Spiffing Passionate are a sort of wild Cats, that will not bear stroaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses: Critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunchill Cock: but as I must acquaint them, that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments. W

N^o CXXXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1756.—SOME SUPERBIAM
QUÆSITAM MERITIS.—

HOR.

NOW TO THE UTMOST ALL YOUR LABOURS CHARGE,
AND SHew YOUR MIGHTY CONSEQUENCE AT LARGE.

I Wrote to my cousin Village, informing him of my design to finish with the next number; and have received the following answer from him, which I shall lay before my readers.

DEAR COUSIN,

IT was not without some regret, that I received advice of your intentions to bid adieu to the public: for, as you had been so kind as to introduce me to their notice, I began to indulge all the weakness and vanity of a young author; and had almost persuaded myself, that I was the principal support of your papers. Conscious of my own importance, I expect that you will do me the justice to acknowledge, how much you are indebted to the assistance of your very ingenious Cousin; and I care not how many compliments you pay me on my wit and learning; but at the same time I must beg leave to put in a caveat against your disposing of me in what manner you yourself please. Writers of essays think themselves at liberty to do what they will with the characters they have introduced into their works; as writers of tragedy, in order to heighten the plot, have often brought their heroes to an untimely end, when they have died quietly many years before in their beds; or as our chronicles of daily occurrences put a duke to death, give away an heiress in marriage, or shoot off an admiral's leg, whenever they please. Mr. Addison, while he was carrying on the Spectator, said, 'he would kill Sir Roger de Coverley, that nobody else might murder him.' In like manner, my dear Cousin, you may perhaps take it into your head to cut me off: you may make an end of me by a cold caught in partridge shooting, or break my neck in a stag-hunt. Or you may rather chuse to settle me perhaps with a rich old country dowager, or press me into the army, or clap me on board of a man of war. But I desire that you will not get

rid of me by any of these means; but permit me to assure your readers, that I am alive and merry; and this is to let them know that I am in good health at this present writing.

Your papers, I assure you, have made a great noise in the country, and the most intelligent among us read you with as much satisfaction as the Evening Post, or the Weekly Journals. I know more than one squire, who takes them in constantly with the Magazines; and I was told by the post-master of a certain town, that they came down every week, under cover, to the butler of a member of parliament. There is a club of country parsons, who meet every Saturday at a neighbouring market-town, to be shaved and exchange sermons: they have a subscription for books and pamphlets; and the only periodical works ordered in by them are the Connoisseur, and the Critical and Monthly Reviews. I was lately introduced to this society, when the conversation happened to turn upon Mr. Town. A young curate, just come from Oxford, said he knew you very well at Christ Church, and that you was a comical dog: but a Cantab. declared, no less positively, that you was either a pensioner of Trinity, or a fellow of Bennet College. People, indeed, are very much perplexed about the real author: some affirm, that you are a nobleman; and others will have it, that you are an actor: some say you are a young lawyer, some a physician, some a parson, and some an old woman.

The subjects of your papers have often been wrested to various interpretations by our penetrating geniuses; and you have hardly drawn a character, that has not been fixed on one or other of the greatest personages in the nation. I once heard a country justice express his wonder, that you was not taken up, and set on the pillory; and I myself, by some of my rural intelligence, have brought upon you the resentment of several

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veral

veral honest squires, who long to horse-whip the foundrel for putting them in print. Others again are quite at a loss how to pick out your meaning, and in vain turn over their Bailey's dictionary for an explanation of several fashionable phrases; which, though they have enriched the town language, have not yet made their way into the dialect of the country. Many exquisite strokes of humour are also lost upon us, on account of our distance from the scene of action; and that wit, which is very brisk and lively upon the spot, often loses much of it's spirit in the carriage, and sometimes wholly evaporates in the post-bag.

You moralists are very apt to flatter yourselves, that you are doing a vast deal of good by your labours; but whatever reformation you may have worked in town, give me leave to tell you, that you have sometimes done us harm in the country, by the bare mention of the vices and follies now in vogue. From your intelligence, some of our most polite ladies have learned, that it is highly genteel to have a route; and some have copied the fashion so exactly, as to play at cards on Sundays. Your papers upon dress set all our belles to work in following the mode: you no sooner took notice of the cocked hats, but every hat in the parish was turned up behind and before; and when you told us, that the town beauties went naked, our rural damsels immediately began to throw off their cloaths. Our gentlemen have been also taught by you all the new arts of betting and gaming: and the only coffee-house in one little town, where the most topping inhabitants are used to meet to play at draughts and back-gammon, has, from the great increase of gamblers who resort to it, been elegantly christened by the name of White's.

As to the small share which I myself have had in your work, you may be sure every body here is hugely delighted with it; at least you may be sure, that I will say nothing to the contrary. I have done my best to contribute to the entertainment of your readers: and, as the name of Steele is not forgotten in the Spectator, though Addison has run away with almost all the honour, I am in hopes, that whenever the great Mr. Town is mentioned, they may possibly think at the same time on your affectionate Cousin and Coadjutor,

VILLAGE.

After this account, which my Cousin has sent me, of the reception I have met with in the country, it will be proper to say something of my reception here in town. I shall therefore consider myself in the threefold capacity of Connoisseur, Critic, and Censor General. As a Connoisseur, in the confined sense of the word, I must own I have met with several mortifications. I have neither been made F. R. S. nor even a member of the Academy of Bourdeaux or Petersburg. They have left me out of the list of Trustees to the British Museum; and his Majesty of Naples, though he presented an 'Account of the Curiosities found in Herculaneum' to each of the universities, never sent one to me. I have not been celebrated in the Philosophical Transactions, or in any of our Magazines of Arts and Sciences; nor have I been stiled *très-illustre* or *très-savant* in any of the foreign Mercuries or Journals Littéraires. Once, indeed, I soothed myself in the vain thoughts of having been distinguished by the great Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, under the title of *Eruditissimus Urbanus*, which I conceived to be the name of Town latinized; but, to my great disappointment, I afterwards discovered, that this was no other than the learned naturalist, Mr. Sylvanus Urban, author of the Gentleman's Magazine. This neglect of me, as a Connoisseur, I can attribute to no other cause, than to my not having made myself known by my Museum, or Cabinet of Curiosities: and, to say the truth, I am not worth a farthing in antique coins; nor have I so much as one single shell or butterfly. All my complaints against the modern innovations of Taste have been therefore disregarded: and with concern I still see the Villas of our citizens fantastically adorned with Chinese palings, and our streets incumbered with superb colonades, porticos, Gothic arches, and Venetian windows, the ordinary decorations of the shops of our tradesmen.

Nor have I, as a Critic, met with greater success or encouragement, in my endeavours to reform the present Taste in literature. I expected to have the privilege of eating beef *gratis* every night at Vauxhall, for advising the garden poets to put a little meaning into their songs: but, though I was there several nights this summer, I could not say (with Cassio) of any of their productions, 'this is a more exquisite song than

'than the other.' I have not been able to write the operas out of the kingdom: and, though I have more than once shewed my contempt for Harlequin, I am assured there are no less than three Pantomimes to be brought on this season. As I invested myself with the dignity of supreme judge in theatrical matters, I was in hopes that my Lord Chamberlain would at least have appointed me his Deputy-licenser; but he has not even consulted me on any one new play. I made no doubt but the managers would pay their court to me: but they have not once sent for me to dinner; and, so far from having the freedom of the house, I declare I have not had so much as a single order from any of the under-actors.

In my office of Censor General, though I cannot boast of having overturned the card-tables at routes and as-

semblies, or broke up the club at Arthur's, I can safely boast, that I have routed the many-headed monster at the Disputant Society at the Robin Hood, and put to silence the great Clare Market Orator. In a word, I have laboured to prevent the growth of vice and immorality; and with as much effect as the Justices at the Quarter-sessions. For this reason I expected to have been put in the commission, and to have had the power of licensing all places of public diversion vested solely in my hands. But as I find my merits have been hitherto overlooked, I am determined to lay down my office; and in my next number I shall take my final leave of the public; when I shall give them an account of my correspondents, together with a full and particular account of MYSELF.

T

N^o CXL. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

VEL DUO, VEL NEMO. —————

PERS.

CENSOR NOR HE, NOR HE; OR BOTH, OR NONE;
A TWO-FOLD AUTHOR, MESSIEURS MR. TOWN.

————— PENE GEMELLI,
FRATERNIS ANIMIS. —————

HOR.

SURE IN THE SELF-SAME MOULD THEIR MINDS WERE CAST,
TWINNED IN AFFECTION, JUDGMENT, HUMOUR, TASTE.

PERIODICAL writers, who retail their sense or nonsense to the world sheet by sheet, acquire a sort of familiarity and intimacy with the public, peculiar to themselves. Had these four volumes, which have swelled by degrees to their present bulk, burst forth at once, Mr. Town must have introduced himself to the acquaintance of the public with the awkward air and distance of a stranger: but he now flatters himself, that they will look upon him as an old companion, whose conversation they are pleased with; and, as they will see him no more after this time, will now and then perhaps miss their usual visitor.

However this may be, the Authors of the Connoisseur now think proper to close the undertaking in which they have been engaged for near three years past: and among their general thanks to the indulgent readers of their papers, they must include in a particular manner their acknowledgments to those,

who have been pleased to appear in them as writers. They have, therefore, at the close of their work, brought Mr. Town and his associates on the scene together, like the *dramatis persone* at the end of the last act.

Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K. and we are sorry that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions. To him we are proud to own ourselves indebted for most part of N^o XIV. and XVII; for the Letter, signed Goliath English, in N^o XIX; for a great part of N^o XXXIII. and XL; and for the Letters, signed Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbidge, Moses Orthodox, and Thom. Vainall, in N^o CII. CVII. CXIII. and CXXIX.

The next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge, who signed himself A. B. and we cannot but regret that

that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the Letters in N° XLVI. XLIX. and LIII. and of the Essays in N° LXII. and LXIV.

The Letters in N° LXXXII. XCVIII. CXII. and CXXX. came from various hands, equally unknown to us. The Imitation of Horace, in N° XI. was written (as we are informed) by a gentleman of Oxford: and from two gentlemen of Cambridge we received the Letter, signed W. Manly, in N° LXV. and another, signed B. A. in N° CVII.

These unexpected marks of favour, conferred on us by strangers, demand our highest gratitude: but we are no less happy in being able to boast the assistance of some other gentlemen, whom we are proud to call friends, though we are not at liberty to introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers. From a friend engaged in the Law, we had the first sketches and most striking passages of N° LXXV. LXXVIII. LXXXVII. and CIV. though it may be regretted by the public, as well as ourselves, that his leisure would not permit him to put the finishing hand to them. From a friend, a gentleman of the Temple, we received N° CXI. CXV. and CXIX. To a friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, we are indebted for the Song in N° LXXII. and the Verses in N° LXVII. XC. CXXV. and CXXXV. The list of contributions from such capable friends would doubtless have been much larger, had they been sooner let into the secret: but as Mr. Town, like a great prince, chose to appear *incog.* in order to avoid the impertinence of the multitude, he did not even make himself known to those about his person, till at last they themselves found him out through his disguise.

There are still remaining two correspondents, who must stand by themselves; as they have wrote to us, not in an assumed character, but *in propria personâ*. The first is no less a personage than the great Orator Henley, who obliged us with that truly original Letter, printed in N° XXXVII. The other, who favoured us with a Letter no less original, in N° LXX. we have reason to believe, is a Methodist Teacher and a mechanic; but we do not know either his name or his trade.

We now come to the most important

discovery of Ourselves, and to answer the often-repeated question of—'Who is Mr. Town?' it being the custom for the periodical writers, at the same time that they send the hawkers abroad with their last dying speech like the malefactors, like them also to couple it with a confession. The general method of unravelling this mystery is by declaring, to whom the different signatures, affixed to different papers, are appropriated. For ever since the days of the inimitable Spectator, it has been usual for a bold Capital to stand like a sentry, at the end of our essays, to guard the author in secrecy: and it is commonly supposed, that the writer, who does not chuse to put his name to his work, has in this manner, like the painters and statuarys of old, at least set his mark. But the Authors of the Connoisseur now confess, that the several letters, at first pitched upon to bring up the rear of their essays, have been annexed to different papers, at random, and sometimes omitted, on purpose to put the sagacious reader on a wrong scent. It is particularly the interest of a writer, who prints himself out week by week, to remain unknown, during the course of this piece-meal publication. The best method, therefore, to prevent a discovery, is to make the road to it as intricate as possible; and, instead of seeming to aim at keeping the reader entirely in the dark, to hang out a kind of wandering light, which only serves to lead him astray. The desire of giving each writer his due, according to the signatures, has, in the course of this undertaking, often confused the curious in their enquiries. Soon after the publication of our first papers, some ingenious gentlemen found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom sheltered himself under a particular letter; but no paper ever appearing with an N affixed to it, they were obliged to give up this notion. But, if they had been more able decyphers, they would have made out, that though T, O, W, will not compose the name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrangement of the letters, it will form the word TWO: which is the grand mystery of our signatures, and couches under it the true and real number of the Authors of the Connoisseur.

Having

Having thus declared Mr. Town to consist of two separate individuals, it will perhaps be expected, that, like two tradesmen, who have agreed to dissolve their partnership, we should exactly balance our accounts, and assign to each his due parcel of the stock. But our accounts are of so intricate a nature, that it would be impossible for us to adjust them in that manner. We have not only joined in the work taken altogether, but almost every single paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend, that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either. An hint has perhaps been started by one of us, improved by the other, and still further heightened by an happy coalition of sentiment in both: as fire is struck out by a mutual collision of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada's lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other: the first rough draught or loose minutes of an essay have often travelled in the stage coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the post-man (whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a Connoisseur) with the same anxiety, as we should wait for the half of a bank note, without which the other half would be of no value. These our joint labours, it may easily be imagined, would have soon broke off abruptly, if either had been too fondly attached to his own little conceits, or if we had conversed together with the jealousy of a rival, or the complaisance of a formal acquaintance, who finds at every word that is said by his companion. Nor could the work have been so long carried on, with so much cheerfulness and good humour on both sides, if the Two had not been as closely united, as the two Students, whom the Spectator mentions, as recorded by a *Terra Filius* at Oxford, 'to have had but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat.'

It has been often remarked, that the reader is very desirous of picking up some little particulars concerning the author of the book which he is perusing.

To gratify this passion, many literary anecdotes have been published, and an account of their life, character, and behaviour, has been prefixed to the works of our most celebrated writers. Essayists are commonly expected to be their own Biographers: and perhaps our readers may require some further intelligence concerning the Authors of the Connoisseur. But, as they have all along appeared as a sort of Solias in literature, they cannot now describe themselves any otherwise, than as one and the same person; and can only satisfy the curiosity of the public, by giving a short account of that respectable personage Mr. Town, considering him as of the plural, or rather (according to the Grecians) of the dual number.

Mr. Town is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short man. He wears his own hair and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than four and twenty. He is a Student of the Law, and a Bachelor of Physic. He was bred at the University of Oxford; where having taken no less than three degrees, he looks down on many learned professors as his inferiors: yet, having been there but little longer than to take the first degree of Bachelor of Arts, it has more than once happened, that the Censor-General of all England has been reprimanded by the Censor of his College, for neglecting to furnish the usual Essay, or (in the collegiate phrase) the Theme of the week.

This joint description of ourselves will, we hope, satisfy the reader, without any further information. For our own parts, we cannot but be pleased with having raised this monument of our mutual friendship and esteem: and if these essays shall continue to be read, now they will no longer make their appearance as the fugitive pieces of the week, we shall be happy in considering, that we are mentioned at the same time. We have all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand together: and while we are both employed in furnishing matter for the paper now before us, we cannot help smiling at our thus making our *exit* together, like the Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.

T. W. O.

FINIS,

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HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

IN
A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM A
CHINESE PHILOSOPHER AT LONDON,

TO HIS
FRIENDS IN THE EAST.

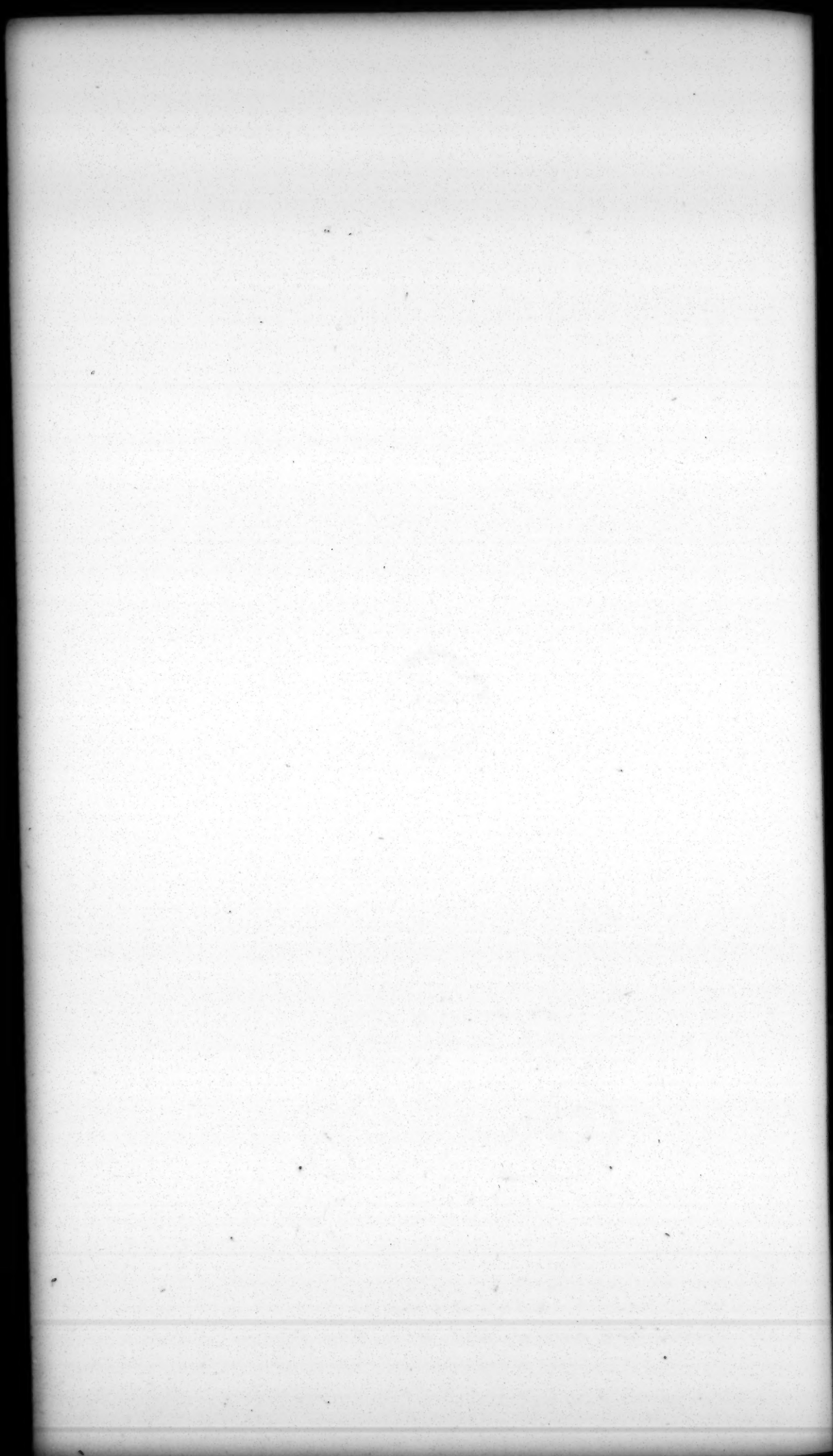
IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C LXXXVI.



P R E F A C E.

THE schoolmen had formerly a very exact way of computing the abilities of their Saints or authors. Escobar, for instance, was said to have learning as five, genius as four, and gravity as seven. Caramuel was greater than he. His learning was as eight, his genius as six, and his gravity as thirteen. Were I to estimate the merits of our Chinese Philosopher by the same scale, I would not hesitate to state his genius still higher; but as to his learning and gravity, these I think might safely be marked as nine hundred and ninety nine, within one degree of absolute frigidity.

Yet upon his first appearance here, many were angry not to find him as ignorant as a Tripoline ambassador, or an Envoy from Mujac. They were surprized to find a man born so far from London, that school of prudence and wisdom, endued even with a moderate capacity. They expressed the same surprize at his knowledge that the Chinese do at ours. 'How comes it,' said they, 'that the Europeans, so remote from China, think with so much justice and precision? They have never read our books, they scarcely know even our letters, and yet they talk and reason just as we do *.' The truth is, the Chinese and we are pretty much alike. Different degrees of refinement, and not of distance, mark the distinctions among mankind. Savages of the most opposite climates, have all but one character of improvidence and rapacity; and tutored nations, however separate, make use of the very same methods to procure refined enjoyment.

The distinctions of polite nations are few; but such as are peculiar to the Chinese, appear in every page of the following correspondence. The metaphors and allusions are all drawn from the East. Their formality our author carefully preserves. Many of their favourite tenets in morals are illustrated. The Chinese are always concise, so is he. Simple, so is he. The Chinese are grave and sententious, so is he. But in one particular, the resemblance is peculiarly striking: the Chinese are often dull; and so is he. Nor has my assistance been wanting. We are told in an old romance of a certain knight-errant and his horse who contracted an intimate friendship. The horse most usually bore the knight; but, in cases of extraordinary dispatch, the knight returned the favour, and carried his horse. Thus in the intimacy between my author and me, he has usually given me a list of his Eastern sublimity, and I have sometimes given him a return of my colloquial ease.

Yet it appears strange in this season of panegyric, when scarce an author passes unpraised either by his friends or himself, that such merit as our Philosopher's should be forgotten. While the epithets of ingenious, copious, elaborate, and refined, are lavished among the mob, like medals at a coronation, the lucky prizes fall on every side, but not one on him. I could on this occasion make myself melancholy, by considering the capriciousness of public taste, or the muta-

bility of fortune; but during this fit of morality, lest my reader should sleep, I'll take a nap myself, and when I awake tell him my dream.

I imagined the Thames was frozen over, and I stood by it's side. Several booths were erected upon the ice, and I was told by one of the spectators, that FASHION FAIR was going to begin. He added, that every author who would carry his works there, might probably find a very good reception. I was resolved however to observe the humours of the place in safety from the shore, sensible that ice was at best precarious, and having been always a little cowardly in my sleep.

Several of my acquaintance seemed much more hardy than I, and went over the ice with intrepidity. Some carried their works to the fair on sledges, some on carts, and those which were more voluminous, were conveyed in waggons. Their temerity astonished me. I knew their cargoes were heavy, and expected every moment they would have gone to the bottom. They all entered the fair, however, in safety; and each soon after returned to my great surprize, highly satisfied with his entertainment, and the bargains he had brought away.

The success of such numbers at last began to operate upon me. 'If these,' cried I, 'meet with favour and safety, some luck may, perhaps, for once attend the unfortunate. I am resolved to make a new adventure. The furniture, frippery, and fire-works of China, have long been fashionably bought up. I'll try the fair with a small cargo of Chinese morality. If the Chinese have contributed to viciate our taste, I'll try how far they can help to improve our understanding. But as others have driven into the market in waggons, I'll cautiously begin by venturing with a wheel-barrow.' Thus resolved, I baled up my goods, and fairly ventured; when, upon just entering the fair, I fancied the ice that had supported an hundred waggons before, cracked under me, and wheel-barrow and all went to the bottom.

Upon awaking from my reverie, with the fright, I cannot help wishing that the pains taken in giving this correspondence an English dress, had been employed in contriving new political systems, or new plots for farces. I might then have taken my station in the world, either as a poet or a philosopher, and made one in those little societies where men club to raise each others reputation. But at present I belong to no particular class. I resemble one of those solitary animals, that has been forced from it's forest to gratify human curiosity. My earliest wish was to escape unheeded through life; but I have been set up for halfpence, to fret and scamper at the end of my chain. Though none are injured by my rage, I am naturally too savage to court any friends by fawning; too obstinate to be taught new tricks; and too improvident to mind what may happen: I am appeased, though not contented. Too indolent for intrigue, and too timid to push for favour, I am—But what signifies what I am.

Ελπὶς καὶ σὺ τὸ χυ, μέγα χαίρετε τὸν λιμέν' ἄγρον.
Οὐδὲν ἔμοι χ' ἱμῶν παίζετε τὴς μετ' ἐμῆς.



THE
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

LETTER I.

TO MR. ****, MERCHANT IN LONDON.

SIR, AMSTERDAM.
YOURS of the 13th instant, covering two bills, one on Messrs. R. and D. value 478l. 10s. and the other on Mr. ****, value 285l. duly came to hand; the former of which met with honour, but the other has been trifled with, and I am afraid will be returned protested.

The bearer of this is my friend, therefore let him be yours. He is a

native of Honan in China, and one who did me signal services when he was a mandarine, and I a factor at Canton. By frequently conversing with the English there, he has learned the language, though he is intirely a stranger to their manners and customs. I am told he is a philosopher, I am sure he is an honest man; that to you will be his best recommendation, next to the consideration of his being the friend of, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER II.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, IN LONDON, TO ****, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

FRIEND OF MY HEART,

MAY the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery: for all thy favours accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tributes a poor philosophic wanderer can return; sure fortune is resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives others a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavour to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By

calling your late instances of friendship only a return for former favours, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office, bade me perform; those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam, no laws obliged you to, no justice required, even half your favours would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money therefore which you privately conveyed into my baggage,

gage, when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant, and I a scholar; You consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity, I am perfectly content with what is sufficient; take therefore what is yours, it may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion to use it; my happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England, was more painful to me than all the journeys I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigours of Siberian skies; I have had my repose an hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen without shrinking the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me; against these calamities I was armed with resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, to one who was never at sea before, all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our ship mount the waves swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howling through the cordage, to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave; these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China, a man who has been from sight of land is regarded upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the ocean. What a strange people therefore am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element, who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tipartala, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest.

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven hundred painful days, in order to examine it's opulence, buildings, sciences, arts and manufactures, on the spot. Judge then my disap-

pointment, on entering London, to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad; wherever I turn, I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold leaf; very different are those of London: in the midst of their pavements, a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavy laden machines with wheels of unweildy thickness crowd up every passage; so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting, hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence and vanity. Their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect, the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of these colours are no where to be found except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that, like the Persians, they make a splendid figure every where but at home. The proverb of Xixofou is, That a man's riches may be seen in his eyes; if we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer nation under the sun.

I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions; such letters as I shall write to Fapshi in Moscow, I beg you will endeavour to forward with all diligence; I shall send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely regret yours; even while I write, I lament our separation. Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER III.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO THE CARE OF FIPSIHI, RESIDENT IN MOSCOW; TO BE FORWARDED BY THE RUSSIAN CARAVAN TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN IN CHINA.

THINK not, O thou guide of my youth, that abience can impair my respect, or interposing trackless deserts blot your reverend figure from my memory. The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country, and you, are still unbroken. By every remove, I only drag a greater length of chain.

Could I find ought worth transmitting from so remote a region as this to which I have wandered, I should gladly send it; but instead of this, you must be contented with a renewal of my former professions, and an imperfect account of a people with whom I am as yet but superficially acquainted. The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination: I consider myself here as a newly-created being introduced into a new world; every object strikes with wonder and surprise. The imagination still unsated, seems the only active principle of the mind. The most trifling occurrences give pleasure, till the gloss of novelty is worn away. When I have ceased to wonder, I may possibly grow wise; I may then call the reasoning principle to my aid, and compare those objects with each other, which were before examined without reflection.

Behold me then in London, gazing at the strangers, and they at me; it seems they find somewhat absurd in my figure; and had I been never from home, it is possible I might find an infinite fund of ridicule in theirs; but by long travelling I am taught to laugh at folly alone, and to find nothing truly ridiculous but villainy and vice.

When I had just quitted my native country, and crossed the Chinese wall, I fancied every deviation from the customs and manners of China was a departing from nature: I smiled at the blue lips and red foreheads of the Ton-

guese; and could hardly contain when I saw the Daures dress their heads with horns. The Ostiaks powdered with red earth; and the Calmuck beauties tricked out in all the finery of sheep-skin appeared highly ridiculous; but I soon perceived that the ridicule lay not in them but in me; that I falsely condemned others of absurdity, because they happened to differ from a standard originally founded in prejudice or partiality.

I find no pleasure, therefore, in taxing the English with departing from nature in their external appearance, which is all I yet know of their character; it is possible they only endeavour to improve her simple plan, since every extravagance in dress proceeds from a desire of becoming more beautiful than nature made us; and this is so harmless a vanity, that I not only pardon but approve it: a desire to be more excellent than others, is what actually makes us so; and as thousands find a livelihood in society by such appetites, none but the ignorant inveigh against them.

You are not insensible, most reverend Fum Hoam, what numberless trades, even among the Chinese, subsist by the harmless pride of each other. Your nose-borers, feet-swathers, tooth-stainers, eye brow pluckers, would all want bread, should their neighbours want vanity. These vanities, however, employ much fewer hands in China than in England; and a fine gentleman, or a fine lady, here dressed up to the fashion, seems scarcely to have a single limb that does not suffer some distortions from art.

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber: you have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion, whose strength lay in his hair: one would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there: to appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the

the heads of his neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own: the distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have been now describing, affect the gravity of the lion: those I am going to describe, more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown; and then with a composition of meal and hog's lard, plaisters the whole in such a manner, as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaister; but to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast, a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance, appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to that place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin; thus tailed and bepowdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head, than the sentiments within.

Yet, when I consider what sort of a creature the fine lady is, to whom he is supposed to pay his addresses, it is not strange to find him thus equipped in order to please. She is herself every whit as fond of powder, and tails, and hog's lard, as he: to speak my secret sentiments, most reverend Fum, the ladies here are horridly ugly; I can hardly endure the sight of them; they no way resemble the beauties of China: the Europeans have a quite different idea of beauty from us; when I reflect on the small-footed perfections of an Eastern beauty, how is it possible I should have eyes for a woman whose feet are ten inches long. I shall never forget the beauties of my native city of Nanfow. How very broad their faces; how very short their noses; how very little their eyes; how very thin their lips; how

very black their teeth; the snow on the tops of Bao is not fairer than their cheeks; and their eye-brows are small as the line by the pencil of Quamsi. Here a lady with such perfections would be frightful; Dutch and Chinese beauties, indeed, have some resemblance, but English women are entirely different; red cheeks, big eyes, and teeth of a most odious whiteness, are not only seen here, but wished for; and then they have such masculine feet, as actually serve *some* for walking!

Yet, uncivil as Nature has been, they seem resolved to outdo her in unkindness; they use white powder, blue powder, and black powder, for their hair; and a red powder for the face on some particular occasions.

They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on, with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose, which I have never seen with a patch. You will have a better idea of their manner of placing these spots, when I have finished a map of an English face patched up to the fashion, which shall shortly be sent to encrease your curious collection of paintings, medals, and monsters.

But what surprizes me more than all the rest, is, what I have just now been credibly informed by one of this country: 'Most ladies here,' says he, 'have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to shew in company: the first is generally reserved for the husband and family at home, the other put on to please strangers abroad; the family face is often indifferent enough, but the out-door one looks something better; this is always made at the toilet, where the looking-glass and toad-eater sit in council, and settle the complexion of the day.'

I cannot ascertain the truth of this remark; however, it is actually certain, that they wear more cloaths within doors than without; and I have seen a lady who seemed to shudder at a breeze in her own apartment, appear half naked in the streets. Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

THE English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and so conciliate their friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life, without shrinking; danger only calls forth their fortitude; they even exult in calamity; but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death; he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure; and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from Heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies, and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger.

'For my part,' cries the prisoner, 'the greatest of my apprehensions is for our

freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expence of our lives, of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer.'—'Ay, slaves,' cries the porter, 'they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison,' and he held the goblet in his hand, 'may this be my poison—but I would sooner lift for a soldier.'

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out—'It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change: Ay, our religion, my lads. May the Devil sink me into flames,' such was the solemnity of his adjuration, 'if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone.' So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair-sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by Daily Gazettes, as with us at China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine, that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics, or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the

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great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English in general seem sonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with: this gives a formality to their amusements; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanent pleasure.

What they want, however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness: you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours; their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference,

and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an Englishman and a Frenchman into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to me a perfect inundation. The Englishman seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: 'Psha, man, what dost shrink at? Here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way useful to me; I had as lief be without it.' The Frenchman began to shew his politeness in turn: 'My dear friend,' cries he, 'why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat; you see how well it defends me from the rain; I should not chuse to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you, I could even part with my skin to do him service.'

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection. Farewell.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

I Have already informed you of the singular passion of this nation for politics. An Englishman, not satisfied with finding by his own prosperity the contending powers of Europe properly balanced, desires also to know the precise value of every weight in either scale. To gratify this curiosity, a leaf of political instruction is served up every morning with tea: when our politician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffee-house, in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and encrease his collection; from thence he proceeds to the ordinary, enquires what news, and treasuring up every acquisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest of more, and carefully adds it to the rest. Thus at night he retires home, full of the important advices of the day. When lo! awaking next morning, he finds the instructions of yesterday a collection of absur-

dity or palpable falsehood. This, one would think, a mortifying repulse in the pursuit of wisdom; yet our politician, no way discouraged, hunts on, in order to collect fresh materials, and in order to be again disappointed.

I have often admired the commercial spirit which prevails over Europe; have been surprised to see them carry on a traffic with productions, that an Asiatic stranger would deem entirely useless. It is a proverb in China, That an European suffers not even his spittle to be lost; the maxim, however, is not sufficiently strong, since they sell even their Lies to great advantage. Every nation drives a considerable trade in this commodity with their neighbours.

An English dealer in this way, for instance, has only to ascend to his work-house, and manufacture a turbulent speech averred to be spoken in the senate;

nate; or a report supposed to be dropt at court; a piece of scandal that strikes at a popular mandarine; or a secret treaty between two neighbouring powers. When finished, these goods are baled up, and consigned to a factor abroad, who sends in return two battles, three sieges, and a shrewd letter filled with dashes — blanks and stars **** of great importance.

Thus you perceive, that a single gazette is the joint manufacture of Europe; and he who would peruse it with a philosophical eye, might perceive in every paragraph something characteristic of the nation to which it belongs. A map does not exhibit a more distinct view of the boundaries and situation of every country, than it's news does a picture of the genius, and the morals of it's inhabitants. The superstition and erroneous delicacy of Italy, the formality of Spain, the cruelty of Portugal, the fears of Austria, the confidence of Prussia, the levity of France, the avarice of Holland, the pride of England, the absurdity of Ireland, and the national partiality of Scotland, are all conspicuous in every page.

But, perhaps, you may find more satisfaction in a real news-paper, than in my description of one; I therefore send a specimen, which may serve to exhibit the manner of their being written, and distinguish the characters of the various nations which are united in it's composition.

NAPLES. We have lately dug up here a curious Etruscan monument, broke in two in the raising. The characters are scarce visible; but Nugosi, the learned antiquary, supposes it to have been erected in honour of Picus, a Latin King, as one of the lines may be plainly distinguished to begin with a P. It is hoped this discovery will produce something valuable, as the literati of our twelve academies are deeply engaged in the disquisition.

PISA. Since Father Fudgi, prior of St. Gilbert's, has gone to reside at Rome, no miracles have been performed at the shrine of St. Gilbert; the devout begin to grow uneasy, and some begin actually to fear that St. Gilbert has forsaken them with the reverend father.

LUCCA. The administrators of our serene republic, have frequent conte-

rences upon the part they shall take in the present commotions of Europe. Some are for sending a body of their troops, consisting of one company of foot, and six horsemen, to make a diversion in favour of the Empress Queen; others are as strenuous asserters of the Prussian interest; what turn these debates may take, time only can discover. However, certain it is, we shall be able to bring into the field at the opening of the next campaign, seventy-five armed men, a commander in chief, and two drummers of great experience.

SPAIN. Yesterday the new king shewed himself to his subjects, and after having staid half an hour in his balcony, retired to the royal apartment. The night concluded on this extraordinary occasion with illuminations, and other demonstrations of joy.

The queen is more beautiful than the rising sun, and reckoned one of the first wits in Europe: she had a glorious opportunity of displaying the readiness of her invention, and her skill in repartee, lately at court. The Duke of Lerma, coming up to her with a low bow and a smile, and presenting a nosegay set with diamonds—'Madam,' cries he, 'I am your most obedient humble servant.'—'Oh, Sir,' replies the queen, without any prompter, or the least hesitation, 'I'm very proud of the very great honour you do me.' Upon which she made a low curtsy, and all the courtiers fell a laughing at the readiness and the smartness of her reply.

LISBON. Yesterday we had an *auto da fe*, at which were burned three young women accused of heresy, one of them of exquisite beauty; two Jews, and an old woman convicted of being a witch: one of the friars, who attended this last, reports, that he saw the devil fly out of her at the stake in the shape of a flame of fire. The populace behaved on this occasion with great good-humour, joy, and sincere devotion.

Our *merciful Sovereign* has been for some time past recovered of his fright: though so atrocious an attempt deserved to exterminate half the nation, yet he has been graciously pleased to spare the lives of his subjects, and not above five hundred have been broke upon the wheel, or otherwise executed, upon this horrid occasion.

VIENNA. We have received certain advices that a party of twenty thousand

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Austrians,

Austrians, having attacked a much superior body of Prussians, put them all to flight, and took the rest prisoners of war.

BERLIN. We have received certain advices that a party of twenty thousand Prussians, having attacked a much superior body of Austrians, put them to flight, and took a great number of prisoners, with their military chest, cannon, and baggage.

Though we have not succeeded this campaign to our wishes; yet, when we think of him who commands us, we rest in security: while we sleep, our king is watchful for our safety.

PARIS. We shall soon strike a signal blow. We have seventeen flat-bottomed boats at Havre. The people are in excellent spirits, and our ministers make no difficulty in raising the supplies.

We are all undone; the people are discontented to the last degree; the ministers are obliged to have recourse to the most rigorous methods to raise the expences of the war.

Our distresses are great; but Madam Pompadour continues to supply our king, who is now growing old, with a

fresh lady every night. His health, thank Heaven, is still pretty well; nor is he in the least unfit, as was reported, for any kind of royal exertation. He was so frightened at the affair of Damien, that his physicians were apprehensive lest his reason should suffer, but that wretch's tortures soon composed the kingly terrors of his breast.

ENGLAND. Wanted an usher to an academy. N. B. He must be able to read, dress hair, and must have had the small-pox.

DUBLIN. We hear that there is a benevolent subscription on foot among the nobility and gentry of this kingdom, who are great patrons of merit, in order to assist Black and All Black, in his contest with the Padderen mare.

We hear from Germany that Prince Ferdinand has gained a complete victory, and taken twelve kettle drums, five standards, and four waggons of ammunition prisoners of war.

EDINBURGH. We are positive when we say that Saunders M'Gregor, who was lately executed for horse-stealing, is not a Scotchman, but born in Carrickfergus. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, THE DISCONTENTED WANDERER; BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

WHETHER sporting on the flowery banks of the river Irtis, or scaling the steepy mountains of Douchenour: whether traversing the black deserts of Kobi, or giving lessons of politeness to the savage inhabitants of Europe. In whatever country, whatever climate, and whatever circumstances, all hail! May Tien, the universal soul, take you under his protection, and inspire you with a superior portion of himself.

How long, my friend, shall an enthusiasm for knowledge continue to obstruct your happiness, and tear you from all the connections that make life pleasing? How long will you continue to rove from climate to climate, circled by thousands, and yet without a friend, feeling all the inconveniencies of a

crowd, and all the anxiety of being alone.

I know you reply, that the refined pleasure of growing every day wiser, is a sufficient recompence for every inconvenience. I know you will talk of the vulgar satisfaction of soliciting happiness from sensual enjoyment only; and probably enlarge upon the exquisite raptures of sentimental bliss. Yet, believe me, friend, you are deceived; all our pleasures, though seemingly never so remote from sense, derive their origin from some one of the senses. The most exquisite demonstration in mathematics, or the most pleasing disquisition in metaphysics, if it does not ultimately tend to increase some sensual satisfaction, is delightful only to fools, or to men who have by long habit contracted a false idea of pleasure;

pleasure; and he who separates sensual and sentimental enjoyments, seeking happiness from mind alone, is in fact as wretched as the naked inhabitant of the forest, who places all happiness in the first, regardless of the latter. There are two extremes in this respect; the savage who swallows down the draught of pleasure without staying to reflect on his happiness, and the sage who passeth the cup while he reflects on the conveniences of drinking.

It is with an heart full of sorrow, my dear Altangi, that I must inform you that what the world calls happiness must now be yours no longer. Our great emperor's displeasure at your leaving China, contrary to the rules of our government, and the immemorial custom of the empire, has produced the most terrible effects. Your wife, daughter, and the rest of your family, have been seized by his order, and appropriated to his use; all except your son are now the peculiar property of him who possesses

all; him I have hidden from the officers employed for this purpose; and even at the hazard of my life I have concealed him. The youth seems obstinately bent on finding you out, wherever you are; he is determined to face every danger that opposes his pursuit. Though yet but fifteen, all his father's virtues and obstinacy sparkle in his eyes, and mark him as one destined to no mediocrity of fortune.

You see, my dearest friend, what imprudence has brought thee to; from opulence, a tender family, surrounding friends, and your master's esteem, it has reduced thee to want, persecution; and still worse, to our mighty monarch's displeasure. Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty. As I shall endeavour to guard thee from the one, so guard thyself from the other; and still think of me with affection and esteem. Farewell.

LETTER VII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO PUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

The Editor thinks proper to acquaint the reader that the greatest part of the following letter seems to him to be little more than a rhapsody of sentences borrowed from Confucius, the Chinese philosopher.

A Wife, a daughter carried into captivity to expiate my offence, a son scarce yet arrived at maturity, resolving to encounter every danger in the pious pursuit of one who has undone him, these indeed are circumstances of distress; though my tears were more precious than the gem of Golconda, yet would they fall upon such an occasion.

But I submit to the stroke of Heaven, I hold the volume of Confucius in my hand, and as I read grow humble, and patient, and wise. 'We should feel sorrow,' says he, 'but not sink under it's oppression: the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to day be uppermost. We should hold the immutable mean that lies between in sensibility and anguish; our attempts should be not to extinguish nature, but to re-

press it; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavour to turn every distress after to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.'

I fancy myself at present, O thou reverend disciple of Tao, more than a match for all that can happen: the chief business of my life has been to procure wisdom, and the chief object of that wisdom was to be happy. My attendance on your lectures, my conferences with the missionaries of Europe, and all my subsequent adventures upon quitting China, were calculated to encrease the sphere of my happiness, not my curiosity. Let European travellers cross seas and deserts merely to measure the height of a mountain, to describe the cataract of a river, or tell the commodities which every country may produce; merchants or geographers, perhaps, may find profit by such discoveries, but what advantage can accrue to a philosopher from such accounts,

accounts, who is desirous of understanding the human heart, who seeks to know the *men* of every country, who desires to discover those differences which result from climate, religion, education, prejudice, and partiality.

I should think my time very ill bestowed, were the only fruits of my adventures to consist in being able to tell, that a tradesman of London lives in an house three times as high as that of our great Emperor. That the ladies wear longer cloaths than the men, that the priests are dressed in colours which we are taught to detest, and that their soldiers wear scarlet, which is with us the symbol of peace and innocence. How many travellers are there, who confine their relations to such minute and useless particulars: for one who enters into the genius of those nations with whom he has conversed, who discloses their morals, their opinions, the ideas which they entertain of religious worship, the intrigues of their ministers, and their skill in sciences; there are twenty, who only mention some idle particulars, which can be of no real use to a true philosopher. All their remarks tend, neither to make themselves nor others

more happy; they no way contribute to controul their passions, to bear adversity, to inspire true virtue, or raise a detestation of vice.

Men may be very learned, and yet very miserable; it is easy to be a deep geometrician, or a sublime astronomer, but very difficult to be a good man; I esteem, therefore, the traveller who instructs the heart, but despise him who only indulges the imagination: a man who leaves home to mend himself and others is a philosopher; but he who goes from country to country, guided by the blind impulse of curiosity, is only a vagabond. From Zerdusht down to him of Tyanea, I honour all those great names who endeavoured to unite the world by their travels; such men grew wiser as well as better, the farther they departed from home; and seemed like rivers, whose streams are not only increased, but refined, as they travel from their source.

For my own part, my greatest glory is, that travelling has not more steeled my constitution against all the vicissitudes of climate, and all the depressions of fatigue, than it has my mind against the accidents of fortune, or the accesses of despair. Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

HOW insupportable! O thou possessor of heavenly wisdom, would be this separation, this immeasurable distance from my friend, were I not able thus to delineate my heart upon paper, and to send thee daily a map of my mind.

I am every day better reconciled to the people among whom I reside, and begin to fancy that in time I shall find them more opulent, more charitable, and more hospitable than I at first imagined. I begin to learn somewhat of their manners and customs, and to see reasons for several deviations which they make from us, from whom all other nations derive their politeness as well as their original.

In spite of taste, in spite of prejudice, I now begin to think their women tolerable; I can now look on a languishing blue eye without disgust, and pardon a set of teeth, even though whiter than ivory. I now begin to fancy there is

no universal standard for beauty. The truth is, the manners of the ladies in this city are so very open, and so vastly engaging, that I am inclined to pass over the more glaring defects of their persons, since compensated by the more solid, yet latent beauties of the mind: what though they want black teeth, or are deprived of the allurements of feet no bigger than their thumbs, yet still they have souls, my friend, such souls, so free, so pressing, so hospitable, and so engaging—I have received more invitations in the streets of London from the sex in one night, than I have met with at Pekin in twelve revolutions of the moon.

Every evening as I return home from my usual solitary excursions, I am met by several of those well disposed daughters of hospitality, at different times and in different streets, richly dressed, and with minds not less noble than their appearance. You know that nature has indulged

indulged me with a person by no means agreeable; yet are they too generous to object to my homely appearance; they feel no repugnance at my broad face and flat nose; they perceive me to be a stranger, and that alone is a sufficient recommendation. They even seem to think it their duty to do the honours of the country by every act of complaisance in their power. One takes me under the arm, and in a manner forces me along; another catches me round the neck, and desires to partake in this office of hospitality; while a third kinder still, invites me to refresh my spirits with wine. Wine is in England reserved only for the rich, yet here even wine is given away to the stranger!

A few nights ago, one of these generous creatures, dressed all in white, and flaunting like a meteor by my side, forcibly attended me home to my own apartment. She seemed charmed with the elegance of the furniture, and the convenience of my situation. And well indeed she might, for I have hired an apartment for not less than two shillings of their money every week. But her civility did not rest here; for at parting,

being desirous to know the hour, and perceiving my watch out of order, she kindly took it to be repaired by a relation of her own, which you may imagine will save some expence, and she assures me that it will cost her nothing. I shall have it back in a few days when mended, and am preparing a proper speech expressive of my gratitude on the occasion: 'Celestial excellence,' I intend to say, 'happy I am in having found out, after many painful adventures, a land of innocence, and a people of humanity: I may rove into other climes, and converse with nations yet unknown, but where shall I meet a soul of such purity as that which resides in thy breast! Sure thou hast been nurtured by the bill of the Shin Shin, or sucked the breasts of the provident Gin Hiung. The melody of thy voice could rob the Chong Fou of her whelps, or inveigle the Boh that lives in the midst of the waters. Thy servant shall ever retain a sense of thy favours; and one day boast of thy virtue, sincerity, and truth, among the daughters of China.' Adieu.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

I Have been deceived! she whom I fancied a daughter of Paradise has proved to be one of the infamous disciples of Han! I have lost a trifle, I have gained the consolation of having discovered a deceiver. I once more, therefore, relax, into my former indifference with regard to the English ladies, they once more begin to appear disagreeable in my eyes: thus is my whole time passed in forming conclusions which the next minute's experience may probably destroy; the present moment becomes a comment on the past, and I improve rather in humility than wisdom.

Their laws and religion forbid the English to keep more than one woman, I therefore concluded that prostitutes were banished from society; I was deceived; every man here keeps as many wives as he can maintain; the laws are cemented with blood, praised and disregarded. The very Chinese,

whose religion allows him two wives, takes not half the liberties of the English in this particular. Their laws may be compared to the books of the Sybils, they are held in great veneration, but seldom read, or seldom understood; even those who pretend to be their guardians dispute about the meaning of many of them, and confess their ignorance of others. The law therefore which commands them to have but one wife, is strictly observed only by those for whom one is more than sufficient, or by such as have not money to buy two. As for the rest, they violate it publicly, and some glory in it's violation. They seem to think like the Persians, that they give evident marks of manhood by encreasing their seraglio. A mandarine therefore here generally keeps four wives, a gentleman three, and a stage-player two. As for the magistrates, the country justices, and
squires,

squires, they are employed first in debauching young virgins, and then punishing the transgression.

From such a picture you will be apt to conclude, that he who employs four ladies for his amusement, has four times as much constitution to spare as he who is contented with one; that a mandarine is much cleverer than a gentleman, and a gentleman than a player, and yet it is quite the reverse; a mandarine is frequently supported on spindle shanks, appears emaciated by luxury, and is obliged to have recourse to variety, merely from the weakness, not the vigour of his constitution, the number of his wives being the most equivocal symptom of his virility.

Beside the country squire, there is also another set of men, whose whole employment consists in corrupting beauty; these the silly part of the fair sex call amiable; the more sensible part of them, however, give them the title of abominable. You will probably demand what are the talents of a man thus caressed by the majority of the opposite sex; what talents, or what beauty is he possessed of superior to the rest of his fellows. To answer you directly, he has neither talents nor beauty, but then he is possessed of impudence and assiduity. With assiduity and impudence, men of all ages, and all figures, may commence admirers. I have even been told of some who made professions of expiring for love, when all the world could perceive they were going to die of old age: and what is more surprising

still, such battered beans are generally most infamously successful.

A fellow of this kind employs three hours every morning in dressing his head, by which is understood only his hair.

He is a professed admirer, not of any particular lady, but of the whole sex.

He is to suppose every lady has caught cold every night, which gives him an opportunity of calling to see how she does the next morning.

He is upon all occasions to shew himself in very great pain for the ladies; if a lady even drops a pin, he is to fly in order to present it.

He never speaks to a lady without advancing his mouth to her ear, by which he frequently addresses more senses than one.

Upon proper occasions he looks excessively tender. This is performed by laying his hand upon his heart, shutting his eyes, and shewing his teeth.

He is excessively fond of dancing a minuet with the ladies, by which is only meant walking round the floor eight or ten times with his hat on, affecting great gravity, and sometimes looking tenderly on his partner.

He never affronts any man himself, and never resents an affront from another.

He has an infinite variety of small talk upon all occasions, and laughs when he has nothing more to say.

Such is the killing creature who prostrates himself to the sex till he has undone them; all whose submissions are the effects of design, and who to please the ladies almost becomes himself a lady.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

I Have hitherto given you no account of my journey from China to Europe, of my travels through countries, where Nature sports in primeval rudeness, where she pours forth her wonders in solitude; countries, from whence the rigorous climate, the sweeping inundation, the drifted desert, the howling forest, and mountains of immeasurable height, banish the husbandman, and spread extensive desolation; countries where the brown Tartar wanders for a precarious subsistence, with an heart that never felt pity, himself more hideous than the wilderness he makes.

You will easily conceive the fatigue of crossing vast tracts of land, either desolate, or still more dangerous by its inhabitants. The retreat of men, who seem driven from society, in order to make war upon all the human race; nominally professing a subjection to Moscow or China, but without any resemblance to the countries on which they depend.

After I had crossed the great wall, the first object that presented were the remains of desolated cities, and all the magnificence of venerable ruin. There were to be seen temples of beautiful structure,

structure, statues wrought by the hand of a master, and around a country of luxuriant plenty; but not one single inhabitant to reap the bounties of nature. These were prospects that might humble the pride of kings, and repress human vanity. I asked my guide the cause of such desolation. "These countries," says he, "were once the dominions of a Tartar prince; and these ruins the seat of arts, elegance, and ease. This prince waged an unsuccessful war with one of the emperors of China; he was conquered, his cities plundered, and all his subjects carried into captivity. Such are the effects of the ambition of Kings! "Ten Dervises," says the Indian proverb, "shall sleep in peace upon a single carpet, while two kings shall quarrel, though they have kingdoms to divide them." Sure, my friend, the cruelty and the pride of man have made more desarts than Nature ever made! she is kind, but man is ungrateful!"

Proceeding in my journey through this pensive scene of desolated beauty, in a few days I arrived among the Daures, a nation still dependent on China. Xaizigar is their principal city, which, compared with those of Europe, scarcely deserves the name. The governors and other officers, who are sent yearly from Pekin, abuse their authority, and often take the wives and daughters of the inhabitants to themselves. The Daures, accustomed to base submission, feel no resentment at those injuries, or stifle what they feel. Custom and necessity teach even barbarians the same art of dissimulation that ambition and intrigue inspire in the breasts of the polite. Upon beholding such unlicensed stretches of power—"Alas!" thought I, "how little does our wise and good emperor know of these intolerable exactions! these provinces are too distant for complaint, and too insignificant to expect redress. The more distant the government, the honestest should be the governor to whom it is entrusted; for hope of impunity is a strong inducement to violation."

The religion of the Daures is more absurd than even that of the sectaries of Fohi. How would you be surprized, O sage disciple and follower of Confucius! you who believe one eternal intelligent Cause of all, should you be present at the barbarous ceremonies of this

infatuated people! How would you deplore the blindness and folly of mankind! His boasted reason seems only to light him astray, and brutal instinct more regularly points out the path to happiness. Could you think it? They adore a wicked divinity; they fear him, and they worship him; they imagine him a malicious being, ready to injure and ready to be appeased. The men and women assemble at midnight in a hut, which serves for a temple. A priest stretches himself on the ground, and all the people pour forth the most horrid cries, while drums and timbrels swell the infernal concert. After this dissonance, miscalled music, has continued about two hours, the priest rises from the ground, assumes an air of inspiration, grows big with the inspiring demon, and pretends to skill in futurity.

In every country, my friend, the bonzes, the brachmans, and the priests, deceive the people; all reformations begin from the laity; the priests point us out the way to heaven with their fingers, but stand still themselves, nor seem to travel towards the country in view.

The customs of this people correspond to their religion; they keep their dead for three days on the same bed where the person died; after which they bury him in a grave moderately deep, but with the head still uncovered. Here for several days they present him with different sorts of meats; which, when they perceive he does not consume, they fill up the grave, and desist from desiring him to eat for the future. How, how can mankind be guilty of such strange absurdity, to entreat a dead body, already putrid, to partake of the banquet! Where, I again repeat it, is human reason! not only some men, but whole nations, seem divested of it's illumination. Here we observe a whole country adoring a divinity through fear, and attempting to feed the dead. These are their most serious and most religious occupations: are these men rational, or are not the apes of Borneo more wise?

Certain I am, O thou instructor of my youth! that without philosophers, without some few virtuous men, who seem to be of a different nature from the rest of mankind, without such as these, the worship of a wicked divinity would surely be established over every part of the earth. Fear guides more to their duty than gratitude: for one man who

is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all; there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehensions of punishment. Could these last be persuaded, as the Epicu-

reans were, that heaven had no thunders in store for the villain, they would no longer continue to acknowledge subordination, or thank that Being who gave them existence. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

FROM such a picture of Nature in primeval simplicity, tell me, my much respected friend, are you in love with fatigue and solitude? Do you sigh for the severe frugality of the wandering Tartar, or regret being born amidst the luxury and dissimulation of the polite? Rather tell me, has not every kind of life vices peculiarly its own? Is it not a truth, that refined countries have more vices, but those not so terrible, barbarous nations few, and they of the most hideous complexion? Perfidy and fraud are the vices of civilized nations, credulity and violence those of the inhabitants of the desert. Does the luxury of the one produce half the evils of the inhumanity of the other? Certainly those philosophers who declaim against luxury have but little understood its benefits; they seem insensible, that to luxury we owe not only the greatest part of our knowledge, but even of our virtues.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer, when he talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every sense to be content with a bare sufficiency, and of supplying only the wants of nature; but is there not more satisfaction in indulging those appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them? Am not I better pleased in enjoyment than in the sullen satisfaction of thinking that I can live without enjoyment? The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise; luxury, therefore, as it encreases our wants, encreases our capacity for happiness.

Examine the history of any country remarkable for opulence and wisdom, you will find they would never have been wise had they not been first luxurious; you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in Luxury's train. The reason is obvious; we then

only are curious after knowledge, when we find it connected with sensual happiness. The senses ever point out the way, and reflection comments upon the discovery. Inform a native of the desert of Kobi, of the exact measure of the parallax of the moon, he finds no satisfaction at all in the information; he wonders how any could take such pains, and lay out such treasures in order to solve so useless a difficulty; but connect it with his happiness, by shewing that it improves navigation, that by such an investigation he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he is instantly in raptures at so great an improvement. In short, we only desire to know what we desire to possess; and whatever we may talk against it, luxury adds the spur to curiosity, and gives us a desire of becoming more wise.

But not our knowledge only, but our virtues, are improved by luxury. Observe the brown savage of Thibet, to whom the fruits of the spreading pomegranate supply food, and its branches an habitation. Such a character has few vices I grant, but those he has are of the most hideous nature; rapine and cruelty are scarce crimes in his eye; neither pity nor tenderness, which ennoble every virtue, have any place in his heart; he hates his enemies, and kills those he subdues. On the other hand, the polite Chinese and civilized European seem even to love their enemies. I have just now seen an instance where the English have succoured those enemies whom their own countrymen actually refused to relieve.

The greater the luxuries of every country, the more closely, politically speaking, is that country united. Luxury is the child of society alone; the luxurious man stands in need of a thousand different artists to furnish out his happiness; it is more likely, therefore, that

that he should be a good citizen who is connected by motives of self-interest with so many, than the abstemious man who is united to none.

In whatsoever light therefore we consider luxury, whether as employing a number of hands naturally too feeble for more laborious employment, as finding a variety of occupation for others who might be totally idle, or as furnishing out new inlets to happiness, without

encroaching on mutual property; in whatever light we regard it, we shall have reason to stand up in its defence, and the sentiment of Confucius still remains unshaken; 'that we should enjoy
' as many of the luxuries of life as are
' consistent with our own safety, and the
' prosperity of others; and that he who
' finds out a new pleasure is one of the
' most useful members of society.'

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

FROM the funeral solemnities of the Daures, who think themselves the politest people in the world, I must make a transition to the funeral solemnities of the English, who think themselves as polite as they. The numberless ceremonies which are used here when a person is sick, appear to me so many evident marks of fear and apprehension. Ask an Englishman, however, whether he is afraid of death, and he boldly answers in the negative; but observe his behaviour in circumstances of approaching sickness, and you will find his actions give his assertions the lie.

The Chinese are very sincere in this respect; they hate to die, and they confess their terrors: a great part of their life is spent in preparing things proper for their funeral; a poor artizan shall spend half his income in providing himself a tomb twenty years before he wants it; and denies himself the necessaries of life, that he may be amply provided for when he shall want them no more.

But people of distinction in England really deserve pity, for they die in circumstances of the most extreme distress. It is an established rule, never to let a man know that he is dying: physicians are sent for, the clergy are called, and every thing passes in silent solemnity round the sick bed; the patient is in agonies, looks round for pity, yet not a single creature will say that he is dying. If he is possessed of fortune, his relations entreat him to make his will, as it may restore the tranquillity of his mind. He is desired to undergo the rites of the church, for decency requires it. His friends take their leave only because they do not care to see him in pain.

In short, an hundred stratagems are used to make him do what he might have been induced to perform only by being told—'Sir, you are past all hopes, and
' had as good think decently of dying.'

Besides all this, the chamber is darkened, the whole house echoes to the cries of the wife, the lamentations of the children, the grief of the servants, and the sighs of friends. The bed is surrounded with priests and doctors in black, and only flambeaux emit a yellow gloom. Where is the man, how intrepid soever, that would not shrink at such a hideous solemnity? For fear of affrighting their expiring friends, the English practise all that can fill them with terror. Strange effect of human prejudice, thus to torture merely from mistaken tenderness!

You see, my friend, what contradictions there are in the tempers of those islanders; when prompted by ambition, revenge, or disappointment, they meet death with the utmost resolution; the very man who in his bed would have trembled at the aspect of a doctor, shall go with intrepidity to attack a bastion, or deliberately noose himself up in his garters.

The passion of the Europeans for magnificent interments is equally strong with that of the Chinese. When a tradesman dies, his frightful face is painted up by an undertaker, and placed in a proper situation to receive company; this is called lying in state. To this disagreeable spectacle all the idlers in town flock, and learn to loath the wretch dead, whom they despised when living. In this manner you see some who would have refused a shilling to

save the life of their dearest friend, bestow thousands on adorning their putrid corpse. I have been told of a fellow, who, grown rich by the price of blood, left it in his will that he should lie in state, and thus unknowingly gibbeted himself into infamy, when he might have otherwise quietly retired into oblivion.

When the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph; they are generally reckoned best which flatter most; such relations therefore as have received most benefits from the defunct, discharge this friendly office; and generally flatter in proportion to their joy. When we read those monumental histories of the dead, it may be justly said, that 'all men are equal in the dust;' for they all appear equally remarkable for being the most sincere Christians, the most benevolent neighbours, and the honestest men of their time. To go through an European cemetery, one would be apt to wonder how mankind could have so basely degenerated from such excellent ancestors; every tomb pretends to claim your reverence and regret; some are praised for piety in those inscriptions who never entered the temple until they were dead; some are praised for being excellent poets, who were never mentioned, except for their dullness, when living; others for sublime orators, who were never noted except for their impudence; and others still for military achievements, who were never in any other skirmishes but with the watch. Some even make epitaphs for themselves, and bespeak the reader's good-will. It were indeed to be wished, that every man would early learn, in this manner, to make his own; that he would draw it

up in terms as flattering as possible; and that he would make it the employment of his whole life to deserve it!

I have not yet been in a place called Westminster Abbey, but soon intend to visit it. There I am told I shall see justice done to deceased merit; none, I am told, are permitted to be buried there but such as have adorned as well as improved mankind. There no intruders, by the influence of friends or fortune, presume to mix their unhallowed ashes with philosophers, heroes, and poets. Nothing but true merit has a place in that awful sanctuary: the guardianship of the tombs is committed to several reverend priests, who are never guilty for a superior reward of taking down the names of good men, to make room for others of equivocal character, nor ever prophane the sacred walls with pageants, that posterity cannot know, or shall blush to own.

I always was of opinion, that sepulchral honours of this kind should be considered as a national concern, and not trusted to the care of the priests of any country, how respectable soever; but from the conduct of the reverend personages, whose disinterested patriotism I shall shortly be able to discover, I am taught to retract my former sentiments. It is true, the Spartans and the Persians made a fine political use of sepulchral vanity; they permitted none to be thus interred, who had not fallen in the vindication of their country; a monument thus became a real mark of distinction, it nerved the hero's arm with tenfold vigour; and he fought without fear, who only fought for a grave. Farewell.

LETTER XIII.

FROM THE SAME.

I Am just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonades, and dark

ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene! I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

'Alas!' I said to myself, 'how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them

‘ them all; they have toiled for an hour
‘ to gain a transient immortality, and
‘ are at length retired to the grave, where
‘ they have no attendant but the worm,
‘ none to flatter but the epitaph.’

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman, dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. ‘ If any monument,’ said he, ‘ should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands.’ I accepted, with thanks, the gentleman’s offer; adding, that I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. ‘ If adulation like this,’ continued I, ‘ be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage, to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told, that none have a place here but characters of the most distinguished merit.’ The man in black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument which appeared more beautiful than the rest; ‘ That,’ said I to my guide, ‘ I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin; or law-giver, who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection.’—‘ It is not requisite,’ replied my companion, smiling, ‘ to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice.’—‘ What, I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the

‘ taking half a score towns, is thought
‘ a sufficient qualification?’—‘ Gaining battles, or taking towns,’ replied the man in black, ‘ may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege.’—‘ This then is the monument of some poet, I presume; of one whose wit has gained him immortality?’—‘ No, Sir,’ replied my guide, ‘ the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself.’—‘ Pray tell me then in a word,’ said I, peevishly, ‘ what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?’—‘ Remarkable, Sir!’ said my companion; ‘ why, Sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey.’—‘ But, head of my Ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place: Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?’—‘ I suppose,’ replied the man in black, ‘ the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here, fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead.’

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple—‘ There,’ says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, ‘ that is the Poets Corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton.’—‘ Drayton,’ I replied, ‘ I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope, is he there?’—‘ It is time enough,’ replied my guide, ‘ these hundred years, he is not long dead, people have not done hating him yet.’—‘ Strange!’ cried I, ‘ can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining
‘ and

‘and instructing his fellow-creatures?’ — ‘Yes,’ says my guide; ‘they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Duncce, and Scribbler; to praise the dead, and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit, to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candour, and to revile the moral character of the man whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookfeller, or more frequently, the bookfeller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull; every Poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise their malice, they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.’

‘Has this been the case with every poet I see here?’ cried I. ‘Yes,’ with every mother’s son of them,’ replied he, ‘except he happened to be born a mandarine. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple.’

‘But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dullness?’

‘I own there are many,’ replied the man in black; ‘but, alas! Sir, the book answerers croud about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarine’s table.’

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up, without further ceremony, and was go-

ing to enter, when a person, who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man whether the people of England kept a *sheav*? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? Whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honour? ‘As for your questions,’ replied the gate-keeper, ‘to be sure they may be very right, because I don’t understand them; but as for that there three-pence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live.’ I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told an hundred lyes; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger, of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. ‘Look ye there, gentlemen,’ says he, pointing to an old oak chair, ‘there’s a curiosity for ye! in that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob’s pillow.’ I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone; could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob’s head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but, in the present case, there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lyes, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he, at last, desired me to consider attentively

tively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to shew nothing remarkable. 'This armour,' said he, 'belonged to General Monk.'—'Very surprising, that a general should wear armour!'—'And pray,' added he, 'observe this cap, this is General Monk's cap.'—'Very strange indeed! very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?'—'That, Sir,' says he, 'I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble.'—'A very small recompence, truly!' said I. 'Not so very small,' replied he, 'for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money.'—'What, more money! still more mo-

ney!'—'Every gentleman gives something, Sir.'—'I'll give thee nothing,' returned I; 'the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a shew, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough! Shew me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars.'

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

LETTER XIV.

FROM THE SAME.

I Was some days ago agreeably surprised by a message from a lady of distinction, who sent me word, that she most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance; and, with the utmost impatience, expected an interview. I will not deny, my dear Fum Hoam, but that my vanity was raised at such an invitation; I flattered myself that she had seen me in some public place, and had conceived an affection for my person, which thus induced her to deviate from the usual decorums of the sex. My imagination painted her in all the bloom of youth and beauty. I fancied her attended by the Loves and Graces, and I set out with the most pleasing expectations of seeing the conquest I had made.

When I was introduced into her apartment, my expectations were quickly at an end; I perceived a little shrivelled figure indolently reclined on a sofa, who nodded by way of approbation at my approach. This, as I was afterwards informed, was the lady herself, a woman equally distinguished for rank, politeness, taste, and understanding. As I was dressed after the fashion of Europe, she had taken me for an Englishman, and consequently saluted me in her ordinary manner; but when the footman informed her grace that I was the gentleman from China, she instantly lifted herself from the couch, while her eyes sparkled with unusual vivacity. 'Bless me! can this be the gentleman that

was born so far from home? What an unusual share of *somethingness* in his whole appearance! Lord, how I am charmed with the outlandish cut of his face! how bewitching the exotic breadth of his forehead! I would give the world to see him in his own country dress. Pray turn about, Sir, and let me see you behind. There! there's a travell'd air for you! You that attend there, bring up a plate of beef cut into small pieces; I have a violent passion to see him eat. Pray, Sir, have you got your chop sticks about you? It will be so pretty to see the meat carried to the mouth with a jerk. Pray speak a little Chinese: I have learned some of the language myself. Lord! have you nothing pretty from China about you; something that one does not know what to do with? I have got twenty things from China that are of no use in the world. Look at those jars, they are of the right peagreen: these are the furniture.'—'Dear Madam,' said I, 'these, though they may appear fine in your eyes, are but paltry to a Chinese; but, as they are useful utensils, it is proper they should have a place in every apartment.'—'Useful! Sir,' replied the lady; 'sure you mistake, they are of no use in the world.'—'What! are they not filled with an infusion of tea as in China?' replied I. 'Quite empty and useless, upon my honour, Sir.'

‘ Sir. — ‘ Then they are the most cumbersome and clumsy furniture in the world, as nothing is truly elegant but what unites use with beauty. — ‘ I protest,’ says the lady, ‘ I shall begin to suspect thee of being an actual barbarian. I suppose you hold my two beautiful pagods in contempt? — ‘ What!’ cried I, ‘ has Fohi spread his gross superstitions here also? Pagods of all kinds are my aversion. — ‘ A Chinese, a traveller, and want taste! it surprises me. Pray, Sir, examine the beauties of that Chinese temple which you see at the end of the garden. Is there any thing in China more beautiful? — ‘ Where I stand, I see nothing, Madam, at the end of the garden, that may not as well be called an Egyptian pyramid as a Chinese temple; for that little building in view is as like the one as t’other. — ‘ What! Sir, is not that a Chinese temple? You must surely be mistaken. Mr. Freeze, who designed it, calls it one, and nobody disputes his pretensions to taste.’ I now found it vain to contradict the lady in any thing she thought fit to advance; so was resolved rather to act the disciple than the instructor. She took me through several rooms all furnished, as she told me, in the Chinese manner; sprawling dragons, squatting pagods, and clumsy mandarines, were stuck upon every shelf: in turning round one must have used cau-

tion not to demolish a part of the precarious furniture.

‘ In a house like this,’ thought I, ‘ one must live continually upon the watch; the inhabitant must resemble a knight in an enchanted castle, who expects to meet an adventure at every turning. — ‘ But, Madam,’ said I, ‘ do no accidents ever happen to all this finery? — ‘ Man, Sir,’ replied the lady, ‘ is born to misfortunes, and it is but fit I should have a share. Three weeks ago, a careless servant snapped off the head of a favourite mandarine: I had scarce done grieving for that, when a monkey broke a beautiful jar; this I took the more to heart, as the injury was done me by a friend: however, I survived the calamity; when yesterday crash went half a dozen dragons upon the marble hearth stone; and yet I live; I survive it all: you can’t conceive what comfort I find under afflictions from philosophy. There is Seneca, and Bolingbroke, and some others, who guide me through life, and teach me to support it’s calamities.’ I could not but smile at a woman who makes her own misfortunes, and then deplores the miseries of her situation. Wherefore, tired of acting with dissimulation, and willing to indulge my meditations in solitude, I took leave just as the servant was bringing in a plate of beef, pursuant to the directions of his mistress. Adieu.

LETTER XV.

FROM THE SAME.

THE better sort here pretend to the utmost compassion for animals of every kind. To hear them speak, a stranger would be apt to imagine they could hardly hurt the gnat that stung them; they seem so tender, and so full of pity, that one would take them for the harmless friends of the whole creation; the protectors of the meanest insect or reptile that was privileged with existence. And yet, would you believe it? I have seen the very men who have thus boasted of their tenderness, at the same time devouring the flesh of six different animals tossed up in a fricassée. Strange contrariety of conduct! they pity and they eat the objects of their compassion. The lion roars with terror over it’s cap-

tive; the tiger sends forth it’s hideous shriek to intimidate it’s prey; no creature shews any fondness for it’s short lived prisoner, except a man and a cat.

Man was born to live with innocence and simplicity, but he has deviated from nature; he was born to share the bounties of Heaven, but he has monopolized them; he was born to govern the brute creation, but he has become their tyrant. If an epicure now shall happen to surfeit on his last night’s feast, twenty animals the next day are to undergo the most exquisite tortures in order to provoke his appetite to another guilty meal. Hail, O ye simple, honest bramins of the East! ye inoffensive friends of all that were born to happiness as well as you
you

you never sought a short-lived pleasure from the miseries of other creatures. You never studied the tormenting arts of ingenious refinement; you never surfeited upon a guilty meal. How much more purified and refined are all your sensations than ours: you distinguish every element with the utmost precision; a stream untasted before is new luxury, a change of air is a new banquet, too refined for western imaginations to conceive.

Though the Europeans do not hold the transmigration of souls, yet one of their doctors has, with great force of argument, and great plausibility of reasoning, endeavoured to prove that the bodies of animals are the habitations of demons and wicked spirits, which are obliged to reside in these prisons till the resurrection pronounces their everlasting punishment; but are previously condemned to suffer all the pains and hardships inflicted upon them by man, or by each other here. If this be the case, it may frequently happen, that while we whip pigs to death, or boil live lobsters, we are putting some old acquaintance, some near relation, to excruciating tortures, and are serving him up to the very same table where he was once the most welcome companion.

'Kabul,' says the Zendavesta, 'was born on the rushy banks of the river Mawra; his possessions were great, and his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune; he hated the harmless bramins, and despised their holy religion; every day his table was decked out with the flesh of an hundred different animals, and his cooks had an hundred different ways of dressing it, to solicit even satiety.

Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age, he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance: upon this, his soul was carried off, in order to take it's trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals which his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who were now appointed his judges.

He trembled before a tribunal, to

every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant: he sought for pity, but found none disposed to grant it. "Does he not remember," cries the angry boar, "to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity? I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he should do penance in the shape of an hog, which in life he most resembled."

"I am rather," cries a sheep upon the bench, "for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb; we may then send him through four or five transmigrations in the space of a month."—"Were my voice of any weight in the assembly," cries a calf, "he should rather assume such a form as mine: I was bled every day, in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy."—"Would it not be wiser," cries a hen, "to cram him in the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood as I was served?" The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion: "I am informed," says this counsellor, "that the prisoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepid, feeble, sickly; a plague to himself and all about him. What say you, then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his posterity?" The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture, they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit the earth; and his soul, in the body of his own son, passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety, and disease.

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE SAME.

I Know not whether I am more obliged to the Chinese missionaries for the instruction I have received from them, or prejudiced by the falsehoods they have made me believe. By them I was told that the Pope was universally allowed to be a man, and placed at the head of the church; in England, however, they plainly prove him to be an whore in man's cloaths, and often burn him in effigy as an impostor. A thousand books have been written on either side of the question; priests are eternally disputing against each other; and those mouths that want argument are filled with abuse. Which party must I believe, or shall I give credit to neither? When I survey the absurdities and falsehoods with which the books of the Europeans are filled, I thank Heaven for having been born in China, and that I have sagacity enough to detect imposture.

The Europeans reproach us with false history and fabulous chronology; how should they blush to see their own books, many of which are written by the doctors of their religion, filled with the most monstrous fables, and attested with the utmost solemnity. The bounds of a letter do not permit me to mention all the absurdities of this kind, which in my reading I have met with. I shall confine myself to the accounts which some of their lettered men give of the persons of some of the inhabitants on our globe. And not satisfied with the most solemn asseverations, they sometimes pretend to have been eye-witnesses of what they describe.

A Christian doctor, in one of his principal performances*, says, that it was not impossible for a whole nation to have but one eye in the middle of the forehead. He is not satisfied with leaving it in doubt; but in another work† assures us, that the fact was certain, and that he himself was an eye-witness of it. 'When,' says he, 'I took a journey into Ethiopia in company with several

' other servants of Christ, in order to preach the gospel there; I beheld in the southern provinces of the country a nation which had only one eye in the midst of their foreheads.'

You will, no doubt, be surprized, reverend Fum, with this author's effrontery; but, alas! he is not alone in this story; he has only borrowed it from several others who wrote before him. Solinus creates another nation of Cyclops, the Arimaspians who inhabit those countries that border on the Caspian sea. This author goes on to tell us of a people of India, who have but one leg and one eye, and yet are extremely active, run with great swiftness, and live by hunting. These people we scarce know how to pity or admire; but the men whom Pliny calls Cynamolci, who have got the heads of dogs, really deserve our compassion. Instead of language they express their sentiments by barking. Solinus confirms what Pliny mentions; and Simon Mayole, a French bishop, talks of them as of particular and familiar acquaintances.—'After passing the desarts of Egypt,' says he, 'we meet with the Kunokephaloi, who inhabit those regions that border on Ethiopia; they live by hunting; they cannot speak, but whistle; their chins resemble a serpent's head; their hands are armed with long sharp claws; their breast resembles that of a greyhound; and they excel in swiftness and agility.' Would you think it, my friend, that these odd kind of people are, notwithstanding their figure, excessively delicate? Not even an alderman's wife, or Chinese mandarine, can excel them in this particular. 'These people,' continues our faithful bishop, 'never refuse wine; love roast and boiled meat; they are particularly curious in having their meat well dressed, and spurn at it if in the least tainted. When the Ptolemies reigned in Egypt,' says he, a little farther on, 'those men with dogs heads taught grammar and music.'

* Augustin. de Civit. Dei, lib. xvi. p. 422.

† Id. ad fratres in Exemo, Serm. xxxvii.

For men who had no voices to teach music, and who could not speak to teach grammar, is, I confess a little extraordinary. Did ever the disciples of Fohi broach any thing more ridiculous?

Hitherto we have seen men with heads strangely deformed, and with dogs heads; but what would you say if you heard of men without any heads at all? Pomponius Mela, Solinus, and Aulus Gellius, describe them to our hand—
‘The Blemizæ have a nose, eyes, and mouth on their breasts; or, as others will have it, placed on their shoulders.’

One would think that these authors had an antipathy to the human form, and were resolved to make a new figure of their own: but let us do them justice; though they sometimes deprive us of a leg, an arm, an head, or some such trifling part of the body, they often as liberally bestow upon us something that we wanted before. Simon Mayole seems our particular friend in this respect: if he has denied heads to one part of mankind, he has given tails to another. He describes many of the English of his time, which is not more than an hundred years ago, as having tails. His own

words are as follow: ‘In England there are some families which have tails, as a punishment for deriding an Augustine Friar sent by St. Gregory, and who preached in Dorsetshire. They sewed the tails of different animals to his cloaths; but soon they found that those tails entailed on them and their posterity for ever.’ It is certain that the author had some ground for this description; many of the English wear tails to their wigs to this very day, as a mark, I suppose, of the antiquity of their families, and perhaps as a symbol of those tails with which they were formerly distinguished by nature.

You see, my friend, there is nothing so ridiculous that has not at some time been said by some philosopher. The writers of books in Europe seem to think themselves authorised to say what they please; and an ingenious philosopher among them* has openly asserted, that he would undertake to persuade the whole republic of readers to believe that the sun was neither the cause of light nor heat; if he could only get six philosophers on his side. Farewell.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE SAME.

WERE an Asiatic politician to read the treaties of peace and friendship that have been annually making for more than an hundred years among the inhabitants of Europe, he would probably be surprized how it should ever happen that Christian princes could quarrel among each other. Their compacts for peace are drawn up with the utmost precision, and ratified with the greatest solemnity; to these each party promises a sincere and inviolable obedience, and all wears the appearance of open friendship and unreserved reconciliation.

Yet, notwithstanding those treaties, the people of Europe are almost continually at war. There is nothing more easy than to break a treaty ratified in all the usual forms, and yet neither party be the aggressor. One side, for instance, breaks a trifling article by mistake; the

opposite party upon this makes a small but premeditated reprisal; this brings on a return of greater from the other; both sides complain of injuries and infractions; war is declared; they beat, are beaten; some two or three hundred thousand men are killed; they grow tired, leave off just where they began; and so sit coolly down to make new treaties.

The English and French seem to place themselves foremost among the champion states of Europe. Though parted by a narrow sea, yet are they entirely of opposite characters; and from their vicinity are taught to fear and admire each other. They are at present engaged in a very destructive war, have already spilled much blood, are excessively irritated; and all upon account of one side’s desiring to wear greater quantities of *furs* than the other.

The pretext of the war is about some

* Fontenelle.

lands a thousand leagues off; a country cold, desolate, and hideous; a country belonging to a people who were in possession for time immemorial. The savages of Canada claim a property in the country in dispute; they have all the pretensions which long possession can confer. Here they had reigned for ages without rivals in dominion; and knew no enemies but the prowling bear or insidious tiger; their native forests produced all the necessaries of life, and they found ample luxury in the enjoyment. In this manner they might have continued to live to eternity, had not the English been informed that those countries produced furs in great abundance. From that moment the country became an object of desire; it was found that furs were things very much wanted in England; the ladies edged some of their clothes with furs, and muffs were worn both by gentlemen and ladies. In short, furs were found indispensably necessary for the happiness of the state: and the king was consequently petitioned to grant not only the country of Canada, but all the savages belonging to it to the subjects of England, in order to have the people supplied with proper quantities of this necessary commodity.

So very reasonable a request was immediately complied with, and large colonies were sent abroad to procure furs, and take possession. The French, who were equally in want of furs, (for they were as fond of muffs and tippets as the English) made the very same request to their monarch, and met with the same gracious reception from their king, who generously granted what was not his to give. Wherever the French landed, they called the country their own; and the English took possession wherever they came upon the same equitable pretensions. The harmless savages made no opposition; and could the intruders have agreed together, they might peaceably have shared this desolate country between them. But they quarrelled about the boundaries of their settlements, about grounds and rivers to which neither side could shew any other right than that of power, and which neither could occupy but by usurpation. Such is the contest, that no honest man can heartily wish success to either party.

The war has continued for some time with various success. At first the French seemed victorious; but the English have

of late dispossessed them of the whole country in dispute. Think not, however, that success on one side is the harbinger of peace: on the contrary, both parties must be heartily tired to effect even a temporary reconciliation. It should seem the business of the victorious party to offer terms of peace; but there are many in England, who, encouraged by success, are for still protracting the war.

The best English politicians, however, are sensible, that to keep their present conquests would be rather a burthen than an advantage to them, rather a diminution of their strength than an increase of power. It is in the politic as in the human constitution; if the limbs grow too large for the body, their size, instead of improving, will diminish the vigour of the whole. The colonies should always bear an exact proportion to the mother country; when they grow populous, they grow powerful; and by becoming powerful, they become independent also; thus subordination is destroyed, and a country swallowed up in the extent of its own dominions. The Turkish empire would be more formidable, were it less extensive; were it not for those countries, which it can neither command, nor give entirely away; which it is obliged to protect, but from which it has no power to exact obedience.

Yet, obvious as these truths are, there are many Englishmen who are for transplanting new colonies into this late acquisition, for peopling the deserts of America with the refuse of their countrymen, and, (as they express it) with the waste of an exuberant nation. But who are those unhappy creatures who are to be thus drained away? Not the sickly, for they are unwelcome guests abroad as well as at home; nor the idle, for they would starve as well behind the Appalachian mountains as in the streets of London. This refuse is composed of the laborious and enterprising, of such men as can be serviceable to their country at home, of men who ought to be regarded as the sinews of the people, and cherished with every degree of political indulgence. And what are the commodities which this colony, when established, are to produce in return? Why, raw silk, hemp, and tobacco. England, therefore, must make an exchange of her best and bravest subjects for



H. C. del.

G. sculp.

for raw silk, hemp, and tobacco; her hardy veterans and honest tradesmen, must be trucked for a box of snuff or a silk petticoat. Strange absurdity! sure

the politics of the Daures are not more strange, who sell their religion, their wives and their liberty, for a glass bead, or a paltry penknife. Farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE English love their wives with much passion, the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpected serenity; they can see neither Elysium nor Paradise behind the curtain; and *Yiffrow* is not more a goddess on the wedding night, than after twenty years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry, in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and disappointed in that, disdain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or, what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments, are exhibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new-married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves, either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through their whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or

happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will shew itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Korea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing, their mouths were for ever joined; and, to speak in the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being cloathed all over in white) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. 'Alas,' replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, 'how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave! He was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands: with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving

‘ solving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.’

Choang, who was struck with the widow’s beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home; adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi’s resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang’s, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to

shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the mean time Hansi, and the young disciple, were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, sucking up her cloaths, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin, where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife’s unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he

He thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they both were apprised of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity, and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment. Farewell.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

THE gentleman dressed in black, who was my companion through Westminster Abbey, came yesterday to pay me a visit; and after drinking tea, we both resolved to take a walk together, in order to enjoy the freshness of the country, which now begins to resume it's verdure. Before we got out of the suburbs, however, we were stopped in one of the streets by a crowd of people, gathered in a circle round a man and his wife, who seemed too loud and too angry to be understood. The people were highly pleased with the dispute, which upon enquiry we found to be between Dr. Cacafogo, an apothecary, and his wife. The doctor, it seems, coming unexpectedly into his wife's apartment, found a gentleman there in circumstances not in the least equivocal.

The doctor, who was a person of nice honour, resolving to revenge the flagrant insult, immediately flew to the chimney-piece, and taking down a rusty blunderbuss, drew the trigger upon the defier of his bed; the delinquent would certainly have been shot through the head, but that the piece had not been charged for many years. The gallant made a shift to escape through the window, but the lady still remained; and, as she well knew her husband's temper, undertook to manage the quarrel without a second. He was furious, and she loud; their noise had gathered all the mob, who charitably assembled on the occasion, not to prevent, but to enjoy, the quarrel.

'Alas,' said I to my companion, 'what will become of this unhappy creature thus caught in adultery! Believe me, I pity her from my heart; her husband, I suppose, will shew her no mercy. Will they burn her as in India, or behead her as in Persia? Will they load her with stripes as in Turkey,

or keep her in perpetual imprisonment, as with us in China? Pr'ythee, what is the wife's punishment in England for such offences?'—'When a lady is thus caught tripping,' replied my companion, 'they never punish her, but the husband.'—'You surely jest,' interrupted I; 'I am a foreigner, and you would abuse my ignorance!'—'I am really serious,' returned he. 'Dr. Cacafogo has caught his wife in the act; but as he had no witnesses, his small testimony goes for nothing; the consequence, therefore, of his discovery will be, that she may be packed off to live among her relations, and the doctor must be obliged to allow her a separate maintenance.'—'Amazing!' cried I; 'is it not enough that she is permitted to live separate from the object she detests, but must he give her money to keep her in spirits too?'—'That he must,' says my guide; 'and be called a cuckold by all his neighbours into the bargain. The men will laugh at him, the ladies will pity him; and all that his warmest friends can say in his favour, will be, that the poor good soul has never had any harm in him.'—'I want patience,' interrupted I; 'what! are there no private chastisements for the wife; no schools of penitence to shew her her folly; no rods for such delinquents?'—'Psha, man,' replied he, smiling; 'if every delinquent among us were to be treated in your manner, one half of the kingdom would flog the other.'

I must confess, my dear Fum, that if I were an English husband, of all things I would take care not to be jealous, nor busily pry into those secrets my wife was pleased to keep from me. Should I detect her infidelity, what is the consequence? If I calmly pocket the abuse, I am laughed at by her and her gallant;

gallant; if I talk my griefs aloud like a tragedy hero, I am laughed at by the whole world. The course then I would take would be, whenever I went out, to tell my wife where I was going, lest I should unexpectedly meet her abroad in company with some dear deceiver. Whenever I returned, I would use a peculiar rap at the door, and give four loud hems as I walked deliberately up the stair-case. I would never inquisitively peep under her bed, or look behind the curtains. And even though I knew the captain was there, I would calmly take a dish of my wife's cool tea, and talk of the army with reverence.

Of all nations, the Russians seem to me to behave most wisely in such circumstances. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgressions of this nature; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is so detected, without the least anger, to beat her without mercy: so they both know what each has to expect; the lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before.

When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom whether he chuses this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon this, the father turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with his

cudgel on the back—'My dear,' cries he, 'these are the last blows you are ever to receive from your tender father; I resign my authority, and my cudgel, to your husband; he knows better than me the use of either.' The bridegroom knows decorums too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly; he assures the father that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any use of it. But the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, insists upon his acceptance. Upon this, there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one refuses, and the other offers, the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it, upon which the lady drops a curtsy in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as usual.

There is something excessively fair and open in this method of courtship. By this, both sides are prepared for all the matrimonial adventures that are to follow. Marriage has been compared to a game of skill for life; it is generous thus in both parties to declare they are sharpeners in the beginning. In England, I am told, both sides use every art to conceal their defects from each other before marriage, and the rest of their lives may be regarded as doing penance for their former dissimulation. Farewell.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE SAME.

THE *Republic of Letters* is a very common expression among the Europeans; and yet, when applied to the learned of Europe, is the most absurd that can be imagined, since nothing is more unlike a republic than the society which goes by that name. From this expression one would be apt to imagine, that the learned were united into a single body, joining their interests, and concurring in the same design. From this one might be apt to compare them to our literary societies in China, where each acknowledges a just subordination; and all contribute to build the temple of science, without attempting from ignorance or envy to obstruct each other.

But very different is the state of learn-

ing here; every member of this fancied republic is desirous of governing, and none willing to obey; each looks upon his fellow as a rival, not an assistant, in the same pursuit. They calumniate, they injure, they despise, they ridicule each other: if one man writes a book that pleases, others shall write books to shew that he might have given still greater pleasure, or should not have pleased. If one happens to hit upon something new, there are numbers ready to assure the public that all this was no novelty to them or the learned; that Cardanus or Brunus, or some other author too dull to be generally read, had anticipated the discovery. Thus, instead of uniting like the members of commonwealth,

wealth, they are divided into almost as many factions as there are men; and their jarring constitution, instead of being stiled a republic of letters, should be entitled, an anarchy of literature.

It is true, there are some of superior abilities who reverence and esteem each other; but their mutual admiration is not sufficient to shield off the contempt of the crowd. The wise are but few, and they praise with a feeble voice; the vulgar are many, and roar in reproaches. The truly great seldom unite in societies, have few meetings, no cabals; the dunces hunt in full cry till they have run down a reputation, and then snarl and fight with each other about dividing the spoil. Here you may see the compilers, and the book-answerers of every month, when they have cut up some respectable name, most frequently reproaching each other with stupidity and dullness: resembling the wolves of the Russian forest, who prey upon venison, or horse flesh when they can get it; but in cases of necessity, lying in wait to devour each other. While they have new books to cut up, they make a hearty meal; but if this resource should unhappily fail, then it is that critics eat up critics, and compilers rob from compilations.

Confucius observes that it is the duty of the learned to unite society more closely, and to persuade men to become citizens of the world; but the authors I refer to, are not only for disuniting society, but kingdoms also; if the English are at war with France, the dunces of France think it their duty to be at war with those of England. Thus Freron, one of their first-rate scribblers, thinks proper to characterise all the English writers in the gross. 'Their whole merit,' says he, 'consists in exaggeration, and often in extravagance; correct their pieces as you please, there still remains a leaven which *corrupts* the whole. They sometimes discover genius, but not the smallest share of taste; England is not a soil for the plants of genius to thrive in.' This is open enough, with not the least adulation in the picture; but hear what a Frenchman of acknowledged abilities says upon the same subject—'I am at a loss to determine in what we excel the English, or where they excel us; when I compare the merits of each in any one species of literary composition, to

‘ many reputable and pleasing writers
‘ present themselves from either country,
‘ that my judgment rests in suspense: I
‘ am pleased with the disquisition, with-
‘ out finding the object of my enquiry.’
But lest you should think the French
alone are faulty in this respect, hear how
an English journalist delivers his senti-
ments of them. ‘ We are amazed,’
says he, ‘ to find so many works trans-
‘ lated from the French, while we have
‘ such numbers neglected of our own.’
‘ In our opinion, notwithstanding their
‘ fame throughout the rest of Europe,
‘ the French are the most contemptible
‘ reasoners (we had almost said writers)
‘ that can be imagined. However, ne-
‘ vertheless, excepting, &c.’ Another
English writer, Shaftsbury, if I remem-
ber, on the contrary, says, that the
French authors are pleasing and judi-
cious, more clear, more methodical, and
entertaining, than those of his own
country.

From these opposite pictures, you perceive that the good authors of either country praise, and the bad revile each other; and yet, perhaps, you will be surprized that indifferent writers should thus be the most apt to censure, as they have the most to apprehend from recrimination; you may, perhaps, imagine, that such as are possessed of fame themselves should be most ready to declare their opinions, since what they say might pass for decision. But the truth happens to be, that the great are solicitous only of raising their own reputations, while the opposite class, alas! are solicitous of bringing every reputation down to a level with their own.

But let us acquit them of malice and envy; a critic is often guided by the same motives that direct his author. The author endeavours to persuade us, that he has written a good book: the critic is equally solicitous to shew that he could write a better, had he thought proper. A critic is a being possessed of all the vanity, but not the genius, of a scholar: incapable, from his native weakness, of lifting himself from the ground, he applies to contiguous merit for support, makes the sportive sallies of another's imagination his serious employment, pretends to take our feelings under his care, teaches where to condemn, where to lay the emphasis of praise, and may with as much justice be called a man of taste, as the Chinese who mea-

shews his wisdom by the length of his nails.

If then a book, spirited or humorous, happens to appear in the republic of letters, several critics are in waiting to bid the public not to laugh at a single line of it, for themselves had read it; and they know what is most proper to excite laughter. Other critics contradict the fulminations of this tribunal, call them all spiders, and assure the public, that they ought to laugh without restraint. Another set are in the mean time quietly employed in writ-

ing notes to the book, intended to shew the particular passages to be laughed at; when these are out, others still there are who write notes upon notes. Thus a single new book employs not only the paper-makers, the printers, the pressmen, the book-binders, the hawkers, but twenty critics, and as many compilers. In short, the body of the learned may be compared to a Persian army, where there are many pioneers, several sutlers, numberless servants, women and children in abundance, and but few soldiers. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

THE English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by day light, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the play-house, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behaviour of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which novelty generally inspires.

The rich in general were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day, now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

They who held the middle region seemed not so riotous as those above them, nor yet so tame as those below; to judge by their looks, many of them seemed strangers there as well as myself. They were chiefly employed during this period of expectation in eating oranges,

reading the story of the play, or making assignations.

Those who sat in the lowest rows, which are called the pit, seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merit of the poet and the performers; they were assembled partly to be amused, and partly to shew their taste; appearing to labour under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. My companion, however, informed me, that not one in an hundred of them knew even the first principles of criticism; that they assumed the right of being censors because there was none to contradict their pretensions; and that every man who now called himself a connoisseur, became such to all intents and purposes.

Those who sat in the boxes appeared in the most unhappy situation of all. The rest of the audience came merely for their own amusement; these rather to furnish out a part of the entertainment themselves. I could not avoid considering them as acting parts in dumb shew; not a curtsy or nod, that was not the result of art; not a look nor a smile that was not designed for murder. Gentlemen and ladies ogled each other through spectacles; for my companion observed, that blindness was of late become fashionable, all affected indifference and ease, while their hearts at the same time burned for conquest. Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the ladies in their gayest dresses, the men with cheerful looks and expectation in their looks, all conspired to make a most agreeable

able picture, and to fill an heart that sympathizes at human happiness with inexpressible serenity.

The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived, the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. A woman, who personated a queen, came in curtsying to the audience, who clapped their hands upon her appearance. Clapping of hands is, it seems, the manner of applauding in England: the manner is absurd; but every country, you know, has it's peculiar absurdities. I was equally surprised, however, at the submission of the actress, who should have considered herself as a queen, as at the little discernment of the audience who gave her such marks of applause before she attempted to deserve them. Preliminaries between her and the audience being thus adjusted, the dialogue was supported between her and a most hopeful youth, who acted the part of her confidant. They both appeared in extreme distress; for it seems the queen had lost a child some fifteen years before, and still keeps it's dear resemblance next her heart, while her kind companion bore a part in her sorrows.

Her lamentations grew loud. Comfort is offered, but she detests the very sound. She bids them preach comfort to the winds. Upon this her husband comes in, who seeing the queen so much afflicted, can himself hardly refrain from tears, or avoid partaking in the soft distress. After thus grieving through three scenes, the curtain dropped for the first act.

'Truly,' said I to my companion, 'these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortune; certain I am, were people of humbler stations to act in this manner, they would be thought divested of common sense.' I had scarce finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had, it seems, refused his proffered tenderness, had spurned his royal embrace; and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce disdain. After he had thus fretted, and the queen had fretted through the second act, the curtain was let down once more.

'Now,' says my companion, 'you perceive the king to be a man of spirit, he feels at every pore; one of your phlegmatic sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and

'let her come to herself by degrees; but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death: death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern buskined hero; this moment they embrace, and the next stab, mixing daggers and kisses in every period.'

I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. 'To what purpose,' cried I, 'does this unmeaning figure make his appearance; is he a part of the plot?'—'Unmeaning do you call him?' replied my friend in black; 'this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced; there is a great deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune.'

The third act now began with an actor, who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to shew strange things before all was over. He was joined by another, who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. 'If that be a villain,' said I, 'he must be a very stupid one, to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China.'

The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child of six years old was learning to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarines infinite satisfaction. 'I am sorry,' said I, 'to see the pretty creature so early learning so very bad a trade; dancing being, I presume, as contemptible here as in China.'—'Quite the reverse,' interrupted my companion; 'dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year; he who flourishes them four times, gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers too are valued for this

' sort of jumping and crossing; and 'tis
' a cant word among them, that she de-
' serves most who shews highest. But
' the fourth act is begun, let us be
' attentive.'

In the fourth act the queen finds her long lost child, now grown up into a youth of smart parts and great qualifications; wherefore she wisely considers that the crown will fit his head better than that of her husband, whom she knows to be a driveler. The king discovers her design, and here comes on the deep distress; he loves the queen, and he loves the kingdom; he resolves therefore, in order to possess both, that her son must die. The queen exclaims at his barbarity; is frantic with rage, and at length overcome with sorrow, falls into a fit; upon which the curtain drops, and the act is concluded.

' Observe the art of the poet,' cries my companion; ' when the queen can
' say no more, she falls into a fit. While
' thus her eyes are shut, while she is
' supported in the arms of Abigail, what
' horrors do we not fancy, we feel it in
' every nerve; take my word for it, that
' fits are the true apoplepsis of modern
' tragedy.'

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to another; gods, dæmons, daggers, racks, and ratbane. But whether the king

was killed, or the queen was drowned, or the son was poisoned, I have absolutely forgotten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observing, that the persons of the drama appeared in as much distress in the first act as the last. ' How is it possible,' said I, ' to sympathize with them through five long acts; pity is but a short-lived passion; I hate to hear an actor mouthing trifles, neither startings, strainings, nor attitudes, affect me unless there be cause: after I have been once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarms, my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet, all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater; if the actor therefore exclaims upon every occasion in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect, though he gains our applause.'

I scarce perceived that the audience were almost all departed; wherefore, mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street; where essaying an hundred obstacles from coach wheels and palanquin poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various turnings, we both at length got home in safety. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE letter which came by the way of Smyrna, and which you sent me unopened, was from my son. As I have permitted you to take copies of all those I send to China, you might have made no ceremony in opening those directed to me. Either in joy or sorrow, my friend should participate in my feelings. ' It would give pleasure to see a
' good man pleased at my success; it
' would give almost equal pleasure to see
' him sympathize at my disappointment.'

Every account I receive from the East seems to come loaded with some new affliction. My wife and daughter were taken from me, and yet I sustained the loss with intrepidity; my son is made a

slave among the barbarians, which was the only blow which could have reached my heart: yes, I will indulge the transports of nature for a little, in order to shew I can overcome them in the end. ' True magnanimity consists not in
' NEVER falling, but in RISING every
' time we fall.'

When our mighty emperor had published his displeasure at my departure, and seized upon all that was mine, my son was privately secreted from his resentment. Under the protection and guardianship of Fum Hoam, the best and wisest of all the inhabitants of China, he was for some time instructed in the learning of the missionaries, and the wisdom

wisdom of the East. But hearing of my adventures, and incited by filial piety, he was resolved to follow my fortunes, and share my distress.

He passed the confines of China in disguise; hired himself as a camel-driver to a caravan that was crossing the deserts of Thibet, and was within one day's journey of the river Laur, which divides that country from India, when a body of wandering Tartars falling unexpectedly upon the caravan, plundered it, and made those who escaped their first fury slaves. By those he was led into the extensive and desolate regions that border on the shores of the Aral lake.

Here he lived by hunting; and was obliged to supply every day a certain proportion of the spoil to regale his savage masters; his learning, his virtues, and even his beauty, were qualifications that no way served to recommend him; they knew no merit but that of providing large quantities of milk and raw flesh; and were sensible of no happiness but that of rioting on the undressed meal.

Some merchants from Mesched, however, coming to trade with the Tartars for slaves, he was sold among the number, and led into the kingdom of Persia, where he is now detained. He is there obliged to watch the looks of a voluptuous and cruel master, a man fond of pleasure, yet incapable of refinement, whom many years service in war has taught pride, but not bravery.

That treasure which I still keep within my bosom, my child, my all that was left to me, is now a slave*. Good heavens! why was this? Why have I been introduced into this mortal apartment, to be a spectator of my own misfortunes, and the misfortunes of my fellow-creatures! Wherever I turn, what a labyrinth of doubt, error, and disappointment appears! Why was I brought into being; for what purposes made; from whence have I come; whither

strayed; or to what regions am I hastening?—Reason cannot resolve. It lends a ray to shew the horrors of my prison, but not a light to guide me to escape them. Ye boasted revelations of the earth, how little do you aid the enquiry!

How am I surprised at the inconsistency of the magi! their two principles of good and evil affright me. The Indian who bathes his visage in urine, and calls it piety, strikes me with astonishment. The Christian who believes in three gods is highly absurd. The Jews who pretend that deity is pleased with the effusion of blood, are not less displeasing. I am equally surprised that rational beings can come from the extremities of the earth, in order to kiss a stone, or scatter pebbles. How contrary to reason are those! and yet all pretend to teach me to be happy.

Surely all men are blind and ignorant of truth. Mankind wanders, unknowing his way, from morning till the evening. Where shall we turn after happiness; or is it wisest to desist from the pursuit? Like reptiles in a corner of some stupendous palace, we peep from our holes, look about us, wonder at all we see, but are ignorant of the great Architect's design. O for a revelation of himself, for a plan of his universal system! O for the reasons of our creation; or why we were created to be thus unhappy! If we are to experience no other felicity but what this life affords, then are we miserable indeed. If we are born only to look about us, repine, and die; then has Heaven been guilty of injustice. If this life terminates my existence, I despise the blessings of Providence, and the wisdom of the Giver. If this life be my all, let the following epitaph be written on the tomb of Altangi. 'By my father's crimes I received this. By my own crimes I bequeath it to posterity!'

* This whole apostrophe seems most literally translated from Ambulaoahamed, the Arabian poet.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YET, while I sometimes lament the case of humanity, and the depravity of human nature, there now and then appear gleams of greatness that serve to relieve the eye oppressed with the hideous prospect, and resemble those cultivated spots that are sometimes found in the midst of an Asiatic wildness. I see many superior excellencies among the English, which it is not in the power of all their follies to hide: I see virtues, which in other countries are known only to a few, practised here by every rank of people.

I know not whether it proceeds from their superior opulence that the English are more charitable than the rest of mankind; whether, by being possessed of all the conveniences of life themselves, they have more leisure to perceive the uneasy situation of the distressed; whatever be the motive, they are not only the most charitable of any other nation, but most judicious in distinguishing the properest objects of compassion.

In other countries the giver is generally influenced by the immediate impulse of pity; his generosity is exerted as much to relieve his own uneasy sensations, as to comfort the object in distress: in England benefactions are of a more general nature; some men of fortune and universal benevolence propose the proper objects; the wants and the merits of the petitioners are canvassed by the people; neither passion nor pity find a place in the cool discussion; and charity is then only exerted when it has received the approbation of reason.

A late instance of this finely directed benevolence forces itself strongly on my imagination, that it in a manner reconciles me to pleasure, and once more makes me the universal friend of man.

The English and French have not only political reasons to induce them to mutual hatred, but often the more prevailing motive of private interest to widen the breach; a war between other countries is carried on collectively, army fights against army, and a man's own private resentment is lost in that of the community; but in England and France

the individuals of each country plunder each other at sea without redress, and consequently feel that animosity against each other which passengers do at a robber. They have for some time carried on an expensive war; and several captives have been taken on both sides. Those made prisoners by the French have been used with cruelty, and guarded with unnecessary caution. Those taken by the English, being much more numerous, were confined in the ordinary manner; and, not being released by their countrymen, began to feel all those inconveniences which arise from want of covering and long confinement.

Their countrymen were informed of their deplorable situation; but they, more intent on annoying their enemies than relieving their friends, refused the least assistance. The English now saw thousands of their fellow-creatures starving in every prison, forsaken by those whose duty it was to protect them, labouring with disease, and without cloaths to keep off the severity of the season. National benevolence prevailed over national animosity: their prisoners were indeed enemies, but they were enemies in distress; they ceased to be hateful, when they no longer continued to be formidable: forgetting, therefore, their national hatred, the men who were brave enough to conquer, were generous enough to forgive: and they, whom all the world seemed to have disclaimed, at last found pity and redress from those they attempted to subdue. A subscription was opened, ample charities collected, proper necessities procured, and the poor gay sons of a merry nation were once more taught to resume their former gaiety.

When I cast my eye over the list of those who contributed on this occasion, I find the names almost entirely English; scarce one foreigner appears among the number. It was for Englishmen alone to be capable of such exalted virtue. I own, I cannot look over this catalogue of good men and philosophers, without thinking better of myself, because it makes me entertain a more favourable
opinion

opinion of mankind. I am particularly struck with one who writes these words upon the paper that enclosed his benefaction: 'The mite of an Englishman, a citizen of the world, to Frenchmen, prisoners of war, and naked.' I only wish that he may find as much pleasure from his virtues, as I have done in reflecting upon them; that alone will amply reward him. Such a one, my friend, is an honour to human nature; he makes no private distinctions of party; all that are stamped with the divine image of their Creator are friends to him; he is a 'native of the world;' and the Emperor of China may be proud that he has such a countryman.

To rejoice at the destruction of our enemies, is a foible grafted upon human nature, and we must be permitted to indulge it: the true way of atoning for such an ill-founded pleasure, is thus to turn our triumph into an act of benevolence, and to testify our own joy by endeavouring to banish anxiety from others.

Hamti, the best and wisest emperor that ever filled the throne, after having gained three signal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to Nankin in order to enjoy the glory of his conquest. After he had rested for some days, the people, who are naturally fond of processions, impatiently expected the triumphant entry, which emperors upon such occasions

were accustomed to make. Their murmurs came to the emperor's ear. He loved his people, and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them, that he intended, upon the next feast of the Lanthorns, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China.

The people were in raptures at his condescension; and, on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectations. Here they waited for some time without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The lanthorn, with ten thousand tapers, was not yet brought forth; the fire-works, which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted; the people once more began to murmur at this delay; when, in the midst of their impatience, the palace gates flew open, and the emperor himself appeared, not in splendour or magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new cloaths, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for the year. The people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one man happy, was more truly great than having ten thousand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot. Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, know-

ledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? Or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject

reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick; only sick, did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half a crown at every corner.

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an obstinate set of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to revive the dead. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses; they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir; and his wife, now no longer a widow?

Think not, my friend, that there is any thing chimerical in such an attempt; they already perform cures equally strange: What can be more truly astonishing than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitutions? Yet this is performed

here every day; a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill.

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from Heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb; and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old as at threescore. Others have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any latent excellence, till a bankruptcy, or a residence in gaol, have called their miraculous powers into exertion. And others still there are, indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success. The more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is he thought of deceiving. The people here judge, as they do in the East; where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretend to be either a conjuror or a doctor.

When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form sake. He administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is more inquisitive than the farrier when he drenches an horse. If the patient lives, then has he one more to add to his surviving list; if he dies, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, 'that as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable.'

LETTER XXV.

FROM THE SAME.

I Was some days ago in company with a politician, who very pathetically declaimed upon the miserable situation of his country: he assured me, that the whole political machine was moving in a wrong track, and that scarce even abilities like his own could ever set it right again. 'What have we,' said he, 'to do with the wars on the Continent? we are a commercial nation; we have only to cultivate commerce like our neighbours the Dutch; it is our business to encrease trade by settling new colonies: riches

'are the strength of a nation; and for the rest, our ships, our ships alone, will protect us.' I found it vain to oppose my feeble arguments to those of a man who thought himself wise enough to direct even the ministry; I fancied, however, that I saw with more certainty, because I reasoned without prejudice: I therefore begged leave, instead of argument, to relate a short history. He gave me a smile at once of condescension and contempt, and I proceeded as follows to describe, THE RISE AND DECLENSION OF THE KINGDOM OF LAO.

NORTH.

NORTHWARD of China, and in one of the doublings of the great wall, the fruitful province of Lao enjoyed it's liberty, and a peculiar government of it's own. As the inhabitants were on all sides surrounded by the wall, they feared no sudden invasion from the Tartars; and being each possessed of property, they were zealous in it's defence.

The natural consequences of security and affluence in any country, is a love of pleasure; when the wants of nature are supplied, we seek after the conveniences; when possessed of these, we desire the luxuries of life; and when every luxury is provided, it is then ambition takes up the man, and leaves him still something to wish for: the inhabitants of the country, from primitive simplicity, soon began to aim at elegance, and from elegance proceeded to refinement. It was now found absolutely requisite, for the good of the state, that the people should be divided: formerly the same hand that was employed in tilling the ground, or in dressing up the manufactures, was also, in time of need, a soldier; but the custom was now changed; for it was perceived, that a man bred up from childhood to the arts either of peace or war, became more eminent by this means in his respective profession. The inhabitants were therefore now distinguished into artizans and soldiers; and while those improved the luxuries of life, these watched for the security of the people.

A country possessed of freedom has always two sorts of enemies to fear: foreign foes, who attack it's existence from without; and internal miscreants, who betray it's liberties within. The inhabitants of Lao were to guard against both. A country of artizans were most likely to preserve internal liberty; and a nation of soldiers were fittest to repel a foreign invasion. Hence naturally arose a division of opinion between the artizans and soldiers of the kingdom. The artizans ever complaining, that freedom was threatened by an armed internal force, were for disbanding the soldiers, and insisted that their walls, their walls alone, were sufficient to repel the most formidable invasion: the warriors, on the contrary, represented the power of the neighbouring kings, the combinations formed against their state, and the weakness of the wall which every earthquake might overturn. While

this altercation continued, the kingdom might be justly said to enjoy it's greatest share of vigour: every order in the state, by being watchful over each other, contributed to diffuse happiness equally, and, balanced the state. The arts of peace flourished, nor were those of war neglected; the neighbouring powers, who had nothing to apprehend from the ambition of men whom they only saw solicitous not for riches but freedom, were contented to traffic with them: they sent their goods to be manufactured in Lao, and paid a large price for them upon their return.

By these means this people at length became moderately rich, and their opulence naturally invited the invader; a Tartar prince led an immense army against them, and they as bravely stood up in their own defence; they were still inspired with a love of their country; they fought the barbarous enemy with fortitude, and gained a compleat victory.

From this moment, which they regarded as the completion of their glory, historians date their downfall. They had risen in strength by a love of their country, and fell by indulging ambition. The country possessed by the invading Tartars, seemed to them a prize that would not only render them more formidable for the future, but which would encrease their opulence for the present; it was unanimously resolved, therefore, both by soldiers and artizans, that those desolate regions should be peopled by colonies from Lao. When a trading nation begins to act the conqueror, it is then perfectly undone: it subsists in some measure by the support of it's neighbours; while they continue to regard it without envy or apprehension, trade may flourish; but when once it presumes to assert as it's right what is only enjoyed as a favour, each country reclaims that part of commerce which it has power to take back, and turns it into some other channel more honourable, though perhaps less convenient.

Every neighbour now began to regard with jealous eyes this ambitious commonwealth, and forbade their subjects any future intercourse with them. The inhabitants of Lao, however, still pursued the same ambitious maxims; it was from their colonies alone they expected riches; 'and riches,' said they, 'are strength, and strength is security.'

Numberless were the migrations of the desperate and enterprising of this country, to people the desolate dominions lately possessed by the Tartar; between these colonies and the mother country, a very advantageous traffic was at first carried on; the republic sent their colonies large quantities of the manufactures of the country, and they in return provided the republic with an equivalent in ivory and ginseng. By this means the inhabitants became immensely rich, and this produced an equal degree of voluptuousness; for men who have much money will always find some fantastical modes of enjoyment. How shall I mark the steps by which they declined! Every colony, in process of time, spreads over the whole country where it first was planted. As it grows more populous, it becomes more polite; and those manufactures for which it was in the beginning obliged to others, it learns to dress up itself: such was the case with the colonies of Lao; they in less than a century became a powerful and a polite people; and the more polite they grew, the less advantageous was the commerce which still subsisted between them and others. By this means the mother country, being abridged in its commerce, grew poorer, but not less luxurious. Their former wealth had introduced luxury; and wherever luxury once fixes, no art can either lessen or remove it. Their commerce with their neighbours was totally destroyed; and that with their colonies was every day naturally and necessarily declining; they still, however, preserved the insolence of wealth, without a power to support it; and persevered in being luxurious, while contemptible from poverty. In short, the state resembled one of those bodies

bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness.

Their former opulence only rendered them more impotent, as those individuals who are reduced from riches to poverty, are of all men the most unfortunate and helpless. They had imagined, because their colonies tended to make them rich upon the first acquisition, they would still continue to do so; they now found, however, that on themselves alone they should have depended for support; that colonies ever afforded but temporary affluence, and when cultivated and polite are no longer useful. From such a concurrence of circumstances they soon became contemptible. The Emperor Honti invaded them with a powerful army. Historians do not say whether their colonies were too remote to lend assistance, or else were desirous of shaking off their dependance: but certain it is, they scarce made any resistance; their walls were now found but a weak defence; and they at length were obliged to acknowledge subjection to the empire of China.

Happy, very happy, might they have been, had they known when to bound their riches and their glory. Had they known, that extending empire is often diminishing power; that countries are ever strongest which are internally powerful; that colonies, by draining away the brave and enterprising, leave the country in the hands of the timid and the avaricious; that walls give little protection, unless manned with resolution; that too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and that there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire. Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed an humourist in a nation

of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his

his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from Nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. 'In every parish house,' says he, 'the poor are supplied with food, cloaths, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I'm surprized at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants who are only a weight upon the industrious; I'm surprized that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors, every one of them; and rather merit a prison than relief.'

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty; when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed

to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should not hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and oeconomy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had however no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting therefore a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprized at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his

whole bundle—'Here, master,' says he, 'take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.'

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value; he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her

back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who, in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even, in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guest his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

AS there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprized me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not however till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. 'If you are fond,' says he, 'of hearing "hair-breadth 'scapes," my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved.'

My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this

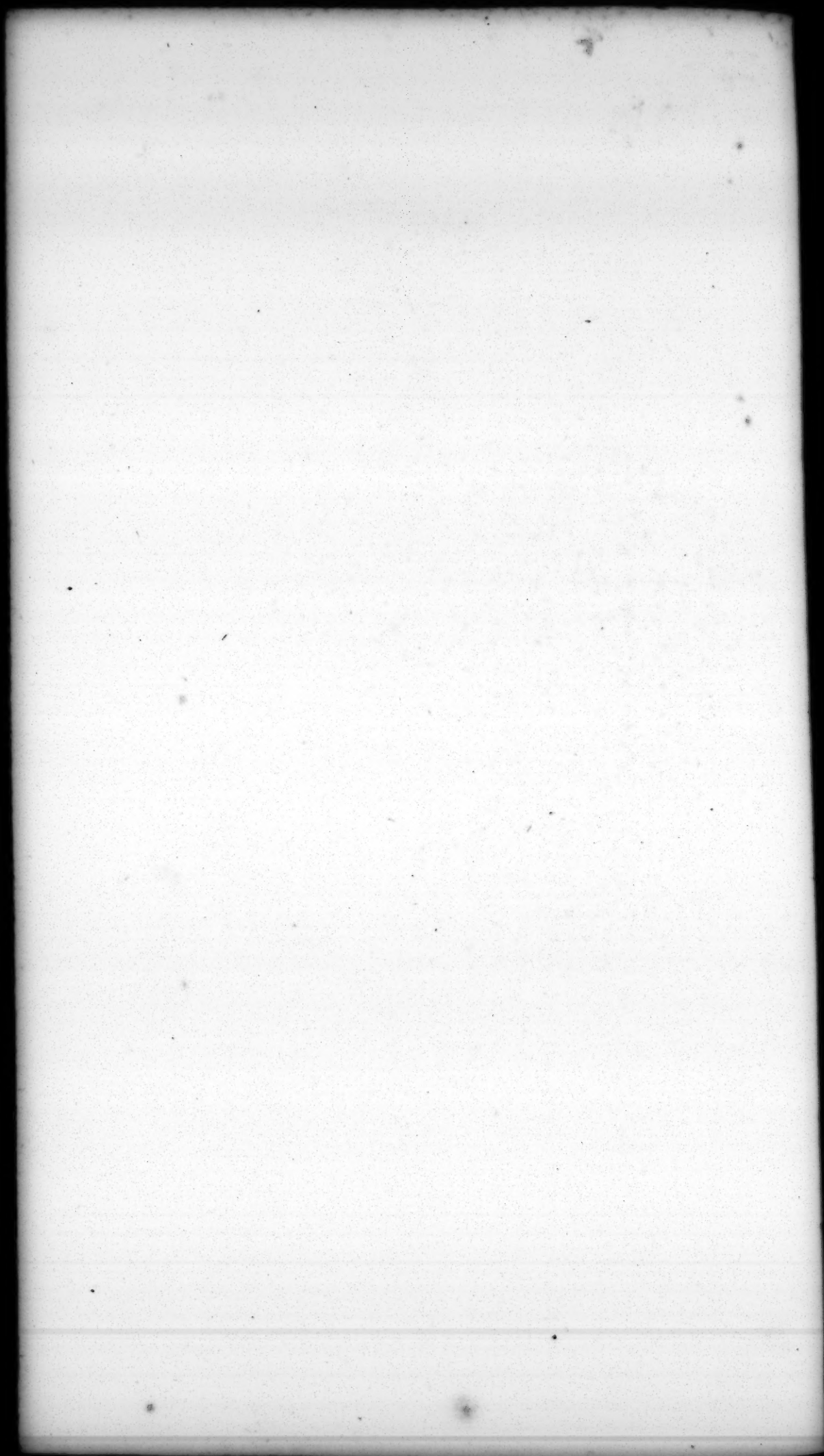
was all he wanted: the same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the Ivy Tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the Two Scholars and One Pair of Breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the Sedan Chair was sure to set the table in a roar: thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals, as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as



Cockburn del.

Heath sculp.



our own; to regard the "human face divine" with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which Nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed with armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world; but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed, was at the very middling figure I made in the university; he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having over rated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects, than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be very "good-natured," and had no harm in me.

After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shorn from shore without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised

(for they always advise when they begin to despise us) they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China; with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best, is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good natured.

Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised, that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good-manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than my self; and from that very moment flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be very unfit for service; I was therefore discharged: my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reason to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking; she had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed,

observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked in my company of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp, my rival's high-heel'd shoes, with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so after resolving, and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness, which was no more, than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heel'd shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment! My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not want it. I informed him, that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. “And pray, Sir,” cried my friend, “do you want all this money?”—“Indeed I never wanted it more,” returned I. “I am sorry for that,” cries the scrivener, “with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.”

From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. “Indeed, Mr. Dry-bone,” cries my

friend, “I always thought it would come to this. You know, Sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds; do you only want two hundred, Sir, exactly?”—“To confess a truth,” returned I, “I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend from whom I can borrow the rest.”—“Why, then,” replied my friend, “if you would take my advice; and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good, I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend; and then one note will serve for all, you know.”

Poverty now began to come fast upon me, yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds, I was unable to extricate him except by becoming his bail. When at liberty he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world simple and believing like myself, but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money whilst it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other; this was all the difference between us. At first indeed I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to be supplied another. I seized every pre-
carious

‘ carious meal with the utmost good
‘ humour, indulged no rants of spleen
‘ at my situation, never called down
‘ heaven and all the stars to behold me
‘ dining upon an half-penny-worth of
‘ radishes; my very companions were
‘ taught to believe that I liked fallad
‘ better than mutton. I contented my-
‘ self with thinking, that all my life I
‘ should either eat white bread or brown;
‘ considered that all that happened was
‘ best, laughed when I was not in pain,
‘ took the world as it went, and read
‘ Tacitus often, for want of more books
‘ and company.

‘ How long I might have continued
‘ in this torpid state of simplicity I can-
‘ not tell, had I not been roused by
‘ seeing an old acquaintance, whom I
‘ knew to be a prudent blockhead, pre-
‘ ferred to a place in the government. I
‘ now found that I had pursued a wrong
‘ track, and that the true way of being
‘ able to relieve others, was first to aim
‘ at independence myself. My imme-
‘ diate care, therefore, was to leave my
‘ present habitation, and make an en-
‘ tire reformation in my conduct and
‘ behaviour. For a free, open, unde-
‘ signing deportment, I put on that of
‘ closeness, prudence, and oeconomy.
‘ One of the most heroic actions I ever
‘ performed, and for which I shall praise
‘ myself as long as I live, was the re-
‘ fusing half a crown to an old ac-
‘ quaintance, at the time when he want-

‘ ed it, and I had it to spare; for this
‘ alone I deserve to be decreed an ova-
‘ tion.

‘ I now therefore pursued a course of
‘ uninterrupted frugality, seldom want-
‘ ed a dinner, and was consequently in-
‘ vited to twenty. I soon began to get
‘ the character of a saving hunk that
‘ had money; and insensibly grew into
‘ esteem. Neighbours have asked my
‘ advice in the disposal of their daugh-
‘ ters, and I have always taken care
‘ not to give any. I have contracted a
‘ friendship with an alderman, only by
‘ observing, that if we take a farthing
‘ from a thousand pound, it will be a
‘ thousand pound no longer. I have
‘ been invited to a pawnbroker’s table,
‘ by pretending to hate gravy; and am
‘ now actually upon treaty of marriage
‘ with a rich widow, for only having
‘ observed that the bread was rising. If
‘ ever I am asked a question, whether
‘ I know it or not, instead of answering,
‘ I only smile and look wise. If a cha-
‘ rity is proposed, I go about with the
‘ hat, but put nothing in myself. If
‘ a wretch solicits my pity, I observe
‘ that the world is filled with impostors,
‘ and take a certain method of not be-
‘ ing deceived by never relieving. In
‘ short, I now find the truest way of
‘ finding esteem even from the indigent,
‘ is “to give away nothing, and thus
‘ have much in our power to give.”

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

LATELY, in company with my
‘ friend in black, whose conversa-
‘ tion is now both my amusement and in-
‘ struction, I could not avoid observing
‘ the great numbers of old bachelors and
‘ maiden ladies with which this city seems
‘ to be over-run. ‘ Sure marriage,’ said
‘ I, ‘ is not sufficiently encouraged, or we
‘ should never behold such crowds of
‘ battered beaux and decayed coquets
‘ still attempting to drive a trade they
‘ have been so long unfit for, and swarm-
‘ ing upon the gaiety of the age. I be-
‘ hold an old bachelor in the most con-
‘ temptible light, as an animal that lives
‘ upon the common stock without con-

‘ tributing his share: he is a beast of
‘ prey, and the laws should make use of
‘ as many stratagems, and as much
‘ force to drive the reluctant savage into
‘ the toils, as the Indians when they
‘ hunt the rhinoceros. The mob should
‘ be permitted to halloo after him, boys
‘ might play tricks on him with impu-
‘ nity, every well-bred company should
‘ laugh at him, and if, when turned of
‘ sixty, he offered to make love, his mis-
‘ tress might spit in his face, or, what
‘ would be perhaps a greater punish-
‘ ment, should fairly grant the favour.
‘ As for old maids,’ continued I,
‘ they should not be treated with so
‘ much

‘ much severity, because I suppose none would be so if they could. No lady in her senses would chuse to make a subordinate figure at christenings and lyings-in, when she might be the principal herself; nor curry favour with a sister-in-law, when she might command an husband; nor toil in preparing custards, when she might lie abed and give directions how they ought to be made; nor stifle all her sensations in demure formality, when she might with matrimonial freedom shake her acquaintance by the hand, and wink at a double entendre. No lady could be so very silly as to live single, if she could help it. I consider an unmarried lady declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming countries bordering on China that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but the ignorance of it's neighbours, who are insensible of it's beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ replied my companion, ‘ you are very little acquainted with the English ladies, to think they are old maids against their will. I dare venture to affirm that you can hardly select one of them all, but has had frequent offers of marriage, which, either pride or avarice has not made her reject. Instead of thinking it a disgrace, they take every occasion to boast of their former cruelty; a soldier does not exult more when he counts over the wounds he has received, than a female veteran when she relates the wounds she has formerly given: exhausted when she begins a narrative of the former death-dealing power of her eyes. She tells of the knight in gold lace, who died with a single frown, and never rose again till— he was married to his maid: of the squire, who being cruelly denied, in a rage, flew to the window, and lifting up the sash, threw himself in an agony—into his arm chair: of the parson, who, crossed in love, resolutely swallowed opium, which banished the stings of despised love by—making him sleep. In short, she talks over her former losses with pleasure; and, like some tradesman, finds consolation in the many bankruptcies she has suffered.’

‘ For this reason, whenever I see a superannuated beauty still unmarried, I

‘ tacitly accuse her either of pride, avarice, coquetry, or affectation. There's Miss Jenny Tinderbox, I once remember her to have had some beauty, and a moderate fortune. Her eldest sister happened to marry a man of quality, and this seemed as a statute of virginity against poor Jane. Because there was one lucky hit in the family, she was resolved not to disgrace it by introducing a tradesman; by thus rejecting her equals, and neglected or despised by her superiors, she now acts in the capacity of tutors to her sister's children, and undergoes the drudgery of three servants, without receiving the wages of one.’

‘ Miss Squeeze was a pawnbroker's daughter; her father had early taught her that money was a very good thing, and left her a moderate fortune at his death. She was so perfectly sensible of the value of what she had got, that she was resolved never to part with a farthing without an equality on the part of her suitor; she thus refused several offers made her by people who wanted to better themselves, as the saying is; and grew old and ill-natured, without ever considering that she should have made an abatement in her pretensions, from her face being pale, and marked with the small-pox.’

‘ Lady Betty Tempest on the contrary had beauty, with fortune and family. But, fond of conquest, she passed from triumph to triumph; she had read plays and romances, and there had learned that a plain man of common sense was no better than a fool; such she refused; and sighed only for the gay, giddy, inconstant, and thoughtless. After she had thus rejected hundreds who liked her, and sighed for hundreds who despised her, she found herself insensibly deserted: at present she is company only for her aunts and cousins, and sometimes makes one in a country-dance, with only one of the chairs for a partner, casts off round a joint-stool, and sets to a corner cupboard. In a word, she is treated with civil contempt from every quarter, and placed, like a piece of old-fashioned lumber, merely to fill up a corner.’

‘ But Sophronia, the sagacious Sophronia! how shall I mention her? She was taught to love Greek, and hate the men from her very infancy: she has

'has rejected fine gentlemen because
'they were not pedants, and pedants
'because they were not fine gentlemen;
'her exquisite sensibility has taught her
'to discover every fault in every lover,
'and her inflexible justice has prevented

'her pardoning them: thus she rejected
'several offers, till the wrinkles of age
'had overtaken her; and now, without
'one good feature in her face, she talks
'incessantly of the beauties of the mind.'
Farewell.

LETTER XXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

WERE we to estimate the learning of the English by the number of books that are every day published among them, perhaps no country, not even China itself, could equal them in this particular. I have reckoned not less than twenty-three new books published in one day; which upon computation makes eight thousand three hundred and ninety-five in one year. Most of these are not confined to one single science, but embrace the whole circle. History, politics, poetry, mathematics, metaphysics, and the philosophy of nature, are all comprized in a manual not larger than that in which our children are taught the letters. If then we suppose the learned of England to read but an eighth part of the works which daily come from the press, (and sure none can pretend to learning upon less easy terms) at this rate every scholar will read a thousand books in one year. From such a calculation you may conjecture what an amazing fund of literature a man must be possessed of, who thus reads three new books every day, not one of which but contains all the good things that ever were said or written.

And yet I know not how it happens, but the English are not in reality so learned as would seem from this calculation. We meet but few who know all arts and sciences to perfection; whether it is that the generality are incapable of such extensive knowledge, or that the authors of those books are not adequate instructors. In China, the emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship. In England, every man may be an author that can write; for they have by law a liberty not only of saying what they please, but of being also as dull as they please.

Yesterday I testified my surprize to the man in black, where writers could

be found in sufficient number to throw off the books I daily saw crowding from the press. I at first imagined that their learned seminaries might take this method of instructing the world. But to obviate this objection, my companion assured me, that the doctors of colleges never wrote, and that some of them had actually forgot their reading.—'But if you desire,' continued he, 'to see a collection of authors, I fancy I can introduce you this evening to a club, which assembles every Saturday at seven, at the sign of the Broom near Islington, to talk over the business of the last, and the entertainment of the week ensuing.' I accepted his invitation, we walked together, and entered the house some time before the usual hour for the company assembling.

My friend took this opportunity of letting me into the characters of the principal members of the club; not even the host excepted, who, it seems, was once an author himself, but preferred by a bookseller to this situation as a reward for his former services.

'The first person,' said he, 'of our society, is Doctor Nonentity, a metaphysician. Most people think him a profound scholar; but as he seldom speaks, I cannot be positive in that particular; he generally spreads himself before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks little, drinks much, and is reckoned very good company. I'm told he writes indexes to perfection, he makes essays on the origin of evil, philosophical enquiries upon any subject, and draws up an answer to any book upon twenty-four hours warning. You may distinguish him from the rest of the company by his long grey wig, and the blue handkerchief round his neck.

'The next to him in merit and esteem is Tim Syllabub, a droll creature; he

G

'sometimes

‘ sometimes shines as a star of the first
‘ magnitude among the choice spirits of
‘ the age; he is reckoned equally ex-
‘ cellent at a rebus, a riddle, a bawdy
‘ song, and an hymn for the Tabernacle.
‘ You will know him by his shabby
‘ finery, his powdered wig, dirty shirt,
‘ and broken silk stockings.

‘ After him succeeds Mr. Tibbs, a
‘ very *useful band*; he writes receipts
‘ for the bite of a mad dog, and throws
‘ off an eastern tale to perfection; he
‘ understands the *business* of an author
‘ as well as any man, for no book-seller
‘ alive can cheat him. You may dis-
‘ tinguish him by the peculiar clumsiness
‘ of his figure and the coarseness of his
‘ coat: however, though it be coarse,
‘ (as he frequently tells the company)
‘ he has paid for it.

‘ Lawyer Squint is the politician of
‘ the society; he makes speeches for par-
‘ liament, writes addresses to his fel-
‘ low-subjects, and letters to noble com-
‘ manders; he gives the history of every
‘ new play, and finds *seasonable thoughts*
‘ upon every occasion.’ My compa-
‘ nion was proceeding in his description,
‘ when the host came running in with ter-
‘ ror on his countenance to tell us, that
‘ the door was beset with bailiffs. ‘ If that
‘ be the case, then,’ says my companion,
‘ we had as good be going; for I am
‘ positive we shall not see one of the
‘ company this night.’ Wherefore, dis-
‘ appointed, we were both obliged to re-
‘ turn home, he to enjoy the oddities which
‘ compose his character alone, and I to
‘ write as usual to my friend the occur-
‘ rences of the day. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

FROM THE SAME.

BY my last advices from Moscow, I find the caravan has not yet departed from China: I still continue to write, expecting that you may receive a large number of my letters at once. In them you will find rather a minute detail of English peculiarities, than a general picture of their manners or disposition. Happy it were for mankind if all travellers would thus, instead of characterising a people in general terms, lead us into a detail of those minute circumstances which first influenced their opinion. The genius of a country should be investigated with a kind of experimental enquiry: by this means we should have more precise and just notions of foreign nations, and detect travellers themselves when they happened to form wrong conclusions.

My friend and I repeated our visit to the club of authors; where, upon our entrance, we found the members all assembled and engaged in a loud debate.

The poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in his hand, was earnestly endeavouring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, which he had composed the day before. But against this all the members very warmly objected. They knew no reason why any member of the club should be indulged with a particular

hearing, when many of them had published whole volumes which had never been looked in. They insisted that the law should be observed, where reading in company was expressly noticed. It was in vain that the plaintiff pleaded the peculiar merit of his piece: he spoke to an assembly insensible to all his remonstrances; the book of laws was opened, and read by the secretary, where it was expressly enacted, ‘ That whatsoever
‘ poet, speech-maker, critic, or histo-
‘ rian, should presume to engage the
‘ company by reading his own works,
‘ he was to lay down sixpence previous
‘ to opening the manuscript, and should
‘ be charged one shilling an hour while
‘ he continued reading; the said shilling
‘ to be equally distributed among the
‘ company as a recompence for their
‘ trouble.’

Our poet seemed at first to shrink at the penalty, hesitating for some time whether he should deposit the fine, or shut up the poem; but looking round, and perceiving two strangers in the room, his love of fame out-weighed his prudence, and laying down the sum by law established, he insisted on his prerogative.

A profound silence ensuing, he began by explaining his design. ‘ Gentlemen,’ says he, ‘ the present piece is not one of
‘ your

‘ your common epic poems, which come
‘ from the press like paper kites in sum-
‘ mer; there are none of your Turnus’s
‘ or Dido’s in it; it is an heroic de-
‘ scription of nature. I only beg you’ll
‘ endeavour to make your souls unison
‘ with mine, and hear with the same
‘ enthusiasm with which I have written.
‘ The poem begins with the description
‘ of an author’s bedchamber: the pic-
‘ ture was sketched in my own apart-
‘ ment; for you must know, gentle-
‘ men, that I am myself the hero.’ Then
putting himself into the attitude of an
orator, with all the emphasis of voice
and action, he proceeded—

Where the Red Lion flaring o’er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert’s butt, and Parson’s black
campaign,

Regale the draughts and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The muse found Scroggen stretch’d beneath
a rug;

A window, patch’d with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew’d the state in which he lay:
The sanded floor that grinds beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons fram’d with lifting found a place,
And brave Prince William shew’d his lamp-
black face:

The morn was cold, he views with keen de-
sire

The rusty gate unconscious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was
scor’d,

And five crack’d tea-cups dress’d the chim-
ney board;

A night-cap deck’d his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

With this line he seemed so much
elated, that he was unable to proceed:
‘ There, gentlemen,’ cries he, ‘ there
‘ is a description for you! Rabelais’s
‘ bed-chamber is but a fool to it.

‘ A cap by night—a stocking all the day!’

‘ There is sound, and sense, and truth,
‘ and nature, in the trifling compass of
‘ ten little syllables.’

He was too much employed in self-
admiration to observe the company; who
by nods, winks, shrugs, and stifled
laughter, testified every mark of con-
tempt. He turned severally to each for
their opinion, and found all, however,
ready to applaud. One swore it was in-
imitable; another said it was damn’d

fine; and a third cried out in a rapture—
‘ Carissimo!’ At last, addressing him-
self to the president—‘ And pray, Mr.
‘ Squint,’ says he, ‘ let us have your
‘ opinion.’—‘ Mine!’ answered the
president, taking the manuscript out of
the author’s hands; ‘ may this glass
‘ suffocate me, but I think it equal to
‘ any thing I have seen; and I fancy,’
continued he, doubling up the poem,
and forcing it into the author’s pocket,
‘ that you will get great honour when
‘ it comes out; so I shall beg leave to
‘ put it in. We will not intrude upon
‘ your good-nature, in desiring to hear
‘ more of it at present; *ex ungue Her-
‘ culem*, we are satisfied, perfectly sa-
‘ tisfied.’ The author made two or
three attempts to pull it out a second
time, and the president made as many
to prevent him. Thus, though with
reluctance, he was at last obliged to sit
down, contented with the commendations
for which he had paid.

When this tempest of poetry and praise
was blown over, one of the company
changed the subject, by wondering how
any man can be so dull as to write poe-
try at present, since prose itself would
hardly pay. ‘ Would you think it,’
‘ gentlemen,’ continued he, ‘ I have
‘ actually written last week sixteen
‘ prayers, twelve bawdy jests, and three
‘ sermons, all at the rate of six-pence a
‘ piece; and what is still more extraor-
‘ dinary, the bookseller has lost by the
‘ bargain. Such sermons would once
‘ have gained me a prebend’s stall; but
‘ now, alas! we have neither piety,
‘ taste, nor humour, among us. Posi-
‘ tively, if this season does not turn out
‘ better than it has begun, unless the
‘ ministry commit some blunders to fur-
‘ nish us with a new topic of abuse; I
‘ shall resume my old business of work-
‘ ing at the press, instead of finding it
‘ employment.’

The whole club seemed to join in con-
demning the season, as one of the worst
that had come for some time. A gentle-
man particularly observed, that the no-
bility were never known to subscribe
worse than at present. ‘ I know not
‘ how it happens,’ said he; ‘ though I
‘ follow them up as close as possible, yet
‘ I can hardly get a single subscription
‘ in a week. The houses of the great
‘ are as inaccessible as a frontier garri-
‘ son at midnight. I never see a noble-
‘ man’s door half opened, that some

‘ surly porter or footman does not stand full in the breach. I was yesterday to wait with a subscription-proposal upon my Lord Squash the Creolin: I had posted myself at his door the whole morning, and just as he was getting into his coach, thrust my proposal snug into his hand, folded up in the form of a letter from myself. He just glanced at the superscription, and, not knowing the hand, consigned it to his valet de chambre. This respectable personage treated it as his master, and put it into the hands of the porter. The porter grasped my proposal, frowning; and, measuring my figure from top to toe, put it back into my own hands unopened.’

‘ To the devil I pitch all the nobility,’ cries a little man, in a peculiar accent; ‘ I am sure they have of late used me most scurvily. You must know, gentlemen, some time ago, upon the arrival of a certain noble duke from his travels, I set myself down, and vamped up a fine flaunting, poetical panygyric, which I had written in such a strain, that I fancied it would have even wheedled milk from a mouse. In this I represented the whole kingdom welcoming his grace to his native soil, not forgetting the loss France and Italy would sustain in their arts by his departure. I expected to touch for a bank bill at least; so, folding up my verses in gilt paper, I gave my last half crown to a genteel servant to be the bearer. My letter was safely conveyed to his grace; and the servant, after four hours absence, during which time I led the life of a fiend, returned with a letter four times as big as mine. Guess my extasy at the prospect of so fine a return! I eagerly took the packet into my hands, that I trembled to receive it. I kept it some time unopened before me, brooding over the expected treasure it contained; when, opening it, as I hope to be saved, gentlemen, his grace had sent me in payment for my poem no Bank bills, but six copies of verse, each longer than mine, addressed to him upon the same occasion.’

‘ A nobleman,’ cries a member, who had hitherto been silent, ‘ is created as much for the confusion of us authors as the catch-pole. I’ll tell you a story, gentlemen, which is as true as that this pipe is made of clay. When

‘ I was delivered of my first book, I owed my taylor for a suit of cloaths; but that is nothing new, you know, and may be any man’s case as well as mine. Well, owing him for a suit of cloaths, and hearing that my book took very well, he sent for his money, and insisted upon being paid immediately: though I was at that time rich in fame, for my book run like wild-fire, yet I was very short in money; and being unable to satisfy his demand, prudently resolved to keep my chamber, preferring a prison of my own chusing at home, to one of my taylor’s chusing abroad. In vain the bailiffs used all their arts to decoy me from my citadel; in vain they sent to let me know that a gentleman wanted to speak with me at the next tavern; in vain they came with an urgent message from my aunt in the country; in vain I was told that a particular friend was at the point of death; and desired to take his last farewell; I was deaf, insensible, rock, adamant; the bailiffs could make no impression on my hard heart, for I effectually kept my liberty by never stirring out of the room.

‘ This was very well for a fortnight; when one morning I received a most splendid message from the Earl of Doomsday, importing that he had read my book, and was in raptures with every line of it; he impatiently longed to see the author, and had some designs which might turn out greatly to my advantage. I paused upon the contents of this message, and found there could be no deceit, for the card was gilt at the edges, and the bearer, I was told, had quite the looks of a gentleman. Witness, ye powers, how my heart triumphed at my own importance! I saw a long perspective of felicity before me, I applauded the taste of the times, which never saw genius forsaken; I had prepared a set introductory speech for the occasion, five glaring compliments for his lordship, and two more modest for myself. The next morning, therefore, in order to be punctual to my appointment, I took coach, and ordered the fellow to drive to the street and house mentioned in his lordship’s address. I had the precaution to pull up the windows as I went along to keep off the busy part of mankind; and, big with expectation, fancied the coach never went

‘went fast enough. At length, however, the wished-for moment of it’s stopping arrived; this for some time I impatiently expected; and, letting down the door in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship’s magnificent palace and situation, I found poison to my sight! I found myself, not in an elegant street, but a paltry lane; not at a nobleman’s door, but the door of a spunging-house; I found the coachman had all this while been just driving me to jail, and I saw the bailiff with a devil’s face coming out to secure me.’

To a philosopher, no circumstance,

however trifling, is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences, which are passed over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent; it is from the number of these particulars, which, to many, appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions; this, therefore, must be my excuse for sending so far as China, accounts of manners and follies, which, though minute in their own nature, serve more truly to characterise this people, than histories of their public treaties, courts, ministers, negotiations, and ambassadors. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

THE English have not yet brought the art of gardening to the same perfection with the Chinese, but have lately begun to imitate them. Nature is now followed with greater assiduity than formerly; the trees are suffered to shoot out into the utmost luxuriance; the streams, no longer forced from their native beds, are permitted to wind along the vallies; spontaneous flowers take place of the finished parterre, and the enamelled meadow of the shaven green.

Yet still the English are far behind us in this charming art; their designers have not yet attained a power of uniting instruction with beauty. An European will scarcely conceive my meaning, when I say, that there is scarce a garden in China which does not contain some fine moral, couched under the general design, where one is not taught wisdom as he walks, and feels the force of some noble truth, or delicate precept, resulting from the disposition of the groves, streams, or grottoes. Permit me to illustrate what I mean by a description of my gardens at Quamsi. My heart still hovers round those scenes of former happiness with pleasure; and I find a satisfaction in enjoying them at this distance, though but in imagination.

You descended from the house between two groves of trees, planted in such a manner, that they were impenetrable to the eye; while on each hand the way was adorned with all that was beautiful in porcelain, statuary, and

painting. This passage from the house opened into an area surrounded with rocks, flowers, trees, and shrubs, but all so disposed as if each was the spontaneous production of nature. As you proceeded forward on this lawn, to your right and left-hand were two gates, opposite each other, of very different architecture and design; and before you lay a temple, built rather with minute elegance than ostentation.

The right-hand gate was planned with the utmost simplicity, or rather rudeness; ivy clasped round the pillars, the baleful cypress hung over it; time seemed to have destroyed all the smoothness and regularity of the stone: two champions with lifted clubs appeared in the act of guarding it’s access; dragons and serpents were seen in the most hideous attitudes, to deter the spectator from approaching; and the perspective view that lay behind, seemed dark and gloomy to the last degree; the stranger was tempted to enter only from the motto—
PERVIA VIRTUTI.

The opposite gate was formed in a very different manner; the architecture was light, elegant, and inviting; flowers hung in wreaths round the pillars; all was finished in the most exact and masterly manner; the very stone of which it was built, still preserved it’s polish; nymphs, wrought by the hand of a master, in the most alluring attitudes, beckoned the stranger to approach; while all that lay behind, as far as the eye could

could reach, seemed gay, luxuriant, and capable of affording endless pleasure. The motto itself contributed to invite him; for over the gate was written these words—*FACILIS DESCENSUS*.

By this time, I fancy, you begin to perceive that the gloomy gate was designed to represent the road to Virtue; the opposite, the more agreeable passage to Vice. It is but natural to suppose, that the spectator was always tempted to enter by the gate which offered him so many allurements; I always in these cases left him to his choice; but generally found that he took to the left, which promised most entertainment.

Immediately upon his entering the gate of Vice, the trees and flowers were disposed in such a manner as to make the most pleasing impression; but as he walked farther on, he insensibly found the garden assume the air of a wilderness, the landscapes began to darken, the paths grew more intricate, he appeared to go downwards, frightful rocks seemed to hang over his head, gloomy caverns, unexpected precipices, awful ruins, heaps of unburied bones, and terrifying sounds, caused by unseen waters, began to take place of what at first appeared so lovely; it was in vain to attempt returning, the labyrinth was too much perplexed for any but myself to find the way back. In short, when sufficiently impressed with the horrors of what he saw, and the imprudence of his choice, I brought him by an hidden door, a shorter way back into the area from whence at first he had strayed.

The gloomy gate now presented itself

before the stranger; and though there seemed little in it's appearance to tempt his curiosity, yet encouraged by the motto, he generally proceeded. The darkness of the entrance, the frightful figures that seemed to obstruct his way, the trees of a mournful green, conspired at first to disgust him: as he went forward, however, all began to open and wear a more pleasing appearance; beautiful cascades, beds of flowers, trees loaded with fruit or blossoms, and unexpected brooks, improved the scene: he now found that he was ascending; and, as he proceeded, all nature grew more beautiful, the prospect widened as he went higher; even the air itself seemed to become more pure. Thus pleased, and happy from unexpected beauties, I at last led him to an arbour, from whence he could view the garden, and the whole country around, and where he might own, that the road to Virtue terminated in Happiness.

Though from this description you may imagine, that a vast tract of ground was necessary to exhibit such a pleasing variety in, yet be assured I have seen several gardens in England take up ten times the space which mine did, without half the beauty. A very small extent of ground is enough for an elegant taste; the greater room is required if magnificence is in view. There is no spot, though ever so little, which a skilful designer might not thus improve, so as to convey a delicate allegory, and impress the mind with truths the most useful and necessary. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

IN a late excursion with my friend into the country, a gentleman with a blue ribbon tied round his shoulder, and in a chariot drawn by six horses, passed swiftly by us, attended with a numerous train of captains, lacquies, and coaches filled with women. When we were recovered from the dust raised by this cavalcade, and could continue our discourse without danger of suffocation, I observed to my companion, that all this state and equipage which he seemed to despise, would in China be

regarded with the utmost reverence, because such distinctions were always the reward of merit; the greatness of a Mandarin's retinue being a most certain mark of the superiority of his abilities or virtue.

'The gentleman who has now passed us,' replied my companion, 'has no claims from his own merit to distinction; he is possessed neither of abilities nor virtue; it is enough for him that one of his ancestors was possessed of these qualities two hundred years before

fore him. There was a time, indeed, when his family deserved their title, but they are long since degenerated, and his ancestors for more than a century have been more solicitous to keep up the breed of their dogs and horses, than that of their children. This very nobleman, simple as he seems, is descended from a race of statesmen and heroes; but unluckily his great grandfather marrying a cook-maid, and she having a trifling passion for his lordship's groom, they somehow crossed the strain, and produced an heir, who took after his mother in his great love to *good-eating*, and his father in a violent affection for *borje flesb*. These passions have for some generations passed on from father to son, and are now become the characteristics of the family, his present lordship being equally remarkable for his kitchen and his table.*

'But such a nobleman,' cried I, 'deserves our pity, thus placed in so high a sphere of life, which only the more exposes to contempt. A king may confer titles, but it is personal merit alone that insures respect. I suppose,' added I, 'that such men are despised by their equals, neglected by their inferiors, and condemned to live among involuntary dependants in irksome solitude.'

'You are still under a mistake,' replied my companion; 'for though this nobleman is a stranger to generosity; though he takes twenty opportunities in a day of letting his guests know how much he despises them; though he is possessed neither of taste, wit, nor wisdom; though incapable of improving others by his conversation, and never known to enrich any by his bounty; yet for all this, his company is eagerly sought after: he is a lord, and that is as much as most people desire in a companion. Quality and title have such allurements, that hundreds are ready to give up all their own importance, to cringe, to flatter, to look little, and to pass every pleasure in constraint, merely to be among the great, though without the least hopes of improving their understanding, or sharing their generosity; they might be happy among their equals, but those

are despised for company, where they are despised in turn. You saw what a crowd of humble cousins, card-ruined beaux, and captains on half-pay, were willing to make up this great man's retinue down to his country-seat. Not one of all these that could not lead a more comfortable life at home in their little lodging of three shillings a week, with their luke-warm dinner, served up between two pewter-plates from a cook's shop. Yet, poor devils, they are willing to undergo the impertinence and pride of their entertainer, merely to be thought to live among the great: they are willing to pass the summer in bondage, though conscious they are taken down only to approve his lordship's taste upon every occasion, to tag all his stupid observations with a *very true*, to praise his table, and descant upon his claret and cookery.

'The pitiful humiliations of the gentlemen you are now describing,' said I, 'puts me in mind of a custom among the Tartars of Koreki, not entirely dissimilar to this we are now considering*. The Russians, who trade with them, carry thither a kind of mushrooms, which they exchange for furs or squirrels, ermines, sables, and foxes. These mushrooms the rich Tartars lay up in large quantities for the winter; and when a nobleman makes a mushroom feast, all the neighbours around are invited. The mushrooms are prepared by boiling, by which the water acquires an intoxicating quality, and is a sort of drink which the Tartars prize beyond all other. When the nobility and ladies are assembled, and the ceremonies usual between people of distinction over, the mushroom broth goes freely round; they laugh, talk double entendre, grow tuddled, and become excellent company. The poorer sort, who love mushroom broth to distraction as well as the rich, but cannot afford it at the first hand, post themselves on these occasions round the huts of the rich, and watch the opportunity of the ladies and gentlemen as they come down to pass their liquor, and holding a wooden bowl, catch the delicious fluid, very little altered by filtration, being still strongly tinc-

* Van Stralenberg, a writer of credit, gives the same account of this people. Vid. an Historico-Geographical Description of the North-eastern Parts of Europe and Asia, p. 397.

‘tured with the intoxicating quality.
‘Of this they drink with the utmost
‘satisfaction, and thus they get as
‘drunk and as jovial as their betters.’

‘Happy nobility!’ cries my companion, ‘who can fear no diminution of
‘respect, unless by being seized with a
‘strangury; and who when most drunk
‘are most useful: though we have not
‘this custom among us, I foresee, that
‘if it were introduced, we might have
‘many a toad-eater in England ready
‘to drink from the wooden bowl on
‘these occasions, and to praise the flavour
‘of his lordship’s liquor. As we
‘have different classes of gentry, who
‘knows but we may see a lord holding

‘the bowl to a minister, a knight holding
‘it to his lordship, and a simple
‘quire drinking it double distilled
‘from the loins of knighthood! For
‘my part, I shall never for the future hear
‘a great man’s flatterers haranguing
‘in his praise, that I shall not fancy
‘I behold the wooden bowl; for I can
‘see no reason why a man, who can live
‘easily and happily at home, should
‘bear the drudgery of decorum and the
‘impertinence of his entertainer, unless
‘intoxicated with a passion for all that
‘was quality; unless he thought that
‘whatever came from the great was delicious,
‘and had the tincture of the
‘mushroom in it.’ Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM THE SAME.

I AM disgusted, O Fum Hoam, even to sickness disgusted. Is it possible to bear the presumption of those islanders, when they pretend to instruct me in the ceremonies of China! They lay it down as a maxim, that every person who comes from thence must express himself in metaphor; swear by Alla, rail against wine, and behave, and talk, and write, like a Turk or Persian. They make no distinction between our elegant manners, and the voluptuous barbarities of our eastern neighbours. Wherever I come, I raise either diffidence or astonishment: some fancy me no Chinese, because I am formed more like a man than a monster; and others wonder to find one born five thousand miles from England endued with common sense. ‘Strange,’ say they, ‘that a man, who has received his education at such a distance from London, should have common sense! To be born out of England, and yet have common sense! impossible! He must be some Englishman in disguise; his very visage has nothing of the true exotic barbarity.’

I yesterday received an invitation from a lady of distinction, who it seems had collected all her knowledge of Eastern manners from fictions every day propagated here, under the titles of Eastern Tales and Oriental Histories: she received me very politely, but seemed to wonder that I neglected bringing opium and a tobacco-box. When chairs were

drawn for the rest of the company, I was assigned my place on a cushion on the floor. It was in vain that I protested the Chinese used chairs as in Europe; she understood decorums too well to entertain me with the ordinary civilities.

I had scarce been seated according to her directions, when the footman was ordered to pin a napkin under my chin: this I protested against, as being no way Chinese; however, the whole company, who it seems were a club of connoisseurs, gave it unanimously against me, and the napkin was pinned accordingly.

It was impossible to be angry with people, who seemed to err only from an excess of politeness, and I sat contented, expecting their importunities were now at an end; but as soon as ever dinner was served, the lady demanded whether I was for a plate of *Bear’s claws*, or a slice of *Birds-nests*? As these were dishes with which I was utterly unacquainted, I was desirous of eating only what I knew, and therefore begged to be helped from a piece of beef that lay on the side-table. My request at once disconcerted the whole company. A Chinese eat beef! that could never be! there was no local propriety in Chinese beef, whatever there might be in Chinese pheasant. ‘Sir,’ said my entertainer, ‘I think I have some reasons to fancy myself a judge of these matters: in short, the Chinese never eat beef; so that I must be permitted to recommend

‘mend

• mend the Pilaw, there was never better dressed at Pekin; the saffron and rice are well boiled, and the spices in perfection.'

I had no sooner begun to eat what was laid before me, than I found the whole company as much astonished as before; it seems I made no use of my chop-sticks. A grave gentleman, whom I take to be an author, harangued very learnedly (as the company seemed to think) upon the use which was made of them in China: he entered into a long argument with himself about their first introduction, without once appealing to me, who might be supposed best capable of silencing the enquiry. As the gentleman therefore took my silence for a mark of his own superior sagacity, he was resolved to pursue the triumph: he talked of our cities, mountains, and animals, as familiarly as if he had been born in Quamsi, but as erroneously as if a native of the moon; he attempted to prove that I had nothing of the true Chinese cut in my visage; shewed that my cheek bones should have been higher, and my forehead broader; in short, he almost reasoned me out of my country, and effectually persuaded the rest of the company to be of his opinion.

I was going to expose his mistakes, when it was insisted that I had nothing of the true Eastern manner in my delivery. 'This gentleman's conversation,' says one of the ladies, who was a great reader, 'is like our own, mere chit-chat and common sense; there is nothing like sense in the true Eastern style, where nothing more is required but sublimity. Oh for an history of Aboulfaouris, the grand voyager; of Genii, Magicians, Rocks, Bags of Bullets, Giants, and Enchanters, where all is great, obscure, magnificent, and unintelligible!'—'I have written many a sheet of Eastern tale myself,' interrupts the author; 'and I defy the severest critic to say but that I have stuck close to the true manner. I have compared a lady's chin to the snow upon the mountains of Bomek; a soldier's sword, to the clouds that obscure the face of heaven. If riches are mentioned, I compare them to the flocks that graze the verdant Teflis; if poverty, to the mists that veil the brow of Mount Baku. I have used *thee* and *thou* upon all occasions; I have described fallen stars, and split-

ting mountains, not forgetting the little Houries who make a pretty figure in every description. But you shall hear how I generally begin.—"Eben-ben-bolo, who was the son of Ban, was born on the foggy summits of Benderabassi. His beard was whiter than the feathers which veil the breast of the Penguin; his eyes were like the eyes of doves, when washed by the dews of the morning; his hair, which hung like the willow weeping over the glassy stream, was so beautiful that it seemed to reflect it's own brightness; and his feet were as the feet of a wild deer which fleeth to the tops of the mountains." There, there, is the true Eastern taste for you! every advance made towards sense, is only a deviation from sound. Eastern tales should always be sonorous, lofty, musical, and unmeaning.'

I could not avoid smiling, to hear a native of England attempt to instruct me in the true Eastern idiom; and after he looked round some time for applause, I presumed to ask him whether he had ever travelled into the East, to which he replied in the negative; I demanded whether he understood Chinese or Arabic, to which also he answered as before. 'Then how, Sir,' said I, 'can you pretend to determine upon the Eastern style, who are entirely unacquainted with the Eastern writings? Take, Sir, the word of one who is *professedly* a Chinese, and who is *actually* acquainted with the Arabian writers, that what is palmed upon you daily for an imitation of Eastern writing, no ways resembles their manner, either in sentiment or diction. In the East, similes are seldom used, and metaphors almost wholly unknown; but in China particularly, the very reverse of what you allude to, takes place; a cool phlegmatic method of writing prevails there. The writers of that country, ever more assiduous to instruct than to please, address rather the judgment than the fancy. Unlike many authors of Europe, who have no consideration of the reader's time, they generally leave more to be understood than they express.'

'Besides, Sir, you must not expect from an inhabitant of China the same ignorance, the same unlettered simplicity, that you find in a Turk, *Perhan*, or native of *Peru*. The Chinese are

' versed in the sciences as well as you,
 ' and are masters of several arts un-
 ' known to the people of Europe,
 ' Many of them are instructed not only
 ' in their own national learning, but are
 ' perfectly well acquainted with the
 ' languages and learning of the West.
 ' If my word, in such a case, is not to
 ' be taken, consult your own travellers
 ' on this head, who affirm, that the
 ' scholars of Pekin and Siam sustain
 ' theological theses in Latin—"The
 ' college of Masprend, which is but a
 ' league from Siam," says one of your
 ' travellers*, "came in a body to fa-
 ' lute our ambassador. Nothing gave
 ' me more sincere pleasure than to be-
 ' hold a number of priests, venerable
 ' both from age and modesty, followed
 ' by a number of youths of all nations,
 ' Chinese, Japanese, Tonquinese, of
 ' Cochin China, Pegu and Siam, all
 ' willing to pay their respects in the
 ' most polite manner imaginable. A
 ' Cochin Chinese made an excellent
 ' Latin oration upon this occasion: he
 ' was succeeded, and even out-done,
 ' by a student of Tonquin, who was
 ' as well skilled in the Western learn-
 ' ing as any scholar of Paris." Now,
 ' Sir, if youths, who never stirred
 ' from home, are so perfectly skilled
 ' in your laws and learning, surely more
 ' must be expected from one like me,
 ' who have travelled so many thousand

' miles, who have conversed familiarly
 ' for several years with the English fac-
 ' tors established at Canton, and the
 ' missionaries sent us from every part of
 ' Europe. The dialects of every
 ' country nearly resemble each other,
 ' and a page of our Confucius and of
 ' your Tillotson have scarce any material
 ' difference. Paltry affectation, strain-
 ' ed allusions, and disgusting finery, are
 ' easily attained by those who chuse to
 ' wear them; and they are but too fre-
 ' quently the badges of ignorance, or
 ' of stupidity, whenever it would endea-
 ' vour to please.'

I was proceeding in my discourse,
 when, looking round, I perceived the
 company no way attentive to what I
 attempted, with so much earnestness,
 to enforce. One lady was whispering
 her that sat next, another was study-
 ing the merits of a fan, a third began
 to yawn, and the author himself fell
 fast asleep: I thought it, therefore,
 high time to make a retreat: nor did
 the company seem to shew any regret
 at my preparations for departure; even
 the lady who had invited me, with the
 most mortifying insensibility, saw me
 seize my hat, and rise from my cushion;
 nor was I invited to repeat my visit,
 because it was found that I aimed at
 appearing rather a reasonable creature,
 than an outlandish idiot. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE polite arts are in this country
 subject to as many revolutions as
 it's laws or politics; not only the objects
 of fancy and dress, but even of delicacy
 and taste, are directed by the capricious
 influence of fashion. I am told there
 has been a time when poetry was univer-
 sally encouraged by the great, when men
 of the first rank not only patronized the
 poet, but produced the finest models for
 his imitation; it was then the English
 sent forth those glowing rhapsodies,
 which we have so often read over toge-
 ther with rapture; poems big with all
 the sublimity of Mentius, and support-

ed by reasoning as strong as that of
 Zimpo.

The nobility are fond of wisdom,
 but they are also fond of having it
 without study; to read poetry requir-
 ed thought, and the English nobility
 were not fond of thinking; they soon
 therefore placed their affections upon
 music, because in this they might indulge
 an happy vacancy, and yet still have
 pretensions to delicacy and taste as before.
 They soon brought their numerous de-
 pendants into an approbation of their
 pleasures; who in turn led their thou-
 sand imitators to feel or feign a simili-

* Journal ou suite du Voyage de Siam en forme de Lettres familières fait en 1685, & 1686. par N. L. D. C. pag. 174. edit. Amstelod. 1686.

tude of passion. Colonies of fingers were now imported from abroad at a vast expence, and it was expected the English would soon be able to set examples to Europe: all these expectations, however, were soon dissipated; in spite of the zeal which fired the great, the ignorant vulgar refused to be taught to sing; refused to undergo the ceremonies which were to initiate them in the singing fraternity. Thus the colony from abroad dwindled by degrees; for they were of themselves unfortunately incapable of propagating the breed.

Musick having thus lost it's splendour, Painting is now become the sole object of fashionable care; the title of Connoisseur in that art is at present the safest passport in every fashionable society; a well-timed shrug, an admiring attitude, and one or two exotic tones of exclamation, are sufficient qualifications for men of low circumstances to curry favour; even some of the young nobility are themselves early instructed in handling the pencil, while their happy parents, big with expectation, foresee the walls of every apartment covered with the manufactures of their posterity.

But many of the English are not content with giving all their time to this art at home; some young men of distinction are found to travel through Europe, with no other intent than that of understanding and collecting pictures; studying seals, and describing statues: on they travel from this cabinet of curiosities to that gallery of pictures, waste the prime of life in wonder, skilful in pictures, ignorant in men; yet impossible to be reclaimed, because their follies take shelter under the names of *Délicacy* and *Taste*.

It is true, Painting should have due encouragement, as the painter can undoubtedly fit up our apartments in a much more elegant manner than the upholsterer; but I should think a man of fashion makes but an indifferent exchange, who lays out all that time in furnishing his house which he should have employed in the furniture of his head; a person who shews no other symptoms of taste than his cabinet or gallery, might as well boast to me of the furniture of his kitchen.

I know no other motive but vanity that induces the great to testify such an inordinate passion for pictures; after the

piece is bought, and gazed at eight or ten days successively, the purchaser's pleasure must surely be over; all the satisfaction he can then have, is to shew it to others: he may be considered as the guardian of a treasure of which he makes no manner of use; his gallery is furnished not for himself, but the connoisseur, who is generally some humble flatterer, ready to feign a rapture he does not feel; and as necessary to the happiness of a picture buyer, as gazers are to the magnificence of an Asiatic procession.

I have inclosed a letter from a youth of distinction, on his travels, to his father in England; in which he appears addicted to no vice, seems obedient to his governor, of a good natural disposition, and fond of improvement; but at the same time early taught to regard cabinets and galleries as the only proper schools of improvement, and to consider a skill in pictures as the properest knowledge for a man of quality.

MY LORD,

WE have been but two days at Antwerp; wherefore I have sat down as soon as possible to give you some account of what we have seen since our arrival, desirous of letting no opportunity pass without writing to so good a father. Immediately upon alighting from our Rotterdam machine, my governor, who is immoderately fond of paintings, and at the same time an excellent judge, would let no time pass till we paid our respects to the church of the Virgin-Mother, which contains treasure beyond estimation. We took an infinity of pains in knowing it's exact dimensions, and differed half a foot in our calculation; so I leave that to some succeeding information. I really believe my governor and I could have lived and died there. There is scarce a pillar in the whole church that is not adorned by a *Reubens*, a *Vander Meuylen*, a *Vandyke*, or a *Woverman*. What attitudes, carnations, and draperies! I am almost induced to pity the English, who have none of those exquisite pieces among them. As we are willing to let slip no opportunity of doing business, we immediately after went to wait on Mr. *Hogendorp*, whom you have so frequently commended for his judicious collection. His cameas are indeed

H 2

your

yond price; his intaglios not so good. He shewed us one of an officiating flamen, which he thought to be an antique; but my governor, who is not to be deceived in these particulars, soon found it to be an arrant *cinque cento*. I could not, however, sufficiently admire the genius of Mr. Hogendorp, who has been able to collect from all parts of the world a thousand things which nobody knows the use of. Except your lordship and my governor, I do not know any body I admire so much. He is indeed a surprizing genius. The next morning early, as we were resolved to take the whole day before us, we sent our compliments to Mr. Van Sprocken, desiring to see his gallery, which request he very politely complied with. His gallery measures fifty feet by twenty, and is well filled; but what surprized me most of all, was to see an Holy Family just like your lordship's, which this ingenious gentleman assures me is the true original. I own this gave me inexpressible uneasiness, and I fear it will to your lordship, as I had flattered myself that the only original was in your lordship's possession; I would advise you, however, to take yours down till it's merit can be ascertained, my governor assuring me, that he intends to write a long dissertation to prove it's originality. One might study in this city for ages,

and still find something new. We went from this to view the cardinal's statues, which are really very fine; there were three spintria executed in a very masterly manner, all arm in arm. The torse which I heard you talk so much of, is at last discovered to be a Hercules spinning, and not a Cleopatra bathing, as your lordship had conjectured: there has been a treatise written to prove it.

My Lord Firmly is certainly a Goth, a Vandal, no taste in the world for painting. I wonder how any call him a man of taste. Passing through the streets of Antwerp a few days ago, and observing the nakedness of the inhabitants, he was so barbarous as to observe, that he thought the best method the Flemings could take, was to sell their pictures and buy cloaths. Ah, Cogline! we shall go to-morrow to Mr. Carwarden's cabinet, and the next day we shall see the curiosities collected by Van Ran, and the day after we shall pay a visit to Mount Calvary, and after that—but I find my paper finished; so with the most sincere wishes to your lordship's happiness, and with hopes, after having seen Italy, that centre of pleasure, to return home worthy the care and expence which has been generously laid out in my improvement, I remain, my Lord,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM HINGPO, A SLAVE IN PERSIA, TO ALTANGI, A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER OF CHINA, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

FORTUNE has made me the slave of another, but nature and inclination render me entirely subservient to you; a tyrant commands my body, but you are master of my heart. And yet, let not thy inflexible nature condemn me, when I confess that I find my soul shrink with my circumstances. I feel my mind, not less than my body, bend beneath the rigours of servitude; the master whom I serve grows every day more formidable. In spite of reason, which should teach me to despise him, his hideous image fills even my dreams with horror.

A few days ago, a Christian slave, brought in the gardens, happening to enter an arbour where the tyrant was

entertaining the ladies of his Haram with coffee, the unhappy captive was instantly stabbed to the heart for his intrusion. I have been preferred to his place, which, though less laborious than my former station, is yet more ungrateful, as it brings me nearer him whose presence excites sensations at once of disgust and apprehension.

Into what a state of misery are the modern Persians fallen! A nation famous for setting the world an example of freedom, is now become a land of tyrants, and a den of slaves. The houseless Tartar of Kamkatka, who enjoys his herbs and his fish in unmolested freedom, may be envied, if compared to the thousands who pine here in hopeless servitude.

servitude, and curse the day that gave them being. Is this just dealing, Heaven! to render millions wretched to swell up the happiness of a few? Cannot the powerful of this earth be happy without our sighs and tears? Must every luxury of the great be woven from the calamities of the poor? It must, it must surely be, that this jarring discordant life is but the prelude to some future harmony; the soul attuned to virtue here, shall go from hence to fill up the universal choir where Tien presides in person, where there shall be no tyrants to frown, no shackles to bind, nor no whips to threaten; where I shall once more meet my father with rapture, and give a loose to filial piety; where I shall hang on his neck, and hear the wisdom of his lips, and thank him for all the happiness to which he has introduced me.

The wretch whom Fortune has made my master, has lately purchased several slaves of both sexes; among the rest, I hear a Christian captive talked of with admiration. The eunuch who bought her, and who is accustomed to survey beauty with indifference, speaks of her with emotion! Her pride, however, astonishes her attendant slaves not less than her beauty: it is reported that she refuses the warmest solicitations of her haughty lord; he has even offered to make her one of his four wives upon changing her religion, and conforming to his. It is probable she cannot refuse such extraordinary offers, and her delay is perhaps intended to enhance her favours.

I have just now seen her; she inadvertently approached the place without a veil, where I sat writing. She seemed to regard the heavens alone with fixed attention: there her most ardent gaze was directed. Genius of the sun! what unexpected softness! what animated grace! her beauty seemed the transparent covering of virtue. Celestial be-

ings could not wear a look of more perfection, while sorrow humanized her form, and mixed my admiration with pity. I rose from the bank on which I sat, and she retired; happy that none observed us, for such an interview might have been fatal.

I have regarded, till now, the opulence and the power of my tyrant without envy; I saw him with a mind incapable of enjoying the gifts of fortune, and consequently regarded him as one loaded, rather than enriched, with its favours. But at present, when I think that so much beauty is reserved only for him, that so many charms shall be lavished on a wretch incapable of feeling the greatness of the blessing, I own I feel a reluctance to which I have hitherto been a stranger.

But let not my father impute those uneasy sensations to so trifling a cause as love. No, never let it be thought that *your* son, and the pupil of the wise Fum Hoam, could stoop to so degrading a passion. I am only displeased at seeing so much excellence so unjustly disposed of.

The uneasiness which I feel is not for myself, but for the beautiful Christian. When I reflect on the barbarity of him for whom she is designed, I pity, indeed I pity her. When I think that she must only share one heart, who deserves to command a thousand, excuse me, if I feel an emotion, which universal benevolence extorts from me. As I am convinced that you take a pleasure in those fallies of humanity, and are particularly pleased with compassion, I could not avoid discovering the sensibility with which I felt this beautiful stranger's distress. I have for a while forgot, in her's, the miseries of my own hopeless situation. The tyrant grows every day more severe; and love, which softens all other minds into tenderness, seems only to have increased his severity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THE whole Haram is filled with a tumultuous joy; Zelis, the beautiful captive, has consented to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and become one of the wives of the fastidious Persian.

It is impossible to describe the transport that sits on every face on this occasion, Music and feasting fill every apartment; the most miserable slave seems to forget his chains, and sympathizes with the happiness

happiness of Mostadad. The herb we tread beneath our feet is not made more for our use, than every slave around him for their imperious master; mere machines of obedience, they wait with silent assiduity, feel his pains, and rejoice in his exultation. Heavens! how much is requisite to make one man happy!

Twelve of the most beautiful slaves, and I among the number, have got orders to prepare for carrying him in triumph to the bridal apartment. The blaze of perfumed torches are to imitate the day; the dancers and singers are hired at a vast expence. The nuptials are to be celebrated on the approaching feast of Barboura, when an hundred taels in gold are to be distributed among the barren wives, in order to pray for fertility from the approaching union.

What will not riches procure! An hundred domestics, who curse the tyrant in their souls, are commanded to wear a face of joy, and they are joyful. An hundred flatterers are ordered to attend, and they fill his ears with praise. Beauty, all-commanding beauty, sues for admittance, and scarcely receives an answer; even love itself seems to wait upon fortune, or though the passion be only feigned, yet it wears every appearance of sincerity; and what greater pleasure can even true sincerity confer, or what would the rich have more?

Nothing can exceed the intended magnificence of the bridegroom, but the costly dresses of the bride; six eunuchs, in the most sumptuous habits, are to conduct him to the nuptial couch, and wait his orders. Six ladies, in all the magnificence of Persia, are directed to undress the bride. Their business is to assist to encourage her, to divest her of every encumbering part of her dress, all but the last covering, which, by an artful complication of ribbons, is purposefully made difficult to unloose, and with which she is to part reluctantly even to the joyful possessor of her beauty.

Mostadad, O my father, is no philo-

sopher; and yet he seems perfectly contented with ignorance. Possessed of numberless slaves, camels, and women, he desires no greater possession. He never opened the page of Mentius, and yet all the slaves tell me that he is happy.

Forgive the weakness of my nature, if I sometimes feel my heart rebellious to the dictates of wisdom, and eager for happiness like his. Yet, why wish for his wealth with his ignorance? to be like him, incapable of sentimental pleasures, incapable of feeling the happiness of making others happy, incapable of teaching the beautiful Zelis philosophy.

What, shall I in a transport of passion give up the golden mean, the universal harmony, the unchanging essence, for the possession of an hundred camels, as many slaves, thirty-five beautiful horses, and seventy-three fine women? First blast me to the centre! Degrade me beneath the most degraded! Pare my nails, ye powers of heaven! ere I would stoop to such an exchange. What, part with philosophy, which teaches me to suppress my passions instead of gratifying them, which teaches me even to divest my soul of passion, which teaches serenity in the midst of tortures; philosophy, by which even now I am so very serene, and so very much at ease, to be persuaded to part with it for any other enjoyment! Never, never, even though persuasion spoke in the accents of Zelis!

A female slave informs me that the bride is to be arrayed in a tissue of silver, and her hair adorned with the largest pearls of Ormus: but why teaze you with particulars, in which we both are so little concerned; the pain I feel in separation throws a gloom over my mind, which in this scene of universal joy I fear may be attributed to some other cause. How wretched are those who are, like me, denied even the last resource of misery, their tears!

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM THE SAME.

I Begin to have doubts whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy. Whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active, serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds Nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

As I was some days ago pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellow-slaves, an ancient Guebre of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster: "By this we shall be taught," says he, "that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom, walk only in a circle; and after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance; and in this also we shall see that enthusiastic confidence, or unsatisfying doubts, terminate all our enquiries."

"In early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition, which mentioned their being made of adamant; traditions make up the reasonings of the

simple, and serve to silence every enquiry."

"In this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other; they desired no greater pleasures, for they knew of none greater; ambition, pride, and envy, were vices unknown among them; and from this peculiar simplicity of it's possessors, the country was called, The Valley of Ignorance."

"At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still, however, he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished-for height with extreme labour and assiduity."

"His first surprize was to find the skies, not, as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement encreased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it rose to astonishment when he beheld a country at a distance more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind."

"As he continued to gaze with wonder, a Genius, with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. "The distant country which you so much admire," says the angelic being, "is called The Land of Certainty; in that charming retreat, sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet; the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity; ignorance in that country is wholly unknown; all there

" is

“ is satisfaction without alloy, for every
 “ pleasure first undergoes the examina-
 “ tion of Reason. As for me, I am call-
 “ ed the Genius of Demonstration, and
 “ am stationed here in order to conduct
 “ every adventurer to that land of hap-
 “ piness through those intervening re-
 “ gions you see over-hung with fogs
 “ and darkness, and horrid with fo-
 “ rests, cataracts, caverns, and various
 “ other shapes of danger. But follow
 “ me, and in time I may lead you to
 “ that distant desirable land of tran-
 “ quillity.”

“ The intrepid traveller immediately
 “ put himself under the direction of the
 “ Genius, and both journeying on toge-
 “ ther with a slow but agreeable pace,
 “ deceived the tediousness of the way by
 “ conversation. The beginning of the
 “ journey seemed to promise true satis-
 “ faction; but as they proceeded for-
 “ ward, the skies became more gloomy,
 “ and the way more intricate; they often
 “ inadvertently approached the brow of
 “ some frightful precipice, or the brink
 “ of a torrent, and were obliged to mea-
 “ sure back their former way: the gloom
 “ encreasing as they proceeded, their
 “ pace became more slow; they paused
 “ at every step, frequently stumbled,
 “ and their distrust and timidity encreas-
 “ ed. The Genius of Demonstration
 “ now, therefore, advised his pupil to
 “ grope upon hands and feet, as a me-
 “ thod, though more slow, yet less liable
 “ to error.

“ In this manner they attempted to
 “ pursue their journey for some time,
 “ when they were overtaken by another
 “ Genius, who, with a precipitate pace,
 “ seemed travelling the same way. He
 “ was instantly known by the other to
 “ be the Genius of Probability. He
 “ wore two wide-extended wings at his
 “ back, which incessantly waved, with-
 “ out increasing the rapidity of his mo-
 “ tion; his countenance betrayed a con-
 “ fidence that the ignorant might mis-
 “ take for sincerity, and he had but one
 “ eye, which was fixed in the middle of
 “ his forehead.

“ Servant of Hormizda,” cried he,
 “ approaching the mortal pilgrim, “ if
 “ thou art travelling to the Land of
 “ Certainty, how is it possible to arrive
 “ there under the guidance of a Genius,
 “ who proceeds forward so slowly, and
 “ is so little acquainted with the way?
 “ Follow me, we shall soon perform

“ the journey to where every pleasure
 “ waits our arrival.”

“ The peremptory tone in which this
 “ Genius spoke, and the speed with which
 “ he moved forward, induced the tra-
 “ veller to change his conductor; and
 “ leaving his modest companion behind,
 “ he proceeded forward with his more
 “ confident director, seeming not a little
 “ pleased at the encreased velocity of his
 “ motion.

“ But soon he found reasons to repent.
 “ Whenever a torrent crossed their way,
 “ his guide taught him to despise the
 “ obstacle by plunging him in; when-
 “ ever a precipice presented, he was di-
 “ rected to fling himself forward. Thus
 “ each moment miraculously escaping,
 “ his repeated escapes only served to en-
 “ crease his temerity. He led him,
 “ therefore, forward, amidst infinite dif-
 “ ficulties, till they arrived at the bor-
 “ ders of an ocean which appeared un-
 “ navigable from the black mists that
 “ lay upon it's surface. It's unquiet
 “ waves were of the darkest hue, and
 “ gave a lively representation of the va-
 “ rious agitations of the human mind.

“ The Genius of Probability now
 “ confessed his temerity, owned his be-
 “ ing an improper guide to the Land of
 “ Certainty, a country where no mortal
 “ had ever been permitted to arrive; but
 “ at the same time offered to supply the
 “ traveller with another conductor, who
 “ should carry him to the Land of Con-
 “ fidence; a region where the inhabi-
 “ tants lived with the utmost tranquil-
 “ lity, and tasted almost as much satis-
 “ faction as if in the Land of Certainty.
 “ Not waiting for a reply, he stamped
 “ three times on the ground, and called
 “ forth the Dæmon of Error, a gloomy
 “ fiend of the servants of Arimanes.
 “ The yawning earth gave up the re-
 “ luctant savage, who seemed unable to
 “ bear the light of the day. His stature
 “ was enormous, his colour black and
 “ hideous, his aspect betrayed a thou-
 “ sand varying passions, and he spread
 “ forth pinions that were fitted for the
 “ most rapid flight. The traveller at
 “ first was shocked at the spectre; but
 “ finding him obedient to superior pow-
 “ er, he assumed his former tranquil-
 “ lity.

“ I have called you to duty,” cries the
 “ Genius to the Dæmon, “ to bear on
 “ your back a son of mortality over the
 “ Ocean of Doubts, into the Land of
 “ Confidence,

“Confidence. I expect you’ll perform your commission with punctuality. And as for you,” continued the Genius, addressing the traveller; “when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.”

Thus saying, and the traveller’s eyes being covered, the Dæmon muttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly up-borne by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder, nor the most angry tempest, could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The Dæmon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud invectives, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly en-

deavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival; the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long wished for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon; he was not yet above half way over. The Dæmon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission; wherefore throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subjacent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never after was seen to rise.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO PUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

WHEN Parmenio, the Grecian, had done something which excited an universal shout from the surrounding multitude, he was instantly struck with the doubt, that what had their approbation must certainly be wrong; and turning to a philosopher who stood near him—“Pray, Sir,” says he, “pardon me; I fear I have been guilty of some absurdity.”

You know that I am not less than him a despiser of the multitude; you know that I equally detest flattery to the great; yet so many circumstances have concurred to give a lustre to the latter part of the present English monarch’s reign, that I cannot withhold my contribution of praise; I cannot avoid the acknowledging the crowd for once just in their unanimous approbation.

Yet think not that battles gained, dominion extended, or enemies brought to submission, are the virtues which at present claim my admiration. Were the reigning monarch only famous for his victories, I should regard his character with indifference; the boast of heroism in this enlightened age is justly regarded as a qualification of a very

subordinate rank, and mankind now begin to look with becoming horror on these foes to man; the virtue in this aged monarch which I have at present in view, is one of a much more exalted nature, is one of the most difficult of attainment, is the least praised of all kingly virtues, and yet deserves the greatest praise: the virtue I mean is JUSTICE; a strict administration of justice, without severity and without favour.

Of all virtues this is the most difficult to be practised by a king who has a power to pardon. All men, even tyrants themselves, lean to mercy, when unbiassed by passions or interest; the heart naturally persuades to forgiveness, and pursuing the dictates of this pleasing deceiver, we are led to prefer our private satisfaction to public utility. What a thorough love for the public, what a strong command over the passions, what a finely conducted judgment, must he possess who opposes the dictates of reason to those of his heart, and prefers the future interest of his people to his own immediate satisfaction!

If still to a man's own natural bias for tenderness, we add the numerous solicitations made by a criminal's friends for mercy; if we survey a king not only opposing his own feelings, but reluctantly refusing those he regards, and this to satisfy the public, whose cries he may never hear, whose gratitude he may never receive; this surely is true greatness! Let us fancy ourselves for a moment in this just old man's place, surrounded by numbers, all soliciting the same favour, a favour that Nature disposes us to grant, where the inducements to pity are laid before us in the strongest light, suppliants at our feet, some ready to resent a refusal, none opposing a compliance; let us, I say, suppose ourselves in such a situation, and I fancy we should find ourselves more apt to act the character of good-natured men than of upright magistrates.

What contributes to raise Justice above all other kingly virtues is, that it is seldom attended with a due share of applause, and those who practise it must be influenced by greater motives than empty fame. The people are generally well pleased with a remission of punishment, and all that wears the appearance of humanity; it is the wise alone who are capable of discerning that impartial justice is the truest mercy: they know it to be very difficult, at once to compassionate, and yet condemn an object that pleads for tenderness.

I have been led into this commonplace train of thought by a late striking instance in this country of the impartiality of justice, and of the king's inflexible resolution of inflicting punishment where it was justly due. A man of the first quality, in a fit either of passion, melancholy, or madness, murdered his servant: it was expected that his station in life would have lessened the ignominy of his punishment; however, he was arraigned, condemned, and underwent the same degrading death with the meanest malefactor. It was well considered that virtue alone is true nobility; and that he whose actions sink him even beneath the vulgar, has no right to those distinctions which should be the rewards only of merit; it was perhaps considered that crimes were more heinous among the higher classes of people, as necessity exposes them to fewer temptations.

Over all the East, even China not excepted, a person of the same quality

guilty of such a crime, might, by giving up a share of his fortune to the judge, buy off his sentence. There are several countries even in Europe, where the servant is entirely the property of his master: if a slave kills his lord, he dies by the most excruciating tortures; but if the circumstances are reversed, a small fine buys off the punishment of the offender. Happy the country where all are equal, and where those who sit as judges have too much integrity to receive a bribe, and too much honour to pity from a similitude of the prisoner's title or circumstances with their own! Such is England. Yet think not that it was always equally famed for this strict impartiality: there was a time even here when title softened the rigours of the law, when dignified wretches were suffered to live, and continue for years an equal disgrace to justice and nobility.

To this day, in a neighbouring country, the great are often most scandalously pardoned for the most scandalous offences. A person is still alive among them who has more than once deserved the most ignominious severity of justice. His being of the blood-royal, however, was thought a sufficient atonement for his being a disgrace to humanity. This remarkable personage took pleasure in shooting at the passengers below, from the top of his palace; and in this most princely amusement he usually spent some time every day. He was at length arraigned by the friends of a person whom in this manner he had killed, was found guilty of the charge, and condemned to die. His merciful monarch pardoned him in consideration of his rank and quality. The unrepenting criminal soon after renewed his usual entertainment, and in the same manner killed another man. He was a second time condemned; and, strange to think, a second time received his majesty's pardon! Would you believe it? A third time the very same man was guilty of the very same offence; a third time therefore the laws of his country found him guilty—I wish for the honour of humanity I could suppress the rest!—A third time he was pardoned! Will you not think such a story too extraordinary for belief? will you not think me describing the savage inhabitants of Congo? Alas, the story is but too true, and the country where it was transacted regards itself as the politest in Europe! Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO ****, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

CEREMONIES are different in every country, but true politeness is every where the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes, in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good-sense and good-nature. A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.

How would a Chinese, bred up in the formalities of an Eastern court, be regarded, should he carry all his good-manners beyond the Great Wall? How would an Englishman, skilled in all the decorums of Western good-breeding, appear at an Eastern entertainment? Would he not be reckoned more fantastically savage than even his unbred footman?

Ceremony resembles that base coin which circulates through a country by the royal mandate; it serves every purpose of real money at home, but is entirely useless if carried abroad: a person who should attempt to circulate his native trash in another country, would be thought either ridiculous or culpable. He is truly well-bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities which are regarded by some with so much observance: a traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over; but that fools are polite only at home.

I have now before me two very fashionable letters upon the same subject, both written by ladies of distinction; one of whom leads the fashion in England, and the other sets the ceremonies of China. They are both regarded in their respective countries by all the beau monde as standards of taste, and models of true politeness, and both give us a true idea of what they imagine elegant in their admirers; which of them understands true politeness, or whether either, you shall be at liberty to determine. The English lady writes thus to her female confidant,

AS I live, my dear Charlotte, I believe the colonel will carry it at last; he is a most irresistible fellow, that is flat. So well dressed, so neat, so sprightly, and plays about one so agreeably, that, I vow, he has as much spirits as the Marquis of Monkeyman's Italian greyhound. I first saw him at Ranelagh; he shines there; he is nothing without Ranelagh, and Ranelagh nothing without him. The next day he sent a card, and compliments, desiring to wait on mamma and me to the music subscription. He looked all the time with such irresistible impudence, that positively he had something in his face gave me as much pleasure as a pair-royal of naturals in my own hand. He waited on mamma and me the next morning to know how we got home: you must know the insidious devil makes love to us both. Rap went the footman at the door; bounce went my heart; I thought he would have rattled the house down. Chariot drove up to the window, with his footmen in the prettiest liveries: he has infinite taste, that is flat. Mamma had spent all the morning at her head; but, for my part, I was in an undress to receive him; quite easy, mind that; no way disturbed at his approach: mamma pretended to be as degagée as I, and yet I saw her blush in spite of her. Positively he is a most killing devil! We did nothing but laugh all the time he staid with us; I never heard so many very good things before. At first he mistook mamma for my sister; at which she laughed: then he mistook my natural complexion for paint; at which I laughed: and then he shewed us a picture in the lid of his snuff-box, at which we all laughed. He plays picquet so very ill, and is so very fond of cards, and loses with such a grace, that positively he has won me; I have got a cool hundred, but have lost my heart. I need not tell you that he is only a colonel of the Train-bands.

I am, dear Charlotte,

Yours for ever,

BELINDA.

The Chinese lady addresses her confidant, a poor relation of the family, upon the same occasion; in which she seems to understand decorums even better than the Western beauty. You who have resided so long in China will readily acknowledge the picture to be taken from nature; and, by being acquainted with the Chinese customs, will better apprehend the lady's meaning.

FROM YAOUA TO YAYA.

PAAPA insists upon one, two, three, four hundred taels from the colonel my lover, before he parts with a lock of my hair. Ho, how I wish the dear creature may be able to produce the money, and pay papa my fortune. The colonel is reckoned the politest man in all Shenfi. The first visit he paid at our house; mercy, what stooping, and cringing, and stopping, and figeting, and going back, and creeping forward, there was between him and papa, one would have thought he had got the seventeen books of ceremonies all by heart. When he was come into the hall he flourished his hands three times in a very graceful manner. Papa, who would not be outdone, flourished his four times; upon this the colonel began again, and both thus continued flourishing for some minutes in the politest manner imaginable. I was posted in the usual place behind the screen, where I saw the whole ceremony through a slit. Of this the colonel was sensible, for papa informed him. I would have given the world to have shewn him my little shoes, but had no opportunity. It was the first time I had ever the happiness of seeing any man but papa; and I vow, my dear Yaya, I thought my three souls would actually have fled from my lips. Ho, but he looked most charmingly; he is reckoned the best shaped man in the whole province, for he is very fat, and very short: but even those natural advantages are improved by his dress, which is fashionable past description. His head was close shaven, all but the crown, and the hair of that was braided into a most beautiful tail, that reached down to his heels, and was terminated by a bunch of yellow roses. Upon his first entering the room, I could easily perceive he had been highly perfumed with assa-fetida. But then his looks, his looks, my dear Yaya, were irresistible! He kept

his eyes stedfastly fixed on the wall during the whole ceremony, and I sincerely believe no accident could have discomposed his gravity, or drawn his eyes away. After a polite silence of two hours, he gallantly begged to have the singing women introduced, purely for my amusement. After one of them had for some time entertained us with her voice, the colonel and the retired for some minutes together. I thought they would never have come back; I must own he is a most agreeable creature. Upon his return, they again renewed the concert, and he continued to gaze upon the wall as usual; when, in less than half an hour more, Ho! but he retired out of the room with another. He is indeed a most agreeable creature.

When he came to take his leave, the whole ceremony began afresh; papa would see him to the door, but the colonel swore he would rather see the earth turned upside down than permit him to stir a single step, and papa was at last obliged to comply. As soon as he was got to the door, papa went out to see him on horse-back: here they continued half an hour bowing and cringing, before one would mount, or the other go in; but the colonel was at last victorious. He had scarce gone an hundred paces from the house, when papa running out, halloo'd after him—'A good journey.' Upon which the colonel returned, and would see papa into his house before ever he would depart. He was no sooner got home than he sent me a very fine present of duck eggs painted of twenty different colours. His generosity I own has won me. I have ever since been trying over the eight letters of good fortune, and have great hopes. All I have to apprehend is, that after he has married me, and that I am carried to his house close shut up in my chair, when he comes to have the first sight of my face, he may shut me up a second time, and send me back to papa. However, I shall appear as fine as possible; mamma and I have been to buy the cloaths for my wedding. I am to have a new *fong wchang* in my hair, the peak of which will reach down to my nose; the milliner from whom we bought that and our ribbons cheated us as if she had no conscience, and so to quiet mine I cheated her. All this is fair, you know. I remain, my dear Yaya, your ever faithful,

YAOUA.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

FROM THE SAME.

YOU have always testified the highest esteem for the English poets, and thought them not inferior to the Greeks, Romans, or even the Chinese, in the art. But it is now thought, even by the English themselves, that the race of their poets is extinct; every day produces some pathetic exclamation upon the decadence of taste and genius. 'Pegasus,' say they, 'has slipped the bridle from his mouth, and our modern bards attempt to direct his flight by catching him by the tail.'

Yet, my friend, it is only among the ignorant that such discourses prevail; men of true discernment can see several poets still among the English, some of whom equal, if not surpass, their predecessors. The ignorant term that alone poetry which is couched in a certain number of syllables in every line, where a vapid thought is drawn out into a number of verses of equal length, and perhaps pointed with rhymes at the end. But glowing sentiment, striking imagery, concise expression, natural description, and modulated periods, are full sufficient entirely to fill up my idea of this art, and make way to every passion.

If my idea of poetry therefore be just, the English are not at present so destitute of poetical merit as they seem to imagine. I can see several poets in disguise among them; men furnished with that strength of soul, sublimity of sentiment, and grandeur of expression, which constitute the character. Many of the writers of their modern odes, sonnets, tragedies, or rebusés, it is true, deserve not the name, though they have done nothing but clink rhymes and measure syllables for years together; their Johnsons and Smollets are truly poets; though, for aught I know, they never made a single verse in their whole lives.

In every incipient language the poet and the prose writer are very distinct in their qualifications: the poet ever proceeds first, treading unbeaten paths, enriching his native funds, and employed in new adventures. The other follows with more cautious steps; and, though

slow in his motions, treasures up every useful or pleasing discovery. But when once all the extent and the force of the language is known, the poet then seems to rest from his labour, and is at length overtaken by his assiduous pursuer. Both characters are then blended into one; the historian and orator catch all the poet's fire, and leave him no real mark of distinction except the iteration of numbers regularly returning. Thus, in the decline of ancient European learning, Seneca, though he wrote in prose, is as much a poet as Lucan; and Longinus, though but a critic, more sublime than Apollonius.

From this then it appears that poetry is not discontinued, but altered, among the English at present; the outward form seems different from what it was, but poetry still continues internally the same; the only question remains whether the metric feet used by the good writers of the last age, or the prosaic numbers employed by the good writers of this, be preferable. And here the practice of the last age appears to me superior; they submitted to the restraint of numbers and similar sounds; and this restraint, instead of diminishing, augmented the force of their sentiment and style. Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain which plays highest by diminishing the aperture. Of the truth of this maxim, in every language, every fine writer is perfectly sensible from his own experience; and yet to explain the reason would be perhaps as difficult as to make a frigid genius profit by the discovery.

There is still another reason in favour of the practice of the last age, to be drawn from the variety of modulation. The musical period in prose is confined to a very few changes; the numbers in verse are capable of infinite variation. I speak not now from the practice of modern verse-writers, few of whom have any idea of musical variety, but run on in the same monotonous flow through the whole poem; but rather from the example of their former poets, who were tolerable masters of this variety, and
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also from a capacity in the language of still admitting various unanticipated music.

Several rules have been drawn up for varying the poetic measure, and critics have elaborately talked of accents and syllables; but good sense and a fine ear, which rules can never teach, are what alone can in such a case determine. The rapturous flowings of joy, or the interruptions of indignation, require accents

placed entirely different, and a structure consonant to the emotions they would express. Changing passions, and numbers changing with those passions, make the whole secret of Western as well as Eastern poetry. In a word, the great faults of the modern professed English poets are, that they seem to want numbers which should vary with the passion, and are more employed in describing to the imagination than striking at the heart.

LETTER XLI.

FROM THE SAME.

SOME time since I sent thee, O holy disciple of Confucius, an account of the grand abbey or mausoleum of the kings and heroes of this nation. I have since been introduced to a temple not so ancient, but far superior in beauty and magnificence. In this, which is the most considerable of the empire, there are no pompous inscriptions, no flattery paid the dead, but all is elegant and awfully simple. There are however a few rags hung round the walls, which have at a vast expence been taken from the enemy in the present war. The silk of which they are composed, when new, might be valued at half a string of copper money in China; yet this wise people fitted out a fleet and an army in order to seize them; though now grown old, and scarce capable of being patched up into a handkerchief. By this conquest the English are said to have gained, and the French to have lost, much honour. Is the honour of European nations placed only in tattered silk?

In this temple I was permitted to remain during the whole service; and were you not already acquainted with the religion of the English, you might, from my description, be inclined to believe them as grossly idolatrous as the disciples of Lao. The idol which they seem to address, strides like a Colossus over the door of the inner temple, which here, as with the Jews, is esteemed the most sacred part of the building. It's oracles are delivered in an hundred various tones, which seem to inspire the worshippers with enthusiasm and awe: an old woman, who appeared to be the priestess, was employed in various attitudes, as she felt the inspiration. When it be-

gan to speak, all the people remained fixed in silent attention, nodding assent, looking approbation, appearing highly edified by those sounds, which to a stranger might seem inarticulate and unmeaning.

When the idol had done speaking, and the priestess had locked up it's lungs with a key, observing almost all the company leaving the temple, I concluded the service was over, and taking my hat, was going to walk away with the crowd, when I was stop'd by the man in black, who assured me that the ceremony had scarcely yet begun. 'What!' cried I, 'do I not see almost the whole body of the worshippers leaving the church?' 'Would you persuade me that such numbers who profess religion and morality, would in this shameless manner quite the temple before the service was concluded? You surely mistake; not even the Kalmouks would be guilty of such an indecency, though all the object of their worship was but a joint-stool.' My friend seemed to blush for his countrymen, assuring me that those whom I saw running away were only a parcel of musical blockheads, whose passion was merely for sounds, and whose heads were as empty as a fiddle-case. 'Those who remain behind,' says he, 'are the true Religious; they make use of music to warm their hearts, and to lift them to a proper pitch of rapture: examine their behaviour, and you will confess there are some among us who practise true devotion.'

I now looked round me as he directed, but saw nothing of that fervent devotion which he had promised: one of the worshippers appeared to be ogling the

the company through a glass; another was fervent, not in addresses to Heaven, but to his mistress; a third whispered, a fourth took snuff, and the priest himself, in a drowsy tone, read over the *duties* of the day.

'Bless my eyes!' cried I, as I happened to look towards the door, 'what do I see? one of the worshippers fallen fast asleep, and actually sunk down on his cushion! Is he now enjoying the benefit of a trance, or does he receive the influence of some mysterious vision?'—'Alas! alas!' replied my companion, 'no such thing; he has only had the misfortune of eating too hearty a dinner, and finds it impossible to keep his eyes open.' Turning to another part of the temple, I perceived a young lady just in the same circumstances and attitude. 'Strange!' cried I, 'can she too have over-eaten herself?'—'O, fie!' replied my friend, 'you now grow censorious. She grows drowsy from eating too much! that would be profanation. She only sleeps now from having sat up all night at a brag-party.'—'Turn me where I will,' then, says I, 'I can perceive no single symptom of devotion among the

worshippers, except from that old woman in the corner, who sits groaning behind the long sticks of a mourning fan; she indeed seems greatly edified with what she hears.'—'Aye,' replied my friend, 'I knew we should find some to catch you; I know her; that is the deaf lady who lives in the cloisters.'

In short, the remissness of behaviour in almost all the worshippers, and some even of the guardians, struck me with surprise. I had been taught to believe that none were ever promoted to offices in the temple, but men remarkable for their superior sanctity, learning, and rectitude; that there was no such thing heard of as persons being introduced into the church merely to oblige a senator, or provide for the younger branch of a noble family: I expected, as their minds were continually set upon heavenly things, to see their eyes directed there also, and hoped from their behaviour to perceive their inclinations correspond with their duty. But I am since informed, that some are appointed to preside over temples they never visit; and, while they receive all the money, are contented with letting others do all the good. Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

FROM FUM HOAM, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, THE DISCONTENTED WANDERER, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

MUST I ever continue to condemn thy perseverance, and blame that curiosity, which destroys thy happiness! What yet untasted banquet, what luxury yet unknown, has rewarded thy painful adventures! Name a pleasure which thy native country could not amply procure; frame a wish that might not have been satisfied in China! Why then such toil, and such danger, in pursuit of raptures within your reach at home?

The Europeans, you will say, excel us in sciences and in arts; those sciences which bound the aspiring wish, and those arts which tend to gratify even unrestrained desire. They may perhaps out-do us in the arts of building ships, casting cannons, or measuring mountains; but are they superior in the greatest of all arts, the art of governing kingdoms and ourselves?

When I compare the history of China

with that of Europe, how do I exult in being a native of that kingdom which derives its original from the sun! Upon opening the Chinese history, I there behold an ancient extended empire, established by laws which Nature and reason seem to have dictated. The duty of children to their parents, a duty which Nature implants in every breast, forms the strength of that government which has subsisted for time immemorial. Filial obedience is the first and greatest requisite of a state; by this we become good subjects to our emperors, capable of behaving with just subordination to our superiors, and grateful dependents on Heaven; by this we become fonder of marriage, in order to be capable of exacting obedience from others in our turn; by this we become good magistrates, for early submission is the truest lesson to those who would learn to rule.

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By this the whole state may be said to resemble one family, of which the emperor is the protector, father, and friend.

In this happy region, sequestered from the rest of mankind, I see a succession of princes, who in general considered themselves as the fathers of their people; a race of philosophers, who bravely combated idolatry, prejudice, and tyranny, at the expence of their private happiness and immediate reputation. Whenever an usurper or a tyrant intruded into the administration, how have all the good and great been united against him? Can European history produce an instance like that of the twelve mandarines, who all resolved to apprise the vicious emperor Tisiang of the irregularity of his conduct? He who first undertook the dangerous task, was cut in two by the emperor's order; the second was ordered to be tormented, and then put to a cruel death; the third undertook the task with intrepidity, and was instantly stabbed by the tyrant's hand: in this manner they all suffered, except one. But not to be turned from his purpose, the brave survivor entering the palace with the instruments of torture in his hand—'Here,' cried he, addressing himself to the throne, 'here, O Tisiang, are the marks your faithful subjects receive for their loyalty; I am wearied with serving a tyrant, and now come for my reward.' The emperor, struck with his intrepidity, instantly forgave the boldness of his conduct, and reformed his own. What European annals can boast of a tyrant thus reclaimed to lenity!

When five brethren had set upon the great emperor Ginfong alone, with his sabre he slew four of them; he was struggling with the fifth, when his guards coming up, were going to cut the conspirator into a thousand pieces. 'No,' no,' cried the emperor, with a calm and placid countenance, 'of all his brothers he is the only one remaining; at least let one of the family be suffered to live, that his aged parents may have somebody left to feed and comfort them.'

When Hajtong, the last emperor of the house of Ming, saw himself besieged in his own city by the usurper, he was resolved to issue from his palace with six hundred of his guards, and give the enemy battle; but they forsook him. Being thus without hopes, and chusing

death rather than to fall alive into the hands of a rebel, he retired to his garden, conducting his little daughter, an only child, in his hand; there, in a private arbour, unsheathing his sword, he stabbed the young innocent to the heart, and then dispatching himself, left the following words written with his blood on the border of his vest—'Forsoaken by my subjects, abandoned by my friends, use my body as you will, but spare, O spare, my people!'

An empire which has thus continued invariably the same for such a long succession of ages, which, though at last conquered by the Tartars, still preserves its ancient laws and learning, and may more properly be said to annex the dominions of Tartary to its empire, than to admit a foreign conqueror; an empire as large as Europe, governed by one law, acknowledging subjection to one prince, and experiencing but one revolution of any continuance in the space of four thousand years: this is something so peculiarly great, that I am naturally led to despise all other nations on the comparison. Here we see no religious persecutions, no enmity between mankind, for difference in opinion. The disciples of Lao Kium, the idolatrous sectaries of Fohi, and the philosophical children of Confucius, only strive to shew by their actions the truth of their doctrines.

Now turn from this happy peaceful scene to Europe, the theatre of intrigue, avarice, and ambition. How many revolutions does it not experience in the compass even of one age? and to what do these revolutions tend but the destruction of thousands? Every great event is replete with some new calamity. The seasons of serenity are passed over in silence, their histories seem to speak only of the storm.

There we see the Romans extending their power over barbarous nations, and in turn becoming a prey to those whom they had conquered. We see those barbarians, when become Christians, engaged in continual wars with the followers of Mahomet; or, more dreadful still, destroying each other. We see councils in the earlier ages authorising every iniquity; crusades spreading desolation in the country left, as well as that to be conquered; excommunications freeing subjects from natural allegiance, and persuading to sedition; blood

flowing

flowing in the fields and on scaffolds; tortures used as arguments to convince the recusant: to heighten the horror of the piece, behold it shaded with wars, rebellions, treasons, plots, politics, and poison.

And what advantage has any country of Europe obtained from such calamities? Scarce any. Their dissensions for more than a thousand years have served to make each other unhappy, but have enriched none. All the great nations still nearly preserve their ancient limits; none have been able to subdue the other, and so terminate the dispute. France, in spite of the conquests of Edward the Third, and Henry the Fifth, notwithstanding the efforts of Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second, still remains within its ancient limits. Spain, Germany, Great Britain, Poland, the states of the North, are nearly still the same. What effect then has the blood of so many thousands, the destruction of

so many cities, produced? Nothing either great or considerable. The Christian princes have lost indeed much from the enemies of Christendom, but they have gained nothing from each other. Their princes, because they preferred ambition to justice, deserve the character of enemies to mankind; and their priests, by neglecting morality for opinion, have mistaken the interests of society.

On whatever side we regard the history of Europe, we shall perceive it to be a tissue of crimes, follies, and misfortunes, of politics without design, and wars without consequence; in this long list of human infirmity, a great character, or a shining virtue, may sometimes happen to arise, as we often meet a cottage or a cultivated spot in the most hideous wilderness. But for an Alfred, an Alphonso, a Frederic, or one Alexander III. we meet a thousand princes who have disgraced humanity.

LETTER XLIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

WE have just received accounts here, that Voltaire the poet and philosopher of Europe is dead! He is now beyond the reach of the thousand enemies who, while living, degraded his writings, and branded his character. Scarce a page of his latter productions that does not betray the agonies of an heart bleeding under the scourge of unmerited reproach. Happy therefore at last in escaping from calumny, happy in leaving a world that was unworthy of him and his writings.

Let others, my friend, bestrew the hearers of the great with panegyric; but such a loss as the world has now suffered affects me with stronger emotions. When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend. I consider the world as losing one who might serve to console her amidst the desolations of war and ambition. Nature every day produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisite duties of authority; but she is niggard in the birth of an exalted mind, scarcely producing in a century a single

genius to bless and enlighten a degenerate age. Prodigal in the production of kings, governors, mandarines, chams, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once formed the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception.

Whence, my friend, this malevolence which has ever pursued the great even to the tomb? whence this more than fiend-like disposition of embittering the lives of those who would make us more wise and more happy?

When I cast my eye over the fates of several philosophers, who have at different periods enlightened mankind, I must confess it inspires me with the most degrading reflections on humanity. When I read of the stripes of Mentius, the tortures of Tchín, the bowl of Socrates, and the bath of Seneca; when I hear of the persecutions of Dante, the imprisonment of Galileo, the indignities suffered by Montagne, the banishment of Cartesius, the infamy of Bacon;

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and that even Locke himself escaped not without reproach; when I think on such subjects, I hesitate whether most to blame, the ignorance or the villainy of my fellow-creatures.

Should you look for the character of Voltaire among the journalists and illiterate writers of the age, you will there find him characterized as a monster, with a head turned to wisdom, and an heart inclining to vice; the powers of his mind and the baseness of his principles forming a detestable contrast. But seek for his character among writers like himself, and you find him very differently described. You perceive him in their accounts possessed of good-nature, humanity, greatness of soul, fortitude, and almost every virtue: in this description those who might be supposed best acquainted with his character are unanimous. The royal Prussian*, Dargents†, Diderot‡, D'Alembert, and Fontenelle, conspire in drawing the picture, in describing the friend of man and the patron of every rising genius.

An inflexible perseverance in what he thought was right, and a generous detestation of flattery, formed the groundwork of this great man's character. From these principles many strong virtues and few faults arose; as he was warm in his friendship, and severe in resentment, all that mention him seem possessed of the same qualities, and speak of him with rapture or detestation. A person of his eminence can have few indifferent as to his character; every reader must be an enemy or an admirer.

This poet began the course of glory so early as the age of eighteen, and even then was author of a tragedy which deserves applause. Possessed of a small patrimony, he preserved his independence in an age of venality, and supported the dignity of learning, by teaching his cotemporary writers to live, like him, above all the favours of the great. He was banished his native country for a satire

upon the royal concubine. He had accepted the place of historian to the French king, but refused to keep it, when he found it was presented only in order that he should be the first flatterer of the state.

The great Prussian received him as an ornament to his kingdom, and had sense enough to value his friendship, and profit by his instructions. In this court he continued, till an intrigue, with which the world seems hitherto unacquainted, obliged him to quit that country. His own happiness, the happiness of the monarch, *of his sister*, of a part of the court, rendered his departure necessary.

Tired at length of courts, and all the follies of the great, he retired to Switzerland, a country of liberty, where he enjoyed tranquillity and the muse. Here, though without any taste for magnificence himself, he usually entertained at his table the learned and polite of Europe, who were attracted by a desire of seeing a person from whom they had received so much satisfaction. The entertainment was conducted with the utmost elegance, and the conversation was that of philosophers. Every country that at once united liberty and science, were his peculiar favourites. The being an Englishman was to him a character that claimed admiration and respect.

Between Voltaire and the disciples of Confucius, there are many differences; however, being of a different opinion does not in the least diminish my esteem; I am not displeased with my brother, because he happens to ask our father for favours in a different manner from me. Let his errors rest in peace, his excellencies deserve admiration; let me with the wise admire his wisdom; let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his foibles; the folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish. Adieu.

* Philosophes Sans Souci.

† Let. Chin.

‡ Encycloped.

LETTER XLIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, A SLAVE IN PERSIA.

IT is impossible to form a philosophic system of happiness which is adapted to every condition of life, since every person who travels in this great pursuit takes a separate road. The differing colours which suit different complexions, are not more various than the different pleasures appropriated to different minds. The various sects who have pretended to give lessons to instruct me in happiness, have described their own particular sensations, without considering ours; have only loaded their disciples with constraint, without adding to their real felicity.

If I find pleasure in dancing, how ridiculous would it be in me to prescribe such an amusement for the entertainment of a cripple! Should he, on the other hand, place his chief delight in painting, yet would he be absurd in recommending the same relish to one who had lost the power of distinguishing colours. General directions are therefore commonly useless; and to be particular would exhaust volumes, since each individual may require a particular system of precepts to direct his choice.

Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no institutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent on fortune. Let any man compare his present fortune with the past, and he will probably find himself, upon the whole, neither better nor worse than formerly.

Gratified ambition, or irreparable calamity, may produce transient sensations of pleasure or distress. Those storms may discompose in proportion as they are strong, or the mind is pliant to their impression. But the soul, though at first lifted up by the event, is every day operated upon with diminished influence; and at length subsides into the level of its usual tranquillity. Should some unexpected turn of fortune take thee from fetters, and place thee on a throne, exultation would be natural upon the change; but the temper, like the face, would soon resume its native serenity.

Every wish, therefore, which leads us to expect happiness somewhere else but where we are, every institution which teaches us that we should be better, by being possessed of something new, which promises to lift us a step higher than we are, only lays a foundation for uneasiness, because it contracts debts which we cannot repay; it calls that a good, which when we have found it, will in fact add nothing to our happiness.

To enjoy the present, without regret for the past, or solicitude for the future, has been the advice rather of poets than philosophers. And yet the precept seems more rational than is generally imagined. It is the only general precept respecting the pursuit of happiness, that can be applied with propriety to every condition of life. The man of pleasure, the man of business, and the philosopher, are equally interested in its disquisition. If we do not find happiness in the present moment, in what shall we find it? Either in reflecting on the past, or prognosticating the future. But let us see how these are capable of producing satisfaction.

A remembrance of what is past, and an anticipation of what is to come, seem to be the two faculties by which man differs most from other animals. Though brutes enjoy them in a limited degree, yet their whole life seems taken up in the present, regardless of the past and the future. Man, on the contrary, endeavours to derive his happiness, and experiences most of his miseries, from these two sources.

Is this superiority of reflection a prerogative of which we should boast, and for which we shall thank Nature; or is it a misfortune of which we should complain and be humble? Either from the abuse, or from the nature of things, it certainly makes our condition more miserable.

Had we a privilege of calling up, by the power of memory, only such passages as were pleasing, unmixed with such as were disagreeable, we might then excite

at pleasure an ideal happiness, perhaps more poignant than actual sensation. But this is not the case; the past is never repented without some disagreeable circumstance, which tarnishes all its beauty; the remembrance of an evil carries in it nothing agreeable, and to remember a good is always accompanied with regret. Thus we lose more than we gain by remembrance.

And we shall find our expectation of the future to be a gift more distressful even than the former. To fear an approaching evil is certainly a most disagreeable sensation; and in expecting an approaching good, we experience the inquietude of wanting actual possession.

Thus, which ever way we look, the prospect is disagreeable. Behind, we have left pleasures we shall never more enjoy, and therefore regret; and before, we see pleasures which we languish to possess, and are consequently uneasy till we possess them. Was there any method of seizing the present, unambittered by such reflections, then would our state be tolerably easy.

This, indeed, is the endeavour of all mankind, who, untutored by philosophy, pursue as much as they can a life of amusement and dissipation. Every rank in life, and every size of understanding, seems to follow this alone; or not pursuing it, deviates from happiness. The man of pleasure pursues dissipation by profession; the man of business pursues it not less, as every voluntary labour he undergoes is only dissipation in disguise. The philosopher himself, even while he reasons upon the subject, does it unknowingly with a view of dissipating the thoughts of what he was, or what he must be.

The subject, therefore, comes to this. Which is the most perfect sort of dissipation: pleasure, business, or philosophy? which best serves to exclude those uneasy sensations, which *memory* or *anticipation* produce?

The enthusiasm of pleasure charms only by intervals. The highest rapture lasts only for a moment; and all the senses seem so combined, as to be soon tired into languor by the gratification of any one of them. It is only among the poets we hear of men changing to one delight, when satiated with another. In nature it is very different: the glutton, when sated with the full meal, is

unqualified to feel the real pleasure of drinking; the drunkard, in turn, finds few of those transports which lovers boast in enjoyment; and the lover, when cloyed, finds a diminution of every other appetite. Thus, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of pleasure finds a languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and expected enjoyment, perceives an interval which must be filled up. The present can give no satisfaction, because he has already robbed it of every charm: a mind thus left without immediate gratification. Instead of a life of dissipation, none has more frequent conversations with disagreeable *self* than he: his enthusiasms are but few and transient; his appetites, like angry creditors, continually making fruitless demands for what he is unable to pay; and the greater his former pleasure, the more impatient his expectations: a life of pleasure is therefore the most unpleasing life in the world.

Habit has rendered the man of business more cool in his desires; he finds less regret for past pleasures, and less solicitude for those to come. The life he now leads, though tainted in some measure with hope, is yet not afflicted so strongly with regret, and is less divided between short-lived rapture and lasting anguish. The pleasures he has enjoyed are not so vivid, and those he has to expect, cannot consequently create so much anxiety.

The philosopher, who extends his regard to all mankind, must have still a smaller concern for what has already affected, or may hereafter affect himself; the concerns of others make his whole study, and that study is his pleasure; and this pleasure is continuing in its nature, because it can be changed at will, leaving but few of these anxious intervals which are employed in remembrance or anticipation. The philosopher, by this means, leads a life of almost continued dissipation; and reflection, which makes the uneasiness and misery of others, serves as a companion and instructor to him.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional, and incapable of encrease; misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly. Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner, but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to encrease our present

sent stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed of. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation: he, therefore, is most wise, who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. This is impossible to the man of pleasure; it is

difficult to the man of business; and is in some measure attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers; all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind! Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THOUGH the frequent invitations I receive from men of distinction here might excite the vanity of some, I am quite mortified however when I consider the motives that inspire their civility. I am sent for not to be treated as a friend, but to satisfy curiosity; not to be entertained so much as wondered at; the same earnestness which excites them to see a Chinese, would have made them equally proud of a visit from the rhinoceros.

From the highest to the lowest, this people seem fond of sights and monsters. I am told of a person here who gets a very comfortable livelihood by making wonders, and then selling or shewing them to the people for money, no matter how insignificant they were in the beginning; by locking them up close, and shewing for money, they soon became prodigies! His first essay in this way was to exhibit himself as a wax-work figure behind a glass door at a puppet-show. Thus keeping the spectators at a proper distance, and having his head adorned with a copper crown, he looked extremely *natural*, and *very like the life itself*. He continued this exhibition with success, till an involuntary fit of sneezing brought him to life before all the spectators, and consequently rendered him for that time as entirely useless, as the peaceable inhabitant of a catacomb.

Determined to act the statue no more, he next levied contributions under the figure of an Indian king; and by painting his face, and counterfeiting the savage howl, he frightened several ladies and children with amazing success: in this manner, therefore, he might have lived very comfortably, had he not been arrested for a debt that was contracted when he was the figure in wax-work;

thus his face underwent an involuntary ablution, and he found himself reduced to his primitive complexion and indigence.

After some time, being freed from gaol, he was now grown wiser, and instead of making himself a wonder, was resolved only to make wonders. He learned the art of pasting up mummies; was never at a loss for an artificial *lusus naturæ*; nay, it has been reported, that he has sold seven petrified lobsters of his own manufacture to a noted collector of rarities; but this the learned Cracovius Putridus has undertaken to refute in a very elaborate dissertation.

His last wonder was nothing more than an halter, yet by this halter he gained more than by all his former exhibitions. The people, it seems, had got it in their heads, that a certain noble criminal was to be hanged with a silken rope. Now there was nothing they so much desired to see as this very rope; and he was resolved to gratify their curiosity: he therefore got one made, not only of silk, but, to render it more striking, several threads of gold were intermixed. The people paid their money only to see silk, but were highly satisfied when they found it was mixed with gold into the bargain. It is scarce necessary to mention, that the projector sold his silken rope for almost what it had cost him, as soon as the criminal was known to be hanged in hempen materials.

By their fondness of sights, one would be apt to imagine, that instead of desiring to see things as they should be, they are rather solicitous of seeing them as they ought not to be. A cat with four legs is disregarded, though never so useful; but if it has but two, and is consequently incapable of catching mice, it

is reckoned inestimable, and every man of taste is ready to raise the auction. A man, though in his person faultless as an aerial genius, might starve; but if struck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made for ever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applause.

A good woman in my neighbourhood, who was bred an habit-maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged by an accident to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin, made her fortune here; she now was thought more fit for her trade than before; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantua-maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman shewing me his collection of pictures, stopped at one with peculiar admiration: 'There,' cries he, 'is an inestimable piece!' I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured; it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection: I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet insensible. 'Sir,' cries he, 'the merit does not consist in the piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes: I bought it at a very great price; for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded.'

But these people are not more fond of wonders, than liberal in rewarding those who shew them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to shew *the most imitation of nature that was ever seen*, they all live in luxury. A singing woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another, who gingles several bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labours of his head.

A young author, a man of good-nature and learning, was complaining to me some nights ago of this misplaced generosity of the times. 'Here,' says

he, 'have I spent part of my youth in attempting to instruct and amuse my fellow-creatures, and all my reward has been solitude, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, possessed of even the smallest share of fiddling merit, or who has perhaps learned to whistle double, is rewarded, applauded, and caressed!'—'Pr'ythee, young man,' says I to him, 'are you ignorant, that in so large a city as this, it is better to be an amusing than an useful member of society? Can you leap up, and touch your feet four times before you come to the ground?'—'No, Sir.'—'Can you pimp for a man of quality?'—'No, Sir.'—'Can you stand upon two horses at full speed?'—'No, Sir.'—'Can you swallow a pen-knife?'—'I can do none of these tricks.'—'Why, then,' cried I, 'there is no other prudent means of subsistence left but to apprise the town that you speedily intend to eat up your own nose, by subscription.'

I have frequently regretted that none of our Eastern posture-masters or showmen have ever ventured to England. I should be pleased to see that money circulate in Asia, which is now sent to Italy and France, in order to bring their vagabonds hither. Several of our tricks would undoubtedly give the English high satisfaction. Men of fashion would be greatly pleased with the postures, as well as the condescension, of our dancing-girls; and ladies would equally admire the conductors of our fire-works. What an agreeable surprize would it be to see a huge fellow with whiskers flash a charged blunderbuss full in a lady's face, without singeing her hair, or melting her pomatum! Perhaps when the first surprize was over, she might then grow familiar with danger; and the ladies might vie with each other in standing fire with intrepidity.

But of all the wonders of the East, the most useful, and, I should fancy, the most pleasing, would be the looking-glass of Lao, which reflects the mind as well as the body. It is said that the Emperor Chusi used to make his concubines dress their heads and their hearts in one of these glasses every morning; while the lady was at her toilet, he would frequently look over her shoulder; and it is recorded, that among the three hundred which composed his seraglio, not one

one was found whose mind was not even more beautiful than her person.

I make no doubt but a glass in this country would have the very same effect. The English ladies, concubines and all, would undoubtedly cut very pretty figures in so faithful a monitor. There, should we happen to peep over a lady's shoulder while dressing, we might be able to see neither gaming nor ill-nature; neither pride, debauchery,

nor a love of gadding. We should find her, if any sensible defect appeared in the mind, more careful in rectifying it, than plastering up the irreparable decays of the person; nay, I am even apt to fancy, that ladies would find more real pleasure in this utensil in private, than in any other bauble imported from China, though never so expensive or amusing.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

UPON finishing my last letter I retired to rest, reflecting upon the wonders of the glass of Lao, wishing to be possessed of one here, and resolved in such a case to oblige every lady with a sight of it for nothing. What fortune denied me waking, fancy supplied in a dream: the glass, I know not how, was put into my possession, and I could perceive several ladies approaching, some voluntarily, others driven forward against their wills by a set of discontented Genii, whom by intuition I knew were their husbands.

The apartment in which I was to show away was filled with several gaming-tables, as if just forsaken; the candles were burnt to the socket, and the hour was five o'clock in the morning. Placed at one end of the room, which was of prodigious length, I could more easily distinguish every female figure as she marched up from the door; but guess my surprise, when I could scarce perceive one blooming or agreeable face among the number. This, however, I attributed to the early hour, and kindly considered that the face of a lady just risen from bed ought always to find a compassionate advocate.

The first person who came up in order to view her intellectual face, was a commoner's wife, who, as I afterwards found, being bred up during her virginity in a pawn-broker's shop, now attempted to make up the defects of breeding and sentiment, by the magnificence of her dress, and the expensiveness of her amusements. 'Mr. Showman,' cried she, approaching, 'I am told you has something to shew in that there sort of magic lanthorn, by which

'folks can see themselves on the inside; I protest, as my Lord Beetle says, I am sure it will be vastly pretty, for I have never seen any thing like it before. But how; are we to strip off our cloaths, and be turned inside out? If so, as Lord Beetle says, I absolutely declare off; for I would not strip for the world before a man's face, and so I tells his lordship almost every night of my life.' I informed the lady that I would dispense with the ceremony of stripping, and immediately presented my glass to her view.

As when a first-rate beauty, after having with difficulty escaped the small-pox, revisits her favourite mirror; that mirror which had repeated the flattery of every lover, and even added force to the complement; expecting to see what had so often given her pleasure, she no longer beholds the cherried lip, the polished forehead, and speaking blush, but an hateful phyz, quilted into a thousand seams by the hand of Deformity; grief, resentment, and rage, fill her bosom by turns; she blames the Fates and the stars, but most of all the unhappy glass feels her resentment. So it was with the lady in question; she had never seen her own mind before, and was now shocked at it's deformity. One single look was sufficient to satisfy her curiosity. I held up the glass to her face, and she shut her eyes; no entreaties could prevail upon her to gaze once more! she was even going to snatch it from my hands, and break it in a thousand pieces. I found it was time, therefore, to dismiss her as incorrigible, and shew away to the next that offered.

This was an unmarried lady, who continued

continued in a state of virginity till thirty-six, and then admitted a lover when she despaired of an husband. No woman was louder at a revel than she, perfectly free-hearted, and almost in every respect a man; she understood ridicule to perfection, and was once known even to fall out in order to beat the watch. 'Here, you my dear with the outlandish face,' said she, addressing me, 'let me take a single peep. Not that I care three damns what figure I may cut in the glass of such an old-fashioned creature; if I am allowed the beauties of the face by people of fashion, I know the world will be complaisant enough to toss me the beauties of the mind into the bargain.' I held my glass before her as she desired, and must confess, was shocked with the reflection. The lady, however, gazed for some time with the utmost complacency; and at last turning to me, with the most satisfied smile, said, she never could think she had been half so handsome.

Upon her dismissal, a lady of distinction was reluctantly hauled along to the glass by her husband. In bringing her forward, as he came first to the glass himself, his mind appeared tainted with immoderate jealousy, and I was going to reproach him for using her with such severity; but when the lady came to present herself, I immediately retracted; for, alas! it was seen that he had but too much reason for his suspicions.

The next was a lady who usually teased all her acquaintance in desiring to be told of her faults, and then never mended any. Upon approaching the glass, I could readily perceive vanity, affectation, and some other ill-looking blots, on her mind; wherefore by my advice she immediately set about mending. But I could easily find she was not earnest in the work; for as she repaired them on one side, they generally broke out on another. Thus, after three or four attempts, she began to make the ordinary use of the glass in settling her hair.

The company now made room for a woman of learning, who approached with a slow pace and a solemn countenance, which, for her own sake, I could wish had been cleaner. 'Sir,' cried the lady, flourishing her hand, which held a pinch of snuff, 'I shall be enraptured by having presented to my view

a mind with which I have so long studied to be acquainted: but, in order to give the sex a proper example, I must insist, that all the company may be permitted to look over my shoulder.' I bowed assent, and presenting the glass, shewed the lady a mind by no means so fair as she had expected to see. Ill-nature, ill-placed pride, and spleen, were too legible to be mistaken. Nothing could be more amusing than the mirth of her female companions who had looked over. They had hated her from the beginning, and now the apartment echoed with an universal laugh. Nothing but a fortitude like her's could have withstood their raillery: she stood it, however; and when the burst was exhausted, with great tranquillity she assured the company, that the whole was a *deceptio visus*, and that she was too well acquainted with her own mind to believe any false representations from another. Thus saying, she retired with a fullen satisfaction, resolved not to mend her faults, but to write a criticism on the mental reflector.

I must own, by this time I began myself to suspect the fidelity of my mirror; for as the ladies appeared at least to have the merit of rising early, since they were up at five, I was amazed to find nothing of this good quality pictured upon their minds in the reflection; I was resolved, therefore, to communicate my suspicions to a lady, whose intellectual countenance appeared more fair than any of the rest, not having above seventy-nine spots in all, besides slips and foibles. 'I own, young woman,' said I, 'that there are some virtues upon that mind of yours; but there is still one which I do not see represented; I mean that of rising betimes in the morning; I fancy the glass false in that particular.' The young lady smiled at my simplicity; and, with a blush, confessed, that she and the whole company had been up all night gaming.

By this time all the ladies, except one, had seen themselves successively, and disliked the show, or scolded the showman; I was resolved, however, that she who seemed to neglect herself, and was neglected by the rest, should take a view; and going up to a corner of the room, where she still continued sitting, I presented my glass full in her face. Here it was that I exulted in my success;

no blot, no stain, appeared on any part of the faithful mirror. As when the large unwritten page presents its snowy spotless bosom to the writer's hand, so appeared the glass to my view. 'Here,' cried I; 'turn hither, and behold an object worthy imitation: look upon the mirror now, and acknowledge its justice, and this woman's pre-eminence!' The ladies obeying the summons, came up in a groupe, and looking on, acknowledged there was some truth in the picture, as the person now represented had been deaf, dumb, and a fool from her cradle.

Thus much of my dream I distinctly remember; the rest was filled with chimeras, enchanted castles, and flying dragons, as usual. As you, my dear Fum Hoam, are particularly versed in the interpretation of those midnight warnings, what pleasure should I find in your explanation: but that our distance prevents; I make no doubt, however, but that from my description you will very much venerate the good qualities of the English ladies in general, since dreams, you know, go always by contraries.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, A SLAVE IN PERSIA*.

YOUR last letters betray a mind seemingly fond of wisdom, yet tempestted up by a thousand various passions. You would fondly persuade me that my former lessons still influence your conduct, and yet your mind seems not less enslaved than your body. Knowledge, wisdom, erudition, arts, and elegance, what are they, but the mere trappings of the mind, if they do not serve to encrease the happiness of the possessor? A mind rightly instituted in the school of philosophy, acquires at once the stability of the oak, and the flexibility of the osier. The truest manner of lessening our agonies, is to shrink from their pressure; is to confess that we feel them.

The fortitude of European sages is but a dream; for where lies the merit in being insensible to the strokes of Fortune, or in dissembling our sensibility? If we are insensible, that arises only from an happy constitution; that is a blessing previously granted by Heaven, and which no art can procure, no institutions improve.

If we dissemble our feelings, we only artificially endeavour to persuade others that we enjoy privileges which we actually do not possess. Thus while we endeavour to appear happy, we feel at once all the pangs of internal misery, and all the self-reproaching consciousness of endeavouring to deceive.

I know but of two sects of philosophers in the world that have endeavoured to inculcate that fortitude is but an imaginary virtue; I mean the followers of Confucius, and those who profess the doctrines of Christ. All other sects teach pride under misfortunes; they alone teach humility. 'Night,' says our Chinese philosopher, 'not more surely follows day, than groans and tears grow out of pain.' When misfortunes therefore oppress, when tyrants threaten, it is our interest, it is our duty, to fly even to dissipation for support, to seek redress from friendship, or seek redress from that best of friends who loved us into being.

Philosophers, my son, have long disclaimed against the passions, as being the source of all our miseries; they are the source of all our misfortunes I own; but they are the source of our pleasures too: and every endeavour of our lives, and all the institutions of philosophy, should tend to this, not to dissemble an absence of passion, but to repel those which lead to vice, by those which direct to virtue.

The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where two armies are ready every moment to encounter; not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent; and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices. Reason guides the bands of either host, nor

* This letter appears to be little more than a rhapsody of sentiments from Confucius. Vid. the Latin translation.

can it subdue one passion, but by the assistance of another. Thus, as a bark on every side beset with storms, enjoys a state of rest, so does the mind, when influenced by a just equipose of the passions, enjoy tranquillity.

I have used such means as my little fortune would admit to procure your freedom. I have lately written to the

governor of Argun to pay your ransom, though at the expence of all the wealth I brought with me from China. If we become poor, we shall at least have the pleasure of bearing poverty together; for what is fatigue or famine, when weighed against friendship and freedom? Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO * * * *, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

HAPPENING some days ago to call at a painter's to amuse myself in examining some pictures, (I had no design to buy) it surprized me to see a young prince in the working room, dressed in a painter's apron, and assiduously learning the trade. We instantly remembered to have seen each other; and, after the usual compliments, I stood by while he continued to paint on. As every thing done by the rich is praised, as princes here, as well as in China, are never without followers, three or four persons, who had the appearance of gentlemen, were placed behind to comfort and applaud him at every stroke.

Need I tell, that it struck me with very disagreeable sensations 'to see a youth, 'who by his station in life had it in his 'power to be useful to thousands, thus 'letting his mind run to waste upon 'canvas, at the same time fancying himself improving in taste, and filling his 'rank with proper decorum.'

As seeing an error, and attempting to redress it, are only one and the same with me, I took occasion, upon his lordship's desiring my opinion of a Chinese scroll, intended for the frame of a picture; to assure him, that a mandarine of China thought a minute acquaintance with such mechanical trifles below his dignity.

This reply raised the indignation of some, and the contempt of others; I could hear the names of Vandal, Goth, taste, polite arts, delicacy, and fire, repeated in tones of ridicule or resentment. But considering that it was in vain to argue against people who had so much to say, without contradicting them, I begged leave to repeat a fairy tale. This request redoubled their

laughter; but not easily abashed at the raillery of boys, I persisted, observing that it would set the absurdity of placing our affections upon trifles in the strongest point of view; and adding, that it was hoped the moral would compensate for its stupidity. 'For Heaven's sake,' cried the great man, washing his brush in water, 'let us have no morality at present; if we must have a story, let it be without any moral.' I pretended not to hear; and while he handled the brush, proceeded as follows—

IN the kingdom of Bonbobbinn, which, by the Chinese annal, appears to have flourished twenty thousand years ago, there reigned a prince endowed with every accomplishment which generally distinguishes the sons of kings. His beauty was brighter than the sun. The sun, to which he was nearly related, would sometimes stop his course in order to look down and admire him.

His mind was not less perfect than his body; he knew all things without having ever read; philosophers, poets, and historians, submitted their works to his decision; and so penetrating was he, that he could tell the merit of a book by looking on the cover. He made epic poems, tragedies, and pastorals, with surprising facility; song, epigram, or rebus, was all one to him; though it is observed he could never finish an acrostic. In short, the fairy, who presided at his birth, had endowed him with almost every perfection; or what was just the same, his subjects were ready to acknowledge he possessed them all; and, for his own part, he knew nothing to the contrary. A prince so accomplished, received a name suitable to his merit; and

he

he was called Bonbennin Bonbobbin Bonbobbinet, which signifies *Enlightener of the Sun*.

As he was very powerful, and yet unmarried, all the neighbouring kings earnestly sought his alliance. Each sent his daughter, dressed out in the most magnificent manner, and with the most sumptuous retinue imaginable, in order to allure the prince: so that at one time there were seen at his court not less than seven hundred foreign princesses, of exquisite sentiment and beauty, each alone sufficient to make seven hundred ordinary men happy.

Distracted in such a variety, the generous Bonbennin, had he not been obliged by the laws of the empire to make choice of one, would very willingly have married them all, for none understood gallantry better. He spent numberless hours of solicitude in endeavouring to determine whom he should chuse; one lady was possessed of every perfection, but he disliked her eyebrows; another was brighter than the morning star, but he disapproved her song whang; a third did not lay white enough on her cheek; and a fourth did not sufficiently blacken her nails. At last, after numberless disappointments on the one side and the other, he made choice of the incomparable Nanhoo, queen of the scarlet dragons.

The preparations for the royal nuptials, or the envy of the disappointed ladies, need no description; both the one and the other were as great as they could be; the beautiful princess was conducted, amidst admiring multitudes, to the royal couch, where, after being divested of every encumbering ornament, she was placed, in expectation of the youthful bridegroom, who did not keep her long in expectation. He came more cheerful than the morning, and printing on her lips a burning kiss, the attendants took this as a proper signal to withdraw.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned in the beginning that, among several other qualifications, the prince was fond of collecting and breeding mice, which being an harmless pastime, none of his counsellors thought proper to dissuade him from: he therefore kept a variety of these pretty little animals in the most beautiful cages, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones: thus he *innocently* spent

four hours each day, in contemplating their innocent little pastimes.

But to proceed. The prince and princess were now in bed; one with all the love and expectation, the other with all the modesty and fear, which is natural to suppose; both willing, yet afraid to begin; when the prince happening to look towards the outside of the bed, perceived one of the most beautiful animals in the world, a white mouse with green eyes, playing about the floor, and performing an hundred pretty tricks. He was already master of blue mice, red mice, and even white mice with yellow eyes; but a white mouse with green eyes, was what he long endeavoured to possess: wherefore leaping from bed with the utmost impatience and agility, the youthful prince attempted to seize the little charmer, but it was fled in a moment; for, alas! the mouse was sent by a discontented princess, and was itself a fairy.

It is impossible to describe the agony of the prince upon this occasion; he sought round and round every part of the room, even the bed where the princess lay was not exempt from the enquiry: he turned the princess on one side and t'other, stripped her quite naked, but no mouse was to be found; the princess herself was kind enough to assist, but still to no purpose.

'Alas,' cried the young prince in an agony, 'how unhappy am I to be thus disappointed! never sure was so beautiful an animal seen! I would give half my kingdom, and my princess, to him that would find it.' The princess, though not much pleased with the latter part of his offer, endeavoured to comfort him as well as she could; she let him know that he had an hundred mice already, which ought to be at least sufficient to satisfy any philosopher like him. Though none of them had green eyes, yet he should learn to thank Heaven that they had eyes. She told him, (for she was a profound moralist) that incurable evils must be borne, that useless lamentations were vain, and that man was born to misfortunes; she even entreated him to return to bed, and she would endeavour to lull him on her bosom to repose; but still the prince continued inconsolable; and regarding her with a stern air, for which his family was remarkable, he vowed never to sleep in the royal palace, or indulge himself in

the innocent pleasures of matrimony, till he had found the white mouse with the green eyes.

'Pr'ythee, Col. Leech,' cried his lordship, interrupting me, 'how do you like that nose? don't you think there is something of the manner of Rembrandt in it? Aprince in all this agony for a white mouse! O ridiculous!—

'Don't you think, Major Vampyre, that eye-brow stippled very prettily? But pray what are the green eyes to the purpose, except to amuse children? I would give a thousand guineas to lay on the colouring of this cheek more smoothly. But I ask pardon: Pray, Sir, proceed.'

LETTER XLIX.

FROM THE SAME.

KINGS (continued I) at that time were different from what they are now; they then never engaged their word for any thing which they did not rigorously intend to perform. This was the case of Bonbennin, who continued all night to lament his misfortunes to the princefs, who echoed groan for groan. When morning came, he published an edict, offering half his kingdom, and his princefs, to the person who should catch and bring him the white mouse with green eyes. The edict was scarce published, when all the traps in the kingdom were baited with cheese; numberless mice were taken and destroyed; but still the much wished for mouse was not among the number. The privy-council was assembled more than once to give their advice; but all their deliberations came to nothing; even though there were two complete vermin-killers and three professed rat-catchers of the number. Frequent addresses, as is usual on extraordinary occasions, were sent from all parts of the empire; but though these promised well, though in them he received an assurance, that his faithful subjects would assist in his search with their lives and fortunes, yet, with all their loyalty, they failed when the time came that the mouse was to be caught.

The prince therefore was resolved to go himself in search, determined never to lie two nights in one place till he had found what he sought for. Thus quitting his palace without attendants, he set out upon his journey, and travelled through many a desert, and crossed many a river, high over hills, and down along vales, still restless, still enquiring wherever he came; but no white mouse was to be found.

As one day, fatigued with his journey,

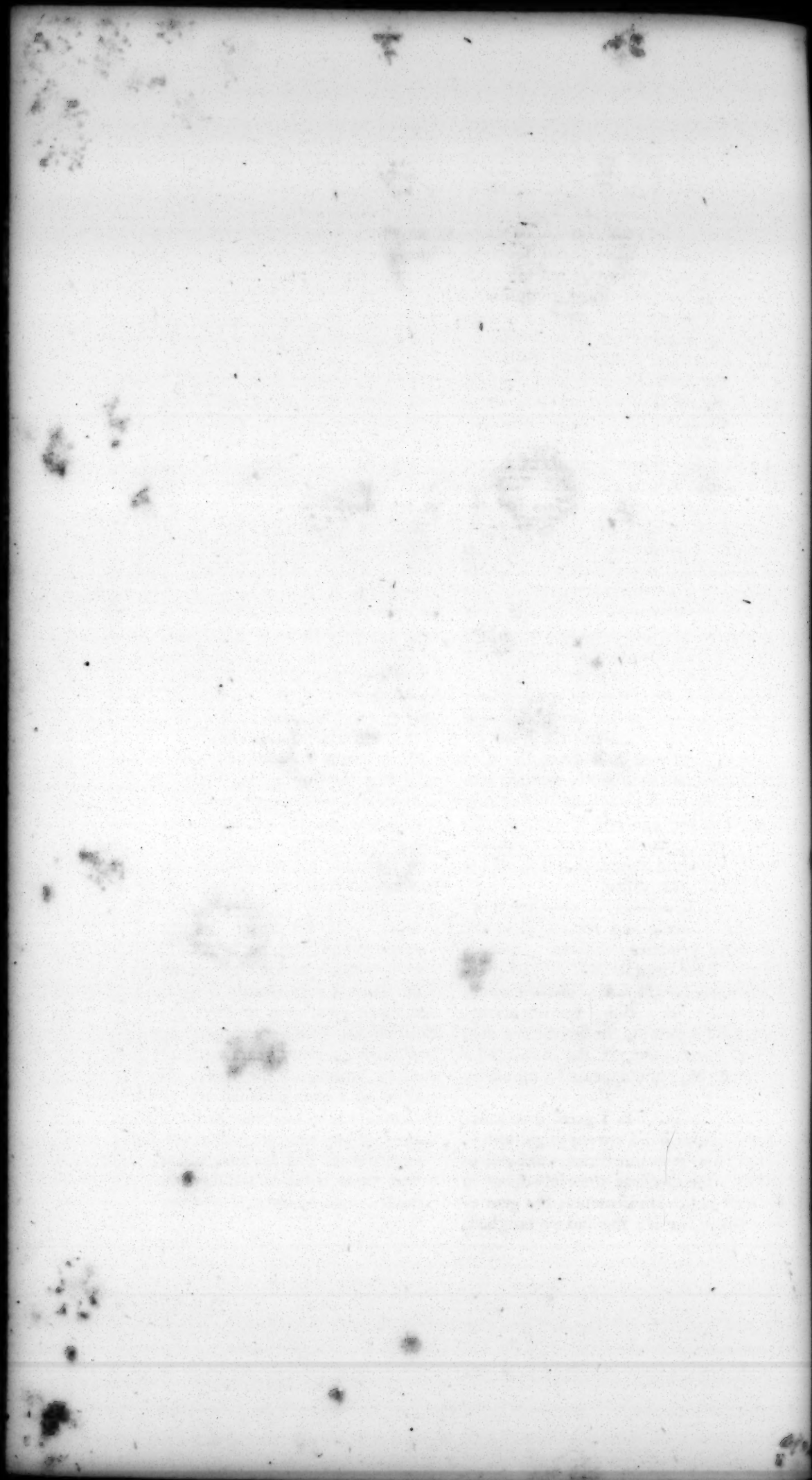
he was shading himself from the heat of the mid-day sun, under the arching branches of a banana tree, meditating on the object of his pursuit, he perceived an old woman, hideously deformed, approaching him; by her stoop, and the wrinkles of her visage, she seemed at least five hundred years old; and the spotted toad was not more freckled than was her skin. 'Ah! Prince Bonbennin Bonbobbin Bonbobbinet,' cried the fairy, 'what has led you so many thousand miles from your own kingdom? what is it you look for, and what induces you to travel into the kingdom of Emmets?' The prince, who was excessively complaisant, told her the whole story three times over; for she was hard of hearing. 'Well,' says the old fairy, for such she was, 'I promise to put you in possession of the white mouse with green eyes, and that immediately too, upon one condition.'—'One condition!' cried the prince, in a rapture, 'name a thousand; I shall undergo them all with pleasure.'—'Nay,' interrupted the old fairy, 'I ask but one, and that not very mortifying neither; it is only that you instantly consent to marry me.'

It is impossible to express the prince's confusion at this demand; he loved the mouse, but he detested the bride; he hesitated; he desired time to think upon the proposal; he would have been glad to consult his friends on such an occasion. 'Nay, nay,' cried the odious fairy, 'if you demur, I retract my promise; I do not desire to force my favours on any man.—Here, you my attendants,' cried she, stamping with her foot, 'let my machine be driven up; Barbacela, Queen of Emmets, is not used to contemptuous treatment.' She had no sooner spoken, than her fiery chariot



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chariot appeared in the air, drawn by two snails; and she was just going to step in, when the prince reflected, that now or never was the time to be possessed of the white mouse; and quite forgetting his lawful princess Nanhua, falling on his knees, he implored forgiveness for having rashly rejected so much beauty. This well-timed compliment instantly appeased the angry fairy. She affected an hideous leer of approbation; and, taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to a neighbouring church, where they were married together in a moment. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the prince, who was to the last degree desirous of seeing his favourite mouse, reminded the bride of her promise. 'To confess a truth, my prince,' cried she, 'I myself am that very white mouse you saw on your wedding night in the royal apartment. I now therefore give you the choice, whether you would have me a mouse by day and a woman by night, or a mouse by night and a woman by day.' Though the prince was an excellent casuist, he was quite at a loss how to determine, but at last thought it most prudent to have recourse to a blue cat that had followed him from his own dominions, and frequently amused him with its conversation, and assisted him with its advice; in fact this cat was no other than the faithful princess Nanhua herself, who had shared with him all his hardships in this disguise.

By her instructions, he was determined in his choice; and returning to the old fairy, prudently observed, that as she must have been sensible he had married her *only for the sake of what she had*, and not for her personal qualifications, he thought it would, for several reasons, be most convenient, if she continued a woman by day, and appeared a mouse by night.

The old fairy was a good deal mortified at her husband's want of gallantry, though she was reluctantly obliged to comply; the day was therefore spent in the most polite amusements; the gentlemen talked smut; the ladies laughed,

and were angry. At last the happy night drew near; the blue cat still stuck by the side of its master, and even followed him to the bridal apartment. Barbacela entered the chamber, wearing a train fifteen yards long, supported by porcupines, and all over beset with jewels, which served to render her more detestable. She was just stepping into bed to the prince, forgetting her promise, when he insisted upon seeing her in the shape of a mouse. She had promised, and no fairy can break her word; wherefore assuming the figure of the most beautiful mouse in the world, she skipped and played about with an infinity of amusement. The prince, in an agony of rapture, was desirous of seeing his pretty playfellow move a slow dance about the floor to his own singing; he began to sing, and the mouse immediately to perform with the most perfect knowledge of time, and the finest grace and greatest gravity imaginable: it only began, for Nanhua, who had long waited for the opportunity in the shape of a cat, flew upon it instantly without remorse, and eating it up in the hundredth part of a moment, broke the charm, and then resumed her natural figure.

The prince now found that he had all along been under the power of enchantment; that his passion for the white mouse was entirely fictitious, and not the genuine complexion of his soul; he now saw that his earnestness after mice was an illiberal amusement, and much more becoming a rat-catcher than a prince. All his meannesses now stared him in the face, he begged the discreet princess's pardon an hundred times. The princess very readily forgave him; and both returning to their palace in Bonbobbins, lived very happily together, and reigned many years with all that wisdom which, by the story, they appear to have been possessed of; perfectly convinced, by their former adventures, that—'They who place their affections on trifles at first for amusement, will find those trifles at last become their most serious concern.' Adieu.

LETTER L.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

ASK an Englishman what nation in the world enjoys most freedom, and he immediately answers, his own. Ask him in what that freedom principally consists, and he is instantly silent. This happy pre-eminence does not arise from the people's enjoying a larger share in legislation than elsewhere; for in this particular, several states in Europe excel them; nor does it arise from a greater exemption from taxes, for few countries pay more; it does not proceed from their being restrained by fewer laws, for no people are burthened with so many; nor does it particularly consist in the security of their property, for property is pretty well secured in every polite state of Europe.

How then are the English more free, (for more free they certainly are) than the people of any other country, or under any other form of government whatever? Their freedom consists in their enjoying all the advantages of democracy with this superior prerogative borrowed from monarchy, that—'the severity of their laws may be relaxed without endangering the constitution.'

In a monarchical state, in which the constitution is strongest, the laws may be relaxed without danger; for though the people should be unanimous in the breach of any one in particular, yet still there is an *effective* power superior to the people, capable of enforcing obedience, whenever it may be proper to inculcate the law either towards the support or welfare of the community.

But all those governments, where laws derive their sanction from the *people alone*, transgressions cannot be overlooked without bringing the constitution into danger. They who transgress the law in such a case, are those who prescribe it; by which means it loses not only its influence, but its sanction. In every republic the laws must be strong, because the constitution is feeble; they must resemble an Asiatic husband, who is justly jealous, because he knows himself impotent. Thus in Holland, Switzerland, and Genoa, new laws are not

frequently enacted, but the old ones are observed with unremitting severity. In such republics therefore the people are slaves to laws of their own making, little less than in unmixed monarchies, where they are slaves to the will of one subject to frailties like themselves.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough, to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still to remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty, of which we can form any idea; here we see a greater number of laws than in any other country, while the people at the same time obey only such as are *immediately* conducive to the interests of society; several are unnoticed, many unknown; some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions, others left to grow obsolete, even without the necessity of abrogation.

Scarce an Englishman who does not, almost every day of his life, offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture of circumstances, he would not receive punishment. Gaming-houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and an hundred other instances, are forbid, and frequented. These prohibitions are useful; though it be prudent in their magistrates, and happy for their people, that they are not enforced; and none but the venal or mercenary attempt to enforce them.

The law, in this case, like an indulgent parent, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offences to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, it is then that Justice would resume her terrors, and punish those faults she had so often overlooked with indulgence. It is to this ductility of the laws that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys superior to others in a more popular government;

government; every step therefore the constitution takes towards a Democratic form, every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subjects freedom; but every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but even will, at last, dissolve the political constitution.

Every popular government seems calculated to last only for a time; it grows rigid with age; new laws are multiplying, and the old continue in force; the subjects are oppressed, burthened with a multiplicity of legal injunctions; there are none from whom to expect redress, and nothing but a strong convulsion in the state can vindicate them into former liberty: thus the people of Rome, a few great ones excepted, found more real freedom under their emperors, though tyrants, than they had experienced in the old age of the commonwealth, in which their laws were become numerous and painful; in which new laws were every day enacting, and the old ones executed with rigour. They even refused to be reinstated in their former prerogatives, upon an offer made them to this purpose; for they actually found emperors the only means of softening the rigours of their constitution.

The constitution of England is at present possessed of the strength of its native oak, and the flexibility of the bending tamarisk; but should the people at any time, with a mistaken zeal, pant after an imaginary freedom, and fancy that abridging monarchy was encreasing their privileges, they would be very much mistaken, since every jewel plucked from the crown of majesty, would only be made use of as a bribe to corruption; it might enrich the few who shared it among them, but would, in fact, impoverish the public.

As the Roman senators by slow and imperceptible degrees became masters of the people, yet still flattered them with a shew of freedom, while themselves only were free; so is it possible for a body of men, while they stand up for privileges, to grow into an exuberance of power themselves, and the public become actually dependent, while some of its individuals only governed.

If then, my friend, there should in this country ever be on the throne a king, who through good-nature or age should give up the smallest part of his prerogative to the people; if there should come a minister of merit and popularity—But I have room for no more.

Adieu.

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

AS I was yesterday seated at breakfast over a penfive dish of tea, my meditations were interrupted by my old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger, dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit, begged of me to impute his intrusion to the sincerity of his respect, and the warmth of his curiosity.

As I am very suspicious of my company, when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, I answered the stranger's caresses at first with reserve; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into my visitant's trade and character, asking Mr. Fudge, whether he had lately published any thing new? I now conjectured that my guest was no other than a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

'Excuse me, Sir,' says he, 'it is

'not the season; books have their time
'as well as cucumbers. I would no
'more bring out a new work in sum-
'mer, than I would sell pork in the
'dog-days. Nothing in my way goes
'off in summer, except very light goods
'indeed. A review, a magazine, or a
'sessions paper, may amuse a summer
'reader; but all our stock of value we
'reserve for a spring and winter trade.'
—'I must confess, Sir,' says I, 'a cu-
'riosity to know what you call a valu-
'able stock, which can only bear a
'winter perusal.'—'Sir,' replied the
bookseller, 'it is not my way to cry
'up my own goods; but without exag-
'geration I will venture to shew with
'any of the trade; my books at least
'have the peculiar advantage of being
'always new; and it is my way to clear
'off my old to the trunk-makers every
'season.'

season. I have ten new title-pages now about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar; but that is not my way; I always let the vulgar direct me; wherever popular clamour arises, I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say that such a man is a rogue, I instantly give orders to set him down in print a villain: thus every man buys the book, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected.—‘But, Sir,’ interrupted I, ‘you speak as if you yourself wrote the books you publish; may I be so bold as to ask a sight of some of those intended publications which are shortly to surprize the world?’—‘As to that, Sir,’ replied the talkative bookseller, ‘I only draw out the plans myself; and though I am very cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favour to ask, you shall see a few of them. Here, Sir, here they are; diamonds of the first water, I assure you. *Imprimis*, a Translation of several Medical Precepts for the Use of such Physicians as do not understand Latin. *Item*, the Young Clergyman’s Art of placing Patches regularly, with a Dissertation on the different Manner of Smiling without distorting the Face. *Item*, the Whole Art of Love made perfectly Easy, by a Broker of ‘Change Alley. *Item*, the Proper Manner of cutting Black Lead Pencils, and making Crayons, by the Right Hon. the Earl of ****. *Item*, the Muster Master General, or the Review of Reviews—’ ‘Sir,’ cried I, interrupting him, ‘my curiosity with regard to title-pages is satisfied; I should be glad to see some longer manuscript; an history, or an epic poem.’—‘Bless me,’ cries the man of industry, ‘now you speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent farce. Here it is; dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with true modern humour. Strokes, Sir; it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line.’—‘Do you call these dashes of the pen strokes,’ replied I, ‘for I must confess I can see no other?’—‘And pray, Sir,’ returned he, ‘what do you call them? Do you see any thing good now-a-days that is not filled with

strokes—and dashes?—Sir, a well placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humour. I bought last season a piece that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two ha ha’s, three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced, and cracked, and made more sport than a fire-work.’—‘I fancy then, Sir, you were a considerable gainer?’—‘It must be owned the piece did pay; but upon the whole I cannot much boast of last winter’s success; I gained by two murders; but then I lost by an ill-timed charity-fermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Road to an Estate; but the Infernal Guide brought me up again. Ah, Sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master, filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view; no dull moral lurking beneath, nor ill-natured satire to sour the reader’s good humour; he wisely considered that moral and humour, at the same time, were quite over-doing the business.’—‘To what purpose was the book then published?’ cried I. ‘Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it, which came out soon after. Of all kinds of writings, that goes off best at present; and I generally fasten a criticism upon every selling book that is published.

‘I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics; close was the word; always very right, and very dull; ever on the safe side of an argument; yet, with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favour. I soon perceived that his bent was for criticism; and as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper, and planted him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him: but what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk.’—‘But are there not some works,’ interrupted I, ‘that, from the very manner of their composition, must be exempted from criticism; particularly such as profess to disregard it’s laws?’—‘There is no work whatsoever but he can criticise.’

cise,' replied the bookseller; 'even though you wrote in Chinese he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinese letters, for instance; write how you will, he shall shew the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you come; should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of Eastern knowledge, and be perfectly simple, and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim. He may with a sneer send you back to China for readers. He may observe, that after the first or second letter the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the public in such a case will anticipate his censures, and leave you, with all your uninformative simplicity, to be mauled at discretion.'

'Yes,' cried I; 'but, in order to avoid his indignation, and what I should fear more, that of the public, I would, in such a case, write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning,

at least I would not suppress what little I had; nor would I appear more stupid than Nature made me.'—'Here then,' cries the bookseller, 'we should have you entirely in our power: "Unnatural, uneastern; quite out of character; erroneously sensible;" would be the whole cry. Sir, we should then hunt you down like a rat.'—'Head of my father!' said I, 'sure there are but the two ways; the door must either be shut, or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural.'—'Be what you will, we shall criticise you,' returned the bookseller, 'and prove you a dunce in spite of your teeth. But, Sir, it is time that I should come to business. I have just now in the press an history of China; and, if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligation with gratitude.'—'What, Sir,' replied I, 'put my name to a work which I have not written! Never while I retain a proper respect for the public and myself.' The bluntness of my reply quite abated the ardour of the bookseller's conversation; and, after about half an hour's disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave and withdrew. Adieu.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

IN all other countries, my dear Fum Hoam, the rich are distinguished by their dress. In Persia, China, and most parts of Europe, those who are possessed of much gold or silver, put some of it upon their cloaths; but in England, those who carry much upon their cloaths, are remarked for having but little in their pockets. A tawdry outside is regarded as a badge of poverty; and those who can sit at home; and glaze over their thousands in silent satisfaction, are generally found to do it in plain cloaths.

This diversity of thinking from the rest of the world which prevails here, I was first at a loss to account for; but am since informed that it was introduced by an intercourse between them and their neighbours the French; who, whenever they came in order to pay those islanders a visit, were generally very well dressed, and very poor, daubed with lace, but all the gilding on the outside. By this means

laced cloaths have been brought so much into contempt, that at present even their mandarines are ashamed of finery.

I must own myself a convert to English simplicity; I am no more for ostentation of wealth than of learning; the person who in company should pretend to be wiser than others, I am apt to regard as illiterate and ill-bred; the person whose cloaths are extremely fine, I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.

I was lately introduced into a company of the best dressed men I have seen since my arrival. Upon entering the room, I was struck with awe at the grandeur of the different dresses. 'That personage,' thought I, 'in blue and gold, must be some emperor's son; that, in green and silver, a prince of

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'the blood; he, in embroidered scarlet, a prime minister; all first rate noble-men, I suppose, and well looking noblemen too.' I sat for some time with that uneasiness which conscious inferiority produces in the ingenuous mind, all attention to their discourse. However, I found their conversation more vulgar than I could have expected from personages of such distinction. 'If these,' thought I to myself, 'be princes, they are the most stupid princes I have ever conversed with.' Yet still I continued to venerate their dress; for dress has a kind of mechanical influence on the mind.

My friend in black indeed did not behave with the same deference, but contradicted the finest of them all in the most peremptory tones of contempt. But I had scarce time to wonder at the imprudence of his conduct, when I found occasion to be equally surprized at the absurdity of theirs; for, upon the entry of a middle-aged man, dressed in a cap, dirty shirt, and boots, the whole circle seemed diminished of their former importance, and contended who should be first to pay their obeisance to the stranger. They somewhat resembled a circle of Kalmucs offering incense to a bear.

Eager to know the cause of so much seeming contradiction, I whispered my friend out of the room, and found that the august company consisted of no other than a dancing-master, two fiddlers, and a third-rate actor, all assembled in order to make a set at country-dances; as the middle-aged gentleman whom I saw enter was a squire from the country, and desirous of learning the new manner of footing, and smoothing up the rudiments of his rural minuet.

I was no longer surprized at the authority which my friend assumed among them; nay, was even displeased (pardon my Eastern education) that he had not kicked every creature of them down stairs. 'What,' said I, 'shall a set of such paltry fellows dress themselves up like sons of kings, and claim even the transitory respect of half an hour! There should be some law to restrain so manifest a breach of privilege; they should go from house to house, as in China, with the instruments of their profession strung round their necks; by this means we might be able to distinguish, and treat them in a stile of becoming contempt.'—'Hold, my

friend,' replied my companion, 'were your reformation to take place, as dancing-masters and fiddlers now mimic gentlemen in appearance, we should then find our fine gentlemen conforming to theirs. A beau might be introduced to a lady of fashion with a fiddle-case hanging at his neck by a red ribband; and, instead of a cane, might carry a fiddle-stick. Though to be as dull as a first-rate dancing-master might be used with proverbial justice; yet, dull as he is, many a fine gentleman sets him up as the proper standard of politeness; copies not only the pert vivacity of his air, but the flat insipidity of his conversation. In short, if you make a law against dancing-masters imitating the fine gentleman, you should with as much reason enact, that no fine gentleman shall imitate the dancing-master.'

After I had left my friend, I made towards home, reflecting as I went upon the difficulty of distinguishing men by their appearance. Invited, however, by the freshness of the evening, I did not return directly, but went to ruminate on what had passed in a public garden belonging to the city. Here, as I sat upon one of the benches, and felt the pleasing sympathy which Nature in bloom inspires, a disconsolate figure, who sat on the other end of the seat, seemed no way to enjoy the serenity of the season.

His dress was miserable beyond description; a thread-bare coat of the rudest materials; a shirt, though clean, yet extremely coarse; hair that seemed to have been long unconscious of the comb; and all the rest of his equipage impressed with the marks of genuine poverty.

As he continued to sigh, and testify every symptom of despair, I was naturally led, from a motive of humanity, to offer comfort and assistance. You know my heart; and that all who are miserable may claim a place there. The pensive stranger at first declined any conversation; but at last, perceiving a peculiarity in my accent and manner of thinking, he began to unfold himself by degrees.

I now found that he was not so very miserable as he at first appeared; upon my offering him a small piece of money, he refused my favour, yet without appearing displeased at my intended generosity.

rosity. It is true, he sometimes interrupted the conversation with a sigh, and talked pathetically of neglected merit; still I could perceive a serenity in his countenance that, upon a closer inspection, bespoke inward content.

Upon a pause in the conversation I was going to take my leave, when he begged I would favour him with my company home to supper. I was surprised at such a demand from a person of his appearance, but willing to indulge curiosity, I accepted his invitation; and though I felt some repugnance at being seen with one who appeared so very wretched, went along with seeming alacrity.

Still, as he approached nearer home, his good humour proportionably seemed to encrease. At last he stopped, not at

the gate of an hovel, but of a magnificent palace! When I cast my eyes upon all the sumptuous elegance which every where presented upon entering, and then when I looked at my seeming miserable conductor, I could scarce think that all this finery belonged to him; yet in fact it did. Numerous servants ran through the apartments with silent assiduity; several ladies of beauty, and magnificently dressed, came to welcome his return; a most elegant supper was provided; in short, I found the person, whom a little before I had sincerely pitied, to be in reality a most refined epicure; 'one who courted contempt abroad, in order to feel with keener gust the pleasure of pre-eminence at home.'

Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

FROM THE SAME.

HOW often have we admired the eloquence of Europe! That strength of thinking, that delicacy of imagination, even beyond the efforts of the Chinese themselves! How were we enraptured with those bold figures which sent every sentiment with force to the heart! How have we spent whole days together in learning those arts by which European writers got within the passions, and led the reader as if by enchantment!

But though we have learned most of the rhetorical figures of the last age, yet there seems to be one or two of great use here, which have not yet travelled to China. The figures I mean are called *Bawdy* and *Pertness*; none are more fashionable; none so sure of admirers: they are of such a nature, that the merest blockhead, by a proper use of them, shall have the reputation of a wit; they lie level in the meanest capacities, and address those passions which all have, or would be ashamed to disown.

It has been observed, and I believe with some truth, that it is very difficult for a dunce to obtain the reputation of a wit; yet, by the assistance of the figure *Bawdy*, this may be easily effected, and a bawdy blockhead often passes for a fellow of smart parts and pretensions. Every object in nature helps the jokes

forward, without scarce any effort of the imagination. If a lady stands, something very good may be said upon that; if she happens to fall, with the help of a little fashionable Pruriency, there are forty fly things ready on the occasion. But a prurient jest has always been found to give most pleasure to a few old gentlemen, who, being in some measure dead to other sensations, feel the force of the allusion with double violence on the organs of risibility.

An author who writes in this manner is generally sure, therefore, of having the very old and the impotent among his admirers; for these he may properly be said to write, and from these he ought to expect his reward, his works being often a very proper succedaneum to cantharides, or an assaetida pill. His pen should be considered in the same light as the squirt of an apothecary, both being directed at the same generous end.

But though this manner of writing be perfectly adapted to the taste of gentlemen and ladies of fashion here, yet still it deserves greater praise in being equally suited to the most vulgar apprehensions. The very ladies and gentlemen of Benin, or Caffraria, are in this respect tolerably polite, and might relish a prurient joke of this kind with critical

M 2 propriety;

propriety; probably, too, with higher guile, as they wear neither breeches nor petticoats to intercept the application.

It is certain, I never could have expected the ladies here, biassed as they are by education, capable at once of bravely throwing off their prejudices, and not only applauding books in which this figure makes the only merit, but even adopting it in their own conversation. Yet, so it is; the pretty innocents now carry those books openly in their hands, which formerly were hid under the cushion; they now lift their double meanings with so much grace, and talk over the raptures they bestow with such little reserve, that I am sometimes reminded of a custom among the entertainers in China, who think it a piece of necessary breeding to whet the appetites of their guests, by letting them smell dinner in the kitchen before it is served up to table.

The veneration we have for many things, entirely proceeds from their being carefully concealed. Were the idolatrous Tartar permitted to lift the veil which keeps his idol from view, it might be a certain method to cure his future superstition: with what a noble spirit of freedom, therefore, must that writer be possessed, who bravely paints things as they are, who lifts the veil of modesty, who displays the most hidden recesses of the temple, and shews the erring people that the object of their vows is either perhaps a mouse, or a monkey!

However, though this figure be at present so much in fashion; though the professors of it are so much caressed by the great, those perfect judges of literary excellence; yet it is confessed to be only a revival of what was once fashionable here before. There was a time, when by this very manner of writing, the gentle Tom Durfey, as I read in English authors, acquired his great reputation, and became the favourite of a king.

The works of this original genius, though they never travelled abroad to China, and scarce have reached posterity at home, were once found upon every fashionable toilet, and made the subject of polite, I mean very polite, conversation. 'Has your Grace seen Mr. Durfey's last new thing, the Oylet Hole? A most facetious piece! Sure, my Lord, all the world must have seen it; Durfey is certainly the most comical

' creature alive. It is impossible to read his things and live. Was there ever any thing so natural and pretty, as when the Squire and Bridget meet in the cellar? And then the difficulties they both find in broaching the beer-barrel are so arch and so ingenious! We have certainly nothing of this kind in the language.'

In this manner they spoke then, and in this manner they speak now; for though the successor of Durfey does not excel him in wit, the world must confess he out-does him in obscenity.

There are several very dull fellows, who, by a few mechanical helps, sometimes learn to become extremely brilliant and pleasing, with a little dexterity in the management of the eyebrows, fingers, and nose. By imitating a cat, a sow and pigs; by a loud laugh, and a slap on the shoulder, the most ignorant are furnished out for conversation. But the writer finds it impossible to throw his winks, his shrugs, or his attitudes, upon paper; he may borrow some assistance, indeed, by printing his face at the title-page; but without wit to pass for a man of ingenuity, no other mechanical help but downright obscenity will suffice. By speaking to some peculiar sensations, we are always sure of exciting laughter, for the jest does not lie in the writer, but in the subject.

But Bawdry is often helped on by another figure, called Pertness; and few, indeed, are found to excel in one, that are not possessed of the other.

As in common conversation, the best way to make the audience laugh, is by first laughing yourself; so in writing, the properest manner is to shew an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity: in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next to pull them by the nose: he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed in order to dream for the solution. He must speak of himself and his chapters, and his manner, and what he would be at, and his own importance, and his mother's importance, with the most un pitying prolixity: now and then testifying his contempt for all but himself, smiling without a jest, and without wit possessing vivacity. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

FROM THE SAME.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk; I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his

looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his cloaths, and the bloom in his countenance. 'Psha, psha, Will!' cried the figure, 'no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Dutchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night."—"Poaching, my lord," says I; "faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?'—"Im-proved!" replied the other; 'you shall know—but let it go no further—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it.—His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday,

and

‘ and we had a tete-a-tete dinner in the
 ‘ country; where we talked of nothing
 ‘ else.’—‘ I fancy you forget, Sir,’
 cried I, ‘ you told us but this moiment
 ‘ of your dining yesterday in town!’—
 —‘ Did I say so?’ replied he, coolly;
 ‘ to be sure, if I said so, it was so—
 ‘ Dined in town! Egad, now I do re-
 ‘ member, I did dine in town; but I din-
 ‘ ed in the country too; for you must
 ‘ know, my boys, I eat two dinners.
 ‘ By the bye, I am grown as nice as
 ‘ the devil in my eating. I’ll tell you
 ‘ a pleasant affair about that: We were
 ‘ a select party of us to dine at Lady
 ‘ Grogam’s, an affected piece, but let
 ‘ it go no further; a secret. Well, there
 ‘ happened to be no assafetida in the
 ‘ sauce to a turkey; upon which, says
 ‘ I, “ I’ll hold a thousand guineas, and
 ‘ “ say done first, that——” But, dear
 ‘ Drybone, you are an honest creature,
 ‘ lend me half-a-crown for a minute or
 ‘ two, or so, just till— But, harkee,
 ‘ ask me for it the next time we meet,
 ‘ or it may be twenty to one but I for-
 ‘ get to pay you.’

When he left us, our conversation
 naturally turned upon so extraordinary
 a character. ‘ His very dress,’ cries

my friend, ‘ is not less extraordinary
 ‘ than his conduct. If you meet him
 ‘ this day, you find him in rags; if the
 ‘ next, in embroidery. With those per-
 ‘ sons of distinction, of whom he talks
 ‘ so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-
 ‘ house acquaintance. However, both
 ‘ for interests of society, and perhaps
 ‘ for his own, Heaven has made him
 ‘ poor; and while all the world perceive
 ‘ his wants, he fancies them concealed
 ‘ from every eye. An agreeable com-
 ‘ panion, because he understands flat-
 ‘ tery; and all must be pleased with the
 ‘ first part of his conversation, though
 ‘ all are sure of it’s ending with a de-
 ‘ mand on their purse. While his youth
 ‘ countenances the levity of his conduct,
 ‘ he may thus earn a precarious subsist-
 ‘ ence; but when age comes on, the
 ‘ gravity of which is incompatible with
 ‘ buffoonery, then will he find himself
 ‘ forsaken by all. Condemned, in the
 ‘ decline of life, to hang upon some rich
 ‘ family whom he once despised, there
 ‘ to undergo all the ingenuity of studied
 ‘ contempt, to be employed only as a
 ‘ spy upon the servants, or a bugbear
 ‘ to fright the children into obedience.’

Adieu.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

I Am apt to fancy I have contracted
 a new acquaintance whom it will be
 no easy matter to shake off. My little
 beau yesterday overtook me again in one
 of the public walks, and slapping me
 on the shoulder, saluted me with an air
 of the most perfect familiarity. His
 dress was the same as usual, except that
 he had more powder in his hair, wore a
 dirtier shirt, a pair of temple-spectacles,
 and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless
 amusing little thing, I could not return
 his smiles with any degree of severity;
 so we walked forward on terms of the
 utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes
 discussed all the usual topics preliminary
 to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his cha-
 racter, however, soon began to appear;
 he bowed to several well-dressed persons,
 who, by their manner of returning the
 compliment, appeared perfect strangers.

At intervals he drew out a pocket-
 book, seeming to take memorandums
 before all the company, with much im-
 portance and assiduity. In this man-
 ner he led me through the length of the
 whole walk, fretting at his absurdities,
 and fancying myself laughed at not less
 than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our
 procession—‘ Blast me!’ cries he, with
 an air of vivacity, ‘ I never saw the Park
 ‘ so thin in my life before; there’s no
 ‘ company at all to-day. Not a single
 ‘ face to be seen.’—‘ No company!’ in-
 terrupted I, peevishly; ‘ no company
 ‘ where there is such a crowd? why,
 ‘ man, there’s too much. What are
 ‘ the thousands that have been laughing
 ‘ at us but company?’—‘ Lard, my dear,’
 returned he, with the utmost good hu-
 mour, ‘ you seem immensely chagrined;
 ‘ but, blast me, when the world laughs
 ‘ at me, I laugh at all the world, and
 ‘ so

‘so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day, I must insist on’t; I’ll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that’s between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice, but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelm Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick’s eldest son, but that’s in friendship, let it go no further; she’s but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guittar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I’ll make her a scholar; I’ll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.’

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking stair-case, when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative—‘Then,’ says he, ‘I shall shew you one of the most charming in the world, out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener.’

By this time we were arrived as high

as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded—‘Who’s there?’ My conductor answered, that it was him; but this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand: to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony; and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? ‘Good troth,’ replied she, in a peculiar dialect, ‘she’s washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.’—‘My two shirts!’ cries he, in a tone that faultered with confusion, ‘what does the idiot mean!’—‘I ken what I mean well enough,’ replied the other; ‘she’s washing your two shirts at the next door, because—’ ‘Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid explanations,’ cried he; ‘go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprizing too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that’s a secret.’

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibb’s arrival, during which interval, I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all it’s furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife’s embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing: ‘What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there’s the true keeping in it; it’s my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for it’s fellow: I refused her; for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.’

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The wife at last made her appearance, at once a flattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the *borns*.—‘And, indeed, my dear,’ added she, turning to her husband, ‘his lordship drank your health in a bumper.’—‘Poor Jack,’ cries he, ‘a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner?’ ‘You need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a——’ ‘Or what do you think, my dear,’ interrupts the wife, ‘of a nice pretty bit of ox cheek, piping hot, and dressed

‘with a little of my own sauce?’—‘The very thing,’ replies he; ‘it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let’s have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.’

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase. The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement; and after having shewn my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave: Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

LETTER LVI.

FROM FUM HOAM, TO ALTANGI, THE DISCONTENTED WANDERER.

THE distant sounds of music that catch new sweetness as they vibrate through the long drawn valley, are not more pleasing to the ear than the tidings of a far distant friend.

I have just received two hundred of thy letters by the Russian caravan, descriptive of the manners of Europe. You have left it to geographers to determine the size of their mountains, and extent of their lakes, seeming only employed in discovering the genius, the government, and disposition, of the people.

In those letters I perceive a journal of the operations of your mind upon whatever occurs, rather than a detail of your travels from one building to another; of your taking a draught of this ruin, or that obelisk; of paying so many Tomans for this commodity, or laying up a proper store for the passage of some new wilderness.

From your accounts of Russia I learn, that this nation is again relaxing into pristine barbarity, that it’s great emperor wanted a life of an hundred years more to bring about his vast design. A savage people may be resembled to their

own forests; a few years are sufficient to clear away the obstructions to agriculture; but it requires many ere the ground acquires a proper degree of fertility. The Russians, attached to their ancient prejudices, again renew their hatred to strangers, and indulge every former brutal excess. So true it is, that the revolutions of wisdom are slow and difficult; the revolutions of folly or ambition precipitate and easy. ‘We are not to be astonished,’ says Confucius*, ‘that the wise walk more slowly in their road to virtue, than fools in their passage to vice; since passion drags us along, while wisdom points out the way.’

The German empire, that remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, appears from your account on the eve of dissolution. The members of it’s vast body want every tie of government to unite them, and seem feebly held together only by their respect for ancient institution. The very name of country and countrymen, which in other nations makes one of the strongest bonds of government, has been here for some time laid

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aside, each of it's inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state which gives him birth, than by the more well-known title of German.

This government may be regarded in the light of a severe master, and a feeble opponent. The states which are now subject to the laws of the empire, are only watching a proper occasion to fling off the yoke; and those which are become too powerful to be compelled to obedience, now begin to think of dictating in their turn. The struggles in this state are therefore not in order to preserve, but to destroy, the ancient constitution; if one side succeeds, the government must become despotic; if the other, several states will subsist without nominal subordination; but in either case the Germanic constitution will be no more.

Sweden, on the contrary, though now seemingly a strenuous assertor of it's liberties, is probably only hastening on to despotism. Their senators, while they pretend to vindicate the freedom of the people, are only establishing their own independence. The deluded people will, however, at last perceive the miseries of an aristocratical government; they will perceive that the administration of a society of men is ever more painful than that of one only. They will fly from this most oppressive of all forms, where one single member is capable of controuling the whole, to take refuge under the throne which will ever be attentive to their complaints. No people long endure an aristocratical government, when they can apply elsewhere for redress. The lower orders of people may be enslaved for a time by a number of tyrants, but upon the first opportunity

they will ever take a refuge in despotism or democracy.

As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that those parliaments (the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can act only by immediate direction) presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more, successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free.

When I compare the figure which the Dutch make in Europe, with that they assume in Asia, I am struck with surprise. In Asia, I find them the great lords of all the Indian seas; in Europe, the timid inhabitants of a paltry state. No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer assertors of their rights by courage, but by negotiations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighbouring power. Without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themselves; their government is poor, and their private wealth will serve to invite some neighbouring invader.

I long with impatience for your letters from England, Denmark, Holland, and Italy; yet, why wish for relations which only describe new calamities, which shew that ambition and avarice are equally terrible in every region?

Adieu,

LETTER LVII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Have frequently admired the manner of criticising in China, where the learned are assembled in a body to judge of every new publication; to examine the merits of the work without knowing the circumstances of the author, and then to usher it into the world with proper marks of respect or reprobation.

In England there are no such tribunals erected; but if a man thinks proper to be a judge of genius, few will be at the pains to contradict his pretensions. If any chuse to be critics, it is but saying they are critics; and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over every caiff

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FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Have frequently admired the manner of criticising in China, where the learned are assembled in a body to judge of every new publication; to examine the merits of the work without knowing the circumstances of the author, and then to usher it into the world with proper marks of respect or reprobation.

In England there are no such tribunals created; but if a man thinks proper to be a judge of genius, few will be at the pains to contradict his pretensions. If any chuse to be critics, it is but saying they are critics; and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over every caitiff

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who

who aims at their instruction or entertainment.

As almost every member of society has by this means a vote in literary transactions, it is no way surprizing to find the rich leading the way here as in other common concerns of life, to see them either bribing the numerous herd of voters by their interest, or brow-beating them by their authority.

A great man says, at his table, that such a book is *no bad thing*. Immediately the praise is carried off by five flatterers to be dispersed at twelve different coffee-houses, from whence it circulates, still improving as it proceeds, through forty-five houses, where cheaper liquors are sold; from thence it is carried away by the honest tradesman to his own fire-side, where the applause is eagerly caught up by his wife and children, who have been long taught to regard his judgment as the standard of perfection. Thus, when we have traced a wide-extended literary reputation up to its original source, we shall find it derived from some great man, who has, perhaps, received all his education and English from a tutor of Berne, or a dancing-master of Picardie.

The English are a people of good sense; and I am the more surprized to find them swayed in their opinions by men who often, from their very education, are incompetent judges. Men who, being always bred in affluence, see the world only on one side, are surely improper judges of human nature; they may indeed describe a ceremony, a pageant, or a ball; but how can they pretend to dive into the secrets of the human heart, who have been nursed up only in forms, and daily behold nothing but the same insipid adulation smiling upon every face? Few of them have been bred in the best of schools, the school of adversity; and, by what I can learn, fewer still have been bred in any school at all.

From such a description, one would think that a droning duke, or a dowager dutchess, was not possessed of more just pretensions to taste than persons of less quality; and yet, whatever the one or the other may write or praise, shall pass for perfection, without farther examination. A nobleman has but to take a pen, ink, and paper, write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the title-page; though

the whole might have been before more disgusting than his own rent-roll, yet signing his name and title gives value to the deed; title being alone equivalent to taste, imagination, and genius.

As soon as a piece, therefore, is published, the first questions are—'Who is the author? Does he keep a coach? Where lies his estate? What sort of a table does he keep?' If he happens to be poor, and unqualified for such a scrutiny, he and his works sink into irremediable obscurity; and too late he finds, that having fed upon Turtle is a more ready way to fame, than having digested Tully.

The poor devil, against whom fashion has set its face, vainly alledges, that he has been bred in every part of Europe where knowledge was to be sold; that he has grown pale in the study of nature and himself; his works may please upon the perusal, but his pretensions to fame are entirely disregarded; he is treated like a fiddler, whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman-performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures. The fiddler, indeed, may in such a case console himself by thinking, that while the other goes off with all the praise, he runs away with all the money: but here the parallel drops; for while the nobleman triumphs in unmerited applause, the author by profession steals off with—*Nothing*.

The poor, therefore, here, who draw their pens auxiliary to the laws of their country, must think themselves very happy if they find, not fame, but forgiveness; and yet, they are hardly treated; for, as every country grows more polite, the press becomes more useful; and writers become more necessary, as readers are supposed to encrease. In a polished society, that man, though in rags, who has the power of enforcing virtue from the press, is of more real use than forty stupid brachmans or bonzes, or guebres, though they preached never so often, never so loud, or never so long. That man, though in rags, who is capable of deceiving even indolence into wisdom, and who professes amusement while he aims at reformation, is more useful in refined society than twenty cardinals with all their scarlet, and tricked out in all the fopperies of scholastic finery.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

AS the man in black takes every opportunity of introducing me to such company as may serve to indulge my speculative temper, or gratify my curiosity, I was by his influence lately invited to a *visitation* dinner. To understand, this term, you must know, that it was formerly the custom here for the principal priests to go about the country once a year, and examine upon the spot, whether those of subordinate orders did their duty, or were qualified for the task; whether their temples were kept in proper repair, or the laity pleased with their administration.

Though a visitation of this nature was very useful, yet it was found to be extremely troublesome, and for many reasons utterly inconvenient; for as the principal priests were obliged to attend at court, in order to solicit preferment, it was impossible they could at the same time attend in the country, which was quite out of the road to promotion: if we add to this the gout, which has been time immemorial a clerical disorder here, together with the bad wine, and ill-dressed provisions that must infallibly be served up by the way, it is not strange that the custom has been long discontinued. At present, therefore, every head of the church, instead of going about to visit his priests, is satisfied if his priests come in a body once a year to visit him; by this means the duty of half a year is dispatched in a day. When assembled, he asks each in his turn, how they have behaved, and are liked; upon which, those who have neglected their duty, or are disagreeable to their congregation, no doubt accuse themselves, and tell him all their faults; for which he reprimands them most severely.

The thoughts of being introduced into a company of philosophers and learned men, (for such I conceived them) gave me no small pleasure; I expected our entertainment would resemble those sentimental banquets so finely described by Xenophon and Plato; I was hoping some Socrates would be brought in from the door, in order to harangue upon

Divine love; but as for eating and drinking, I had prepared myself to be disappointed in that particular. I was apprized, that fasting and temperance were tenets strongly recommended to the professors of Christianity; and I had seen the frugality and mortification of the priests of the East: so that I expected an entertainment where we should have much reasoning, and little meat.

Upon being introduced, I confess I found no great signs of mortification in the faces or persons of the company. However, I imputed their florid looks to temperance, and their corpulency to a sedentary way of living. I saw several preparations indeed for dinner, but none for philosophy. The company seemed to gaze upon the table with silent expectation; but this I easily excused. 'Men of wisdom,' thought I, 'are ever slow of speech; they deliver nothing unadvisedly.—"Silence," says Confucius, "is a friend that will never betray." They are now probably inventing maxims, or hard sayings, for their mutual instruction, when some one shall think proper to begin.'

My curiosity was now wrought up to the highest pitch; I impatiently looked round to see if any were going to interrupt the mighty pause; when, at last, one of the company declared, that there was a sow in his neighbourhood that farrowed fifteen pigs at a litter. This I thought a very preposterous beginning; but just as another was going to second the remark, dinner was served, which interrupted the conversation for that time.

The appearance of dinner, which consisted of a variety of dishes, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness upon every face; so that I now expected the philosophical conversation to begin, as they improved in good-humour. The principal priest, however, opened his mouth, with only observing, that the venison had not been kept enough, though he had given strict orders for having it killed ten days before. 'I fear,' con-

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tinued he, 'it will be found to want the true heathy flavour; you will find nothing of the original wildness in it.' A priest, who sat next him, having smelt it, and wiped his nose—'Ah, my good lord,' cries he, 'you are too modest, it is perfectly fine; every body knows that nobody understands keeping venison with your lordship.'—'Ay, and partridges too,' interrupted another; 'I never find them right any where else.' His lordship was going to reply, when a third took off the attention of the company, by recommending the pig as inimitable. 'I fancy, my lord,' continues he, 'it has been smothered in its own blood?'—'If it has been smothered in its blood,' cried a facetious member, helping himself, 'we'll now smother it in egg-sauce.' This poignant piece of humour produced a long loud laugh, which the facetious brother observing, and now that he was in luck, willing to second his blow, assured the company he would tell them a good story about that: 'As good a story,' cries he, bursting into a violent fit of laughter himself, 'as ever you heard in your lives. There was a farmer of my parish, who used to sup upon wild ducks and flummery; so this farmer —' 'Doctor Marrowfat,' cries his lordship, interrupting him, 'give me leave to drink your health.'—'So, being fond of wild ducks and flummery —' 'Doctor,' adds a gentleman who sat next him, 'let me advise to a wing of this turkey.'—'So this farmer being fond —' 'Hob nob, doctor, which do you chuse, white or red?'—'So being fond of wild ducks and flummery —' 'Take care of your hand, Sir, it may dip in the gravy.' The doctor, now looking round, found not a single eye disposed to listen; wherefore, calling for a glass of wine, he gulped down the disappointment and the tale in a bumper.

The conversation now began to be little more than a rhapsody of exclamations; as each had pretty well satisfied his own appetite, he now found sufficient time to press others. 'Excellent! the very thing! let me recommend the pig; do but taste the bacon! never eat a better thing in my life; exquisite! delicious!' This edifying discourse continued through three courses,

which lasted as many hours, till every one of the company were unable to swallow or utter any thing more.

It is very natural for men who are abridged in one excess, to break into some other. The clergy here, particularly those who are advanced in years, think, if they are abstemious with regard to women and wine, they may indulge their other appetites without censure. Thus some are found to rise in the morning only to a consultation with their cook about dinner; and when that has been swallowed, make no other use of their faculties, (if they have any) but to ruminate on the succeeding meal.

A debauch in wine is even more pardonable than this, since one glass insensibly leads on to another, and instead of satiating whets the appetite. The progressive steps to it are chearful and seducing; the grave are animated, the melancholy relieved, and there is even classic authority to countenance the excess. But in eating after nature is once satisfied, every additional morsel brings stupidity and distempers with it, and, as one of their own poets expresses it—

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines,
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.

Let me suppose, after such a meal as this I have been describing, while all the company are sitting in lethargic silence round the table, grunting under a load of soup, pig, pork, and bacon; let me suppose, I say, some hungry beggar, with looks of want, peeping through one of the windows, and thus addressing the assembly: 'Pr'ythee, pluck those napkins from your chins; after nature is satisfied, all that you eat extraordinary is my property, and I claim it as mine. It was given you in order to relieve me, and not to oppress yourselves. How can they comfort or instruct others, who can scarce feel their own existence, except from the unfavoury returns of an ill-digested meal? But though neither you nor the cushions you sit upon will hear me, yet the world regards the excesses of its teachers with a prying eye, and notes their conduct with double severity.' I know no other answer any one of the company could make to such an expostulation, but this: 'Friend, you talk of our losing a cha-

' a character, and being disliked by the
' world; well, and supposing all this
' to be true, what then! who cares for
' the world? We'll preach for the

' world, and the world shall pay us for
' preaching, whether we like each other
' or not.'

LETTER LIX.

FROM HINGPO, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

YOU will probably be pleased to see my letter dated from Terki, a city which lies beyond the bounds of the Persian empire: here, blessed with security, with all that is dear, I double my raptures, by communicating them to you; the mind sympathizing with the freedom of the body, my whole soul is dilated in gratitude, love, and praise.

Yet, were my own happiness all that inspired my present joy, my raptures might justly merit the imputation of self-interest; but when I think that the beautiful Zelis is also free, forgive my triumph, when I boast of having rescued from captivity the most deserving object upon earth.

You remember the reluctance she testified, at being obliged to marry the tyrant she hated. Her compliance at last was only feigned, in order to gain time to try some future means of escape. During the interval between her promise and the intended performance of it, she came undiscovered, one evening, to the place where I generally retired after the fatigues of the day; her appearance was like that of an aerial genius, when it descends to minister comfort to undeserved distress; the mild lustre of her eye served to banish my timidity; her accents were sweeter than the echo of some distant symphony. 'Unhappy stranger,' said she, in the Persian language, 'you here perceive one more wretched than thyself; all this solemnity of preparation, this elegance of dress, and the number of my attendants, serve but to encrease my miseries; if you have courage to rescue an unhappy woman from approaching ruin, and our detested tyrant, you may depend upon my future gratitude.' I bowed to the ground, and she left me, filled with rapture and astonishment. Night brought me no rest; nor could the ensuing morning calm the anxieties of my mind. I projected a thousand methods for her

delivery; but each, when strictly examined, appeared impracticable: in this uncertainty, the evening again arrived, and I placed myself on my former station, in hopes of a repeated visit. After some short expectation, the bright perfection again appeared: I bowed, as before, to the ground; when, raising me up, she observed, that the time was not to be spent in useless ceremony; she observed, that the day following was appointed for the celebration of her nuptials, and that something was to be done that very night for our mutual deliverance. I offered, with the utmost humility, to pursue whatever scheme she should direct; upon which she proposed that instant to scale the garden-wall; adding, that she had prevailed upon a female slave, who was now waiting at the appointed place, to assist her with a ladder.

Pursuant to this information, I led her trembling to the place appointed; but, instead of the slave we expected to see, Mostadad himself was there waiting our arrival; the wretch, in whom we confided, it seems, had betrayed our design to her master, and he now saw the most convincing proofs of her information. He was just going to draw his sabre, when a principle of avarice repressed his fury, and he resolved, after a severe chastisement, to dispose of me to another master; in the mean time ordering me to be confined in the strictest manner, and the next day to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet.

When the morning came, I was led out in order to receive the punishment, which, from the severity with which it is generally inflicted upon slaves, is worse even than death.

A trumpet was to be a signal for the solemnization of the nuptials of Zelis, and for the infliction of my punishment. Each ceremony, to me equally dreadful, was just going to begin, when we were informed that a large party of Circassian

Circassian Tartars had invaded the town, and were laying all in ruin. Every person now thought only of saving himself; I instantly unloosed the cords with which I was bound, and seizing a scymetar from one of the slaves, who had not courage to resist me, flew to the women's apartment where Zelis was confined, dressed out for the intended nuptials. I bade her follow me without delay; and going forward, cut my way through the eunuchs, who made but a faint resistance. The whole city was now a scene of conflagration and terror; every person was willing to save himself, unmindful of others. In this confusion, seizing upon two of the fleetest coursers in the stables of Mostadad, we fled northward, towards the kingdom of Circassia. As there were several others flying in the same manner, we passed without no-

tice, and in three days arrived at Terki, a city that lies in a valley within the bosom of the frowning mountains of Caucasus.

Here, free from every apprehension of danger, we enjoy all those satisfactions which are consistent with virtue; though I find my heart, at intervals, give way to unusual passions, yet such is my admiration for my fair companion, that I lose even tenderness in distant respect. Though her person demands particular regard, even among the beauties of Circassia, yet is her mind far more lovely. How very different is a woman, who thus has cultivated her understanding, and been refined into delicacy of sentiments, from the daughters of the East, whose education is only formed to improve the person, and make them more tempting objects of prostitution! Adieu.

LETTER LX.

FROM HINGPO, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

WHEN sufficiently refreshed after the fatigues of our precipitate flight, my curiosity, which had been restrained by the appearance of immediate danger, now began to revive: I longed to know by what distressful accidents my fair fugitive became a captive, and could not avoid testifying a surprize, how so much beauty could be involved in the calamities from whence she had been so lately rescued.

'Talk not of personal charms,' cried she, with emotion, 'since to them I owe every misfortune: look round on the numberless beauties of the country where we are, and see how Nature has poured it's charms upon every face; and yet, by this profusion, Heaven would seem to shew how little it regards such a blessing, since the gift is lavished upon a nation of prostitutes.'

'I perceive you desire to know my story, and your curiosity is not so great as my impatience to gratify it: I find a pleasure in telling past misfortunes to any; but when my deliverer is pleased with the relation, my pleasure is prompted by duty.'

'I* was born in a country far to the West, where the men are braver, and the women more fair, than those of Circassia; where the valour of the hero is guided by wisdom, and where delicacy of sentiment points the shafts of female beauty. I was the only daughter of an officer in the army, the child of his age; and, as he used fondly to express it, the only chain that bound him to the world, or made his life pleasing. His station procured him an acquaintance with men of greater rank of fortune than himself, and his regard for me induced him to bring me into every family where he was acquainted. Thus I was early taught all the elegancies and fashionable foibles of such as the world calls polite; and, though without fortune myself, was taught to despise those who lived as if they were poor.'

'My intercourse with the great, and my affectation of grandeur, procured me many lovers: but want of fortune deterred them all from any other views than those of passing the present moment agreeably, or of meditat-

* This story bears a striking similitude to the real history of Miss S——d, who accompanied Lady W——e, in her retreat near Florence, and which the editor had from her own mouth.

ing my future ruin. In every company I found myself addressed in a warmer strain of passion than other ladies who were superior in point of rank and beauty; and this I imputed to an excess of respect, which in reality proceeded from very different motives.

Among the number of such as paid me their addresses, was a gentleman, a friend of my father, rather in the decline of life, with nothing remarkable, either in his person or address, to recommend him. His age, which was about forty, his fortune, which was moderate, and barely sufficient to support him, served to throw me off my guard; so that I considered him as the only sincere admirer I had.

Designing lovers, in the decline of life, are ever most dangerous. Skilled in all the weaknesses of the sex, they seize each favourable opportunity; and by having less passion than youthful admirers, have less real respect, and therefore less timidity. This insidious wretch used a thousand arts to succeed in his base designs; all which I saw, but imputed to different views, because I thought it absurd to believe the real motives.

As he continued to frequent my father's, the friendship between them became every day greater; and at last, from the intimacy with which he was received, I was taught to look upon him as a guardian and a friend. Though I never loved, yet I esteemed him; and this was enough to make me wish for an union, for which he seemed desirous, but to which he feigned several delays; while, in the mean time, from a false report of our being married, every other admirer forsook me.

I was at last, however, awakened from the delusion, by an account of his being just married to another young lady with a considerable fortune. This was no great mortification to me, as I had always regarded him merely from prudential motives; but it had a very different effect upon my father, who, rash and passionate by nature, and, besides, stimulated by a mistaken notion of military honour, upbraided his friend in such terms, that a challenge was soon given and accepted.

It was about midnight, when I was awakened by a message from my fa-

ther, who desired to see me that moment. I rose with some surprize; and following the messenger, attended only by another servant, came to a field not far from the house, where I found him, the assertor of my honour, my only friend and supporter, the tutor and companion of my youth, lying on one side covered over with blood, and just expiring. No tears streamed down my cheeks, nor sigh escaped from my breast, at an object of such terror. I sat down, and supporting his aged head in my lap, gazed upon the ghastly visage with an agony more poignant even than despairing madness. The servants were gone for more assistance. In this gloomy stillness of the night, no sounds were heard but his agonizing respirations; no object was presented but his wounds, which still continued to stream. With silent anguish I hung over his dear face, and with my hands strove to stop the blood as it flowed from his wounds; he seemed at first insensible; but at last, turning his dying eyes upon me—
 "My dear, dear child!" cried he;
 "dear, though you have forgotten your own honour, and stained mine, I will yet forgive you; by abandoning virtue, you have undone me and yourself, yet take my forgiveness with the same compassion I wish Heaven may pity me." He expired. All my succeeding happiness fled with him. Reflecting that I was the cause of his death, whom only I loved upon earth; accused of betraying the honour of his family with his latest breath; conscious of my own innocence, yet without even a possibility of vindicating it; without fortune, or friends to relieve or pity me, abandoned to infamy, and the wide censuring world, I called out upon the dead body that lay stretched before me, and in the agony of my heart asked, why he could have left me thus? "Why, my dear, my only papa, why could you ruin me thus, and yourself, for ever! O pity, and return, since there is none but you to comfort me!"

I soon found that I had real cause for sorrow; that I was to expect no compassion from my own sex, nor assistance from the other; and that reputation was much more useful in our commerce with mankind, than really to deserve it. Wherever I came, I perceived

perceived myself received either with contempt or detestation; or whenever I was civilly treated, it was from the most base and ungenerous motives.

Thus driven from the society of the virtuous, I was at last, in order to dispel the anxieties of insupportable solitude, obliged to take up with the company of those whose characters were blasted like my own; but who, perhaps, deserved their infamy. Among this number was a lady of the first distinction, whose character the public thought proper to brand even with greater infamy than mine. A similitude of distress soon united us: I knew that general reproach had made her miserable; and I had learned to regard misery as an excuse for guilt. Though this lady had not virtue enough to avoid reproach, yet she had too much delicate sensibility not to feel it. She therefore proposed our leaving the country where we were born, and going to live in Italy, where our characters and misfortunes would be unknown. With this I eagerly complied; and we soon found ourselves in one of the most charming retreats in the most beautiful province of that enchanting country.

Had my companion chosen this as a retreat for injured virtue, an harbour where we might look with tranquillity on the distant angry world, I should have been happy; but very different was her design; she had pitched upon this situation only to enjoy those pleasures in private, which she had not sufficient effrontery to satisfy in a more open manner. A nearer acquaintance soon shewed me the vicious part of her character; her mind, as well as her body, seemed formed only for pleasure; she was sentimental only as it served to protract the immediate enjoyment. Formed for society alone, she spoke infinitely better than she wrote, and wrote infinitely better than she lived. A person devoted to pleasure, often leads the most miserable life imaginable; such was her case; she considered the natural moments of languor as insupportable,

passed all her hours between rapture and anxiety, ever in an extreme of agony or of bliss. She felt a pain sincere for want of appetite, as the starving wretch who wants a meal. In those intervals she usually kept her bed, and rose only when in expectation of some new enjoyment. The luxuriant air of the country, the romantic situation of her palace, and the genius of a people, whose only happiness lies in sensual refinement, all contributed to banish the remembrance of her native country.

But though such a life gave her pleasure, it had a very different effect upon me; I grew every day more pensive, and my melancholy was regarded as an insult upon her good humour. I now perceived myself entirely unfit for all society; discarded from the good, and detesting the infamous, I seemed in a state of war with every rank of people; that virtue, which should have been my protection in the world, was here my crime: in short, detesting life, I was determined to become a recluse, to leave a world where I found no pleasure that could allure me to stay. Thus determined, I embarked, in order to go by sea to Rome, where I intended to take the veil; but, even in so short a passage, my hard fortune still attended me; our ship was taken by a Barbary corsair; the whole crew, and I among the number, being made slaves. It carries too much the air of romance, to inform you of my distresses or obstinacy in this miserable state; it is enough to observe, that I have been bought by several masters, each of whom perceiving my reluctance, rather than use violence, sold me to another, till it was my happiness to be at last rescued by you.

Thus ended her relation, which I have abridged; but as soon as we are arrived at Moscow, for which we intend to set out shortly, you shall be informed of all more particularly. In the mean time, the greatest addition to my happiness will be to hear of yours.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

FROM THE SAME.

THE news of your freedom lifts the load of former anxiety from my mind; I can now think of my son without regret, applaud his resignation under calamities, and his conduct in extricating himself from them.

'You are now free, just let loose from the bondage of an hard master.' This is the crisis of your fate; and, as you now manage fortune, succeeding life will be marked with happiness or misery; a few years perseverance in prudence, which at your age is but another name for virtue, will ensure comfort, pleasure, tranquillity, esteem; too eager an enjoyment of every good that now offers, will reverse the medal, and present you with poverty, anxiety, remorse, contempt.

As it has been observed that none are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so, in this respect, I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine, even though I should wave my paternal authority upon this occasion.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse: people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only, is

enough for one man to know; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented therefore with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a taylor once happened to converse together. 'Alas,' cries the taylor, 'what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people should ever take it in their heads to live without cloaths, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to.'—'Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely,' replies the conjurer; 'but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you.' A famine overspread the land; the taylor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without cloaths; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till at last he was obliged to beg from the very taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then shew away: the resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed it's young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill

to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry; had twenty times a good mind to give her a fly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh—'A pox take thee,' cries he, 'for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil; that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapt off, but it can neither injure thy enemies, or ever protect thee.' So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving none offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but like wax catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of

admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to shew his talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned now received the character of approbation. 'Well,' cries the painter, 'I now find that the best way to please one half of the world, is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these, shall be by those regarded as beauties.' Adieu.

LETTER LXII.

FROM THE SAME.

A Character, such as you have represented that of your fair companion, which continues virtuous, though loaded with infamy, is truly great. Many regard virtue because it is attended with applause; your favourite only for the internal pleasure it confers. I have often wished that ladies like her were proposed as models for female imitation, and not such as have acquired fame by qualities repugnant to the natural softness of the sex.

Women famed for their valour, their skill in politics, or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one for endeavour-

ing to wield the club of Hercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaim the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cards themselves.

themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present: the Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

CATHERINA Alexowna*, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catherina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused: for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catherina was fifteen when her mo-

ther died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music, by the masters who attended the rest of his family: thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catherina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot: she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, 'to follow the camp.' They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catherina: the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her cloaths were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy

* This account seems to be taken from the Manuscript Memoirs of H. Spilman, Esq.

those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare to buy her cloaths, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendent of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters; and, though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself, in a short time, offered her his hand; which, to his great surprize, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only; even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order therefore to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two Northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catherina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her

vivacity, yet she was chearful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her; was struck with her beauty; bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the prince a visit, Catherina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catherina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret; regretted by all. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN IN CHINA.

IN every letter I expect accounts of some new revolutions in China, some strange occurrence in the state, or disaster among my private acquaintance. I open every packet with tremulous expectation, and am agreeably disappointed when I find my friends and my country continuing in felicity. I wander, but they are at rest; they suffer few changes but what pass in my own restless imagination; it is only the rapidity of my own motion, gives an imaginary swiftness to objects which are in some measure immoveable.

Yet believe me, my friend, that even China itself is imperceptibly degenerating from her ancient greatness; her laws are now more venal, and her merchants are more deceitful, than formerly; the very arts and sciences have run to decay. Observe the carvings on our ancient bridges; figures that add grace even to nature. There is not an artist now in all the empire that can imitate their beauty. Our manufactures in porcelain too are inferior to what we once were famous for; and even Europe now begins to excel us. There was a time when China was the receptacle of strangers; when all were welcome, who either came to improve the state, or admire it's greatness; now the empire is shut up from every foreign improvement; and the very inhabitants discourage each other from prosecuting their own internal advantages.

Whence this degeneracy in a state so little subject to external revolutions? How happens it that China, which is now more powerful than ever, which is less subject to foreign invasions, and even assisted in some discoveries by her connections with Europe; whence comes it, I say, that the empire is thus declining so fast into barbarity?

This decay is surely from nature, and not the result of voluntary degeneracy. In a period of two or three thousand years, she seems at proper intervals to produce great minds, with an effort re-

sembling that which introduces the vicissitudes of seasons. They rise up at once, continue for an age, enlighten the world, fall like ripened corn, and mankind again gradually relapse into pristine barbarity. We little ones look around, are amazed at the decline, seek after the causes of this invisible decay, attribute to want of encouragement what really proceeds from want of power; are astonished to find every art and every science in the decline, not considering that autumn is over, and fatigued nature again begins to repose for some succeeding effort.

Some periods have been remarkable for the production of men of extraordinary stature; others for producing some particular animals in great abundance; some for excessive plenty; and others again seemingly causeless famine. Nature, which shews herself so very different in her visible productions, must surely differ also from herself in the production of minds; and while she astonishes one age with the strength and stature of a Milo or a Maximin, may bless another with the wisdom of a Plato, or the goodness of an Antonine.

Let us not then attribute to accident the falling off of every nation; but to the natural revolution of things. Often, in the darkest ages, there has appeared some one man of surprizing abilities, who, with all his understanding, failed to bring his barbarous age into refinement: all mankind seemed to sleep, till Nature gave the general call, and then the whole world seemed at once roused at the voice; science triumphed in every country, and the brightness of a single genius seemed lost in a galaxy of contiguous glory.

Thus the enlightened periods in every age have been universal. At the time when China first began to emerge from barbarity, the Western world was equally rising into refinement; when we had our Yau, they had their Sesostris. In succeeding ages, Confucius and Pythagoras seem

seem born nearly together, and a train of philosophers then sprung up as well in Greece as in China. The period of renewed barbarity began to have an universal spread much about the same time, and continued for several centuries, till in the year of the Christian æra 1400, the Emperor Yonglo arose, to revive the learning of the East; while, about the same time, the Medicean family laboured in Italy to raise infant genius from the cradle: thus we see politeness spreading over every part of the world in one age, and barbarity succeeding in another; at one period a blaze of light diffusing itself over the whole world, and at another all mankind wrapped up in the profoundest ignorance.

Such has been the situation of things in times past; and such probably it will ever be. China, I have observed, has evidently begun to degenerate from it's former politeness; and were the learning of the Europeans at present candidly

considered, the decline would perhaps appear to have already taken place. We should find among the natives of the West, the study of morality displaced for mathematical disquisition, or metaphysical subtleties; we should find learning begin to separate from the useful duties and concerns of life, while none ventured to aspire after that character, but they who know much more than is truly amusing or useful. We should find every great attempt suppressed by prudence, and the rapturous sublimity in writing cooled by a cautious fear of offence. We should find few of those daring spirits, who bravely venture to be wrong, and who are willing to hazard much for the sake of great acquisitions. Providence has indulged the world with a period of almost four hundred years refinement; does it not now by degrees sink us into our former ignorance, leaving us only the love of wisdom, while it deprives us of it's advantages? Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

FROM THE SAME.

THE princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribband, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinction are called Knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services; and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribband, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribband, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while an European king has a yard of blue or green ribband left, he need be under no apprehensions of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men, with large patri-

monial estates, are willing thus to undergo real hardships for empty favours. A person, already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniencies from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep, before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station, as well as in his public capacity; and indulge at home every favourite inclination, uncensured and unseen by the people.

What real good then does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune encreased, encrease also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.

Was he, by having his one thousand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives, or eat two dinners; then, indeed, he might be excused for undergoing some pain, in order to extend the sphere of his enjoyments. But, on the contrary,

rary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen, as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune happens to encrease.

Instead therefore of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbersome heap of finery; for our pleasure, the lacquied train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty, may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, 'that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than endeavouring to think so ourselves.'

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome enough to the ambitious; yet it is well for so-

ciety that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a ribband. We lose nothing by their vanity; and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke or a dutchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for themselves; if they chuse to exhibit in public with a hundred lacquies and Mameluks in their equipage for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure; they only the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

A Mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old fly Bonze, who following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. 'What does the man mean?' cried the Mandarin. 'Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels.'—'No,' replied the other; 'but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't much desire.' Adieu.

LETTER LXV.

FROM THE SAME.

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it; it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces, the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design, I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador; resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate, for a while, the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and

tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants, that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbands that decorated the horses necks in another; my attention was called off to an object
more

more extraordinary than any that I had yet seen. A poor cobbler sat in his stall by the way side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own, his want of attention excited mine; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion: perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

‘How, my friend,’ said I to him, ‘can you continue to work, while all those fine things are passing by your door?’—‘Very fine they are, master,’ returned the cobbler, ‘for those that like them, to be sure; but what are all those fine things to me? You do not know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for yourself. Your bread is baked, you may go and see fights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite? and, God help me, I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people, who may eat four meals a-day, and a supper at night, are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this world, in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they no business with me.’ I here interrupted him with a smile. ‘See this last, master,’ continues he, ‘and this hammer; this last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world; nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now, have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them; now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented; but when I ever so little run after fights and fine things, I begin to hate my work, I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer.’

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man, whom Nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into an history of his adventures. ‘I

‘have lived,’ said he, ‘a wandering life, now five and fifty years, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing.’—‘You have been a traveller, then, I presume?’ interrupted I. ‘I cannot boast much of travelling,’ continued he, ‘for I have never left the parish in which I was born, but three times in my life, that I can remember; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in, at some time or another. When I began to settle, and to take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me, perhaps a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making: there was one, who actually died in a stall that I had left, worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waistband of his breeches.’

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fire-side, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. ‘Ay, that I have, master,’ replied he, ‘for sixteen long years; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head, that the only way to thrive in this world, was to save money; so, though our comings-in was but about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after for it.

‘The first three years, we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual; so that I was at last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scrapped and scrapped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last, in despair, to the ale-house: here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and run in score when any body would trust me; till at last, the landlady coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into
‘my

' my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall after she was dead for money, but she had hidden it so effectually, that with all my pains I could never find a farthing.'

By this time my shoe was mended;

and satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.

Adieu.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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T H E

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER LXVI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

GENEROSITY, properly applied, will supply every other external advantage in life, but the love of those we converse with; it will procure esteem and a conduct resembling real affection; but actual love is the spontaneous production of the mind, no generosity can purchase, no rewards encrease, nor no liberality continue it; the very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections upon the object he should love, and voluntarily mix passion with gratitude.

Imparted fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor good-will, may load the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate: this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, untinged with love, is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow for former benefits.

But gratitude and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men, we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the same applause with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion it pleases us, we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been

previous endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a debt, and our spirits wear a load till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating affection of the mind; we never reflect on the man we *love*, without exulting in our choice, while he who has bound us to him by *benefits* alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom. Love and gratitude are seldom therefore found in the same breast without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other singly to those we converse with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to encrease, we diminish them; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large obligations; all additional benefits lessen every hope of future return, and bar up every avenue that leads to tenderness.

In all our connections with society, therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force: we should seem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse it's affections; for constraint

may indeed leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition; a benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due.

But it were much more prudent to forego our right on such an occasion, and exchange it, if we can, for love. We receive but little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude, but they cost him very much from whom we exact them in return; exacting a grateful acknowledgment is demanding a debt by which the creditor is not advantaged, and the debtor pays with reluctance.

As Mencius the philosopher was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here as he was straying, while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous, he perceived a hermit's cell, and approaching, asked for shelter. 'Enter,' cries the hermit, in a severe tone; 'men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: examples of vice may sometimes strengthen us in the ways of virtue.'

After a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the hermit had retired from mankind, the actions of whom taught the truest lessons of wisdom. 'Mention not the name of man,' cries the hermit, with indignation; 'here let me live retired from a base, ungrateful world; here, among the beasts of the forest, I shall find no flatterers; the lion is a generous enemy, and the dog a faithful friend; but man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile while he presents it!'—'You have been used ill by mankind,' interrupted the philosopher, srewdly. 'Yes,' returned the hermit, 'on mankind I have exhausted my whole fortune; and this staff, and that cup, and those roots, are all that I have in return.'—'Did you bestow your fortune, or did you only lend it?' returned Mencius. 'I bestowed it, undoubtedly,' replied the other; 'for where were the merit of being a money-lender?'—'Did they ever own

that they had received it?' still adds the philosopher. 'A thousand times,' cries the hermit; 'they every day loaded me with professions of gratitude, for obligations received, and solicitations for future favours.'—'If, then,' says Mencius, smiling, 'you did not lend your fortune, in order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of ingratitude; they owed themselves obliged, you expected no more; and they certainly earned each favour by frequently acknowledging the obligation.' The hermit was struck with the reply, and surveying his guest with emotion—'I have heard of the great Mencius, and you certainly are the man: I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom; take me back to the school of man, and educate me as one of the most ignorant and the youngest of your disciples!'

Indeed, my son, it is better to have friends in our passage through life than grateful dependants; and as love is a more willing, so it is a more lasting tribute than extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged, gratitude once refused, can never after be recovered: the mind that is base enough to disallow the just return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in it's new-acquired freedom, and in some measure is pleased with conscious baseness.

Very different is the situation of disagreeing friends, their separation produces mutual uneasiness: like that divided being in fabulous creation, their sympathetic souls once more desire their former union, the joys of both are imperfect, their gayest moments tinged with uneasiness; each seeks for the smallest concessions to clear the way to a wished-for explanation; the most trifling acknowledgment, the slightest accident, serves to effect a mutual reconciliation.

But instead of pursuing the thought, permit me to soften the severity of advice by an European story, which will fully illustrate my meaning.

A fiddler and his wife, who had rubbed through life, as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well; one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right, and

and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case? The quarrel grew worse by explanations; and at last the fury of both rose to such a pitch, that they made a vow never to sleep together in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined, for they still were friends at bottom, and besides they had but one bed in the house; however, resolved they were to go through with it, and at night the fiddle-case was laid in bed between them, in order to make a separation. In this manner they continued for three weeks; every night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier to divide them.

By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their repentment was at an end, and their love began to return; they wished the fiddle-case away, but both had too much spirit to begin. One night, however, as they were both lying awake with the detested fiddle-case between them, the husband happened to sneeze; to which the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him: 'Ay, but,' returns the husband, 'woman, do you say that from your heart?'—'Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas,' cries his wife, 'I say it with all my heart.'—'If so, then,' says the husband, 'we had as good remove the fiddle-case.'

LETTER LXVII.

FROM THE SAME.

BOOKS, my son, while they teach us to respect the interest of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail, and attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who describes the inconveniencies of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears it's inconveniencies till he severely feels them.

A youth, who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man, but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; and he has been long taught to detest vice, and love virtue: warm, therefore, in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns

his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his disappointments: upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not it's failings; none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the repentment even of the wicked: every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury: at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without

without shrinking: philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched, in thinking, that he shall shew the world, in himself, one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation. 'Come, then, O Poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the WISE? Temperance, health, and frugality, walk in thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions: Shall any be ashamed of thee of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed? The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long. Come, then, O Poverty, while kings stand by, and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation!'

The goddess appears; for Poverty ever comes at the call: but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted. As when an Eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before; but instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart; such appears Poverty to her new entertainer; all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins,

while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds that, in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we are conscious that mankind are spectators; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition! Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural *insensibility*, or he disguises his feelings, and that is *disimulation*.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation, and commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude, is either a beast or an angel: the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind. Adieu.

LETTER LXVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Formerly acquainted thee, most grave Fum, with the excellence of the English in the art of healing. The Chinese boast their skill in pulses, the Siamese their botanical knowledge; but the English advertising-physicians alone, of being the great restorers of health, the dispensers of youth, and the insurers of longevity. I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes

root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! this is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required

quired to make a pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug-bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

The learned are not here retired with vicious modesty from public view; for every dead wall is covered with their names, their abilities, their amazing cures, and places of abode. Few patients can escape falling into their hands, unless blasted by lightning, or struck dead with some sudden disorder: it may sometimes happen, that a stranger who does not understand English, or a countryman who cannot read, dies without ever hearing of the vivifying drops, or restorative electuary; but for my part, before I was a week in town, I had learned to bid the whole catalogue of disorders defiance, and was perfectly acquainted with the names and the medicines of every great man, or great woman, of them all.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with some account of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man, short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzed upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable, that this extraordinary personage should never wear an hat, but so it is he never wears an hat. He is usually drawn at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, pacquets, and gallypots. No man can promise fairer nor better than he; for, as he observes, 'Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you.'

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor

Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in a place called the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian æra 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told, he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more blest with the advantages of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole to my friend. These two great men are actually now at variance; yes, my dear Fum Hoam, by the head of our grandfather, they are now at variance like mere men, mere common mortals. The champion Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; while Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm, (for they have both a world of wit) by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumplin Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock, Dumplin Dick! Head of Confucius, what prophanation! Dumplin Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in; men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

Next to these is Doctor Walker, preparator of his own medicines. This gentleman is remarkable for an aversion to quacks; frequently cautioning the public to be careful into what hands they commit their safety; by which he would insinuate, that if they do not employ him alone, they must be undone. His public spirit is equal to his success. Not for himself, but his country, is the gally-pot prepared, and the drops sealed up with proper directions for any part of the town or country. All this

is for his country's good: so that he is now grown old in the practice of physic and virtue; and, to use his own elegance of expression, 'There is not such another medicine as his in the world again.'

This, my friend, is a formidable triumvirate; and yet, formidable as they are, I am resolved to defend the honour of Chinese physic against them all. I have made a vow to summon Doctor Rock to a solemn disputation in all the mysteries of the profession, before the face of every Philomath, student in astrology, and member of the learned societies. I adhere to, and venerate the doctrines of old Wang-shu-ho. In the very teeth of opposition I will maintain, 'that the heart is the son of the liver, which has the kidneys for its mother, and the stomach for its wife*.' I have therefore drawn up a disputation challenge, which is to be sent speedily, to this effect:

'I, Lien Chi Altangi, D. N. R. P. native of Honan in China, to Richard Rock, F. U. N. native of Garbage Alley in Wapping, defiance. Though, Sir, I am perfectly sensible of your importance, though no stranger to your studies in the path of nature, yet there may be many things in the art

of physic with which you are yet unacquainted. I know full well a doctor thou art, great Rock, and so am I. Wherefore I challenge, and do hereby invite you, to a trial of learning upon hard problems, and knotty physical points. In this debate we will calmly investigate the whole theory and practice of medicine, botany, and chymistry; and I invite all the philomaths, with many of the lecturers in medicine, to be present at the dispute; which, I hope, will be carried on with due decorum, with proper gravity, and as befits men of erudition and science, among each other. But before we meet face to face, I would thus publicly, and in the face of the whole world, desire you to answer me one question; I ask it with the same earnestness with which you have often solicited the public; answer me, I say, at once, without having recourse to your physical dictionary, which of these three disorders, incident to the human body, is the most fatal, the *syncope*, *parenesis*, or *apoplexy*? I beg your reply may be as public as this my demand†. I am, as hereafter may be, your admirer, or your rival.'

Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

INDULGENT Nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but for a few days beyond the expected season in China, spreads famine, desolation, and terror, over the whole country; the winds that blow from the brown bosom of the Western desert are impregnated with death in every gale; but in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than

others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence, but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people: what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of *Epidemic Terror*.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same: one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a fixpenny loaf, the

* See Du Halde, Vol. II. Fol. p. 185.

† The day after this was published the editor received an answer, in which the doctor seems to be of opinion, that the apoplexy is most fatal.

next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, a third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and a fourth it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frightened, the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay, each proportions his fears not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the *epidemic terror*, which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem by their present spirit to shew a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side; if he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty, for 'a mad dog always snaps at every thing;' if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, 'for mad dogs always run straight forward before them.'

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately run mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water; when the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous; as, how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog, and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster; as in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved, and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village; and there the report is, that a lady of quality was *bit* by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all four, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors: while the mad mastiff is in the mean time ranging the whole country over, slaving at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good natured woman

man, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks; she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind-legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured, and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death,

(and four is probably too large a concession) yet, still, it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected, the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution, and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

'A dog,' says one of the English poets, 'is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.' Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him, bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

Adieu,

LETTER LXX.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

THE Europeans are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly; they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her; coquet like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home, and mends his business.

I am amazed, how men can call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming table, be very sure fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold,

be satisfied fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman, good-natured and obliging, be convinced fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheel-barrow, as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make fortune your friend, or to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire: when people say—'Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there,' take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are; and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbour has picked up a purse of gold in the streets,

street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed, that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own, in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once; but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? He, who despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say—‘I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine:’ but if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to chuse his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor, he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain: while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet, still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires, he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. ‘Here am I,’ says he, ‘toiling and moiling from morning to night, for a few paltry farthings, while my neighbour Hunk only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how silly would I carry it home; not even my

wife should see me; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one’s hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!’

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered, he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met, was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad flat stone, but then so large, that it was beyond one man’s strength to remove it. ‘Here,’ cried he, in raptures to himself, ‘here it is; under this stone, there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must e’en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up.’ Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion easily may be imagined, she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum: returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined, and fallen. Adieu.

LETTER LXXI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE people of London are as fond of walking, as our friends at Pekin of riding: one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer, is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town; where they walk about, shew their best cloaths and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation, a few evenings ago, from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there; and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and a grey wig, combed down in imitation of hair. A pawn-broker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger. Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady, in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linnen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water; and the widow, being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon; which being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us, he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger; that this was the last night of the gardens, and that, consequently, we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames Street and Crooked Lane, with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived; and I must confess, that, upon

entering the gardens, I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights every where glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied consort bursting on the stillness of the night, the natural consort of the birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies; all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian law-giver, and lifted me into an extasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence; if we except the virgins of immortality that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's Paradise!'—'As for virgins,' cries my friend, 'it is true, they are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any Houïry of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for paradise.'

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the water-works, which she assured us, would begin in less than an hour at farthest: a dispute therefore began; and, as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a compteur; to which the other replied, that, though some people sat behind

compteurs,

computers, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper, which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute by adjourning to a box, and try if there was any thing to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose, Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box, a box where they might see and be seen; one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view: but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought every thing detestable. 'Come, come, my dear,' cries the husband, by way of consolation, 'to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's, or Lady Crimp's; but for Vauxhall dressing, it is pretty good; it is not their victuals, indeed, I find fault with, but their wine; their wine,' cries he, drinking off a glass, 'indeed, is most abominable.'

By this last contradiction, the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste, her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night, to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased; but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting; but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction: she ven-

tured again to commend one of the fingers; but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the stile of a connoisseur, that the finger in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favour the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial—'For you know very well, my dear,' says she, 'that I am not in voice to-day; and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing? Besides, as there is no accompaniment, it would be but spoiling music.' All these excuses, however, were over-ruled by the rest of the company; who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty: but particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last, then, the lady complied; and, after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as I could perceive gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrification. In this mortifying situation, we had continued for some time, listening to the song, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us, that the water-works were going to begin. At this information, I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good-breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water-works a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity upon our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good-breeding and curiosity; she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely

in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after: Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we continued to listen; till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over!

‘The water-works over!’ cried the widow; ‘the water-works over already! that’s impossible! they can’t be over so soon!’—‘It is not my busi-

ness,’ replied the fellow, ‘to contradict your ladyship; I’ll run again and see.’ He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend’s disappointed mistress, she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns. Adieu.

LETTER LXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

NOT far from this city lives a poor tinker, who has educated seven sons, all at this very time in arms and fighting for their country; and what reward do you think has the tinker from the state for such important services? None in the world; his sons, when the war is over, may probably be whipped from parish to parish as vagabonds; and the old man, when past labour, may die a prisoner in some house of correction.

Such a worthy subject in China would be held in universal reverence; his services would be rewarded, if not with dignities, at least with an exemption from labour; he would take the left-hand at feasts, and mandarines themselves would be proud to shew their submission. The English laws punish vice; the Chinese laws do more, they reward virtue!

Considering the little encouragement given to matrimony here, I am not surprized at the discouragements given to propagation. Would you believe it, my dear Fum Hoam, there are laws made which even forbid the peoples marrying each other? By the head of Confucius, I jest not; there are such laws in being here; and yet their law-givers have neither been instructed among the Hottentots, nor imbibed their principles of equity from the natives of Ananiaboo.

There are laws which ordain, that no man shall marry a woman against her own consent. This, though contrary to what we are taught in Asia, and

though in some measure a clog upon matrimony, I have no great objection to. There are laws which ordain, that no woman shall marry against her father and mother’s consent, unless arrived at an age of maturity; by which is understood those years when women, with us, are generally past child-bearing. This must be a clog upon matrimony, as it is more difficult for the lover to please three than one, and much more difficult to please old people than young ones. The laws ordain, that the consenting couple shall take a long time to consider before they marry; this is a very great clog, because people love to have all rash actions done in a hurry. It is ordained, that all marriages shall be proclaimed before celebration; this is a severe clog, as many are ashamed to have their marriage made public, from motives of vicious modesty, and many afraid from views of temporal interest. It is ordained, that there is nothing sacred in the ceremony, but that it may be dissolved, to all intents and purposes, by the authority of any civil magistrate. And yet, opposite to this, it is ordained, that the priest shall be paid a large sum of money for granting his sacred permission.

Thus you see, my friend, that matrimony here is hedged round with so many obstructions, that those who are willing to break through or surmount them must be contented, if at last they find it a bed of thorns. The laws are not to blame, for they have deterred the people from engaging as much as they could.

could. It is indeed become a very serious affair in England, and none but serious people are generally found willing to engage. The young, the gay, and the beautiful, who have motives of passion only to induce them, are seldom found to embark, as those inducements are taken away; and none but the old, the ugly, and the mercenary, are seen to unite; who, if they have any posterity at all, will probably be an ill-favoured race like themselves.

What gave rise to those laws might have been some such accidents as these. It sometimes happened that a miser, who had spent all his youth in scraping up money to give his daughter such a fortune as might get a mandarine husband, found his expectations disappointed at last, by running away with his footman: this must have been a sad shock to the poor disconsolate parent, to see his poor daughter in a one-horse chaise, when he had designed her for a coach and six. What a stroke from Providence! to see his dear money go to enrich a beggar; all Nature cried out at the profanation!

It sometimes happened, also, that a lady who had inherited all the titles and all the nervous complaints of nobility, thought fit to impair her dignity, and mend her constitution, by marrying a farmer: this must have been a sad shock to her inconsolable relations, to see so fine a flower snatched from a flourishing family, and planted in a dunghill; this was an absolute inversion of the first principles of things.

In order, therefore, to prevent the great from being thus contaminated by vulgar alliances, the obstacles to matrimony have been so contrived, that the rich only can marry amongst the rich; and the poor, who would leave celibacy, must be content to encrease their poverty with a wife. Thus have their laws fairly inverted the inducements to matrimony; Nature tells us, that beauty is the proper allurements of those who are rich, and money of those who are poor; but things here are so contrived, that the rich are invited to marry by that fortune which they do not want, and the poor have no inducement but that beauty which they do not feel.

An equal diffusion of riches through any country ever constitutes it's happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with

another keeps him in unambitious indigence; but the moderately rich are generally active; not too far removed from poverty to fear it's calamities, nor too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labour, they remain still between both in a state of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are those laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich, more impolitic still in attempting to increase the depression on poverty!

Bacon, the English philosopher, compares money to manure—'If gathered 'in heaps,' says he, 'it does no good; 'on the contrary, it becomes offensive. 'But being spread, though never so 'thinly, over the surface of the earth, 'it enriches the whole country.' Thus the wealth a nation possesses must expatiate, or it is of no benefit to the public; it becomes rather a grievance, where matrimonial laws thus confine it to a few.

But this restraint upon matrimonial community, even considered in a physical light, is injurious. As those who rear up animals take all possible pains to cross the strain, in order to improve the breed; so, in those countries where marriage is most free, the inhabitants are found every age to improve in stature and in beauty; on the contrary, where it is confined to a *cast*, a *tribe*, or an *band*, as among the Gaurs, the Jews, or the Tartars, each division soon assumes a family likeness, and every tribe degenerates into peculiar deformity. From hence it may be easily inferred, that if the mandarines here are resolved only to marry among each other, they will soon produce a posterity with mandarine faces; and we shall see the heir of some honourable family scarce equal to the abortion of a country farmer.

These are a few of the obstacles to marriage here; and it is certain they have in some measure answered the end, for celibacy is both frequent and fashionable. Old bachelors appear abroad without a mask; and old maids, my dear Fum Hoam, have been absolutely known to ogle. To confess in friendship, if I were an Englishman, I fancy I should be an old bachelor myself; I should never find courage to run through all the adventures prescribed by the law. I could submit to court my mistress herself upon reasonable terms, but to court her

her father, her mother, and a long tribe of cousins, aunts, and relations, and then stand the butt of a whole country church; I would as soon turn tail and make love to her grandmother.

I can conceive no other reason for thus loading matrimony with so many prohibitions, unless it be that the country was thought already too populous, and this was found to be the most effectual means of thinning it. If this was the motive, I cannot but congratulate the wise projectors on the success of their scheme. 'Hail, O ye dim-sighted politicians, ye weeders of men! 'Tis yours to clip the wing of industry,

and convert Hymen to a broker. 'Tis yours to behold small objects with a microscopic eye, but to be blind to those which require an extent of vision. 'Tis yours, O ye discerners of mankind, to lay the line between society, and weaken that force by dividing, which should bind with united vigour. 'Tis yours, to introduce national real distress, in order to avoid the imaginary distresses of a few. Your actions can be justified by a hundred reasons like truth; they can be opposed but by a few reasons, and those reasons are true.' Farewel,

LETTER LXXIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought me no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, my friend, this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years; whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and,

as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as it's real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. 'I would not chuse,' says a French philosopher, 'to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted.' A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceed the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all it's advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there

there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows. 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy, except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison; we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at

once instructive and amusing; it is company pleases; yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; it's jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it; destitute of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with encreased frugality; and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a compleat fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on! if it be at present indifferant, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking, he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

IN reading the news-papers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, in less than the compass of half a year. 'These,' say the Gazettes, 'are the men that posterity are to gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding forth the astonishment of succeeding ages.'

Let me see—forty-six great men in half a year, amounts just to ninety-two in a year. I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all; or whether the people, in future times, will have any other business to mind, but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech? he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his

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common place-book into a folio? he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme? he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches toward immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleneesses of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of an haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came, according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from entrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China: but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted, as before. 'Heavens,' thought I, 'this man pretends to know China even better than myself!' I looked round to see who was on my side, but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man; I therefore at last thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation.

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment, or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a teapot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects: to speak and act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple; here he is to sit, half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries

are dispatched among the people to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world; till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fire-side and the easy-chair. In this we learn the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the university, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the re-
public

public of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is excessively fond of egg-sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they, who thus

have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer; at once ready to encrease their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor never will be, great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

THERE are numbers in this city who live by writing new books; and yet there are thousands of volumes in every large library unread and forgotten. This, upon my arrival, was one of those contradictions which I was unable to account for. 'Is it possible,' said I, 'that there should be any demand for new books, before those already published are read? Can there be so many employed in producing a commodity with which the market is already overstocked; and with goods also better than any of modern manufacture!'

What at first view appeared an inconsistency, is a proof at once of this people's wisdom and refinement. Even allowing the works of their ancestors better written than theirs, yet those of the moderns acquire a real value, by being marked with the impression of the times. Antiquity has been in the possession of others, the present is our own; let us first, therefore, learn to know what belongs to ourselves; and then, if we have leisure, cast our reflections back to the reign of Shonou, who governed twenty thousand years before the creation of the moon.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well serve to amuse the curious; but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use; the former are often prized above their intrinsic value, and kept with care; the latter seldom pass for more than they are worth, and are often subject to the merciless hands of sweating critics, and

clipping compilers: the works of antiquity were ever praised, those of the moderns read; the treasures of our ancestors have our esteem, and we boast the passion; those of cotemporary genius engage our heart, although we blush to own it. The visits we pay the former resemble those we pay the great; the ceremony is troublesome, and yet such as we would not chuse to forego; our acquaintance with modern books is like sitting with a friend; our pride is not flattered in the interview, but it gives more internal satisfaction.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. Savage rusticity is reclaimed by oral admonition alone; but the elegant excesses of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of studious enquiry. In a polite age, almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit. The preaching Bonze may instruct the illiterate peasant; but nothing less than the insinuating address of a fine writer can win it's way to an heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement. Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly, should still be new.

Instead therefore of thinking the number of new publications here too great, I could wish it still greater, as they are the most useful instruments of reformation. Every country must be instructed either by *writers* or *preachers*; but as the number of readers encreases, the

number of hearers is proportionably diminished, the writer becomes more useful, and the preaching Bonze less necessary.

Instead, therefore, of complaining that writers are overpaid, when their works procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the duty of a state not only to encourage their numbers, but their industry. A Bonze is rewarded with immense riches for instructing only a few, even of the most ignorant, of the people; and sure the poor scholar should not beg his bread, who is capable of instructing a million.

Of all rewards, I grant, the most pleasing to a man of real merit, is fame; but a polite age, of all times, is that in which scarce any share of merit can acquire it. What numbers of fine writers in the latter empire of Rome, when refinement was carried to the highest pitch, have missed that fame and immortality which they had fondly arrogated to themselves? How many Greek authors, who wrote at that period when Constantinople was the refined mistress of the empire, now rest either not printed, or not read, in the libraries of Europe! Those who came first, while either state as yet was barbarous, carried all the reputation away. Authors, as the age refined, became more numerous, and their numbers destroyed their fame. It is but natural, therefore, for the writer, when conscious that his works will not procure him fame hereafter, to endeavour to make them turn out to his temporal interest here.

Whatever be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes most wise and happy, in which they most serve for instructors. The countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, and hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom and reason reigns

among the people; they have been often known to act like fools, they are generally found to think like men.

The only danger that attends a multiplicity of publications, is that some of them may be calculated to injure, rather than benefit, society. But where writers are numerous, they also serve as a check upon each other; and, perhaps, a literary inquisition is the most terrible punishment that can be conceived to a literary transgressor.

But to do the English justice, there are but few offenders of this kind; their publications, in general, aim at mending either the heart, or improving the common weal. The dullest writer talks of virtue, and liberty, and benevolence, with esteem; tells his true story, filled with good and wholesome advice; warns against slavery, bribery, or the bite of a mad dog; and dresses up his little useful magazine of knowledge and entertainment, at least with a good intention. The dunces of France, on the other hand, who have less encouragement, are more vicious. Tender hearts, languishing eyes, Leonora in love at thirteen, extatic transports, stolen blisses, are the frivolous subjects of their frivolous memoirs. In England, if a bawdy blockhead thus breaks in on the community, he sets his whole fraternity in a roar; nor can he escape, even though he should fly to nobility for shelter.

Thus even dunces, my friend, may make themselves useful. But there are others whom Nature has blest with talents above the rest of mankind; men capable of thinking with precision, and impressing their thoughts with rapidity. Beings who diffuse those regards upon mankind, which others contract and settle upon themselves. These deserve every honour from that community of which they are more peculiarly the children; to such I would give my heart, since to them I am indebted for it's humanity! Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM HINGPO, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

I Still remain at Terki, where I have received that money which was remitted here in order to release me from captivity. My fair companion still im-

proves in my esteem; the more I know her mind, her beauty becomes more poignant; she appears charming, even among the daughters of Circassia.

Yet

Yet were I to examine her beauty with the art of a statuary, I should find numbers here that far surpass her; Nature has not granted her all the boasted Circassian regularity of feature, and yet she greatly exceeds the fairest of the country in the art of seizing the affections. 'Whence,' have I often said to myself, 'this resistless magic that attends even moderate charms? Though I regard the beauties of the country with admiration, every interview weakens the impression, but the form of Zelis grows upon my imagination, I never behold her without an increase of tenderness and respect. Whence this injustice of the mind in preferring imperfect beauty to that which Nature seems to have finished with care? Whence the infatuation, that he whom a comet could not amaze, should be astonished at a meteor!' When reason was thus fatigued to find an answer, my imagination pursued the subject; and this was the result.

I fancied myself placed between two landscapes, this called the Region of Beauty, and that the Valley of the Graces; the one adorned with all that luxuriant Nature could bestow; the fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution were here conspicuous, the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. The Valley of the Graces, on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting; the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no consort in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rook joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever first allure the traveller. I entered the Region of Beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction in being introduced to the presiding goddess. I perceived several strangers, who entered with the same design; and what surprized me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had at last the honour of being introduced to the goddess, who represented Beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot

of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me, all regarding her form in extasy. 'Ah, what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!' At these exclamations, Beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty; but soon again looking round, as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments, sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles; and at intervals would bridle back, in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon, however, began to perceive the defect. 'What,' said we, among each other, 'are we to have nothing but languishing airs, soft looks, and inclinations of the head? Will the goddess only deign to satisfy our eyes?' Upon this, one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present, most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world; but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off, one by one; and resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when, just at the door of the temple, I was called back by a female, whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company. 'Where are you hastening?' said she to me, with an angry air; 'the goddess of Beauty is here.'—'I have been to visit her, Madam,' replied I, 'and find her more beautiful even than report had made her.'—'And why, then, will you leave her?' added the female. 'I have seen her long enough,' returned I; 'I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same. Her nose is a very fine one, but it is still just such a nose now as it was half an hour ago. Could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company.'—'What signifies,' replied my female, 'whether she has a mind or not? Has she any occasion for a mind, so formed as she is by Nature? If she had a common face, indeed, there might be some reason for thinking to improve it; but when features are already perfect, every alteration would

' would but impair them. A fine face
' is already at the point of perfection,
' and a fine lady should endeavour to
' keep it so; the impression it would
' receive from thought, would but dis-
' turb it's whole œconomy.'

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the Valley of the Graces. Here I found all those who before had been my companions in the Region of Beauty, now upon the same errand.

As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found every thing so natural, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good-humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted, that her temple lay to the right; another, to the left; a third insisted that it was straight before us; and a fourth, that we had left it behind. In short, we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the Grace in person.

In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours; and, though very desirous

of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole within the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search; and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice which, though we could not see from whence it came, addressed us in this manner:

' If you would find the Goddess of
' Grace, seek her not under one form,
' for she assumes a thousand. Ever
' changing under the eye of inspection,
' her variety, rather than her figure, is
' pleasing. In contemplating her beau-
' ty, the eye glides over every per-
' fection with giddy delight, and, ca-
' pable of fixing no where, is charmed
' with the whole*. She is now Con-
' templation with solemn look, again
' Compassion with humid eye; she now
' sparkles with joy, soon every feature
' speaks distress: her looks, at times,
' invite our approach, at others, repress
' our presumption; the goddess cannot
' be properly called Beautiful under any
' one of these forms, but by combining
' them all, she becomes irresistibly pleas-
' ing.' Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intentions to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a night-cap. Immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plaistered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they shewed me not less than

forty pieces, and each was better than the former; the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for night-caps. 'My very good friend,' said I to the mercer, 'you must not pretend to instruct me in silks, I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees.'—'That may be,' cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life; 'I can't pretend to say but they may; but, I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sacque from this piece this very morning.'—'But, friend,' said I, 'though my lady has chosen a sacque from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a night-cap.'—'That may be,' returned he again; 'yet, what becomes

* Vultus omnium lubricus aspicit. Hor.

* a pret y

‘ a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman.’ This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a night-cap.

While this business was consigned to his journeyman, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me—‘ There!’ cries he, ‘ there’s beauty! my Lord Snake-skin has bespoken the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats.’—‘ But I don’t want a waistcoat,’ replied I. ‘ Not want a waistcoat!’ returned the mercer; ‘ then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside.’ There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation, so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly; during the interval, the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning-gowns: ‘ Perhaps, Sir,’ adds he, ‘ you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn?’ Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. ‘ If the no-

bility,’ continues he, ‘ were to know I sold this to any, under a Right Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my Lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing.’—‘ I am no lord,’ interrupted I. ‘ I beg pardon,’ cried he; ‘ but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning-gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, Sir, conscience, is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning-gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise.’ In short, my reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning-gown also; and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain, in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

FROM my former accounts, you may be apt to fancy the English the most ridiculous people under the sun. They are, indeed, ridiculous: yet, every other nation in Europe is equally so; each laughs at each, and the Asiatic at all.

I may, upon another occasion, point out what is most strikingly absurd in other countries; I shall at present confine myself only to France. The first national peculiarity a traveller meets upon entering that kingdom, is an odd

sort of staring vivacity in every eye, not excepting even the children; the people, it seems, have got it into their heads that they have more wit than others, and so stare in order to look smart.

I know not how it happens, but there appears a sickly delicacy in the faces of their finest women. This may have introduced the use of paint, and paint produces wrinkles; so that a fine lady shall look like a hag at twenty-three. But as in some measure they never appear young, so it may be equally asserted, that

that they actually think themselves never old; a gentle Mits shall prepare for new conquests at sixty; shall hobble a rigadon when she can scarce walk without a crutch; she shall affect the girl, play her fan and her eyes, and talk of sentiments, bleeding hearts, and expiring for love, when actually dying with age. Like a departing philosopher, she attempts to make her last moments the most brilliant of her life.

Their civility to strangers is what they are chiefly proud of; and to confess sincerely, their beggars are the very politest beggars I ever knew: in other places, a traveller is addressed with a piteous whine, or a sturdy solemnity; but a French beggar shall ask your charity with a very genteel bow, and thank you for it with a smile and a shrug.

Another instance of this people's breeding I must not forget. An Englishman would not speak his native language in a company of foreigners, where he was sure that none understood him; a travelling Hottentot himself would be silent, if acquainted only with the language of his country: but a Frenchman shall talk to you whether you understand his language or not; never troubling his head whether you have learned French, still he keeps up the conversation, fixes his eye full in your face, and asks a thousand questions, which he answers himself for want of a more satisfactory reply.

But their civility to foreigners is not half so great as their admiration of themselves. Every thing that belongs to them and their nation is great; magnificent beyond expression; quite romantic! every garden is a paradise, every hovel a palace, and every woman an angel. They shut their eyes close, throw their mouths wide open, and cry out in rapture: 'Sacre!—What beauty! O Ciel!—what taste! Mort de ma vie!—what grandeur! was ever any people like ourselves? We are the nation of men, and all the rest no better than two-legged barbarians.'

I fancy the French would make the

best cooks in the world, if they had but meat; as it is, they can dress you out five different dishes from a nettle-top, seven from a dock-leaf, and twice as many from a frog's haunches; these eat prettily enough when one is a little used to them, are easy of digestion, and seldom overload the stomach with crudities. They seldom dine under seven hot dishes; it is true, indeed, with all this magnificence, they seldom spread a cloth before the guests; but in that I cannot be angry with them; since those who have got no linen on their backs, may very well be excused for wanting it upon their tables.

Even religion itself loses it's solemnity among them. Upon their roads, at about every five miles distance, you see an image of the Virgin Mary, dressed up in grim head-cloaths, painted cheeks, and an old red petticoat; before her a lamp is often kept burning, at which, with the Saint's permission, I have frequently lighted my pipe. Instead of the Virgin, you are sometimes presented with a Crucifix, at other times with a wooden Saviour, fitted out in compleat garniture, with sponge, spear, nails, pincers, hammer, bees-wax and vinegar-bottle. Some of these images, I have been told, came down from heaven; if so, in heaven they have but bungling workmen.

In passing through their towns, you frequently see the men sitting at the doors knitting stockings, while the care of cultivating the ground and pruning the vines fall to the women. This is perhaps the reason why the fair-sex are granted some peculiar privileges in this country; particularly, when they can get horses, of riding without a side-saddle.

But I begin to think you may find this description pert and dull enough; perhaps it is so, yet in general, it is the manner in which the French usually describe foreigners; and it is but just to force a part of that ridicule back upon them, which they attempt to lavish on others. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

THE two theatres, which serve to amuse the citizens here, are again opened for the winter. The mimetic troops, different from those of the state, begin their campaign when all the others quit the field; and at a time when the Europeans cease to destroy each other in reality, they are entertained with mock battles upon the stage.

The dancing-master once more shakes his quivering feet; the carpenter prepares his paradise of pasteboard; the hero resolves to cover his forehead with brass, and the heroine begins to scour up her copper tail, preparative to future operations; in short, all are in motion, from the theatrical letter-carrier in yellow cloaths, to Alexander the Great that stands on a stool.

Both houses have already commenced hostilities. War, open war! and no quarter received or given! Two singing women, like heralds, have begun the contest; the whole town is divided on this solemn occasion; one has the finest pipe, the other the finest manner; one curtsies to the ground, the other salutes the audience with a smile; one comes on with modesty which asks, the other with boldness which extorts applause; one wears powder, the other has none; one has the longest waist, but the other appears most easy: all, all is important and serious. The town as yet perseveres in its neutrality; a cause of such moment demands the most mature deliberation; they continue to exhibit; and it is very possible this contest may continue to please to the end of the season.

But the Generals of either army have, as I am told, several reinforcements to lend occasional assistance. If they produce a pair of diamond buckles at one house, we have a pair of eyebrows that can match them at the other. If we out-do them in our attitude, they can overcome us by a shrug; if we can bring more children on the stage, they can bring more guards in red cloaths, who strut and shoulder their swords to the astonishment of every spectator.

They tell me here, that people fre-

quent the theatre in order to be instructed as well as amused; I smile to hear the assertion. If I ever go to one of their play-houses, what with trumpets, hallooing behind the stage, and bawling upon it, I am quite dizzy before the performance is over. If I enter the house with any sentiments in my head, I am sure to have none going away, the whole mind being filled with a dead march, a funeral procession, a cat-call, a jig, or a tempest.

There is, perhaps, nothing more easy than to write properly for the English theatre; I am amazed that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning; when versed in all the mystery of scene-shifting, and trap-doors; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire-walker, or a water-fall; when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his speeches to the supposed excellence; when thus instructed, knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. One player shines in an exclamation, another in a groan, a third in a horror, a fourth in a start, a fifth in a smile, a sixth faints, and a seventh figets round the stage with peculiar vivacity; that piece, therefore, will succeed best, where each has a proper opportunity of shining; the actor's business is not so much to adapt himself to the poet, as the poet's to adapt himself to the actor.

The great secret, therefore, of tragedy-writing, at present, is a perfect acquaintance with theatrical *ab's* and *ob's*; a certain number of these interspersed with *gods!* *tortures!* *racks!* and *damnations!* shall distort every actor almost into convulsions, and draw tears from every spectator; a proper use of these will infallibly fill the whole house with applause. But, above all, a whining scene must strike most forcibly. I would advise, from my present knowledge of the audience, the two favourite players of the town to introduce a scene of this sort in every play. Towards the middle of the last act, I would have them enter with wild looks, and out-spread

arms; there is no necessity for speaking; they are only to groan at each other; they must vary the tones of exclamation and despair through the whole theatrical gamut, wring their figures into every shape of distress; and when their calamities have drawn a proper quantity of tears from the sympathetic spectators, they may go off in dumb solemnity at different doors, clasping their hands, or slapping their pocket-holes: this, which may be called a tragic pantomime, will answer every purpose of moving the passions, as well as words could have done, and it must save those expences which go to reward an author.

All modern plays that would keep the audience alive, must be conceived in this manner; and, indeed, many a modern play is made up on no other plan. This is the merit that lifts up the heart, like opium, into a rapture of insensibility, and can dismiss the mind from all the fatigue of thinking: this is the eloquence that shines in many a long forgotten scene, which has been reckoned excessive fine upon acting; this the lightning that flashes no less in the Hyperbolic tyrant, 'who breakfasts on the wind,' than in little Norval, 'as harmless as the babe unborn.' Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM THE SAME.

I Have always regarded the spirit of mercy which appears in the Chinese laws with admiration. An order for the execution of a criminal is carried from court by slow journeys of six miles a day, but a pardon is sent down with the most rapid dispatch. If five sons of the same father be guilty of the same offence, one of them is forgiven, in order to continue the family, and comfort his aged parents in their decline.

Similar to this, there is a spirit of mercy breathed through the laws of England, which some erroneously endeavour to suppress; the laws, however, seem unwilling to punish the offender, or to furnish the officers of justice with every means of acting with severity. Those who arrest debtors are denied the use of arms; the nightly watch is permitted to repress the disorders of the drunken citizens only with clubs; justice, in such a case, seems to hide her terrors, and permits some offenders to escape, rather than load any with a punishment disproportioned to the crime.

Thus it is the glory of an Englishman, that he is not only governed by laws, but that these are also tempered by mercy. A country restrained by severe laws, and those too executed with severity, (as in Japan) is under the most terrible species of tyranny: a royal tyrant is generally dreadful to the great, but numerous penal laws grind every rank of people, and chiefly those least able to resist oppression, the poor.

It is very possible thus for a people to become slaves to laws of their own enacting, as the Athenians were to those of Draco. 'It might first happen,' says the historian, 'that men, with peculiar talents for villainy, attempted to evade the ordinances already established; their practices, therefore, soon brought on a new law levelled against them; but the same degree of cunning which had taught the knave to evade the former statutes, taught him to evade the latter also; he flew to new shifts, while justice pursued with new ordinances; still, however, he kept his proper distance; and whenever one crime was judged penal by the state, he left committing it, in order to practise some unforbidden species of villainy. Thus the criminal, against whom the threatenings were denounced, always escaped free; while the simple rogue alone felt the rigour of justice. In the mean time, penal laws became numerous; almost every person in the state, unknowingly, at different times offended, and was every moment subject to a malicious prosecution.' In fact, penal laws, instead of preventing crimes, are generally enacted after the commission; instead of repressing the growth of ingenious villainy, only multiply deceit, by putting it upon new shifts and expedients of practising with impunity.

Such laws, therefore, resemble the guards which are sometimes imposed upon tributary princes, apparently in-

deed

deed to secure them from danger, but in reality to confirm their captivity.

Penal laws, it must be allowed, secure property in a state, but they also diminish personal security in the same proportion: there is no positive law, how equitable soever, that may not be sometimes capable of injustice. When a law enacted to make theft punishable with death, happens to be equitably executed, it can at best only guard our possessions; but when by favour or ignorance justice pronounces a wrong verdict, it then attacks our lives, since, in such a case, the whole community suffers with the innocent victim; if therefore, in order to secure the effects of one man, I should make a law which may take away the life of another, in such a case, to attain a smaller good, I am guilty of a greater evil; to secure society in the possession of a bauble, I render a real and valuable possession precarious: and, indeed, the experience of every age may serve to vindicate the assertion. No law could be more just than that called *Lex Majestatis*, when Rome was governed by emperors. It was but reasonable, that every conspiracy against the administration should be detected and punished; yet what terrible slaughters succeeded in consequence of it's enacting; proscriptions, stranglings, poisonings, in almost every family of distinction; yet all done in a legal way, every criminal had his trial, and lost his life by a majority of witnesses.

And such will ever be the case, where punishments are numerous, and where a weak, vicious, but above all, where a mercenary magistrate is concerned in their execution; such a man desires to see penal laws increased, since he too frequently has it in his power to turn them into instruments of extortion: in such hands, the more laws, the wider means, not of satisfying justice, but of satiating avarice.

A mercenary magistrate, who is rewarded in proportion, not to his integrity, but to the number he convicts, must be a person of the most unblemish-

ed character, or he will lean on the side of cruelty; and when once the work of injustice is begun, it is impossible to tell how far it will proceed. It is said of the Hyena, that, naturally, it is no way ravenous; but when once it has tasted human flesh, it becomes the most voracious animal of the forest, and continues to persecute mankind ever after. A corrupt magistrate may be considered as a human Hyena; he begins, perhaps, by a private snap, he goes on to a morsel among friends, he proceeds to a meal in public, from a meal he advances to a surfeit, and at last sucks blood like a vampire.

Not into such hands should the administration of justice be entrusted, but to those who know how to reward as well as to punish. It was a fine saying of Nangfu the emperor, who, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces—'Come, then, my friends,' said he, 'follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them.' He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprized to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. 'How!' cries his first minister, 'is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!'—'I promised,' replied the emperor, with a generous air, 'to *destroy* my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see they are enemies no longer; I have made *friends* of them.'

This, could it always succeed, were the true method of destroying the enemies of a state: well it were if rewards and mercy alone could regulate the commonwealth; but since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible, by being executed but seldom; and let Justice lift her sword, rather to terrify, than revenge. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

I Have as yet given you but a short and imperfect description of the Ladies of England. Woman, my friend, is a subject not easily understood, even in China; what, therefore, can be expected from my knowledge of the sex, in a country where they are universally allowed to be riddles, and I but a stranger?

To confess a truth, I was afraid to begin the description, lest the sex should undergo some new revolution before it was finished; and my picture should thus become old, before it could well be said to have ever been new. To-day they are lifted upon stilts, to-morrow they lower their heels and raise their heads; their cloaths at one time are bloated out with whalebone; at present they have laid their hoops aside, and are become as slim as mermaids. All, all is in a state of continual fluctuation, from the Mandarin's wife, who rattles through the streets in her chariot, to the humble sempstress, who clatters over the pavement in iron-shod pattens.

What chiefly distinguishes the sex, at present, is the train. As a lady's quality or fashion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her tail. Women of moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately long; but ladies of true taste and distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told the Lady Mayor-ess, on days of ceremony, carries one longer than a bell weather of Bantam, whose tail, you know, is trundled along in a wheel-barrow.

Sun of China, what contradictions do we find in this strange world! Not only the people of different countries think in opposition to each other, but the inhabitants of a single island are often found inconsistent with themselves. Would you believe it? this very people, my Fum, who are so fond of seeing their women with long tails, at the same time dock their horses to the very rump!!!

But you may easily guess that I am no way displeased with a fashion which tends to encrease a demand for the com-

modities of the East, and is so very beneficial to the country in which I was born. Nothing can be better calculated to encrease the price of silk than the present manner of dressing. A lady's train is not bought but at some expence; and after it has swept the public walks for a very few evenings, is fit to be worn no longer: more silk must be bought in order to repair the breach; and some ladies of peculiar economy are thus found to patch up their tails eight or ten times in a season. This unnecessary consumption may introduce poverty here, but then we shall be the richer for it in China.

The man in black, who is a professed enemy to this manner of ornamenting the tail, assures me there are numberless inconveniencies attending it, and that a lady dressed up to the fashion is as much a cripple as any in Nankin. But his chief indignation is levelled at those who dress in this manner, without a proper fortune to support it. He assures me, that he has known some who would have a tail, though they wanted a petticoat; and others who, without any other pretensions, fancied they became ladies merely from the addition of three superfluous yards of ragged silk. 'I know a thrifty good woman,' continues he, 'who, thinking herself obliged to carry a train like her betters, never walks from home without the uneasy apprehensions of wearing it out too soon; every excursion she makes gives her new anxiety; and her train is every bit as importunate, and wounds her peace as much as the bladder we sometimes see tied to the tail of a cat.'

Nay, he ventures to affirm, that a train may often bring a lady into the most critical circumstances: 'For should a rude fellow,' says he, 'offer to come up to ravish a kiss, and the lady attempt to avoid it, in retiring she must necessarily tread upon her train, and thus fall fairly upon her back; by which means, every one knows—her cloaths may be spoiled.'

The ladies here make no scruple to laugh

laugh at the smallness of a Chinese slipper; but I fancy our wives at China would have a more real cause of laughter, could they but see the immoderate length of an European train. Head of Confucius! to view a human being crippling herself with a great unwieldy tail, for our diversion! Backward she cannot go; forward she must move, but slowly; and if ever she attempts to turn round, it must be in a circle not smaller than that described by the wheeling crocodile, when it would face an assailant. And yet, to think that all this confers importance and majesty! to think that a lady acquires additional respect from

fifteen yards of trailing taffety! I cannot contain—Ha! ha! ha! This is certainly a remnant of European barbarity: the female Tartar, dressed in sheep-skins, is in far more convenient drapery. Their own writers have sometimes inveighed against the absurdity of this fashion; but perhaps it has never been ridiculed so well as upon the Italian theatre, where Pasquarielo, being engaged to attend on the Countess of Pernambuco, having one of his hands employed in carrying her muff, and the other her lap-dog, he bears her train majestically along, by sticking it in the waistband of his breeches. Adieu,

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

A Dispute has for some time divided the philosophers of Europe; it is debated, whether arts and sciences are more serviceable or prejudicial to mankind? They who maintain the cause of literature, endeavour to prove their usefulness, from the impossibility of a large number of men subsisting in a small tract of country without them; from the pleasure which attends the acquisition; and from the influence of knowledge in promoting practical morality.

They who maintain the opposite opinion, display the happiness and innocence of those uncultivated nations who live without learning; urge the numerous vices which are to be found only in polished society; enlarge upon the oppression, the cruelty, and the blood which must necessarily be shed, in order to cement civil society; and insist upon the happy equality of conditions in a barbarous state, preferable to the unnatural subordination of a more refined constitution.

This dispute, which has already given so much employment to speculative indolence, has been managed with much ardour, and (not to suppress our sentiments) with but little sagacity. They who insist that the sciences are useful in refined society are certainly right, and they who maintain that barbarous nations are more happy without them, are right also; but when one side, for this reason, attempts to prove them as universally useful to the solitary barbarian,

as to the native of a crowded commonwealth; or when the other endeavours to banish them as prejudicial to all society, even from populous states, as well as from the inhabitants of the wilderness, they are both wrong; since that knowledge which makes the happiness of a refined European, would be a torment to the precarious tenant of an Asiatic wild.

Let me, to prove this, transport the imagination for a moment to the midst of a forest in Siberia. There we behold the inhabitant, poor indeed, but equally fond of happiness with the most refined philosopher of China. The earth lies uncultivated and uninhabited for miles around him; his little family and he the sole and undisputed possessors. In such circumstances, Nature and Reason will induce him to prefer a hunter's life to that of cultivating the earth. He will certainly adhere to that manner of living which is carried on at the smallest expence of labour, and that food which is most agreeable to the appetite; he will prefer indolent, though precarious luxury, to a laborious, though permanent competence; and a knowledge of his own happiness will determine him to persevere in native barbarity.

In like manner, his happiness will incline him to bind himself by no law. Laws are made in order to secure present property; but he is possessed of no property which he is afraid to lose, and desires no more than will be sufficient to sustain

sustain him: to enter into compacts with others, would be undergoing a voluntary obligation without the expectation of any reward. He and his countrymen are tenants, not rivals, in the same inexhaustible forest; the increased possessions of one by no means diminishes the expectations arising from equal assiduity in another; there are no need of laws, therefore, to repress ambition, where there can be no mischief attending it's most boundless gratifications.

Our solitary Siberian will, in like manner, find the sciences not only entirely useless in directing his practice, but disgusting even in speculation. In every contemplation, our curiosity must be first excited by the *appearances* of things, before our reason undergoes the fatigue of investigating the *causes*. Some of those appearances are produced by experiment, others by minute enquiry; some arise from a knowledge of foreign climates, and others from an intimate study of our own. But there are few objects, in comparison, which present themselves to the inhabitant of a barbarous country; the game he hunts, or the transient cottage he builds, make up the chief objects of his concern; his curiosity, therefore, must be proportionably less; and if that is diminished, the reasoning faculty will be diminished in proportion.

Besides, sensual enjoyment adds wings to curiosity. We consider few objects with ardent attention, but those which have some connection with our wishes, our pleasures, or our necessities. A desire of enjoyment first interests our passions in the pursuit, points out the object of investigation, and reason then comments where sense has led the way. An increase in the number of our enjoyments, therefore, necessarily produces an increase of scientific research; but in countries where almost every enjoyment is wanting, reason there seems destitute of it's great inspirer, and speculation is the business of fools when it becomes it's own reward.

The barbarous Siberian is too wise, therefore, to exhaust his time in quest of knowledge, which neither curiosity prompts, nor pleasure impels, him to pursue. When told of the exact measurement of a degree upon the equator at Quito, he feels no pleasure in the account; when informed that such a discovery tends to promote navigation

and commerce, he finds himself no way interested in either. A discovery which some have pursued at the hazard of their lives, affects him with neither astonishment nor pleasure. He is satisfied with thoroughly understanding the few objects which contribute to his own felicity, he knows the properest places where to lay the snare for the sable, and discerns the value of furs with more than European sagacity. More extended knowledge would only serve to render him unhappy; it might lend a ray to shew him the misery of his situation, but could not guide him in his efforts to avoid it. Ignorance is the happiness of the poor.

The misery of a being endowed with sentiments above it's capacity of fruition, is most admirably described in one of the fables of Lozman the Indian moralist.—An elephant that had been peculiarly serviceable in fighting the battles of Wistnow, was ordered by the god to wish for whatever he thought proper, and the desire should be attended with immediate gratification. The elephant thanked his benefactor on bended knees, and desired to be endowed with the reason and the faculties of a man. Wistnow was sorry to hear the foolish request, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his misplaced ambition; but finding it to no purpose, gave him at last such a portion of wisdom as could correct even the Zendavesta of Zoroaster. The reasoning elephant went away rejoicing in his new acquisition; and though his body still retained it's ancient form, he found his appetites and passions entirely altered. He first considered, that it would not only be more comfortable, but also more becoming, to wear cloaths; but, unhappily, he had no method of making them himself, nor had he the use of speech to demand them from others; and this was the first time he felt real anxiety. He soon perceived how much more elegantly men were fed than he, therefore he began to loath his usual food, and longed for those delicacies which adorn the tables of princes; but here again he found it impossible to be satisfied; for though he could easily obtain flesh, yet he found it impossible to dress it in any degree of perfection. In short, every pleasure that contributed to the felicity of mankind, served only to render him more miserable, as he found himself utterly deprived of the power

power of enjoyment. In this manner he led a repining, discontented life, detesting himself, and displeased with his ill-judged ambition; till at last his benefactor, Wistnow, taking compassion on his forlorn situation, restored him to the ignorance and the happiness which he was originally formed to enjoy.*

No, my friend, to attempt to introduce the sciences into a nation of wandering barbarians, is only to render them more miserable than even Nature designed they should be. A life of simplicity is best fitted to a state of solitude.

The great law-giver of Russia attempted to improve the desolate inhabitants of Siberia, by sending among them some of the politest men of Europe. The consequence has shewn, that the country was as yet unfit to receive them; they languished, for a time, with a sort of exotic malady; every day degenerated from themselves; and at last, instead of rendering the country more polite, they conformed to the soil, and put on barbarity.

No, my friend, in order to make the sciences useful in any country, it must first become populous; the inhabitant

must go through the different stages of hunter, shepherd, and husbandman; then, when property becomes valuable, and consequently gives cause for injustice; then, when laws are appointed to repress injury, and secure possession; when men, by the sanction of those laws, become possessed of superfluity; when luxury is thus introduced, and demands it's continual supply; then it is that the sciences become necessary and useful; the state then cannot subsist without them; they must then be introduced, at once to teach men to draw the greatest possible quantity of pleasure from circumscribed possession, and to restrain them within the bounds of moderate enjoyment.

The sciences are not the cause of luxury, but it's consequence; and this destroyer thus brings with it an antidote which resists the virulence of it's own poison. By asserting that luxury introduces the sciences, we assert a truth; but if, with those who reject the utility of learning, we assert that the sciences also introduce luxury, we shall be at once false, absurd, and ridiculous.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

YOU are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure disengages from application; but rob not, by present gratification, all the succeeding period of life of it's happiness. Sacrifice a little pleasure at first to the expectation of greater. The study of a few years will make the rest of life completely easy.

But instead of continuing the subject myself, take the following instructions borrowed from a modern philosopher of China*. 'He who has begun his fortune by study, will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported: thus a

' man, being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meanesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

' There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another, a common coarse stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus

* A translation of this passage may also be seen in Du Halde, Vol. II. Fol. p. 47, and 38. This extract will at least serve to shew that fondness for humour which appears in the writings of the Chinese.

' I ought

‘ I ought to draw advantage from the
 ‘ insults and contempt I meet with from
 ‘ a worthless fellow. His brutality
 ‘ ought to induce me to self-examina-
 ‘ tion, and correct every blemish that
 ‘ may have given rise to his calumny.

‘ Yet with all the pleasures and pro-
 ‘ fits which are generally produced by
 ‘ learning, parents often find it difficult
 ‘ to induce their children to study.
 ‘ They often seem dragged to what
 ‘ wears the appearance of application.
 ‘ Thus being dilatory in the beginning,
 ‘ all future hopes of eminence are en-
 ‘ tirely cut off. If they find themselves
 ‘ obliged to write two lines more polite
 ‘ than ordinary, their pencil then seems
 ‘ as heavy as a mill-stone, and they spend
 ‘ ten years in turning two or three pe-
 ‘ riods with propriety.

‘ These persons are most at a loss
 ‘ when a banquet is almost over; the
 ‘ plate and the dice go round, that the
 ‘ number of little verses which each is
 ‘ obliged to repeat may be determined
 ‘ by chance. The booby, when it
 ‘ comes to his turn, appears quite stu-
 ‘ pid and insensible. The company di-
 ‘ vert themselves with his confusion;
 ‘ and sneers, winks, and whispers, are
 ‘ circulated at his expence. As for
 ‘ him, he opens a pair of large heavy
 ‘ eyes, stares at all about him, and even
 ‘ offers to join in the laugh, without ever
 ‘ considering himself as the burthen of
 ‘ all their good humour.

‘ But it is of no importance to read
 ‘ much, except you be regular in your
 ‘ reading. If it be interrupted for any
 ‘ considerable time, it can never be at-
 ‘ tended with proper improvement.
 ‘ There are some who study for one day
 ‘ with intense application, and repose
 ‘ themselves for ten days after. But
 ‘ wisdom is a coquet, and must be court-
 ‘ ed with unabating assiduity.

‘ It was a saying of the ancients, that
 ‘ a man never opens a book without
 ‘ reaping some advantage by it. I say
 ‘ with them, that every book can serve
 ‘ to make us more expert, except ro-
 ‘ mances, and these are no better than
 ‘ instruments of debauchery. They are
 ‘ dangerous fictions, where love is the
 ‘ ruling passion.

‘ The most indecent strokes there
 ‘ pass for turns of wit; intrigue and
 ‘ criminal liberties for gallantry and po-
 ‘ liteness. Assignations, and even vil-

‘ lains, are put in such strong lights,
 ‘ as may inspire, even grown men, with
 ‘ the strongest passion; how much more
 ‘ therefore ought the youth of either sex
 ‘ to dread them, whose reason is so
 ‘ weak, and whose hearts are so suscepti-
 ‘ ble of passion?

‘ To slip in by a back-door, or leap
 ‘ a wall, are accomplishments that, when
 ‘ handsomely set off, enchant a young
 ‘ heart. It is true, the plot is common-
 ‘ ly wound up by a marriage, con-
 ‘ cluded with the consent of parents,
 ‘ and adjusted by every ceremony pre-
 ‘ scribed by law. But as in the body
 ‘ of the work there are many passages
 ‘ that offend good morals, overthrow
 ‘ laudable customs, violate the laws,
 ‘ and destroy the duties most essential to
 ‘ society, virtue is thereby exposed to
 ‘ the most dangerous attacks.

‘ But, say some, the authors of these
 ‘ romances have nothing in view, but
 ‘ to represent vice punished and virtue
 ‘ rewarded. Granted. But will the
 ‘ greater number of readers take notice
 ‘ of these punishments and rewards?
 ‘ Are not their minds carried to some-
 ‘ thing else? Can it be imagined that
 ‘ the heart with which the author in-
 ‘ spires the love of virtue, can overcome
 ‘ that crowd of thoughts which sway
 ‘ them to licentiousness? To be able to
 ‘ inculcate virtue by so leaky a vehicle,
 ‘ the author must be a philosopher of
 ‘ the first rank. But in our age we can
 ‘ find but few first-rate philosophers.

‘ Avoid such performances where vice
 ‘ assumes the face of virtue; seek wis-
 ‘ dom and knowledge without ever
 ‘ thinking you have found them. A
 ‘ man is wise, while he continues in the
 ‘ pursuit of wisdom; but when he once
 ‘ fancies that he has found the object
 ‘ of his enquiry, he then becomes a
 ‘ fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the
 ‘ man that is blind, who never makes a
 ‘ step without first examining the ground
 ‘ with his staff.

‘ The world is like a vast sea, man-
 ‘ kind like a vessel sailing on it’s tem-
 ‘ pestuous bosom. Our prudence is it’s
 ‘ sails, the sciences serve us for oars,
 ‘ good or bad fortune are the favourable
 ‘ or contrary winds, and judgment is
 ‘ the rudder; without this last, the ves-
 ‘ sel is tossed by every billow, and will
 ‘ find shipwreck in every breeze. In a
 ‘ word, obscurity and indigence are the
 ‘ parents

' parents of vigilance and œconomy;
' vigilance and œconomy of riches and
' honour; riches and honour of pride
' and luxury; pride and luxury of im-

' purity and idleness; and impurity and
' idleness again produce indigence and
' obscurity. Such are the revolutions
' of life.' Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE
CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Fancy the character of a poet is in every country the same, fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his conversation that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool! of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a tea-cup. Such is his character; which, considered in every light, is the very opposite of that which leads to riches.

The poets of the West are as remarkable for their indigence as their genius; and yet, among the numerous hospitals designed to relieve the poor, I have heard of but one erected for the benefit of decayed authors. This was founded by Pope Urban VIII. and called the Retreat of Incurables, intimating, that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients, who sued for reception, from poverty, or from poetry. To be sincere, were I to send you an account of the lives of the Western poets, either ancient or modern, I fancy you would think me employed in collecting materials for an history of human wretchedness.

Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients; he was blind, and sung his ballads about the streets; but it is observed, that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was better off; he had two trades; he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a livelihood. Terence was a slave; and Boethius died in a jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Burghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died because he could get employment in none. Tasso himself, who had the most amiable character of all poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown from some friend, in order to pay for a month's

subsistence; he has left us a pretty sonnet, addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to afford himself a candle. But Bentivoglio, poor Bentivoglio! chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language: he dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence; but falling into misery in his old age, was refused to be admitted into an hospital which he himself had erected.

In Spain, it is said, the great Cervantes died of hunger; and it is certain, that the famous Camoens ended his days in an hospital.

If we turn to France, we shall there find even stronger instances of the ingratitude of the public. Vaugelas, one of the politest writers, and one of the honestest men of his time, was surnamed the Owl, from his being obliged to keep within all day, and venture out only by night, through fear of his creditors. His last will is very remarkable. After having bequeathed all his worldly substance to the discharging his debts, he goes on thus: 'But as there still may remain some creditors unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such a case, it is my last will, that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society; so that if I could not while living, at least when dead, I may be useful.'

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time; yet all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being by degrees driven into an hatred of all mankind, from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured at last ungratefully to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies, when the priest en-

T

treated

treated him to rely on the justice of Heaven, and ask mercy from him that made him—'If God,' replies he, 'has shewn me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?' But being answered, that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of it's reality—'Let me entreat you,' continued his confessor, 'by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God, your Father, your Maker, and Friend.'—'No,' replied the exasperated wretch, 'you know the manner in which he left me to live;' (and pointing to the straw on which he was stretched) 'and you see the manner in which he leaves me to die!'

But the sufferings of the poet in other countries is nothing, when compared to his distresses here: the names of Spencer and Otway, Butler and Dryden, are every day mentioned as a national reproach; some of them lived in a state of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger.

At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public; and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. A

performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation; but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success, till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret, might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune: and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity. He may now refuse an invitation to dinner, without fearing to incur his patron's displeasure, or to starve by remaining at home. He may now venture to appear in company with just such cloaths as other men generally wear, and talk even to princes, with all the conscious superiority of wisdom. Though he cannot boast of fortune here, yet he can bravely assert the dignity of independence. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

I have interested myself so long in all the concerns of this people, that I am almost become an Englishman; I now begin to read with pleasure of their taking towns or gaining battles, and secretly with disappointment to all the enemies of Britain. Yet still my regard to mankind fills me with concern for their contentions. I could wish to see the disturbances of Europe once more amicably adjusted: I am an enemy to nothing in this good world but war; I hate fighting between rival states; I hate it between man and man; I hate fighting even between women!

I already informed you, that while Europe was at variance, we were also threatened from the stage with an irreconcilable opposition, and that our sing-

ing women were resolved to sing at each other to the end of the season. O my friend, those fears were just! They are not only determined to sing at each other to the end of the season; but, what is worse, to sing the same song; and, what is still more insupportable, to make us pay for hearing.

If they be for war, for my part, I should advise them to have a public congress, and there fairly squall at each other. What signifies sounding the trumpet of defiance at a distance, and calling in the town to fight their battles? I would have them come boldly into one of the most open and frequented streets, face to face, and there try their skill in quavering.

However this may be, resolved I am that

that they shall not touch one single piece of silver more of mine. Though I have ears for music, thanks to Heaven, they are not altogether asses ears. What! Polly and the Pick-pocket to-night? Polly and the Pick-pocket to-morrow night? and Polly and the Pick-pocket again? I want patience. I will hear no more. My soul is out of tune, all jarring discord and confusion. Rest, rest, ye dear three clinking shillings, in my pocket's bottom; the music you make is more harmonious to my spirit, than cat-gut, rosin, or all the nightingales that ever chirruped in petticoats.

But what raises my indignation to the greatest degree, is, that this piping does not only pester me on the stage, but is my punishment in private conversation. What is it to me, whether the *fine pipe* of one, or the *great manner* of the other, be preferable? What care I if one has a better top, or the other a nobler bottom? How am I concerned if one sings from the stomach, or the other sings with a snap? Yet, paltry as these matters are, they make a subject of debate wherever I go; and this musical dispute, especially among the fair-sex, almost always ends in a very unmusical altercation.

Sure the spirit of contention is mixed into the very constitution of the people. Divisions among the inhabitants of other countries arise only from their higher concerns; but subjects the most contemptible are made an affair of party here, the spirit is carried even into their amusements. The very ladies, whose duty should seem to allay the impetuosity of the opposite sex, become themselves party champions, engage in the thickest of the fight, scold at each other, and shew their courage, even at the expense of their lovers and their beauty.

There are even a numerous set of poets who help to keep up the contention, and write for the stage. Mistake me not, I do not mean pieces to be acted upon it, but panegyrical verses on the performers; for that is the most universal method of writing for the stage at present. It is the business of the stage poet, therefore, to watch the appearance of every new player at his own house, and so come out next day with a flaunting copy of news-paper verses. In these Nature and the actor may be set to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or Nature may

mistake him for herself; or old Shakespeare may put on his winding-sheet and pay him a visit; or the tuneful Nine may strike up their harps in his praise; or, should it happen to be an actress, Venus, the beautiful Queen of Love, and the naked Graces, are ever in waiting: the lady must be herself a goddess bred and born; she must—But you shall have a specimen of one of these poems, which may convey a more precise idea.

ON SEEING MRS. ** PERFORM IN
THE CHARACTER OF ****.

TO you, bright fair, the Nine address their lays,

And tune my feeble voice to sing thy praise.
The heart-felt power of every charm divine,
Who can withstand their all-commanding
shine?

See how she moves along with every grace,
While soul-brought tears steal down each
shining face!

She speaks; 'tis rapture all and nameless bliss,
Ye gods, what transport e'er compar'd to this!
As when in Paphian groves the Queen of Love,
With fond complaint, address'd the listening
Jove,

'Twas joy, and endless blisses, all around,
And rocks forgot their hardness at the sound.
Then first, at last even Jove was taken in,
And felt her charms, without disguise, within.

And yet think not, my friend, that I have any particular animosity against the champions who are at the head of the present commotion; on the contrary, I could find pleasure in their music, if served up at proper intervals; if I heard it only on proper occasions, and not about it wherever I go. In fact, I could patronize them both; and, as an instance of my condescension in this particular, they may come and give me a song at my lodging, on any evening when I am at leisure, provided they keep a becoming distance, and stand, while they continue to entertain me, with decent humility at the door.

You perceive I have not read the seventeen books of Chinese ceremonies to no purpose. I know the proper share of respect due to every rank in society. Stage-players, fire-eaters, singing-women, dancing-dogs, wild-beasts, and wire-walkers, as their efforts are exerted for our amusement, ought not *entirely* to be despised. The laws of every country should allow them to play their tricks at least with impunity. They should

not be branded with the ignominious appellation of vagabonds; at least, they deserve a rank in society equal to the mystery of barbers, or undertakers; and, could my influence extend so far, they should be allowed to earn even forty or fifty pounds a year, if eminent in their profession.

I am sensible, however, that you will censure me of profusion in this respect, bred up as you are in the narrow prejudices of Eastern frugality. You will undoubtedly assert, that such a stipend is too great for so useless an employment. Yet how will your surprize encrease, when told, that though the law holds them as vagabonds, many of them earn more than a thousand a year! You are amazed. There is cause for amazement. A vagabond with a thousand a year is indeed a curiosity in nature; a wonder far surpassing the flying fish, petrified crab, or travelling lobster. However, from my great love to the profession, I would willingly have them divested of part of their contempt, and part of their finery; the law should kindly take them under the wing of protection, fix them into a corporation, like that of the barbers, and abridge their ignominy and their pensions. As to their abilities in other respects, I would leave that entirely to the public, who are certainly in this case the properest judges—whether they despise them or no.

Yes, my Fum, I would abridge their pensions. A theatrical warrior, who conducts the battles of the stage, should

be coop'd up with the same caution as a Bantam cock that is kept for fighting. When one of those animals is taken from it's native dunghill, we retrench it both in the quantity of it's food, and the number of it's seraglio: players should in the same manner be fed, not fattened; they should be permitted to get their bread, but not eat the people's bread into the bargain; and, instead of being permitted to keep four mistresses, in conscience, they should be contented only with two.

Were stage-players thus brought into bounds, perhaps we should find their admirers less sanguine, and consequently less ridiculous in patronizing them. We should no longer be struck with the absurdity of seeing the same people, whose valour makes such a figure abroad, apostrophizing in the praise of a bouncing blockhead, and wrangling in the defence of a copper-tailed actress at home.

I shall conclude my letter with the sensible admonition of *Mé* the philosopher. 'You love harmony,' says he, 'and are charmed with music. I do not blame you for hearing a fine voice, when you are in your closet with a lovely parterre under your eye, or in the night time, while perhaps the moon diffuses her silver rays. But is a man to carry this passion so far as to let a company of comedians, musicians, and singers, grow rich upon his exhausted fortune? If so, he resembles one of those dead bodies, whose brains the embalmer has pickled out through it's ears.' Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

FROM THE SAME.

OF all the places of amusement where gentlemen and ladies are entertained, I have not been yet to visit Newmarket. This, I am told, is a large field; where, upon certain occasions, three or four horses are brought together, then set a running, and that horse which runs fastest wins the wager.

This is reckoned a very polite and fashionable amusement here, much more followed by the nobility than partridge-fighting at Java, or paper kites in Madagascar. Several of the great here, I am

told, understand as much of farriery as their grooms; and a horse, with any share of merit, can never want a patron among the nobility.

We have a description of this entertainment almost every day in some of the Gazettes; as for instance: 'On such a day the Give and Take Plate was run for between his Grace's Crab, his Lordship's Periwinkle, and Squire Smack'em's Slamerkin. All rode their own horses. There was the greatest course of nobility that has been known here

here for several seasons. The odds were in favour of Crab in the beginning; but Slamerkin, after the first heat, seemed to have the match hollow; however, it was soon seen that Periwinkle improved in wind, which at last turned out accordingly; Crab was run to a stand still, Slamerkin was knocked up, and Periwinkle was brought in with universal applause. Thus, you see, Periwinkle received universal applause; and no doubt his lordship came in for some share of that praise which was so liberally bestowed upon Periwinkle. Sun of China! how glorious must the senator appear in his cap and leather breeches, his whip crossed in his mouth, and thus coming to the goal amongst the shouts of grooms, jockies, pimps, stable-bred dukes, and degraded generals!

From the description of this princely amusement, now transcribed, and from the great veneration I have for the characters of its principal promoters, I make no doubt but I shall look upon an horse-race with becoming reverence, pre-disposed as I am by a similar amusement, of which I have lately been a spectator; for just now I happened to have an opportunity of being present at a Cart-race.

Whether this contention between three carts of different parishes was promoted by a subscription among the nobility, or whether the grand jury, in council assembled, had gloriously combined to encourage plaustral merit, I cannot take upon me to determine; but, certain it is, the whole was conducted with the utmost regularity and decorum; and the company, which made a brilliant appearance, were universally of opinion that the sport was high, the running fine, and the riders influenced by no bribe.

It was run on the road from London to a village called Brentford, between a turnip-cart, a dust-cart, and a dung-cart; each of the owners condescending to mount and be his own driver. The odds at starting were *dust* against *dung* five to four; but after half a mile's going, the knowing ones found themselves all on the wrong side, and it was *turnip* against the field, brass to silver.

Soon, however, the contest became more doubtful; Turnip indeed kept the way, but it was perceived that Dung

had better bottom. The road re-echoed with the shouts of the spectators—'Dung against Turnip! Turnip against Dung!' was now the universal cry; neck and neck; one rode lighter, but the other had more judgment. I could not but particularly observe the ardour with which the fair-sex espoused the cause of the different riders on this occasion; one was charmed with the unwashed beauties of Dung; another was captivated with the patibulary aspect of Turnip; while, in the mean time, unfortunate gloomy Dust, who came whipping behind, was cheered by the encouragements of some, and pity of all.

The contention now continued for some time, without a possibility of determining to whom victory designed the prize. The winning-post appeared in view, and he who drove the turnip-cart assured himself of success; and successful he might have been, had his horse been as ambitious as he; but upon approaching a turn from the road, which led homewards, the horse fairly stood still, and refused to move a foot farther. The dung-cart had scarce time to enjoy this temporary triumph, when it was pitched headlong into a ditch by the way side, and the rider left to wallow in congenial mud. Dust in the mean time soon came up; and not being far from the post, came in amidst the shouts and acclamations of all the spectators, and greatly caressed by all the quality of Brentford. Fortune was kind only to one, who ought to have been favourable to all; each had peculiar merit, each laboured hard to earn the prize, and each richly deserved the cart he drove.

I do not know whether this description may not have anticipated that which I intended giving of Newmarket. I am told there is little else to be seen even there. There may be some minute differences in the dress of the spectators, but none at all in their understandings; the quality of Brentford are as remarkable for politeness and delicacy as the breeders of Newmarket. The quality of Brentford drive their own carts, and the honourable fraternity of Newmarket ride their own horses. In short, the matches in one place are as rational as those in the other; and it is more than probable that turnips, dust, and dung, are all that can be found to furnish out description in either.

Forgive

Forgive me, my friend; but a person like me, bred up in a philosophic seclusion, is apt to regard, perhaps with too much asperity, those occurrences which

sink man below his station in nature, and diminish the intrinsic value of humanity.

LETTER LXXXVII.

FROM FUM HOAM, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI.

YOU tell me the people of Europe are wise; but where lies their wisdom? You say they are valiant too; yet I have some reasons to doubt of their valour. They are engaged in war among each other, yet apply to the Russians, their neighbours and ours, for assistance. Cultivating such an alliance argues at once imprudence and timidity. All subsidies paid for such an aid is strengthening the Russians, already too powerful, and weakening the employers, already exhausted by intestine commotions.

I cannot avoid beholding the Russian empire as the natural enemy of the more Western parts of Europe; as an enemy already possessed of great strength, and, from the nature of the government, every day threatening to become more powerful. This extensive empire, which, both in Europe and Asia, occupies almost a third of the old world, was, about two centuries ago, divided into separate kingdoms and dukedoms, and from such a division consequently feeble. Since the times, however, of Johan Basilides, it has encreased in strength and extent; and those untrod den forests, those innumerable savage animals which formerly covered the face of the country, are now removed, and colonies of mankind planted in their room. A kingdom thus enjoying peace internally, possessed of an unbounded extent of dominion, and learning the military art at the expence of others abroad, must every day grow more powerful; and it is probable we shall hear Russia, in future times, as formerly, called the *Officina Gentium*.

It was long the wish of Peter, their great monarch, to have a fort in some of the Western parts of Europe; many of his schemes and treaties were directed to this end; but, happily for Europe, he failed in them all. A fort in the power of this people would be like the possession of a flood-gate; and whenever

ambition, interest, or necessity, prompted, they might then be able to deluge the whole Western world with a barbarous inundation.

Believe me, my friend, I cannot sufficiently condemn the politics of Europe, who thus make this powerful people arbitrators in their quarrel. The Russians are now at that period between refinement and barbarity, which seems most adapted to military achievement; and if once they happen to get footing in the Western parts of Europe, it is not the feeble efforts of the sons of effeminacy and dissension that can serve to remove them. The fertile valley and soft climate will ever be sufficient inducements to draw whole myriads from their native deserts, the trackless wild, or snowy mountain.

History, experience, reason, nature, expand the book of wisdom before the eyes of mankind, but they will not read. We have seen with terror a winged phalanx of famished locusts, each singly contemptible, but from multitude become hideous, cover, like clouds, the face of day, and threaten the whole world with ruin. We have seen them settling on the fertile plains of India and Egypt, destroying in an instant the labours and the hopes of nations; sparing neither the fruit of the earth nor the verdure of the fields, and changing into a frightful desert landscapes of once luxuriant beauty. We have seen myriads of ants issuing together from the Southern desert, like a torrent whose source was inexhaustible, succeeding each other without end, and renewing their destroyed forces with unwearied perseverance, bringing desolation wherever they came, banishing men and animals, and when destitute of all subsistence, in heaps infecting the wilderness which they had made! Like these have been the migrations of men. When as yet savage, and almost resembling their brute partners in the forest, subject like them

them only to the instincts of nature, and directed by hunger alone in the choice of an abode, how have we seen whole armies starting wild at once from their forests and their dens! Goths, Huns, Vandals, Saracens, Turks, Tartars, myriads of men, animals in human form, without country, without name,

without laws, out-powering by numbers all opposition, ravaging cities, overturning empires; and, after having destroyed whole nations, and spread extensive desolation, how have we seen them sink oppressed by some new enemy, more barbarous, and even more unknown than they! Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

AS the instruction of the fair-sex in this country is entirely committed to the care of foreigners; as their language-masters, music-masters, hair-frizzers, and governesses, are all from abroad; I had some intentions of opening a female academy myself, and made no doubt, as I was quite a foreigner, of meeting a favourable reception.

In this I intended to instruct the ladies in all the conjugal mysteries; wives should be taught the art of managing husbands, and maids the skill of properly chusing them; I would teach a wife how far she might venture to be sick without giving disgust; she should be acquainted with the great benefits of the cholic in the stomach, and all the thorough-bred insolence of fashion; maids should learn the secret of nicely distinguishing every competitor; they should be able to know the difference between a pedant and a scholar, a citizen and a prig, a squire and his horse, a beau and his monkey; but, chiefly, they should be taught the art of managing their smiles, from the contemptuous snimper to the long laborious laugh.

But I have discontinued the project; for what would signify teaching ladies the manner of governing or chusing husbands, when marriage is at present so much out of fashion, that a lady is very well off who can get any husband at all? Celibacy now prevails in every rank of life; the streets are crowded with old bachelors, and the houses with ladies who have refused good offers, and are never likely to receive any for the future.

The only advice, therefore, I could give the fair-sex, as things stand at present, is to get husbands as fast as they can. There is certainly nothing in the

whole creation, not even Babylon in ruins, more truly deplorable, than a lady in the virgin bloom of sixty-three; nor a battered unmarried beau, who squibs about from place to place, shewing his pig-tail wig and his ears. The one appears to my imagination in the form of a double night-cap, or a roll of pomatum; the other in the shape of an electuary, or a box of pills.

I would once more, therefore, advise the ladies to get husbands. I would desire them not to discard an old lover without very sufficient reasons, nor treat the new with ill-nature till they know him false; let not prudes alledge the fallacious of the sex, coquets the pleasures of long courtships, or parents the necessary preliminaries of penny for penny. I have reasons that would silence even a casuist in this particular. In the first place, therefore, I divide the subject into fifteen heads, and then *sic argumentor*—but, not to give you and myself the spleen, be contented at present with an Indian tale.

In a winding of the river Amidar, just before it falls into the Caspian sea, there lies an island unfrequented by the inhabitants of the Continent. In this seclusion, blessed with all that wild uncultivated nature could bestow, lived a princess and her two daughters. She had been wrecked upon the coast while her children as yet were infants, who, of consequence, though grown up, were entirely unacquainted with man. Yet, unexperienced as the young ladies were in the opposite sex, both early discovered symptoms, the one of prudery, the other of being a coquet. The eldest was ever learning maxims of wisdom and discretion from her mamma, while the youngest employed all her hours in gazing

gazing at her own face in a neighbouring fountain.

Their usual amusement in this solitude was fishing: their mother had taught them all the secrets of the art; she shewed them which were the most likely places to throw out the line, what baits were most proper for the various seasons, and the best manner to draw up the finny prey, when they had hooked it. In this manner they spent their time, easy and innocent; till one day, the princess being indisposed, desired them to go and catch her a sturgeon or a shark for supper, which she fancied might sit easy on her stomach. The daughters obeyed; and clapping on a gold fish, the usual bait on those occasions, went and sat upon one of the rocks, letting the gilded hook glide down with the stream.

On the opposite shore, farther down, at the mouth of the river, lived a Diver for pearls; a youth who, by long habit in his trade, was almost grown amphibious; so that he could remain whole hours at the bottom of the water without ever fetching breath. He happened to be at that very instant diving when the ladies were fishing with the gilded hook. Seeing, therefore, the bait, which to him had the appearance of real gold, he was resolved to seize the prize; but both his hands being already filled with pearl oysters, he found himself obliged to snap at it with his mouth. The consequence is easily imagined; the hook, before unperceived, was instantly fastened in his jaw; nor could he, with all his efforts, or his floundering, get free.

‘Sister,’ cries the youngest princess, ‘I have certainly caught a monstrous fish; I never perceived any thing struggle so at the end of my line before; come, and help me to draw it in.’ They both now therefore assisted in fishing up the Diver on shore; but nothing could equal their surprize upon seeing him. ‘Bless my eyes!’ cries the prude, ‘what have we got here? This is a very odd fish to be sure! I never saw any thing in my life look so queer!’ ‘What eyes! what terrible claws! what a monstrous snout! I have read of this monster somewhere before; it certainly must be a *Tanlang*, that eats women; let us throw it back into the sea where we found it.’

The Diver in the mean time stood

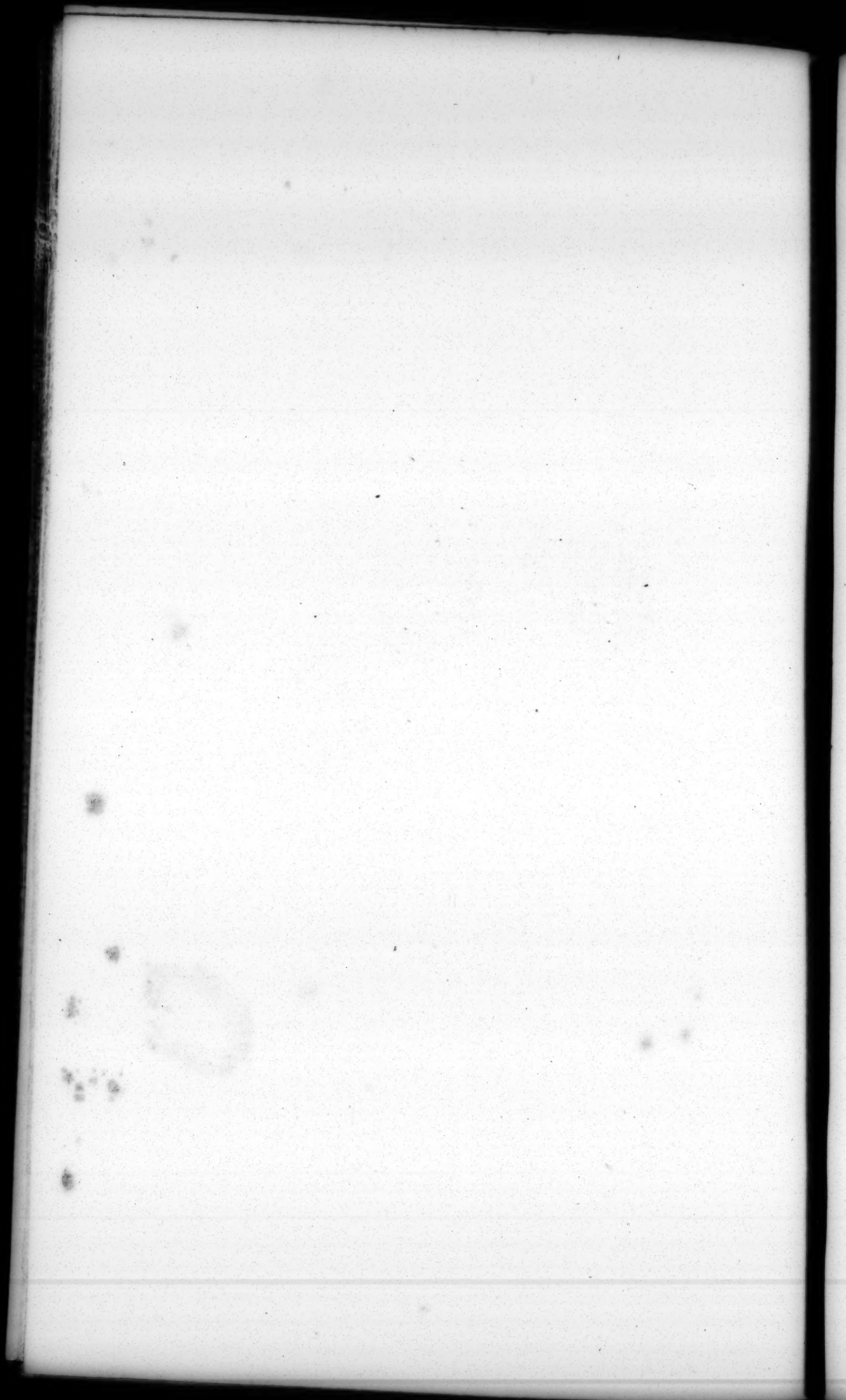
upon the beach, at the end of the line, with the hook in his mouth, using every art that he thought could best excite pity, and particularly looking extremely tender, which is usual in such circumstances. The coquet, therefore, in some measure influenced by the innocence of his looks, ventured to contradict her companion. ‘Upon my word,’ sister,’ says she, ‘I see nothing in the animal so very terrible as you are pleased to apprehend; I think it may serve well enough for a change. Always sharks, and sturgeons, and lobsters, and crawfish, make me quite sick. I fancy a slice of this nicely grilled, and dressed up with shrimp-sauce, would be very pretty eating. I fancy mamma would like a bit with pickles above all things in the world; and if it should not sit easy on her stomach, it will be time enough to discontinue it when found disagreeable, you know.’—‘Horrid!’ cries the prude, ‘would the girl be poisoned? I tell you it is a *Tanlang*; I have read of it in twenty places. It is every where described as the most pernicious animal that ever infested the ocean. I am certain it is the most insidious, ravenous creature in the world; and is certain destruction if taken internally.’ The youngest sister was now therefore obliged to submit: both assisted in drawing the hook with some violence from the Diver’s jaw; and he, finding himself at liberty, bent his breast against the broad wave, and disappeared in an instant.

Just at this juncture the mother came down to the beach, to know the cause of her daughters delay; they told her every circumstance, describing the monster they had caught. The old lady was one of the most discreet women in the world; she was called the Black-eyed Princess, from two black eyes she had received in her youth, being a little addicted to boxing in her liquor. ‘Alas, my children!’ cries she, ‘what have you done? The fish you caught was a man-fish; one of the most tame domestic animals in the world. We could have let him run and play about the garden, and he would have been twenty times more entertaining than our squirrel or monkey.’—‘If that be all,’ says the young coquet, ‘we will fish for him again. If that be all, I’ll hold three tooth-picks to one pound



Corbould del.

Heath sculp.



'pound of snuff, I catch him whenever I please.' Accordingly they threw in their line once more; but, with all their gilding, and padding, and assiduity, they could never after catch the Diver. In this state of solitude and disappoint-

ment they continued for many years, still fishing, but without success; till, at last, the genius of the place, in pity to their distresses, changed the prude into a shrimp, and the coquet into an oyster. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

I Am amused, my dear Fum, with the labours of some of the learned here. One shall write you a whole folio on the dissection of a caterpillar; another shall swell his works with a description of the plumage on the wing of a butterfly; a third shall see a little world on a peach leaf, and publish a book to describe what his readers might see more clearly in two minutes, only by being furnished with eyes and a microscope.

I have frequently compared the understandings of such men to their own glasses. Their field of vision is too contracted to take in the whole of any but minute objects; they view all nature bit by bit; now the proboscis, now the antennæ, now the pinnæ of—a flea. Now the polypus comes to breakfast upon a worm; now it is kept up to see how long it will live without eating; now it is turned inside outward; and now it sickens and dies. Thus they proceed, laborious in trifles, constant in experiment, without one single abstraction, by which alone knowledge may be properly said to encrease; till, at last, their ideas, ever employed upon minute things, contract to the size of the diminutive object, and a single mite shall fill the whole mind's capacity.

Yet, believe me, my friend, ridiculous as these men are to the world, they are set up as objects of esteem for each other. They have particular places appointed for their meetings; in which one shews his cockle-shell, and is praised by all the society; another produces his powder, makes some experiments that result in nothing, and comes off with admiration and applause; a third comes out with the important discovery of some new process in the skeleton of a mole, and is set down as the accurate and sensible; while one still more fortunate than the rest, by pickling, potting, and pre-

serving monsters, rises into unbounded reputation.

The labours of such men, instead of being calculated to amuse the public, are laid out only in diverting each other. The world becomes very little the better or the wiser, for knowing what is the peculiar food of an insect that is itself the food of another, which in its turn is eaten by a third: but there are men who have studied themselves into an habit of investigating and admiring such minutiae. To these such subjects are pleasing, as there are some who contentedly spend whole days in endeavouring to solve ænigmas, or disentangle the puzzling sticks of children.

But of all the learned, those who pretend to investigate remote antiquity, have least to plead in their own defence, when they carry this passion to a faulty excess. They are generally found to supply by conjecture the want of record; and then by perseverance are wrought up into a confidence of the truth of opinions, which even to themselves at first appeared founded only in imagination.

The Europeans have heard much of the kingdom of China: its politeness, arts, commerce, laws, and morals, are, however, but very imperfectly known among them. They have even now in their Indian warehouse numberless utensils, plants, minerals, and machines, of the use of which they are entirely ignorant; nor can any among them even make a probable guess for what they might have been designed. Yet, though this people be so ignorant of the present real state of China, the philosophers I am describing have entered into long, learned, laborious disputes, about what China was two thousand years ago. China and European happiness are but little connected even at this day; but European happiness and China two
U thousand

thousand years ago have certainly no connection at all. However, the learned have written on and pursued the subject through all the labyrinths of antiquity; though the early dews and the tainted gale be passed away, though no footsteps remain to direct the doubtful chace, yet still they run forward, open upon the uncertain scent, and though in fact they follow nothing, are earnest in the pursuit. In this chace, however, they all take different ways. One, for example, confidently assures us, that China was peopled by a colony from Egypt. Sesostris, he observes, led his army as far as the Ganges; therefore, if he went so far, he might still have gone as far as China, which is but about a thousand miles from thence; therefore he did go to China; therefore China was not peopled before he went there; therefore it was peopled by him. Besides, the Egyptians have pyramids; the Chinese have in like manner their porcelane tower; the Egyptians used to light up candles upon every rejoicing, the Chinese have lanthorns upon the same occasion; the Egyptians had their great river, so have the Chinese; but what serves to put the matter past a doubt is, that the ancient kings of China and those of Egypt were called by the same names. The Emperor Ki is certainly the same with King Atoes; for, if we only change *K* into *A*, and *i* into *toes*, we shall have the name Atoes; and with equal ease *Menes* may be proved to be the same with the Emperor Yu; therefore the Chinese are a colony from Egypt.

But another of the learned is entirely different from the last; and he will have

the Chinese to be a colony planted by Noah just after the deluge. First, from the vast similitude there is between the name of Fohi, the founder of the Chinese monarchy, and that of Noah, the preserver of the human race: Noah, Fohi, very like each other truly; they have each but four letters, and only two of the four happen to differ. But to strengthen the argument, Fohi, as the Chinese chronicle asserts, had no father. Noah, it is true, had a father, as the European Bible tells us; but then, as this father was probably drowned in the flood, it is just the same as if he had no father at all; therefore Noah and Fohi are the same. Just after the flood, the earth was covered with mud; if it was covered with mud, it must have been incrustated mud; if it was incrustated, it was cloathed with verdure; this was a fine, unembarrassed road for Noah to fly from his wicked children; he therefore did fly from them, and took a journey of two thousand miles for his own amusement; therefore Noah and Fohi are the same.

Another sect of literati, for they all pass among the vulgar for very great scholars, assert, that the Chinese came neither from the colony of Sesostris, nor from Noah, but are descended from Magog, Meshech, and Tubal; and therefore neither Sesostris, nor Noah, nor Fohi, are the same.

It is thus, my friend, that indolence assumes the airs of wisdom; and while it tosses the cup and ball with infantine folly, desires the world to look on, and calls the stupid pastime Philosophy and Learning. Adieu.

LETTER XC.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN the men of this country are once turned of thirty, they regularly retire every year at proper intervals to lie in of the *spleen*. The vulgar, unfurnished with the luxurious comforts of the soft cushion, down bed, and easy-chair, are obliged, when the fit is on them, to nurse it up by drinking, idleness, and ill humour. In such dispositions, unhappy is the foreigner who happens to cross them; his long chin,

tarnished coat, or pinched hat, are sure to receive no quarter. If they meet no foreigner however to fight with, they are in such cases generally content with beating each other.

The rich, as they have more sensibility, are operated upon with greater violence by this disorder. Different from the poor, instead of becoming more insolent, they grow totally unfit for opposition. A general here, who would have

have faced a culverin when well, if the fit be on him, shall hardly find courage to snuff a candle. An admiral, who could have opposed a broadside without shrinking, shall sit whole days in his chamber, mobbed up in double night-caps, shuddering at the intrusive breeze, and distinguishable from his wife only by his black beard and heavy eyebrows.

In the country, this disorder mostly attacks the fair-sex; in town it is most unfavourable to the men. A lady, who has pined whole years amidst cooing doves and complaining nightingales in rural retirement, shall resume all her vivacity in one night at a city gaming-table; her husband who roared, hunted, and got drunk at home, shall grow splenetic in town, in proportion to his wife's good-humour. Upon their arrival in London, they exchange their disorders. In consequence of her parties and excursions, he puts on the furred cap and scarlet stomacher, and perfectly resembles an Indian husband; who, when his wife is safely delivered, permits her to transact business abroad, while he undergoes all the formality of keeping his bed, and receiving all the condolence in her place.

But those who reside constantly in town, owe this disorder mostly to the influence of the weather. It is impossible to describe what a variety of transmutations an East wind shall produce; it has been known to change a lady of fashion into a parlour couch; an alderman into a plate of custards; and a dispenser of justice into a rat-trap. Even philosophers themselves, are not exempt from its influence; it has often converted a poet into a coral and bells, and a patriot senator into a dumb-waiter.

Some days ago, I went to visit the man in black, and entered his house with that cheerfulness which the certainty of a favourable reception always inspires. Upon opening the door of his apartment, I found him with the most rueful face imaginable, in a morning-gown and flannel night-cap, earnestly employed in learning to blow the German-flute. Struck with the absurdity of a man in the decline of life thus blowing away all his constitution and spirits, even without the consolation of being musical, I ventured to ask what could induce him to attempt learning so difficult an instrument so late in life,

To this he made no reply; but groaning, and still holding the flute to his lip, continued to gaze at me for some moments very angrily, and then proceeded to practise his gammut as before. After having produced a variety of the most hideous tones in nature; at last, turning to me, he demanded, whether I did not think he had made a surprising progress in two days? 'You see,' continues he, 'I have got the Ambusheer already; and as for fingering, my master tells me, I shall have that in a few lessons more.' I was so much astonished with this instance of inverted ambition, that I knew not what to reply, but soon discerned the cause of all his absurdities; my friend was under a metamorphosis by the power of spleen, and flute-blowing was unluckily become his adventitious passion.

In order, therefore, to banish his anxiety imperceptibly, by seeming to indulge it, I began to descant on those gloomy topics by which philosophers often get rid of their own spleen, by communicating it; the wretchedness of a man in this life, the happiness of some wrought out of the miseries of others, the necessity that wretches should expire under punishment, that rogues might enjoy affluence in tranquillity; I led him on from the inhumanity of the rich to the ingratitude of the beggar; from the insincerity of refinement to the fierceness of rusticity; and, at last, had the good fortune to restore him to his usual serenity of temper, by permitting him to expatiate upon all the modes of human misery.

'Some nights ago,' says my friend, 'sitting alone by my fire, I happened to look into an account of the detection of a set of men called the Thieftakers. I read over the many hideous cruelties of those haters of mankind, of their pretended friendship to wretches they meant to betray, of their sending men out to rob, and then hanging them. I could not avoid sometimes interrupting the narrative, by crying out—"Yet these are men!" As I went on, I was informed that they had lived by this practice several years, and had been enriched by the price of blood—"And yet," cried I, "I have been sent into this world, and am desired to call these men my brothers!" I read, that the very man

‘ who led the condemned wretch to the
 ‘ gallows, was he who falsely swore his
 ‘ life away—“ And yet,” continued I,
 ‘ that perjurer had just such a nose, such
 ‘ lips, such hands, and such eyes, as
 ‘ Newton.” I at last came to the ac-
 ‘ count of the wretch that was searched
 ‘ after robbing one of the thief-takers
 ‘ of half a crown. Those of the con-
 ‘ federacy knew that he had got but
 ‘ that single half-crown in the world;
 ‘ after a long search, therefore, which
 ‘ they knew would be fruitless, and
 ‘ taking from him the half-crown, which
 ‘ they knew was all he had, one of the
 ‘ gang compassionately cried out—
 ‘ “ Alas! poor creature, let him keep all
 ‘ the rest he has got, it will do him ser-
 ‘ vice in Newgate, where we are send-
 ‘ ing him.” This was an instance of
 ‘ such complicated guilt and hypocrisy,
 ‘ that I threw down the book in an ago-
 ‘ ny of rage, and began to think with
 ‘ malice of all the human kind. I sat
 ‘ silent for some minutes; and soon per-
 ‘ ceiving the ticking of my watch be-
 ‘ ginning to grow noisy and troublesome,
 ‘ I quickly placed it out of hearing,

‘ and strove to resume my serenity.
 ‘ But the watchman soon gave me a se-
 ‘ cond alarm. I had scarcely recover-
 ‘ ed from this, when my peace was af-
 ‘ faulted by the wind at my window;
 ‘ and, when that ceased to blow, I list-
 ‘ ened for death-watches in the wain-
 ‘ scot. I now found my whole system
 ‘ discomposed, I strove to find a resource
 ‘ in philosophy and reason; but what
 ‘ could I oppose, or where direct my
 ‘ blow, when I could see no enemy to
 ‘ combat? I saw no misery approach-
 ‘ ing, nor knew any I had to fear; yet
 ‘ still I was miserable. Morning came,
 ‘ I sought for tranquillity in dissipa-
 ‘ tion, sauntered from one place of pub-
 ‘ lic resort to another; but found my-
 ‘ self disagreeable to my acquaintance,
 ‘ and ridiculous to others. I tried at
 ‘ different times dancing, fencing, and
 ‘ riding; I solved geometrical problems,
 ‘ shaped tobacco-stoppers, wrote verses,
 ‘ and cut paper. At last I placed my
 ‘ affections on music; and find, that
 ‘ earnest employment, if it cannot cure,
 ‘ at least will palliate every anxiety.’
 Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

FROM THE SAME.

IT is no unpleasing contemplation to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals, and vegetables, of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places, those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad. There are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as play-things for children; and we are told that, in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous as to be scared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country, where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But as in simpering, it is among

the uncultivated productions of nature, we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil; so in an estimate of the genius of the people, we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a fine polish than these; artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally forms a great character; something at once elegant and majestic; affable, yet sincere. Such, in general, are the better sort; but they who are left in primitive rudeness, are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor, indeed, of every country, are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and perhaps, too, they give but little com-
 miseration,

miseration, as they find but little from others. But, in England, the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burthens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to encrease them by ill-nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties; but such considerations never weigh with them.

But, to recompense this strange absurdity, they are in the main generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often shewed they were capable of enduring: if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardness; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries, would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people, is the generosity of their miscreants; the tenderness in general of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice; still shew that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country, robbery and murder go almost always together; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous, at least, in their intercourse among each other. Taking therefore my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the enquiring eye of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them; they find themselves ridiculed and insulted in every street; they meet with none of those trifling civilities so frequent elsewhere, which are instances of mutual good-will without previous acquaintance; they travel through the country either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance; meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterise this as the region of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement; but the first for instruction. I would chuse to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for my friends.

LETTER XCII.

TO THE SAME.

THE mind is ever ingenious in making it's own distress. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed, or to shelter him, fancies compleat happiness in labour and a full meal; take him from rags and want, feed, cloath, and employ him, his wishes now rise one step above his station; he could be happy were he possessed of raiment, food, and ease. Suppose his wishes gratified even in these, his prospects widen as he

ascends; he finds himself in affluence and tranquillity indeed, but indolence soon breeds anxiety; and he desires not only to be freed from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure: pleasure is granted him, and this but opens his soul to ambition; and ambition will be sure to taint his future happiness either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

But of all the arts of distress found out by man for his own torment, perhaps

haps that of philosophic misery is most truly ridiculous; a passion no where carried to so extravagant an excess, as in the country where I now reside. It is not enough to engage all the compassion of a philosopher here, that his own globe is harrassed with wars, pestilence, or barbarity; he shall grieve for the inhabitants of the moon, if the situation of her imaginary mountains happen to alter; and dread the extinction of the sun, if the spots on it's surface happen to encrease. One should imagine that philosophy was introduced to make men happy; but here it serves to make hundreds miserable.

My landlady, some days ago, brought me the diary of a philosopher of this desponding sort, who had lodged in the apartment before me. It contains the history of a life which seems to be one continued tissue of sorrow, apprehension, and distress. A single week will serve as a specimen of the whole.

MONDAY.

IN what a transient decaying situation are we placed; and what various reasons does philosophy furnish to make mankind unhappy! A single grain of mustard shall continue to produce it's similitude through numberless successions; yet what has been granted to this little seed, has been denied to our planetary system; the mustard-seed is still unaltered, but the system is growing old, and must quickly fall to decay. How terrible will it be, when the motions of all the planets have at last become so irregular as to need repairing; when the moon shall fall into frightful paroxysms of alteration; when the earth, deviating from it's ancient track, and with every other planet forgetting it's circular revolutions, shall become so eccentric, that, unconfined by the laws of system, it shall fly off into boundless space, to knock against some distant world, or fall in upon the sun, either extinguishing his light, or burned up by his flames in a moment! Perhaps, while I write, this dreadful change is begun. Shield me from universal ruin! Yet, idiot man laughs, sings, and rejoices, in the very face of the sun, and seems no way touched with his situation.

TUESDAY.

Went to bed in great distress, awaked and was comforted, by considering that

this change was to happen at some indefinite time; and therefore, like death, the thoughts of it might easily be borne. But there is a revolution, a fixed determined revolution, which must certainly come to pass; yet which, by good fortune, I shall never feel, except in my posterity. The obliquity of the equator with the ecliptic is now twenty minutes less than when it was observed two thousand years ago by Piteas. If this be the case, in six thousand the obliquity will be still less by a whole degree. This being supposed, it is evident that our earth, as Louville has clearly proved, has a motion, by which the climates must necessarily change place; and, in the space of one million of years, England shall actually travel to the Antarctic pole. I shudder at the change! How shall our unhappy grandchildren endure the hideous climate! A million of years will soon be accomplished; they are but a moment, when compared to eternity; then shall our charming country, as I may say, in a moment of time, resemble the hideous wilderness of Nova Zembla.

WEDNESDAY.

To-night, by my calculation, the long-predicted comet is to make it's first appearance. Heavens! what terrors are impending over our little dim speck of earth! Dreadful visitation! Are we to be scorched in it's fires, or only smothered in the vapour of it's tail? That is the question! Thoughtless mortals, go build houses, plant orchards, purchase estates, for to-morrow you die. But what if the comet should not come? That would be equally fatal! Comets are servants, which periodically return to supply the sun with fuel. If our sun, therefore, should be disappointed of the expected supply, and all his fuel be in the mean time burnt out, he must expire like an exhausted taper. What a miserable situation must our earth be in without his enlivening ray! Have we not seen several neighbouring suns entirely disappear? Has not a fixed star, near the tail of the Ram, lately been quite extinguished?

THURSDAY.

The comet has not yet appeared; I am sorry for it: first, sorry because my calculation is false; secondly, sorry lest the sun should want fuel; thirdly, sorry lest the wits should laugh at our erroneous

ous predictions; and, fourthly, sorry, because if it appears to-night, it must necessarily come within the sphere of the earth's attraction; and Heaven help the unhappy country on which it happens to fall!

FRIDAY.

Our whole society have been out all eager in search of the comet. We have seen not less than sixteen comets in different parts of the heavens. However, we are unanimously resolved to fix upon one only to be the comet expected. That near Virgo wants nothing but a tail to fit it out compleatly for terrestrial admiration.

SATURDAY.

The moon is, I find, at her old pranks. Her appulses, librations, and other irregularities, indeed amaze me. My daughter, too, is this morning gone off with a grenadier. No way surprising. I was never able to give her a relish for wisdom. She ever promised to be a mere expletive in the creation. But the moon, the moon gives me real uneasiness; I fondly fancied I had fixed her. I had thought her constant, and constant only to me; but every night discovers her infidelity, and proves me a desolate and abandoned lover. Adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

IT is surprising what an influence titles shall have upon the mind, even though these titles be of our own making. Like children, we dress up the puppets in finery, and then stand in astonishment at the plastic wonder. I have been told of a rat-catcher here, who strolled for a long time about the villages near town, without finding any employment; at last, however, he thought proper to take the title of his Majesty's Rat-catcher in Ordinary, and this succeeded beyond his expectations; when it was known that he caught rats at court, all were ready to give him countenance and employment.

But of all the people, they who make books seem most perfectly sensible of the advantage of titular dignity. All seem convinced, that a book written by vulgar hands can neither instruct nor improve; none but Kings, Chams, and Mandarines, can write with any probability of success. If the titles inform me right, not only Kings and Courtiers, but Emperors themselves, in this country, periodically supply the press.

A man here who should write, and honestly confess that he wrote for bread, might as well send his manuscript to fire the baker's oven; not one creature will read him; all must be court-bred poets, or pretend at least to be court-bred, who can expect to please. Should the caittiff fairly avow a design of emptying our pockets and filling his own, every reader would instantly forsake

him; even those who write for bread themselves would combine to worry him; perfectly sensible that his attempts only served to take the bread out of their mouths.

And yet this silly prepossession the more amazes me, when I consider, that aln. * t all the excellent productions in wit that have appeared here, were purely the offspring of necessity; their Drydens, Butlers, Otways, and Farquhars, were all writers for bread. Believe me, my friend, hunger has a most amazing faculty of sharpening the genius; and he who with a full belly can think like a hero, after a course of fasting, shall rise to the sublimity of a demi-god.

But what will most amaze, is, that this very set of men, who are now so much depreciated by fools, are, however, the very best writers they have among them at present. For my own part, were I to buy an hat, I would not have it from a stocking-maker, but an hatter; were I to buy shoes, I should not go to the taylor's for that purpose. It is just so with regard to wit: did I, for my life, desire to be well served, I would apply only to those who made it their trade, and lived by it. You smile at the oddity of my opinion; but be assured, my friend, that wit is in some measure mechanical: and that a man, long habituated to catch at even it's resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance. By a long habit of writing, he acquires a justness of

of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday-writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal. How then are they deceived, who expect from title, dignity, and exterior circumstance, an excellence which is in some measure acquired by habit, and sharpened by necessity! You have seen, like me, many literary reputations promoted by the influence of fashion,

which have scarce survived the possessor; you have seen the poor hardly earn the little reputation they acquired, and their merit only acknowledged when they were incapable of enjoying the pleasures of popularity: such, however, is the reputation worth possessing; that which is hardly earned is hardly lost. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

FROM HINGPO, IN MOSCOW, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, IN LONDON.

WHERE will my disappointments end? Must I still be doomed to accuse the severity of my fortune, and shew my constancy in distress rather than moderation in prosperity? I had at least hopes of conveying my charming companion safe from the reach of every enemy, and of again restoring her to her native soil. But those hopes are now no more.

Upon leaving Terki, we took the nearest road to the dominions of Russia. We passed the Ural mountains covered with eternal snow; and traversed the forests of Ufa, where the prowling bear and shrieking hyena keep an undisputed possession. We next embarked upon the rapid river Bulija, and made the best of our way to the banks of the Wolga, where it waters the fruitful vallies of Casan.

There were two vessels in company, properly equipped and armed, in order to oppose the Wolga pirates, who we were informed infested this river. Of all mankind these pirates are the most terrible. They are composed of the criminals and outlawed peasants of Russia, who fly to the forests that lie along the banks of the Wolga for protection. Here they join in parties, lead a savage life, and have no other subsistence but plunder. Being deprived of houses, friends, or a fixed habitation, they become more terrible even than the tiger, and as insensible to all the feelings of humanity. They neither give quarter to those they conquer, nor receive it when overpowered themselves. The severity of the laws against them serve to encrease their barbarity, and seem to make them a neutral species of beings between the wildness of the lion and the subtlety of the

man. When taken alive, their punishment is hideous. A floating gibbet is erected, which is let run down with the stream; here, upon an iron hook stuck under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of their body depends, they are left to expire in the most terrible agonies; some being thus found to linger several days successively.

We were but three days voyage from the confluence of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived at a distance behind us an armed barque coming up, with the assistance of sails and oars, in order to attack us. The dreadful signal of death was hung upon the mast, and our captain with his glass could easily discern them to be pirates. It is impossible to express our consternation on this occasion; the whole crew instantly came together to consult the properest means of safety. It was therefore soon determined to send off our women and valuable commodities in one of our vessels, and that the men should stay in the other, and boldly oppose the enemy. This resolution was soon put into execution, and I now reluctantly parted from the beautiful Zelis for the first time since our retreat from Persia. The vessel in which she was disappeared to my longing eyes, in proportion as that of the pirates approached us. They soon came up; but, upon examining our strength, and perhaps sensible of the manner in which we had sent off our most valuable effects, they seemed more eager to pursue the vessel we had sent away than attack us. In this manner they continued to harass us for three days; still endeavouring to pass us without fighting. But, on the fourth day, finding it entirely impossible, and despairing

ipairing to seize the expected booty, they desisted from their endeavours, and left us to pursue our voyage without interruption.

Our joy on this occasion was great; but soon a disappointment more terrible, because unexpected, succeeded. The barque, in which our women and treasure were sent off, was wrecked upon the banks of the Wolga, for want of a proper number of hands to manage her, and the whole crew carried by the peasants up the country. Of this, however, we were not sensible till our arrival at Moscow; where, expecting to meet our separated barque, we were in-

formed of it's misfortune, and our loss. Need I paint the situation of my mind on this occasion! Need I describe all I feel, when I despair of beholding the beautiful Zelis more! Fancy had dressed the future prospect of my life in the gayest colouring; but one unexpected stroke of fortune has robbed it of every charm. Her dear idea mixes with every scene of pleasure; and without her presence to enliven it, the whole becomes tedious, insipid, insupportable. I will confess, now that she is lost, I will confess, I loved her; nor is it in the power of time, or of reason, to erase her image from my heart. Adieu.

LETTER XCV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, AT MOSCOW*.

YOUR misfortunes are mine. But as every period of life is marked with it's own, you must learn to endure them. Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition, that of manhood; and unsuccessful avarice, that of age. These three attack us through life; and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. To love, we ought to oppose dissipation, and endeavour to change the object of the affections; to ambition, the happiness of indolence and obscurity; and to avarice, the fear of soon dying. These are the shields with which we should arm ourselves; and thus make every scene of life, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

Men complain of not finding a place of repose. They are in the wrong; they have it for seeking. What they should indeed complain of is, that the heart is an enemy to that very repose they seek. To themselves alone should they impute their discontent. They seek within the short span of life to satisfy a thousand desires; each of which alone is insatiable. One month passes and another comes on; the year ends, and then begins; but man is still unchanging in folly, still blindly continuing in prejudice. To the wise man, every climate and every soil is pleasing; to him a par-

terre of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him, a little brook, 'the fountain of the young peach-trees †;' to such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the touch of the finest pencil.

The life of man is a journey: a journey that must be travelled, however bad the roads or the accommodation. If, in the beginning, it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it must either grow better in the end, or we shall by custom learn to bear it's inequality.

But though I see you incapable of penetrating into grand principles, attend, at least, to a simile adapted to every apprehension. I am mounted upon a wretched ass. I see another man before me upon a sprightly horse, at which I find some uneasiness. I look behind me and see numbers on foot stooping under heavy burdens; let me learn to pity their estate, and thank Heaven for my own.

Shingfu, when under misfortunes, would, in the beginning, weep like a child; but he soon recovered his former tranquillity. After indulging grief for a few days, he would become, as usual, the most merry old man in all the province of Shanfi. About the time that

* This letter is a rhapsody from the Maxims of the philosopher M^c. Vide Lett. curieuse et edifiant. Vide etiam du Halde, Vol. ii, p. 93.

† This passage the editor does not understand.

his wife died, his possessions were all consumed by fire, and his only son sold into captivity; Shingfu grieved for one day, and the next went to dance at a mandarine's door for his dinner. The company were surprised to see the old man so merry when suffering such great losses; and the mandarine himself coming out, asked him, how he, who had grieved so much, and given way to the calamity the day before, could now be so chearful? 'You ask me one question,'

cries the old man, 'let me answer by asking another: Which is the most durable, a hard thing, or a soft thing; that which resists, or that which makes no resistance?'—'An hard thing, to be sure,' replied the mandarine. 'There you are wrong,' returned Shingfu: 'I am now fourscore years old; and if you look in my mouth, you will find that I have lost all my teeth, but not a bit of my tongue.' Adieu.

LETTER XCVI.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE manner of grieving for our departed friends in China is very different from that of Europe. The mourning colour of Europe is black; that of China white. When a parent or relation dies here, for they seldom mourn for friends, it is only clapping on a suit of fables, grimacing it for a few days, and all, soon forgotten, goes on as before; not a single creature missing the deceased, except perhaps a favourite house-keeper, or a favourite cat.

On the contrary, with us in China it is a very serious affair. The piety with which I have seen you behave on one of these occasions should never be forgotten. I remember it was upon the death of thy grandmother's maiden sister. The coffin was exposed in the principal hall in public view. Before it were placed the figures of eunuchs, horses, tortoises, and other animals, in attitudes of grief and respect. The more distant relations of the old lady, and I among the number, came to pay our compliments of condolence, and to salute the deceased after the manner of our country. We had scarce presented our wax-candles and perfumes, and given the howl of departure, when, crawling on his belly from under a curtain, out came the reverend Fum Hoam himself, in all the dismal solemnity of distress. Your looks were set for sorrow; your cloathing consisted in an hempen bag, tied round the neck with a string. For two long months did this mourning continue. By night you lay stretched on a single mat, and sat on the stool of discontent by day. Pious man, who could thus set an ex-

ample of sorrow and decorum to our country. Pious country, where, if we do not grieve at the departure of our friends for their sakes, at least we are taught to regret them for our own.

All is very different here; amazement all. What sort of a people am I got amongst! Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of a people am I got amongst! No crawling round the coffin; no dressing up in hempen bags; no lying on mats, or sitting on stools. Gentlemen here shall put on first mourning with as sprightly an air as if preparing for a birth-night; and widows shall actually dress for another husband in their weeds for the former. The best jest of all is, that our merry mourners clap bits of muslin on their sleeves, and these are called *weepers*. Weeping muslin! alas, alas, very sorrowful truly! These weepers then, it seems, are to bear the whole burthen of the distress.

But I have had the strongest instance of this contrast; this tragic-comical behaviour in distress upon a recent occasion. Their king, whose departure, though sudden, was not unexpected, died after a reign of many years. His age, and uncertain state of health, served in some measure to diminish the sorrow of his subjects; and their expectations from his successor seemed to balance their minds between uneasiness and satisfaction. But how ought they to have behaved on such an occasion? Surely, they ought rather to have endeavoured to testify their *gratitude* to their deceased friend, than to proclaim their *hopes* of the future. Sure even the suc-
cessor

cessor must suppose their love to wear the face of adulation, which so quickly changed the object. However, the very same day on which the old king died, they made rejoicing for the new.

For my part, I have no conception of this new manner of mourning and rejoicing in a breath; of being merry and sad; of mixing a funeral procession with a jig and a bonfire. At least, it would have been just, that they who flattered the king while living for virtues which he had not, should lament him dead for those he really had.

In this universal cause for national distress, as I had no interest myself, so it is but natural to suppose I felt no real affliction. 'In all the losses of our friends,' says an European philosopher, 'we first consider how much our own welfare is affected by their departure, and moderate our real grief just in the same proportion.' Now, as I had neither received nor expected to receive favours from kings or their flatterers; as I had no acquaintance in particular with their late monarch; as I knew that the place of a king is soon supplied; and, as the Chinese proverb has it, That though the world may sometimes want cobblers to mend their shoes, there is no danger of it's wanting emperors to rule their kingdoms: from such considerations, I could bear the loss of a king with the most philosophic resignation. However, I thought it my duty at least to appear sorrowful; to put on a melancholy aspect, or to set my face by that of the people.

The first company I came amongst after the news became general, was a set of jolly companions, who were drinking prosperity to the ensuing reign. I entered the room with looks of despair, and even expected applause for the superlative misery of my countenance. Instead of that, I was universally con-

demned by the company for a grimacing son of a whore, and desired to take away my penitential phiz to some other quarter. I now corrected my former mistake; and, with the most sprightly air imaginable, entered a company, where they were talking over the ceremonies of the approaching funeral. Here I sat for some time with an air of pert vivacity; when one of the chief mourners immediately observing my good humour, desired me, if I pleased, to go and grin somewhere else; they wanted no disaffected scoundrels there. Leaving this company, therefore, I was resolved to assume a look perfectly neutral; and have ever since been studying the fashionable air: something between jest and earnest; a compleat virginity of face, uncontaminated with the smallest symptom of meaning.

But though grief be a very slight affair here, the mourning, my friend, is a very important concern. When an emperor dies in China, the whole expence of the solemnities is defrayed from the royal coffers. When the great die here, mandarines are ready enough to order mourning; but I do not see that they are so ready to pay for it. If they send me down from court the grey undress frock, or the black coat without pocket holes, I am willing enough to comply with their commands, and wear both; but, by the head of Confucius! to be obliged to wear black, and buy it into the bargain, is more than my tranquillity of temper can bear. What, order me to wear mourning before they know whether I can buy it or no! Fum, thou son of Fo, what sort of a people am I got amongst; where being out of black is a certain symptom of poverty; where those who have miserable faces cannot have mourning, and those who have mourning will not wear a miserable face!

LETTER XCVII.

FROM THE SAME.

IT is usual for the booksellers here, when a book has given universal pleasure upon one subject, to bring out several more upon the same plan; which are sure to have purchasers and readers from that desire which all men have to

view a pleasing object on every side. The first performance serves rather to awaken than satisfy attention; and when that is once moved, the slightest effort serves to continue it's progression; the merit of the first diffuses a light sufficient

cient to illuminate the succeeding efforts; and no other subject can be relished till that is exhausted. A stupid work coming thus immediately in the train of an applauded performance, weans the mind from the object of it's pleasure; and resembles the sponge thrust into the mouth of a discharged culverin, in order to adapt it for a new explosion.

This manner, however, of drawing off a subject, or a peculiar mode of writing, to the dregs, effectually precludes a revival of that subject or manner for some time for the future; the fated reader turns from it with a kind of literary nausea; and though the titles of books are the part of them most read, yet he has scarce perseverance enough to wade through the title-page.

Of this number I own myself one; I am now grown callous to several subjects, and different kinds of composition. Whether such originally pleased, I will not take upon me to determine; but at present I spurn a new book merely upon seeing it's name in an advertisement; nor have the smallest curiosity to look beyond the first leaf, even though in the second the author promises his own face neatly engraved on copper.

I am become a perfect epicure in reading; plain beef or solid mutton will never do. I am for a Chinese dish of bears claws and birds nests. I am for sauce strong with assafoetida, or fuming with garlick. For this reason there are an hundred very wise, learned, virtuous, well-intended productions, that have no charms for me. Thus, for the soul of me, I could never find courage nor grace enough to wade above two pages deep into 'Thoughts upon God' and 'Nature'; or, 'Thoughts upon Providence'; or, 'Thoughts upon Free Grace'; or indeed into Thoughts upon any thing at all. I can no longer meditate with Meditations for every day in the year; Essays upon divers subjects cannot allure me, though never so interesting; and as for Funeral Sermons, or even Thanksgiving Sermons, I can neither weep with the one, nor rejoice with the other.

But it is chiefly in gentle poetry, where I seldom look farther than the title. The truth is, I take up books to be told something new; but here, as it is now managed, the reader is told nothing. He opens the book, and there

finds very good words, truly, and much exactness of rhyme, but no information. A parcel of gaudy images pass on before his imagination like the figures in a dream; but curiosity, induction, reason, and the whole train of affections, are fast asleep. The *jocunda et idonea vite*; those sallies which mend the heart while they amuse the fancy, are quite forgotten; so that a reader who would take up some modern applauded performances of this kind, must, in order to be pleased, first leave his good sense behind him, take for his recompence and guide bloated and compound epithet, and dwell on paintings, just indeed, because laboured with minute exactness.

If we examine, however, our internal sensations, we shall find ourselves but little pleased with such laboured vanities; we shall find that our applause rather proceeds from a kind of contagion caught up from others, and which we contribute to diffuse, than from what we privately feel. There are some subjects of which almost all the world perceive the futility; yet all combine in imposing upon each other, as worthy of praise. But chiefly this imposition obtains in literature, where men publicly condemn what they relish with rapture in private, and approve abroad what has given them disgust at home. The truth is, we deliver those criticisms in public which are supposed to be best calculated not to do justice to the author, but to impress others with an opinion of our superior discernment.

But let works of this kind, which have already come off with such applause, enjoy it all. It is neither my wish to diminish, as I was never considerable enough to add to their fame. But, for the future, I fear there are many poems of which I shall find spirits to read but the title. In the first place, all odes upon winter, or summer, or autumn; in short, all odes, epodes, and monodies whatsoever, shall hereafter be deemed too polite, classical, obscure, and refined, to be read, and entirely above human comprehension. Pastorals are pretty enough—for those that like them—but to me Thyrsis is one of the most insipid fellows I ever conversed with; and as for Corridon, I do not chuse his company. Elegies and epistles are very fine to those to whom they are addressed; and

and as for epic poems, I am generally able to discover the whole plan in reading the two first pages.

Tragedies, however, as they are now made, are good instructive moral *sermons* enough; and it would be a fault not to be pleased with *good things*. There I learn several great truths; as, that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother

of the human breast; that we should not resist Heaven's will, for in resisting Heaven's will, Heaven's will is resisted; with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking. Every new tragedy, therefore, I shall go to see; for reflections of this nature make a tolerable harmony, when mixed up with a proper quantity of drum, trumpet, thunder, lightning, or the scene-shifter's whistle. Adieu.

LETTER XCVIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

I Had some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the man in black to be my conductor, but I found him preparing to go to Westminster Hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprize to find my friend engaged in a law-suit, but more so when he informed me that it had been depending for several years. 'How is it possible,' cried I, 'for a man who knows the world to go to law! I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China; they resemble rat-traps every one of them, nothing more easy to get in, but to get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!'

'Faith,' replied my friend, 'I should not have gone to law, but that I was assured of success before I began; things were presented to me in so alluring a light, that I thought by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize, I had nothing more to do but to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term these ten years; have travelled forward with victory ever in my view, but ever out of reach: however, at present, I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner, that, without some unforeseen demur, we shall this very day lay him fairly on his back.'

'If things be so situated,' said I, 'I do not care if I attend you to the courts, and partake in the pleasure of your success. But, pr'ythee,' con-

tinued I, as we set forward, 'what reasons have you to think an affair at last concluded, which has given so many former disappointments?'—'My lawyer tells me,' returned he, 'that I have Salkeld and Ventris strong in my favour, and that there are no less than fifteen cases in point.'—'I understand,' said I, 'those are two of your judges who have already declared their opinions.'—'Pardon me,' replied my friend; 'Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers who some hundred years ago gave their opinion on cases similar to mine; these opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cite, and those opinions which look another way are cited by the lawyer employed by my antagonist: as I observed, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Hales for him, and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his cause.'—'But where is the necessity,' cried I, 'of prolonging a suit by citing the opinions and reports of others, since the same good sense which determined lawyers in former ages may serve to guide your judges at this day? They at that time gave their opinions only from the light of reason; your judges have the same light at present to direct them; let me even add, a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the present is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why should it be particularly adhered to in this? I plainly foresee how such a method of investigation must embarrass every suit, and even perplex the student;

'dent; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities must encrease, and more time will thus be spent in learning the arts of litigation than in the discovery of right.'

'I see,' cries my friend, 'that you are for a speedy administration of justice; but all the world will grant, that the more time that is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman, that his property is secure, and all the world will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to *secure his property*. Why have we so many lawyers, but to *secure our property*? Why so many formalities, but to *secure our property*? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease, merely by *securing our property*.'

'To embarrass justice,' returned I, 'by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split; in one case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bed-clothes which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls, in order to shew the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety.—But, bless me! what numbers do I see here—all in black!—How is it possible that half this multitude find employment?'—'Nothing so easily conceived,' returned my companion; 'they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole

watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor the counsellor, and all find sufficient employment.'—'I conceive you,' interrupted I, 'they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them all for watching; it puts me in mind of a Chinese fable, which is intitled, "Five Animals at a Meal."

'A grasshopper, filled with dew, was merrily singing under a shade; a whangam, that eats grasshoppers, had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent, that had for a long time fed only on whangams, was coiled up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird; all were intent on their prey, and unmindful of their danger: so the whangam eat the grasshopper, the serpent eat the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird; when fousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all, in a moment.'

I had scarce finished my fable, when the lawyer came to inform my friend, that his cause was put off till another term, that money was wanted to retain, and that all the world was of opinion, that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. 'If so, then,' cries my friend, 'I believe it will be my wisest way to continue the cause for another term; and, in the mean time, my friend here and I will go and see Bedlam.' Adieu.

LETTER XCIX.

FROM THE SAME.

I lately received a visit from the little beau, who I found had assumed a new flow of spirits with a new suit of cloaths. Our discourse happened to turn upon the different treatment of the fair-sex here and in Asia, with the influence of beauty in refining our manners and improving our conversation.

I soon perceived he was strongly prejudiced in favour of the Asiatic method of treating the sex, and that it was im-

possible to persuade him, but that a man was happier who had four wives at his command, than he who had only one. 'It is true,' cries he, 'your men of fashion in the East are slaves, and under some terrors of having their throats squeezed by a bow-string; but what then? they can find ample consolation in a seraglio; they make indeed an indifferent figure in conversation abroad, but then they have a seraglio

‘ seraglio to console them at home. I am told they have no balls, drums, nor operas, but then they have got a seraglio; they may be deprived of wine and French cookery, but have a seraglio: a seraglio, a seraglio, my dear creature, wipes off every inconvenience in the world!’

‘ Besides, I am told, your Asiatic beauties are the most convenient women alive, for they have no souls; positively there is nothing in nature I should like so much as ladies without souls; soul, here, is the utter ruin of half the sex. A girl of eighteen shall have soul enough to spend an hundred pounds in the turning of a trump. Her mother shall have soul enough to ride a sweep-stake match at a horse race; her maiden aunt shall have soul enough to purchase the furniture of a whole toy-shop; and others shall have soul enough to behave as if they had no souls at all.’

‘ With respect to the soul,’ interrupted I, ‘ the Asiatics are much kinder to the fair-sex than you imagine; instead of one soul, Fohi, the idol of China, gives every woman three; the Bramines give them fifteen; and even Mahomet himself no where excludes the sex from Paradise. Abulfeda reports, that an old woman one day importuning him to know what she ought to do in order to gain Paradise? —“ My good lady,” answered the prophet, “ old women never get there.” —“ What, never get to Paradise!” returned the matron, in a fury. “ Never,” says he, “ for they always grow young by the way.”’

‘ No, Sir,’ continued I, ‘ the men of Asia behave with more deference to the sex than you seem to imagine. As you of Europe say grace upon sitting down to dinner, so it is the custom in China to say grace when a man goes to bed to his wife.’ —“ And may I die,” returned my companion, ‘ but a very pretty ceremony! For, seriously, Sir, I see no reason why a man should not be as grateful in one situation as in the other. Upon honour, I always find myself much more disposed to gratitude, on the couch of a fine woman, than upon sitting down to a surlain of beef.’

‘ Another ceremony,’ said I, resuming the conversation, ‘ in favour of the

sex amongst us, is the bride’s being allowed, after marriage, *her three days of freedom*. During this interval, a thousand extravagancies are practised by either sex. The lady is placed upon the nuptial bed, and numberless monkey-tricks are played round to divert her. One gentleman smells her perfumed handkerchief, another attempts to untie her garters, a third pulls off her shoe to play hunt the slipper, another pretends to be an idiot, and endeavours to raise a laugh by grimacing; in the mean time, the glass goes briskly about, till ladies, gentlemen, wife, husband, and all, are mixed together in one inundation of arrack-punch.’

‘ Strike me dumb, deaf, and blind,’ cried my companion, ‘ but very pretty! There is some sense in your Chinese ladies condescensions! but among us, you shall scarce find one of the whole sex that shall hold her good-humour for three days together. No later than yesterday I happened to say some civil things to a citizen’s wife of my acquaintance, not because I loved, but because I had charity; and what do you think was the tender creature’s reply? Only that she detested my pig-tail wig, high-heeled shoes, and fallow complexion! That is all. Nothing more! — Yes, by the heavens, though she was more ugly than an unpainted actress, I found her more insolent than a thorough-bred woman of quality!’

He was proceeding in this wild manner, when his invective was interrupted by the man in black, who entered the apartment, introducing his niece, a young lady of exquisite beauty. Her very appearance was sufficient to silence the severest satirist of the sex; easy without pride, and free without impudence, she seemed capable of supplying every sense with pleasure; her looks, her conversation, were natural and unconstrained; she had neither been taught to languish nor ogle, to laugh without a jest, or sigh without sorrow. I found that she had just returned from abroad, and had been conversant in the manners of the world. Curiosity prompted me to ask several questions, but she declined them all. I own I never found myself so strongly prejudiced in favour of apparent merit before; and could willingly

ly have prolonged our conversation, but the company after some time withdrew. Just, however, before the little beau took his leave, he called me aside, and

requested I would change him a twenty pound bill; which, as I was incapable of doing, he was contented with borrowing half a crown. Adieu.

LETTER C.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

FEW virtues have been more praised by moralists, than generosity; every practical treatise of ethics tends to encrease our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor, praise it because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

But among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to shew that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependance on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

Were men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society filling up the requisite duties of his station with chearful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor sullen from disappointment.

Every favour a man receives, in some measure sinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the work of servitude; the shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependant is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To encrease his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind; but

there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition for new: such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependance, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be; dependance degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner, therefore, long continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be *often* obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet, while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependance, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society; for in such, though dependance is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give that the other has to expect; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour: such is not the dependance I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestable in some countries, and despicable in all: this universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some moralists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits, without

out having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

But this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver. A man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him; their unceasing humiliations must necessarily encrease his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company: thus, being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality lessens it; encreasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

It is perhaps one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views; but soon he feels the

mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependents, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice, in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give should be our pleasure, but to receive our shame; serenity, health, and affluence, attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys is truly blessed; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation. Adieu.

LETTER CL.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

IN every society, some men are born to teach, and others to receive instruction; some to work, and others to enjoy in idleness the fruits of their industry; some to govern, and others to obey. Every people, how free soever, must be contented to give up part of their liberty and judgment to those who govern, in exchange for their hopes of security; and the motives which first influenced their choice in the election of their governors, should ever be weighed against the succeeding apparent inconsistencies of their conduct. All cannot be rulers, and men are generally best governed by a few. In making way through the intricacies of business, the smallest obstacles are apt to retard the execution of what is to be planned by a multiplicity of counsels; the judgment of one alone being always fittest for winding through the labyrinths of intrigue, and the obstructions of disappointment. A serpent, which, as the

fable observes, is furnished with one head and many tails, is much more capable of subsistence and expedition, than another which is furnished with but one tail and many heads.

Obvious as these truths are, the people of this country seem insensible of their force. Not satisfied with the advantages of internal peace and opulence, they still murmur at their governors, and interfere in the execution of their designs; as if they wanted to be something more than happy. But as the Europeans instruct by argument, and the Asiatics mostly by narration, were I to address them, I should convey my sentiments in the following story.

Takupi had long been prime minister of Tipartala, a fertile country that stretches along the western confines of China. During his administration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, were seen to bless the people; nor were the

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the necessary precautions of providing for the security of the state forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to find torment from imaginary afflictions, and lessen their present enjoyments, by foreboding that those enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, endeavoured to find out grievances; and after some search, actually began to think themselves aggrieved. A petition against the enormities of Takupi was carried to the throne in due form; and the queen who governed the country, willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed a day in which his accusers should be heard, and the minister should stand upon his defence.

The day being arrived, and the minister brought before the tribunal, a carrier, who supplied the city with fish, appeared among the number of his accusers. He exclaimed, that it was the custom, time immemorial, for carriers to bring their fish upon an horse in a hamper; which being placed on one side, and balanced by a stone on the other, was thus conveyed with ease and safety: but that the prisoner, moved either by a spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the hamper-makers, had obliged all carriers to use the stone no longer, but balance one hamper with another; an order entirely repugnant to the customs of all antiquity, and those of the kingdom of Tipatala in particular.

The carrier finished; and the whole court shook their heads at the innovating minister: when a second witness appeared. He was inspector of the city-buildings, and accused the disgraced favourite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which obstructed the passage through one of the principal streets. He observed, that such buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity; contributed finely to shew how little their ancestors understood of architecture: and for that reason such monuments should be

held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay.

The last witness now appeared. This was a widow, who had laudably attempted to burn herself upon her husband's funeral-pile. But the innovating minister had prevented the execution of her design, and was insensible to her tears, protestations, and entreaties.

The queen could have pardoned the two former offences; but this last was considered as so gross an injury to the sex, and so directly contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice. 'What!' cried the queen, 'not suffer a woman to burn herself when she thinks proper! The sex are to be very prettily tutored, no doubt, if they must be restrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a fried wife, or roasted acquaintance. I sentence the criminal to be banished my presence for ever, for his injurious treatment of the sex.'

Takupi had been hitherto silent, and spoke only to shew the sincerity of his resignation. 'Great Queen!' cried he, 'I acknowledge my crime; and since I am to be banished, I beg it may be to some ruined town, or desolate village, in the country I have governed. I shall find some pleasure in improving the soil, and bringing back a spirit of industry among the inhabitants.' His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with; and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of banishment answering the minister's description. After some months search, however, the enquiry proved fruitless; neither a desolate village, nor a ruined town, was found in the kingdom. 'Alas!' said Takupi then to the queen, 'how can that country be ill governed which has neither a desolate village nor a ruined town in it?' The queen perceived the justice of his expostulation, and the minister was received into more than former favour.

LETTER CII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE ladies here are by no means such ardent gamesters as the women of Asia. In this respect I must do the English justice; for I love to praise where applause is justly merited. Nothing more common in China, than to see two women of fashion continue gaming till one has won all the other's cloaths, and stripped her quite naked; the winner thus marching off in a double suit of finery, and the loser shrinking behind in the primitive simplicity of nature.

No doubt you remember when Shang, our maiden aunt, played with a sharper. First her money went; then her trinkets were produced; her cloaths followed piece by piece soon after: when she had thus played herself quite naked, being a woman of spirit, and willing to pursue *her own*, she staked her teeth. Fortune was against her even here, and her teeth followed her cloaths; at last she played for her left-eye; and, oh, hard fate, this too she lost! However, she had the consolation of biting the sharper; for he never perceived that it was made of glass till it became his own.

How happy, my friend, are the English ladies, who never rise to such an inordinance of passion! Though the sex here are naturally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of skill from their infancy, yet they never pursue ill fortune with such amazing intrepidity. Indeed I may entirely acquit them of ever playing—I mean of playing for their eyes or their teeth.

It is true, they often stake their fortune, their beauty, health, and reputations, at a gaming-table. It even sometimes happens, that they play their husbands into jail; yet still they preserve a decorum unknown to our wives and daughters of China. I have been present at a route in this country, where

a woman of fashion, after losing her money, has sat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck; and yet, after all, never once attempted to strip a single petticoat, or cover the board, as her last stake, with her head-cloaths.

However, though I praise their moderation at play, I must not conceal their assiduity. In China, our women, except upon some great days, are never permitted to finger a dice-box; but here every day seems to be a festival; and night itself, which gives others rest, only serves to encrease the female gamester's industry. I have been told of an old lady in the country, who being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away: having won all his money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges; the proposal was accepted; but unfortunately the lady expired just as she had taken in her game.

There are some passions which, though differently pursued, are attended with equal consequences in every country: here they game with more perseverance, there with greater fury; here they strip their families, there they strip themselves naked. A lady in China, who indulges a passion for gaming, often becomes a drunkard; and by flourishing a dice-box in one hand, she generally comes to brandish a dram-cup in the other. Far be it from me to say there are any who drink drams in England; but it is natural to suppose, that when a lady has lost every thing else but her honour, she will be apt to toss that into the bargain; and, grown insensible of nicer feelings, behave like the Spaniard, who, when all his money was gone, endeavoured to borrow more, by offering to pawn his whisker. Adieu.

LETTER CIII.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO ***, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM.

I Have just received a letter from my son, in which he informs me of the fruitlessness of his endeavours to recover the lady with whom he fled from Persia. He strives to cover, under the appearance of fortitude, a heart torn with anxiety and disappointment. I have offered little consolation; since that but too frequently feeds the sorrow which it pretends to deplore, and strengthens the impression which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface.

He informs me of his intentions of quitting Moscow the first opportunity, and travelling by land to Amsterdam. I must therefore, upon his arrival, entreat the continuance of your friendship; and beg of you to provide him with proper directions for finding me in London. You can scarcely be sensible of the joy I expect upon seeing him once more: the ties between the father and the son, among us of China, are much more closely drawn than with you of Europe.

The remittances sent me from Argun to Moscow, came in safety. I cannot sufficiently admire that spirit of honesty which prevails through the whole country of Siberia: perhaps the savages of that desolate region are the only untutored people of the globe that cultivate the moral virtues, even without knowing that their actions merit praise. I have been told surprising things of their goodness, benevolence, and generosity; and the uninterrupted commerce between China and Russia serves as a collateral confirmation.

'Let us,' says the Chinese law-giver, 'admire the rude virtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the delicate morals of the polite.' In the country where I reside, though honesty and be-

nevolence be not so congenial, yet art supplies the place of nature. Though here every vice is carried to excess, yet every virtue is practised also with unexampled superiority. A city like this is the soil for great virtues and great vices: the villain can soon improve here in the deepest mysteries of deceiving; and the practical philosopher can every day meet new incitements to mend his honest intentions. There are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which this city does not produce; yet, I know not how, I could not be content to reside here for life. There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please: whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or where-soever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity; we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation opiate every calamity.

You now, therefore, perceive that I have some intentions of leaving this country; and yet my designed departure fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the friendships of travellers are generally more transient than vernal snows, still I feel an uneasiness at breaking the connections I have formed since my arrival; particularly I shall have no small pain in leaving my usual companion, guide, and instructor.

I shall wait for the arrival of my son before I set out. He shall be my companion in every intended journey for the future; in his company I can support the fatigues of the way with redoubled ardour, pleased at once with conveying instruction, and exacting obedience. Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

OUR scholars of China have a most profound veneration for forms. A first-rate beauty never stu-

died the decrums of dress with more assiduity. They may properly enough be said to be clothed with wisdom from head

head to foot; they have their philosophical caps, and philosophical whippers; their philosophical slippers, and philosophical fans; there is even a philosophical standard for measuring the nails; and yet, with all this seeming wisdom, they are often found to be mere empty pretenders.

A philosophical beau is not so frequent in Europe; yet I am told that such characters are found here. I mean, such as punctually support all the decorums of learning without being really very profound, or naturally possessed of a fine understanding; who labour hard to attain the titular honours attending literary merit; who flatter others in order to be flattered in turn; and only study to be thought students.

A character of this kind generally receives company in his study, in all the penfive formality of slippers, night-gown, and easy-chair. The table is covered with a large book, which is always kept open, and never read; his solitary hours being dedicated to dozing, mending pens, feeling his pulse, peeping through the microscope, and sometimes reading amusing books, which he condemns in company. His library is preserved with the most religious neatness; and is generally a repository of scarce books, which bear an high price, because too dull or useless to become common by the ordinary methods of publication.

Such men are generally candidates for admittance into literary clubs, academies, and institutions, where they regularly meet to give and receive a little instruction and a great deal of praise. In conversation they never betray ignorance, because they never seem to receive information. Offer a new observation, they have heard it before; pinch them in an argument, and they reply with a sneer.

Yet, how trifling soever these little arts may appear, they answer one valuable purpose, of gaining the practitioners the esteem they wish for. The bounds of a man's knowledge are easily concealed, if he has but prudence; but all can readily see and admire a gilt library, a set of long nails, a silver standish, or a well combed whisker, who are incapable of distinguishing a dunce.

When Father Matthew, the first European missionary, entered China, the

court was informed that he possessed great skill in astronomy; he was therefore sent for and examined. The established astronomers of state undertook this task; and made their report to the emperor, that his skill was but very superficial, and no way comparable to their own. The missionary, however, appealed from their judgment to experience, and challenged them to calculate an eclipse of the moon that was to happen a few nights following. 'What,' said some, 'shall a Barbarian, without nails, pretend to vie with men in astronomy, who have made it the study of their lives; with men who know half the knowable characters of words, who wear scientific caps and slippers, and who have gone through every literary degree with applause?' They accepted the challenge, confident of success. The eclipse began: the Chinese produced a most splendid apparatus, and were fifteen minutes wrong; the missionary, with a single instrument, was exact to a second. This was convincing; but the court astronomers were not to be convinced; instead of acknowledging their error, they assured the emperor that their calculations were certainly exact, but that the stranger without nails had actually bewitched the moon. 'Well, then,' cries the good emperor, smiling at their ignorance, 'you shall still continue to be servants of the moon; but I constitute this man her controulour.'

China is thus replete with men, whose only pretensions to knowledge arise from external circumstances; and in Europe every country abounds with them in proportion to its ignorance. Spain and Flanders, who are behind the rest of Europe in learning, at least three centuries, have twenty literary titles and marks of distinction unknown in France or England: they have their *Clarissimi* and *Preclearissimi*, their *Accuratissimi* and *Minutissimi*: a round cap entitles one student to argue, and a square cap permits another to teach; while a cap with a tassel almost sanctifies the head it happens to cover. But where true knowledge is cultivated, these formalities begin to disappear; the emined coal, the solemn beard, and sweeping train, are laid aside; philosophers dress, and talk, and think, like other men; and lamb skin dressers, and cap-mak-

ers,

ers, and tail-carriers, now deplore a literary.

For my own part, my friend, I have seen enough of presuming ignorance, never to venerate wisdom but where it

actually appears. I have received literary titles and distinctions myself; and, by the quantity of my own wisdom, know how very little wisdom they can confer. Adieu.

LETTER CV.

FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI, TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA.

THE time for the young king's coronation approaches; the great and the little world look forward with impatience. A knight from the country, who has brought up his family to see and be seen on this occasion, has taken all the lower part of the house where I lodge. His wife is laying in a large quantity of silks, which the mercer tells her are to be fashionable next season; and Miss, her daughter, has actually had her ears bored previous to the ceremony. In all this bustle of preparation I am considered as mere lumber, and have been shoved up two stories higher to make room for others my landlady seems perfectly convinced are my betters; but whom, before me, she is contented with only calling very good company.

The little beau, who has now forced himself into my intimacy, was yesterday giving me a most minute detail of the intended procession. All men are eloquent upon their favourite topic; and this seemed peculiarly adapted to the size and turn of his understanding. His whole mind was blazoned over with a variety of glittering images; coronets, escutcheons, lace, fringe, raffles, stones, bugles, and spun glats. 'Here,' cried he, 'Garter is to walk; and there 'Rouge Dragon marches with the 'escutcheons on his back. Here Clarendieux moves forward; and there 'Blue Mantle disdains to be left behind. Here the Aldermen march 'two and two; and there the undaunted Champion of England, no way 'terrified at the very numerous appearance of gentlemen and ladies, rides 'forward in complete armour, and 'with an intrepid air throws down his 'glove. Ah,' continued he, 'should 'any be so hardy as to take up that 'fatal glove, and so accept the challenge,

'we should see fine sport; the champion 'would shew him no mercy; he would 'soon teach him all his passes, with a 'witness. However, I am afraid we 'shall have none willing to try it with 'him upon the approaching occasion, 'for two reasons; first, because his 'antagonist would stand a chance of 'being killed in the single combat; and, 'secondly, because if he escapes the 'champion's arm, he would certainly 'be hanged for treason. No, no, I 'fancy none will be so hardy as to dispute it with a champion like him 'inured to arms; and we shall probably 'see him prancing unmolested away, 'holding his bridle thus in one hand, 'and brandishing his dram-cup in the 'other.'

Some men have a manner of describing which only wraps the subject in more than former obscurity: thus I was unable, with all my companion's volubility, to form a distinct idea of the intended procession. I was certain that the inauguration of a king should be conducted with solemnity and religious awe; and I could not be persuaded that there was much solemnity in this description. 'If this be true,' cried I to myself, 'the people of Europe surely have a strange manner of mixing 'solemn and fantastic images together; 'pictures at once replete with burlesque 'and the sublime. At a time when 'the king enters into the most solemn 'compact with his people, nothing 'surely should be admitted to diminish 'from the real majesty of the ceremony. A ludicrous image brought in 'at such a time throws an air of ridicule upon the whole. It some way 'resembles a picture I have seen, designed by Albert Durer; where, amidst all the solemnity of that awful scene, a Deity judging, and a trembling

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king world awaiting the decree, he has introduced a merry mortal trundling his scolding wife to hell in a wheel-barrow.

My companion, who mistook my silence during this interval of reflection for the rapture of astonishment, proceeded to describe those frivolous parts of the shew that mostly struck his imagination; and to assure me, that if I staid in this country some months longer I should see fine things. 'For my own part,' continued he, 'I know already of fifteen suits of cloaths, that would stand on one end with gold lace, all designed to be first shewn there; and as for diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, we shall see them as thick as brass nails in a sedan-chair. And then we are all to walk so majestically thus; this foot always behind the foot before. The ladies are to sling nose-gays; the court-poets to scatter verses; the spectators are to be all in full dress; Mrs. Tibbs in a new sacque, ruffles, and frenched hair; look where you will, one thing finer than another; Mrs. Tibbs curries to the Duchesse; her Grace returns the compliment with a bow. "Largess," cries the Herald. "Make room," cries the Gentleman Usher. "Knock him down," cries the Guard. Ah!' continued he, amazed at his own description, 'what an astonishing scene of grandeur can art produce from the smallest circumstance, when it thus actually turns to wonder one man putting on another man's hat!'

I now found his mind was entirely set upon the fopperies of the pageant, and quite regardless of the real meaning of such costly preparations. 'Pageants,' says Bacon, 'are pretty things; but we should rather study to make them elegant than expensive.' Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tire-women, mechanically influence the mind into veneration: an emperor, in his night-cap, would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a glittering crown. Politics resemble religion; attempting to divest either of ceremony, is the most certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak must have their inducements to admiration as well as the wise; and it is the business of a sensible govern-

ment to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle or a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law, or a glass necklace.

This interval of reflection only gave my companion spirits to begin his description afresh; and as a greater inducement to raise my curiosity, he informed me of the vast sums that were given by the spectators for places. 'That the ceremony must be fine,' cries he, 'is very evident from the fine price that is paid for seeing it. Several ladies have assured me, they could willingly part with one eye, rather than be prevented from looking on with the other. Come, come,' continues he, 'I have a friend, who, for my sake, will supply us with places at the most reasonable rates; I will take care you shall not be imposed upon; and he will inform you of the use, finery, rapture, splendour, and enchantment, of the whole ceremony, better than I.'

Follies often repeated lose their absurdity, and assume the appearance of reason: his arguments were so often, and so strongly enforced, that I had actually some thoughts of becoming a spectator. We accordingly went together to bespeak a place; but guess my surprise, when the man demanded a purse of gold for a single seat! I could hardly believe him serious upon making the demand. 'Prithee, friend,' cried I, 'after I have paid twenty pounds for sitting here an hour or two, can I bring a part of the Coronation back?' — 'No, Sir.' — 'How long can I live upon it after I have come away?' — 'Not long, Sir.' — 'Can a Coronation cloath, feed, or fatten me?' — 'Sir,' replied the man, 'you seem to be under a mistake; all that you can bring away is the pleasure of having it to say that you saw the Coronation.' — 'Blast me!' cries Tibbs, 'if that be all, there is no need of paying for that, since I am resolved to have that pleasure whether I am there or no!'

I am conscious, my friend, that this is but a very confused description of the intended ceremony. You may object, that I neither settle rank, precedence, nor place; that I seem ignorant whether Gules walk before or behind Garter; that I have neither mentioned the dimensions of a Lord's cap, nor measured the

the length of a Lady's tail. I know your delight is in minute description; and this I am unhappily disqualified from furnishing; yet, upon the whole, I fancy it will be no way comparable to

the magnificence of our late Emperor Whangti's procession when he was married to the moon, at which Fum Hoam himself presided in person. Adieu,

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

IT was formerly the custom here, when men of distinction died, for their surviving acquaintance to throw each a slight present into the grave. Several things of little value were made use of for that purpose; perfumes, reliques, spices, bitter herbs, camomile, wormwood, and verses. This custom, however, is almost discontinued; and nothing but verses alone are now lavished on such occasions; an oblation which they suppose may be interred with the dead without any injury to the living.

Upon the death of the great, therefore, the poets and undertakers are sure of employment. While one provides the long cloak, black staff, and mourning coach; the other produces the pastoral or elegy, the monody or apotheosis. The nobility need be under no apprehensions, but die as fast as they think proper; the poet and undertaker are ready to supply them; these can find metaphorical tears and family escutcheons at half an hour's warning; and when the one has soberly laid the body in the grave, the other is ready to fix it figuratively among the stars.

There are several ways of being poetically sorrowful on such occasions. The bard is now some pensive youth of science, who sits deploring among the tombs; again he is Thyrsis, complaining in a circle of harmless sheep. Now Britannia sits upon her own shore, and gives a loose to maternal tenderness; at another time, Parnassus, even the mountain Parnassus, gives way to sorrow, and is bathed in tears of distress.

But the most usual manner is this: Damon meets Menalcas, who has got a most gloomy countenance. The shepherd asks his friend whence that look of distress? to which the other replies, that Pollio is no more. 'If that be the case then,' cries Damon, 'let us retire to yonder bower at some distance

off, where the cypress and the jessamine add fragrance to the breeze; and let us weep alternately for Pollio, the friend of shepherds, and the patron of every muse.'—'Ah,' returns his fellow shepherd, 'what think you rather of that grotto by the fountain side? the murmuring stream will help to assuage our complaints; and a nightingale, on a neighbouring tree, will join her voice to the concert!' When the place is thus settled, they begin: the brook stands still to hear their lamentations; the cows forget to graze; and the very tigers start from the forest with sympathetic concern. By the tombs of our ancestors, my dear Fum, I am quite unaffected in all this distress: the whole is liquid laudanum to my spirits; and a tiger of common sensibility has twenty times more tenderness than I.

But though I could never weep with the complaining shepherd, yet I am sometimes induced to pity the poet, whose trade is thus to make demi-gods and heroes for a dinner. There is not in nature a more dismal figure than a man who sits down to premeditated flattery; every stanza he writes tacitly reproaches the meanness of his occupation, till at last his stupidity becomes more stupid, and his dullness more diminutive.

I am amazed therefore that none have yet found out the secret of flattering the worthless, and yet of preserving a safe conscience. I have often wished for some method by which a man might do himself and his deceased patron justice, without being under the hateful reproach of self-conviction. After long lucubration, I have hit upon such an expedient, and send you the specimen of a poem upon the decease of a great man, in which the flattery is perfectly fine, and yet the poet perfectly innocent.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ***.

YE muses, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatch'd away:
O had he liv'd another year!
—He had not dy'd to day.

O, were he born to bless mankind,
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fallen behind?
—Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear,
And sympathetic sheep;
Even pitying hills would drop a tear!
—If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each bard might well display:
Since none implor'd relief in vain!
—That went reliev'd away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng;
His obsequies forbid.
He still shall live, shall live as long
—As ever dead man did.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

IT is the most usual method in every report, first to examine it's probability, and then act as the conjuncture may require. The English, however, exert a different spirit in such circumstances; they first act, and, when too late, begin to examine. From a knowledge of this disposition, there are several here who make it their business to frame new reports at every convenient interval, all tending to denounce ruin both on their cotemporaries and their posterity. This denunciation is eagerly caught up by the public; away they fling to propagate the distress; sell out at one place, buy in at another, grumble at their governors, shout in mobs; and when they have thus, for some time, behaved like fools, sit down coolly to argue and talk wisdom, to puzzle each other with syllogism, and prepare for the next report that prevails, which is always attended with the same success.

Thus are they ever rising above one report only to sink into another. They resemble a dog in a well, pawing to get free. When he has raised his upper parts above water, and every spectator imagines him disengaged, his lower parts drag him down again, and sink him to the nose; he makes new efforts to emerge, and every effort increasing his weakness, only tends to sink him the deeper.

There are some here, who, I am told, make a tolerable subsistence by the credulity of their countrymen: as they find the public fond of blood, wounds, and death, they contrive political ruins suited to every month in the year. This

month the people are to be eaten up by the French in flat-bottomed boats; the next by the soldiers, designed to beat the French back: now the people are going to jump down the gulph of luxury; and now nothing but an herring subscription can fish them up again. Time passes on; the report proves false; new circumstances produce new changes; but the people never change, they are persevering in folly.

In other countries those boding politicians would be left to fret over their own schemes alone, and grow splenetic without hopes of infecting others: but England seems to be the very region where spleen delights to dwell; a man not only can give an unbounded scope to the disorder in himself, but may, if he pleases, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of success. He has only to cry out, That the government, the government is all wrong; that their schemes are leading to ruin; that Britons are no more: every good member of the commonwealth thinks it his duty, in such a case, to deplore the universal decadence with sympathetic sorrow, and, by fancying the constitution in a decay, absolutely to impair it's vigour.

This people would laugh at my simplicity, should I advise them to be less sanguine in harbouring gloomy predictions, and examine coolly before they attempted to complain. I have just heard a story, which, though transacted in a private family, serves very well to describe the behaviour of the whole nation, in cases of threatened calamity.

As there are public, so there are private incendiaries here. One of the last, either for the amusement of his friends, or to divert a fit of the spleen, lately sent a threatening letter to a worthy family in my neighbourhood, to this effect.

SIR,
KNOWING you to be very rich, and finding myself to be very poor, I think proper to inform you, that I have learned the secret of poisoning man, woman, and child, without danger of detection. Don't be uneasy, Sir; you may take your choice of being poisoned in a fortnight, or poisoned in a month, or poisoned in six weeks; you shall have full time to settle all your affairs. Though I'm poor, I love to do things like a gentleman. But, Sir, you must die; I have determined it within my own breast that you must die. Blood, Sir, blood is my trade; so I could wish you would this day six weeks take leave of your friends, wife, and family, for I cannot possibly allow you longer time. To convince you more certainly of the power of my art, by which you may know I speak truth, take this letter; when you have read it, tear off the seal, fold it up, and give it to your favourite Dutch mastiff that sits by the fire; he will swallow it, Sir, like a butter'd toast. In three hours four minutes after he has

taken it, he will attempt to bite off his own tongue, and half an hour after burst asunder in twenty pieces. Blood, blood, blood! so no more at present from, Sir, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant to command till death.

You may easily imagine the consternation into which this letter threw the whole good-natured family. The poor man, to whom it was addressed, was the more surprized, as not knowing how he could merit such inveterate malice. All the friends of the family were convened; it was universally agreed, that it was a most terrible affair, and that the government should be solicited to offer a reward and a pardon: a fellow of this kind would go on poisoning family after family; and it was impossible to say where the destruction would end. In pursuance of these determinations the government was applied to; strict search was made after the incendiary, but all in vain. At last, therefore, they recollected that the experiment was not yet tried upon the dog: the Dutch mastiff was brought up, and placed in the midst of the friends and relations, the seal was torn off, the packet folded up with care, and soon they found, to the great surprize of all—that the dog would not eat the letter. Adieu.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

I Have frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety; and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprizing, that in such a variety of adventurers not one single philosopher should be found; for as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture?

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature or art,

which might be transplanted with success; in Siberian Tartary, for instance, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chymists of Europe. In the most savage parts of India, they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet; and of refining lead into a metal which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would of Europe make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the magnet's compass, in the same manner, had

had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius; he it is who allows of secrets yet unknown; who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subvert the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. O did a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travel to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received from the traveller equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed: he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the ruder arts of subsistence; he should endeavour to improve the Barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably; and the inhabitant of a more refined country in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time, than by sitting at home earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue; or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or the sculpture of a cherry-stone!

I never consider this subject, without being surprized how none of those societies, so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have never thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will be there found, that they are as often deceived themselves as they

attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us perhaps the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for an European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there was no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion in places where there was neither bread nor wine: such accounts, with the usual appendage of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary; but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the power of the devil.

It was an usual observation of Boyle, the English chymist, that if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions known or practised but in one place? The instrument, as example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries, therefore, remain still to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans!

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia, may be alledged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspecting, under the character of Sanyapins, or Northern pilgrims; to such not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller, properly
Z 2 qualified

qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern; it would in some measure repair the breaches made by ambition; and might shew that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men. The only difficulty would remain in chusing a proper person for so arduous an enterprize. He should be a man of a philosophical turn, one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swollen with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; nei-

ther wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian; his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure, an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and an heart not easily terrified at danger.

Adieu.

LETTER CIX.

FROM THE SAME.

ONE of the principal tasks I had proposed to myself, on my arrival here, was to become acquainted with the names and characters of those now living, who, as scholars or wits, had acquired the greatest share of reputation. In order to succeed in this design, I fancied the surest method would be to begin my enquiry among the ignorant, judging that his fame would be greatest which was loud enough to be heard by the vulgar. Thus pre-disposed, I began the search; but only went in quest of disappointment and perplexity. I found every district had a peculiar famous man of it's own. Here the story-telling shoemaker had engrossed the admiration on one side of the street, while the bellman, who excelleth at a catch, was in quiet possession of the other. At one end of a lane the sexton was regarded as the greatest man alive; but I had not travelled half it's length, till I found an enthusiast teacher had divided his reputation. My landlady perceiving my design, was kind enough to offer me her advice in this affair. It was true, she observed, that she was no judge, but she knew what pleased herself; and if I would rest upon her judgment, I should set down Tom Collins as the most ingenious man in the world; for Tom was able to take off all mankind, and imitate, besides, a sow and pigs to perfection.

I now perceived, that taking my standard of reputation among the vulgar would swell my catalogue of great names above the size of a Court Calen-

dar; I therefore discontinued this method of pursuit, and resolved to prosecute my enquiry in that usual residence of fame, a bookseller's shop. In consequence of this, I entreated the book-seller to let me know who were they who now made the greatest figure either in morals, wit, or learning. Without giving me a direct answer, he pulled a pamphlet from the shelf, *The Young Attorney's Guide*. — 'There, Sir,' cries he, 'there is a touch for you! fifteen hundred of these moved off in a day. I take the author of this pamphlet, either for title, preface, plan, body, or index, to be the compleatest hand in England.' I found it was vain to prosecute my enquiry, where my informer appeared so incompetent a judge of merit; so paying for the *Young Attorney's Guide*, which good manners obliged me to buy, I walked off.

My pursuit after famous men now brought me into a print-shop. 'Here,' thought I, 'the painter only reflects the public voice. As every man who deserved it had formerly his statue placed up in the Roman forum, so here, probably, the pictures of none but such as merit a place in our affections are held up for public sale.' But guess my surprize when I came to examine this depositary of noted faces; all distinctions were levelled here, as in the grave; and I could not but regard it as the catacomb of real merit! The brick dust man took up as much room as the truncheoned hero, and the judge

was

was elbowed by the thief-taker; quacks, pimps, and buffoons, encreased the groupe, and noted stallions only made room for more noted whores. I had read the works of some of the moderns, previous to my coming to England, with delight and approbation; but I found their faces had no place here: the walls were covered with the names of authors I had never known, or had endeavoured to forget; with the little self-advertising things of a day, who had forced themselves into fashion, but not into fame; I could read at the bottom of some pictures, the names of **, and ***, and ****, all equally candidates for the vulgar shout, and foremost to propagate their unblushing faces upon brass. My uneasiness, therefore, at not finding my few favourite names among the number, was now changed into congratulation; I could not avoid reflecting on the fine observation of Tacitus on a similar occasion. 'In this cavalcade of flattery,' cries the historian, 'neither the pictures of Brutus, Cassius, nor Cato, were to be seen, *eo clarioris quia imagines eorum non deferbantur*, their absence being the strongest proof of their merit.'

'It is in vain,' cried I, 'to seek for true greatness among these monuments of the unburied dead; let me go among the tombs of those who are confessedly famous, and see if any have been lately deposited there who deserve the attention of posterity, and whose names may be transmitted to my distant friend, as an honour to the present age.' Determined in my pursuit, I paid a second visit to Westminster Abbey. There I found several new monuments erected to the memory of several great men; the names of the great men I absolutely forget, but I remember that Roubillac was the statuary who carved them. I could not help smiling at two modern epitaphs in particular; one of which praised the deceased for being *ortus ex antiqua stirpe*; the other commended the dead, because *hanc adem suis sumptibus readificavit*: the greatest merit of one consisted in his being descended from an illustrious house; the chief distinction of the other,

that he had propped up an old house that was falling. 'Alas, alas!' cried I, 'such monuments as these confer honour, not upon the great men, but upon little Roubillac!'

Hitherto disappointed in my enquiry after the great of the present age, I was resolved to mix in company, and try what I could learn among critics in coffee-houses; and here it was that I heard my favourite names talked of even with inverted fame. A gentleman of exalted merit, as a writer, was branded in general terms as a bad man; another of exquisite delicacy as a poet, was reproached for wanting good nature; a third was accused of free-thinking; and a fourth of having once been a player. 'Strange!' cried I. 'how unjust are mankind in the distribution of fame! The ignorant, among whom I fought at first, were willing to grant, but incapable of distinguishing, the virtues of those which deserved it; among those I now converse with, they know the proper objects of admiration, but mix envy with applause.'

Disappointed so often, I was now resolved to examine those characters in person of whom the world talked so freely: by conversing with men of real merit, I began to find out those characters which really deserved, though they strove to avoid, applause. I found the vulgar admiration entirely misplaced, and malevolence without it's sting. The truly great, possessed of numerous small faults, and shining virtues, preserve a sublime in morals as in writing. They who have attained an excellence in either, commit numberless transgressions, observable to the meanest understanding. The ignorant critic, and dull remarker, can readily spy blemishes in eloquence or morals, whose sentiments are not sufficiently elevated to observe a beauty; but such are judges neither of books nor of life; they can diminish no solid reputation by their censure, nor bestow a lasting character by their applause: in short, I found by my search, that such only can confer real fame upon others, who have merit themselves to deserve it.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

THERE are numberless employments in the courts of the Eastern monarchs utterly unpractised and unknown in Europe. They have no such offices, for instance, as the emperor's ear-tickler, or tooth-picker; they have never introduced at the courts the mandarine appointed to bear the royal tobacco-box, or the grave director of the imperial exertations in the seraglio. Yet, I am surprised that the English have imitated us in none of these particulars, as they are generally pleased with every thing that comes from China, and excessively fond of creating new and useless employments. They have filled their houses with our furniture, their public gardens with our fire-works, and their very ponds with our fish: our courtiers, my friend, are the fish, and the furniture they should have imported; our courtiers would fill up the necessary ceremonies of a court better than those of Europe; would be contented with receiving large salaries for doing little; whereas some of this country are at present discontented, though they receive large salaries for doing nothing.

I lately, therefore, had thoughts of publishing a proposal here for the admission of some new Eastern offices and titles into their Court Register. As I consider myself in the light of a Cosmopolite, I find as much satisfaction in scheming for the countries in which I happen to reside, as for that in which I was born.

The finest apartments in the palace of Pegu are frequently infested with rats. These the religion of the country strictly forbids the people to kill. In such circumstances, therefore, they are obliged to have recourse to some great man of the court, who is willing to free the royal apartments even at the hazard of his salvation. After a weak monarch's reign, the quantity of court vermin in every corner of the palace is surprising; but a prudent king, and a vigilant officer, soon drives them from their sanctuaries behind the mats and the tapestry, and effectually frees the court. Such an officer in England would in my opi-

nion be serviceable at this juncture; for if, as I am told, the palace be old, much vermin must undoubtedly have taken refuge behind the wainscot and hangings. A minister should therefore be invested with the title and dignities of Court Vermin-Killer; he should have full power either to banish, take, poison, or destroy them, with enchantments, traps, ferrets, or ratbane. He might be permitted to brandish his besom without remorse, and brush down every part of the furniture, without sparing a single cobweb, however sacred by long prescription. I communicated this proposal some days ago in a company of the first distinction, and enjoying the most honourable offices of the state. Among the number were the Inspector of Great Britain, Mr. Henriques the Director of the Ministry, Ben. Victor the Treasurer, John Lockman the Secretary, and the Conductor of the Imperial Magazine. They all acquiesced in the utility of my proposal; but were apprehensive it might meet with some objections from court upholsters and chamber-maids, who would object to it from the demolitions of the furniture, and the dangerous use of ferrets and ratbane.

My next proposal is rather more general than the former, and might probably meet with less opposition. Though no people in the world flatter each other more than the English, I know none who understand the art less, and flatter with such little refinement. Their panegyric, like a Tartar feast, is indeed served up with profusion, but their cookery is insupportable. A client here shall dress up a fricassée for his patron, that shall offend an ordinary nose before it enters the room. A town shall send up their address to a great minister, which shall prove at once a satire on the minister and themselves. If the favourite of the day sits, or stands, or sleeps, there are poets to put it into verse, and priests to preach it in the pulpit. In order, therefore, to free both those who praise, and those who are praised, from a duty probably disagreeable to both, I

would

would constitute professed flatterers here as in several courts of India. These are appointed in the courts of their princes, to instruct the people where to exclaim with admiration, and where to lay an emphasis of praise. But an officer of this kind is always in waiting when the emperor converses in a familiar manner among his Rajas and other nobility. At every sentence, when the monarch pauses, and smiles at what he has been saying, the Karamatman, as this officer is called, is to take it for granted, that his majesty has said a good thing. Upon which he cries out—'Karamat! Karamat!—a miracle! a miracle!' and throws up his hands and his eyes in extasy. This is echoed by the courtiers around, while the emperor sits all this time in fullen satisfaction, enjoying the triumph of his joke, or studying a new repartee.

I would have such an officer placed at every great man's table in England. By frequent practice he might soon become a perfect master of the art, and in time would turn out pleasing to his patron, no way troublesome to himself, and might prevent the nauseous attempts of many more ignorant pretenders. The clergy here, I am convinced, would relish this proposal. It would provide places for several of them. And indeed, by some of their late productions, many appear to have qualified themselves as candidates for this office already.

But my last proposal I take to be of the utmost importance. Our neighbour, the Empress of Russia, has, you may remember, instituted an order of female knighthood. The Empress of

Germany has also instituted another; the Chinese have had such an order time immemorial. I am amazed the English have never come into such an institution. When I consider what kind of men are made knights here, it appears strange that they have never conferred this honour upon women. They make cheese-mongers and pastry-cooks knights; then, why not their wives? They have called up tallow-chandlers to maintain the hardy profession of chivalry and arms; then, why not their wives? Haberdashers are sworn, as I suppose all knights must be sworn, 'never to fly in time of mellay or battle, to maintain and uphold the noble estate of chivalry, with horse harness and other knightly habiliments.' Haberdashers, I say, are sworn to all this; then, why not their wives? Certain I am, their wives understand fighting and feats of mellay and battle better than they; and as for knightly horse and harness, it is probable both know nothing more than the harness of a one-horse chaise. No, no, my friend, instead of conferring any order upon the husbands, I would knight their wives. However, the state should not be troubled with a new institution upon this occasion. Some ancient exploded order might be revived, which would furnish both a motto and a name; the ladies might be permitted to chuse for themselves. There are, for instance, the obsolete orders of the Dragon in Germany, of the Rue in Scotland, and the Porcupine in France; all well-sounding names, and very applicable to my intended female institution. Adieu.

LETTER CXI.

TO THE SAME.

RELIGIOUS sects in England are far more numerous than in China. Every man who has interest enough to hire a conventicle here, may set up for himself and sell off a new religion. The sellers of the newest pattern at present give extreme good bargains; and let their disciples have a great deal of confidence for very little money.

Their shops are much frequented, and their customers every day encreasing;

for people are naturally fond of going to Paradise at as small expence as possible.

Yet, you must not conceive this modern sect as differing in opinion from those of the established religion: difference of opinion, indeed, formerly divided their sectaries, and sometimes drew their armies to the field; white gowns and black mantles, flapped hats and cross pocket-holes, were once the obvious causes of quarrel; men then had

had some reason for fighting, they knew what they fought about; but at present they are arrived at such refinement in religion-making, that they have actually formed a new sect without a new opinion; they quarrel for opinions, they both equally defend; they hate each other, and that is all the difference between them.

But though their principles are the same, their practice is somewhat different. Those of the established religion laugh when they are pleased, and their groans are seldom extorted but by pain or danger. The new sect, on the contrary, weep for their amusement, and use little music except a chorus of sighs and groans, or tunes that are made to imitate groaning. Laughter is their aversion; lovers court each other from the lamentations; the bridegroom approaches the nuptial couch in sorrowful solemnity, and the bride looks more dismal than an undertaker's shop. Dancing round the room is, with them, running in a direct line to the devil; and as for gaming, though but in jest, they would sooner play with a rattle-snake's tail than finger a dice-box.

By this time, you perceive that I am describing a sect of enthusiasts; and you have already compared them with the Faquirs, Bramins, and Talapoins, of the East. Among these, you know, are generations that have been never known to smile, and voluntary affliction makes up all the merit they can boast of. Enthusiasms in every country produce the same effects; stick the Faquir with pins, or confine the Bramin to a vermin hospital, spread the Talapoin on the ground, or load the sectary's brow with contrition; those worshippers who discard the light of reason are ever gloomy; their fears increase in proportion to their ignorance, as men are continually under apprehensions who walk in darkness.

Yet there is still a stronger reason for the enthusiast's being an enemy to laughter; namely, his being himself so proper an object of ridicule. It is remarkable, that the propagators of false doctrines have ever been averse to mirth, and always begin by recommending gravity, when they intended to disseminate imposture. Fohi, the idol of China, is represented as having never laughed; Zoroaster, the leader of the Bramins, is said to have laughed but twice, upon his coming into the world, and

upon his leaving it; and Mahomet himself, though a lover of pleasure, was a professed opposer of gaiety. Upon a certain occasion, telling his followers that they would all appear naked at the resurrection, his favourite wife represented such an assembly as immodest and unbecoming. 'Foolish woman,' cried the grave prophet, 'though the whole assembly be naked, on that day they shall have forgotten to laugh.' Men like him opposed ridicule, because they knew it to be a most formidable antagonist, and preached up gravity to conceal their own want of importance.

Ridicule has ever been the most powerful enemy of enthusiasm, and properly the only antagonist that can be opposed to it with success. Persecution only serves to propagate new religions; they acquire fresh vigour between the executioner and the ax, and, like some vivacious insects, multiply by dissection. It is also impossible to combat enthusiasm with reason; for though it makes a shew of resistance, it soon eludes the pressure, refers you to distinctions not to be understood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who would endeavour to fix an enthusiast by argument, might as well attempt to spread quicksilver with his fingers. The only way to conquer a visionary is to despise him; the stake, the faggot, and the disputing doctor, in some measure ennoble the opinions they are brought to oppose; they are harmless against innovating pride; contempt alone is truly dreadful. Hunters generally know the most vulnerable part of the beasts they pursue, by the care which every animal takes to defend the side which is weakest; on what side the enthusiast is most vulnerable, may be known by the care which he takes in the beginning to work his disciples into gravity, and guard them against the power of ridicule.

When Philip the Second was King of Spain, there was a contest in Salamanca between two orders of friars for superiority. The legend of one side contained more extraordinary miracles, but the legend of the other was reckoned most authentic. They reviled each other, as is usual in disputes of divinity, the people were divided into factions, and a civil war appeared unavoidable. In order to prevent such an imminent calamity,

calamity, the combatants were prevailed upon to submit their legions to the fiery trial, and that which came forth untouched by the fire was to have the victory, and to be honoured with a double share of reverence. Whenever the people flock to see a miracle, it is an hundred to one but that they see a miracle; incredible, therefore, were the numbers that were gathered round upon this occasion; the friars on each side

approached, and confidently threw their respective legends into the flames; when, lo, to the utter disappointment of all the assembly, instead of a miracle, both legends were consumed! Nothing but thus turning both parties into contempt, could have prevented the effusion of blood. The people now laughed at their former folly, and wondered why they fell out. Adieu.

LETTER CXII.

TO THE SAME.

THE English are at present employed in celebrating a feast, which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our feast of the lanterns in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me. Had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkies, which, upon this occasion, die for the good of their country!

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it; by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity, assemble and eat upon it. Nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man

to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to encrease their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions, I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner fall forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another, always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel; whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a specta-

tor of the ceremonies practised upon this occasion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation poet, which were designed as reinforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face; the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal street. By this prudent manœuvre they took peaceable possession of their head-quarters, amidst the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their music, but, above all, at seeing their bacon.

I must own, I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people on this occasion levelled into an equality, and the poor, in some measure, enjoying the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shewn, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobbler with a levee at his door, and an haberdasher giving audience from behind his counter. But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the distillery or the brewery? As these were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent; however, I know not what might have been the consequence of my reserve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a skirmish between a brandy-drinker's cow and a gin-drinker's mastiff, which turned out, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mastiff.

This spectacle, which afforded high

entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob; he made a very pathetic speech upon the late excessive importation of foreign drams, and the down-fall of the distillery: I could see some of the audience shed tears. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Mayorefs. Mrs. Deputy was not in the least in liquor; and for Mrs. Mayorefs, one of the spectators assured me in my ear that she was a very fine woman before she had the small-pox.

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen; but what tongue can describe this scene of confusion! the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch: I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I at first began to pity his infirmities as natural, but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand; another made his appearance to give his vote, but though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue, and remained silent; a third, who though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer, but 'To-bacco and brandy.' In short, an election-hall seems to be a theatre, where every passion is seen without disguise; a school where fools may readily become worse, and where philosophers may gather wisdom. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

FROM THE SAME.

THE disputes among the learned here are now carried on in a much more compendious manner than formerly. There was a time when folio was brought to oppose folio, and a champion was often lifted for life under the banners of a single forites. At present, the controversy is decided in a summary way; an epigram, or an acrostic, finishes the debate, and the combatant, like the incurive Tartar, advances and retires with a single blow.

An important literary debate at pre-

sent engrosses the attention of the town. It is carried on with sharpness, and a proper share of this epigrammatical fury. An author, it seems, has taken an aversion to the faces of several players, and has written verses to prove his dislike; the players fall upon the author, and assure the town he must be dull, and their faces must be good, because he wants a dinner: a critic comes to the poet's assistance, asserting that the verses were perfectly original, and so smart, that he could never have written them without

without the assistance of friends; the friends upon this arraign the critic, and plainly prove the verses to be all the author's own. So at it they are all four together by the ears; the friends at the critic, the critic at the players, the players at the author, and the author at the players again. It is impossible to determine how this many-sided contest will end, or which party to adhere to. The town, without siding with any, views the combat in suspense, like the fabled hero of antiquity, who beheld the earth-born brothers give and receive mutual wounds, and fall by indiscriminate destruction.

This is, in some measure, a state of the present dispute; but the combatants here differ in one respect from the champions of the fable. Every new wound only gives vigour for another blow; though they appear to strike, they are, in fact, mutually swelling themselves into consideration, and thus advertising each other away into fame. 'To-day,' says one, 'my name shall be in the Gazette, the next day my rival's; people will naturally enquire about us: thus we shall at least make a noise in the streets, though we have got nothing to sell.' I have read of a dispute of a similar nature, which was managed here about twenty years ago. Hildebrand Jacob, as I think he was called, and Charles Johnson, were poets, both at that time possessed of great reputation; for Johnson had written eleven plays acted with great success; and Jacob, though he had written but five, had five times thanked the town for their unmerited applause. They soon became mutually enamoured of each other's talents; they wrote, they felt, they challenged the town, for each other. Johnson assured the public, that no poet alive had the easy simplicity of Jacob; and Jacob exhibited Johnson as a master-piece in the pathetic. Their mutual praise was not without effect; the town saw their plays, were in raptures, read, and, without censuring them, forgot them. So formidable an union, however, was soon opposed by Tibbald. Tibbald asserted, that the tragedies of one had faults, and the comedies of the other substituted wit for vivacity: the combined champions flew at him like tigers, arraigned the

censurer's judgment, and impeached his sincerity. It was a long time a dispute among the learned, which was in fact the greatest man, Jacob, Johnson, or Tibbald; they had all written for the stage with great success, their names were seen in almost every paper, and their works in every coffee-house. However, in the hottest of the dispute, a fourth combatant made his appearance, and swept away the three combatants, tragedy, comedy, and all, into undistinguished ruin.

From this time they seemed consigned into the hands of criticism; scarce a day passed in which they were not arraigned as detested writers. The critics, these enemies of Dryden and Pope, were their enemies. So Jacob and Johnson, instead of mending by criticism, called it envy; and because Dryden and Pope were censured, they compared themselves to Dryden and Pope.

But to return: the weapon chiefly used in the present controversy is epigram; and certainly never was a keener made use of. They have discovered surprising sharpness on both sides. The first that came out upon this occasion was a kind of new composition in this way, and might more properly be called an epigrammatic thesis than an epigram. It consists, first, of an argument in prose; next follows a motto from Roscommon; then comes the epigram; and, lastly, notes serving to explain the epigram. But you shall have it, with all its decorations.

AN EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED, TO THE GENTLEMEN REFLECTED ON IN THE ROSCIAD, A POEM, BY THE AUTHOR.

'Worry'd with debts, and past all hopes of bail,
'His pen he prostitutes, t'avoid a jail.'

Roscom.

LET not the *hungry* Bavius' angry stroke
Awake resentment, or your rage provoke;
But, pitying his distress, let virtue* shine,
And giving each your bounty †, let him dine;
For thus retain'd, as learned council can,
Each case, however bad, he'll new japan:
And, by a quick transition, plainly show
'Twas no defect of your's, but pocket law,
That caus'd his putrid kennel to o'erflow.

The last lines are certainly executed in a very masterly manner. It is of that species of argumentation called the

* Charity. † Settled a one shilling, the price of the poem.

perplexing. It effectually flings the antagonist into a mist; there is no answering it: the laugh is raised against him, while he is endeavouring to find out the jest. At once he shews that the author has a kennel, and that this kennel is putrid, and that this putrid kennel overflows. But why does it overflow? It overflows, because the author happens to have low pockets!

There was also another new attempt in this way; a prosaic epigram, which came out upon this occasion. This is so full of matter, that a critic might split it into fifteen epigrams, each properly fitted with it's sting. You shall see it.

TO G. C. AND R. L.

'Twas you, or I, or he, or all together,
'Twas one, both, three of them, they
know not whether.

This I believe, between us, great or small,
You, I, he, wrote it not—'twas Churchill's
all.

There, there is a perplex! I could have wished, to make it quite perfect, the author, as in the case before, had added notes. Almost every word admits a scholium, and a long one too. I, YOU, HE! Suppose a stranger should ask—'And who are you?' Here are three obscure persons spoken of, that may in a short time be utterly forgotten. Their names should have consequently been mentioned in notes at the bottom.

But when the reader comes to the words *great* and *small*, the maze is inextricable. Here the stranger may dive for a mystery without ever reaching the bottom. Let him know, then, that *small* is a word purely introduced to make good rhyme; and *great* was a very proper word to keep *small* company.

Yet, by being thus a spectator of others dangers, I must own, I begin to tremble in this literary contest for my own. I begin to fear, that my challenge to Doctor Rock was unadvised, and has procured me more antagonists than I had at first expected. I have received private letters from several of the literati here that fill my soul with apprehension. I may safely aver, that 'I never gave any creature in this good 'city offence,' except only my rival Doctor Rock; yet by the letters I every day receive, and by some I have seen printed, I am arraigned at one time as being a dull fellow, at another, as being pert; I am here petulant, there I am heavy: by the head of my ancestors, they treat me with more inhumanity than a flying-fish! If I dive and run my nose to the bottom, there a devouring shark is ready to swallow me up; if I skim the surface, a pack of dolphins are at my tail to snap me; but when I take wing, and attempt to escape them by flight, I become a prey to every ravenous bird that winnows the bosom of the deep. Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE formalities, delays, and dis-appointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meet with none.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here Love

might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel upon gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet, it seems, he has forsaken the island; and when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the ladies marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they, who have fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely;

lovely; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But, of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitudes of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples and smiles begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably entrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude to bewail her virginity; and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The Genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The Genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling reliques as instances of his former residence and favour.

'The Genius of Love (says the Eastern Apologue) had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded; but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprized the fair-sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embas-

sies were sent from every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

'And first the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes of the most beautiful silk hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eyebrows were, however, alledged by the Genius against them; but he set them entirely aside, when he came to examine their little feet.

'The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view, which after some time seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms: but their beauties were obtruded, not offered, to their admirers; they seemed to give rather than receive courtship; and the Genius of Love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

'The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by Nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when, unfortunately, one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

'In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind; their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination

nation could conceive; and served to shew, that beauty could be perfect even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power; and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida, with well scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Cafraia; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

'The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace was in their steps, and sensibility late smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the Genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but, unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words 'House in town, settlement, and pin-money.' These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect: the Genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the cir-

cle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal mansions from whence he descended.

'The whole assembly was struck with amazement: they now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair; when it was proposed by one of their number, that, since the real Genius had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead, and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed Genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to Love are in reality paid to the idol; but, as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent where the heart is least sincere.' Adieu.

LETTER CXV.

TO THE SAME.

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity; they have declaimed with that ostentation, which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet, from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too despicable an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

The most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought

their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizards are said to be familiar with Heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels, as well as men, to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them, at best, but as useful servants brought to their coasts, by their guardian serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner, examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors;

for; you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge: human nature is to him an unknown country; he thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done, he allows to be possible; and whatever is possible he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his fellows, by bringing it to the standard of his own incapacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus, by degrees, he loses the idea of his own insignificance in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

This is the reason why demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ignorance and barbarity; they addressed a people who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend; they addressed a people who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God, and with man. These impostors knew, that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a demi-god of their own country and creation. The same pride that erects a colossus, or a pyramid, installs a god or an hero: but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity; incapable therefore of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls prostrate before him.

When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate; men are but angels, angels are but men, nay, but servants that stand in waiting to execute human commands.

The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly*. 'I salute thee, glorious Creator, of whom the sun is but the shadow! Masterpiece of the Lord of human creatures, Great Star of Justice and Religion! The sea is not rich and liberal but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The angel-treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature. The primum mobile would never dart the ball of the sun through the trunk of heaven, were it not to serve the morning out of the extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the groundfil of thy gate. Were there a place more exalted than the most high throne of God, I would assign it to be thy place, O master of the faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a mere scholar to thee.' Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such an order of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering each other! Thus to see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves the mastery of heaven; minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal Nature! Sure Heaven is kind that launches no thunder at those guilty heads; but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that it loved into being.

But whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I do not know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness, to think it invested with celestial power. They sometimes indeed admit the gods of strangers, or of their ancestors, which had their existence in times of obscurity; their weakness being forgotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country; the idols which the vulgar worship at this day were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman em-

* Chardin's Travels, p. 402.

perors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of think-

ing. The Lacedemonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict.

Εἰ Ἀλεξάνδρος βούλεται εἶναι θεός, θεός ἐστίν.

Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view; and struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. In this agreeable disposition, I lately found myself in company with my friend and his niece. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject; the lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed that it was of infinite service in refining society; while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair-sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours; therefore no way more natural than taking snuff or chewing opium.

‘How is it possible,’ cried I, ‘that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice? The ancients, who pretended to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eye-brows that joined each other over the nose. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of humour if their lovers praised them for such graces; and should an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the discipline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth,

‘and lead comb, before it could be seen in public company.

‘But the difference between the ancients and moderns is not so great as between the different countries of the present world. A lover of Gongora, for instance, sighs for thick lips; a Chinese lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia a straight nose is thought most consistent with beauty; crows but a mountain which separates it from the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion. In Persia, and some other countries, a man, when he marries, chuses to have his bride a maid; in the Philippine Islands, if a bridegroom happens to perceive on the first night that he is put off with a virgin, the marriage is declared void to all intents and purposes, and the bride sent back with disgrace. In some parts of the East, a woman of beauty, properly fed up for sale, often amounts to one hundred crowns; in the kingdom of Loango, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a pig; queens, however, sell better, and sometimes amount to a cow. In short, turn even to England, do not I there see the beautiful part of the sex neglected; and none now marrying, or making love, but old men and old women that have saved money? Do not I see beauty, from fifteen to twenty-one, rendered null and void to all intents and purposes, and those six precious years of womanhood put under a statute of virginity? What! shall I call that rancid passion love, which passes between an old batchelor of fifty-six and a widow lady of forty-nine? Never! never! What advantage is society to reap from an intercourse, where

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perors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of think-

ing. The Lacedemonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict.

Εἰ Ἀλεξάνδρος βούληται εἶναι θεός, θεός εἴη.

Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view; and struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. In this agreeable disposition, I lately found myself in company with my friend and his niece. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject; the lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed that it was of infinite service in refining society; while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair-sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours; therefore no way more natural than taking snuff or chewing opium.

‘How is it possible,’ cried I, ‘that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice? The ancients, who pretended to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised narrow foreheads, red hair, and eye-brows that joined each other over the nose. Such were the charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of humour if their lovers praised them for such graces; and should an antique beauty now revive, her face would certainly be put under the discipline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth,

and lead comb, before it could be seen in public company.

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LETTER CXVII.

TO THE SAME.

THE clock just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the fallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me; where she kept up the pageant; and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watchdog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity!

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual; and the city itself, like it's inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in it's room!

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded, and with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

'Here,' he cries, 'stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin! They are fallen; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and

'not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders; who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.'

How few appear in those streets, which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery!

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans; whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns it's back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible; or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve, them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded; persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with

with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to it's impulse? Tendernefs, without a capacity of re-

lieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII.

FUM HOAM, TO LIEN CHI ALTANGI, THE DISCONTENTED WANDERER,
BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW.

I Have been just sent upon an embassy to Japan; my commission is to be dispatched in four days, and you can hardly conceive the pleasure I shall find upon revisiting my native country. I shall leave with joy this proud, barbarous, inhospitable region, where every object conspires to diminish my satisfaction, and encrease my patriotism.

But though I find the inhabitants savage, yet the Dutch merchants, who are permitted to trade hither, seem still more detestable. They have raised my dislike to Europe in general; by them I learn how low avarice can degrade human nature; how many indignities an European will suffer for gain.

I was present at an audience given by the emperor to the Dutch envoy, who had sent several presents to all the courtiers some days previous to his admission; but he was obliged to attend those designed for the emperor himself. From the accounts I had heard of this ceremony, my curiosity prompted me to be a spectator of the whole.

First went the presents, set out on beautiful enamelled tables, adorned with flowers, borne on mens shoulders, and followed by Japanese music and dancers. From so great respect paid to the gifts themselves, I had fancied the donors must have received almost divine honours. But about a quarter of an hour after the presents had been carried in triumph, the envoy and his train were brought forward. They were covered from head to foot with long black veils, which prevented their seeing; each led by a conductor chosen from the meanest of the people. In this dishonourable manner having traversed the city of Jedo, they at length arrived at the palace-gate; and after waiting half an hour, were admitted into the guard-room. Here their eyes were uncovered, and in about an hour the gentleman-usher introduced them into the hall of audience. The emperor was at length shewn sitting in

a kind of alcove at the upper end of the room, and the Dutch envoy was conducted towards the throne.

As soon as he had approached within a certain distance, the gentleman-usher cried out with a loud voice—*Holanda Capitan:* upon these words the envoy fell flat upon the ground, and crept upon his hands and feet towards the throne. Still approaching, he reared himself upon his knees, and then bowed his forehead to the ground. These ceremonies being over, he was directed to withdraw, still grovelling on his belly, and going backward like a lobster.

Men must be excessively fond of riches, when they are earned with such circumstances of abject submission. Do the Europeans worship Heaven itself with marks of more profound respect? Do they confer those honours on the Supreme of beings which they pay to a barbarous king, who gives them a permission to purchase trinkets and porcelain? What a glorious exchange, to forfeit their national honour, and even their title to humanity, for a screen or a snuff-box!

If these ceremonies essayed in the first audience appeared mortifying, those which are practised in the second are infinitely more so. In the second audience, the emperor and the ladies of court were placed behind lattices, in such a manner as to see, without being seen. Here all the Europeans were directed to pass in review, and grovel and act the serpent as before: with this spectacle the whole court seemed highly delighted. The strangers were asked a thousand ridiculous questions; as their names and their ages: they were ordered to write, to stand upright, to sit, to stop, to compliment each other, to be drunk, to speak the Japanese language, to talk Dutch, to sing, to eat; in short, they were ordered to do all that could satisfy the curiosity of women.

Imagine, my dear Altangi, a set of

grave men thus transformed into buffoons, and acting a part every whit as honourable as that of those instructed animals which are shewn in the streets of Pekin to the mob on a holiday. Yet the ceremony did not end here, for every great lord of the court was to be visited in the same manner; and their ladies, who took the whim from their husbands, were all equally fond of seeing the strangers perform, even the children seeming highly diverted with the dancing Dutchmen.

'Alas!' cried I to myself, upon returning from such a spectacle, 'is this the nation which assumes such dignity at the court of Pekin? Is this that people that appear so proud at home, and in every country where they have the least authority? How does a love of gain transform the gravest of mankind into the most contemptible and ridiculous! I had rather continue poor all my life, than become rich at such

a rate. Perish those riches which are acquired at the expence of my honour or my humanity! Let me quit,' said I, 'a country where there are none but such as treat all others like slaves; and more detestable still in suffering such treatment. I have seen enough of this nation to desire to see more of others. Let me leave a people suspicious to excess; whose morals are corrupted, and equally debased by superstition and vice; where the sciences are left uncultivated; where the great are slaves to the prince, and tyrants to the people; where the women are chaste only when debarred of the power of transgression; where the true disciples of Confucius are not less persecuted than those of Christianity: in a word, a country where men are forbidden to think, and consequently labour under the most miserable slavery, that of mental servitude.' Adieu.

LETTER CXIX.

TO THE SAME.

THE misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet, where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on? Men in such circumstances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are however entirely disregarded; though some undergo more real hardships in one day, than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day is to him a day of misery,

and yet he bears his hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride! Their severest distresses are pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain without murmuring. These may eat, drink, and sleep, have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation; and after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude

itude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows.

' As for misfortunes, Sir, I cannot pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there are some who have lost both legs and an eye; but, thank Heaven, it is not quite so bad with me.

' My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

' Here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away: but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

' I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none; and might have lived so still: but, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it: well, what will you have on it? I killed the hare; and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me: he called me a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of

my breed, feed, and generation: but, though I gave a very long account, the justice said, I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor; and sent to Newgate, in order to be transported to the Plantations.

' People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellyfull to eat and drink, and did no work; but, alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever: I was taken out of prison, after five months; put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent; for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast, for want of sweet air and provisions: but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way. Providence was kind; when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years; and as I was no scholar, for I had forgot my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

' When my time was expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. O liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence! I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice; and, as I could give no account of myself, (that was the thing that already hobbled me) I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or lift for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier: and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns; was at the battles in Flanders; and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

' When the peace came on, I was discharged;

‘ discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I lifted for a landman in the East India Company’s service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune; I soon fell sick; and when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war; so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money: but the government wanted men, and I was pressed again before ever I could set foot on shore.

‘ The boatswain found me, as he said, an obdurate fellow: he swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I pretended sickness merely to be idle. God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business: he beat me without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me under every beating; the money was my comfort; and the money I might have had to this day; but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all!

‘ Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, however, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well) I was awaked by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand. “Jack,” says he to me, “will you knock out the French centry’s brains?”—“I don’t care,” says I, “striving to keep myself awake, “if I lend a hand.”—“Then follow me,” says he, “and I hope we shall do business.” So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. We

‘ had no arms; but one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the key, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea: we had not been here three days before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man of war, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately, we lost almost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old jail in Brest: but, by good fortune, we were re-taken, and carried to England once more.

‘ I had almost forgot to tell you, that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left-hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king’s ship, and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world that I know of, but the French, and the Justice of Peace.’

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving my friend and me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could we avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy. Adieu.

LETTER CXX.

FROM THE SAME.

THE titles of European princes are rather more numerous than those of Asia, but by no means so sublime. The king of Visapour or Pegu, not satisfied with claiming the globe, and all its appurtenances, to him and his heirs, asserts a property even in the firmament, and extends his orders to the milky way. The monarchs of Europe, with more modesty, confine their titles to earth, but make up by number what is wanting in their sublimity. Such is their passion for a long list of these splendid trifles, that I have known a German prince with more titles than subjects, and a Spanish nobleman with more names than shirts.

Contrary to this—'The English monarchs,' says a writer of the last century, 'disdain to accept of such titles, which tend only to encrease their pride, without improving their glory; they are above depending on the feeble helps of heraldry for respect, perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of acknowledged power.' At present, however, these maxims are laid aside; the English monarchs have of late assumed new titles, and have impressed their coins with the names and arms of obscure dukedoms, petty states, and subordinate employments. Their design in this, I make no doubt, was laudably to add new lustre to the British throne, but in reality paltry claims only serve to diminish that respect they are designed to secure.

There is in the honours assumed by kings, as in the decorations of architecture, a majestic simplicity, which best conduces to inspire our reverence and respect; numerous and trifling ornaments in either are strong indications of meanness in the designer, or of concealed deformity: should, for instance, the Emperor of China, among other titles, assume that of Deputy Mandarin of Maccau; or the Monarch of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, desire to be acknowledged as Duke of Brentford, Lunenburg, or Lincoln, the observer revolts at this mixture of important and

paltry claims, and forgets the Emperor in his familiarity with the Duke or the Deputy.

I remember a similar instance of this inverted ambition in the illustrious King of Manacabo, upon his first treaty with the Portuguese. Among the presents that were made him by the ambassador of that nation, was a sword, with a brass hilt, which he seemed to set a peculiar value upon. This he thought too great an acquisition to his glory to be forgotten among the number of his titles. He therefore gave orders, that his subjects should style him for the future, 'Talipot, the immortal Potentate of Manacabo, Messenger of Morning, Enlightener of the Sun, Possessor of the whole Earth, and mighty Monarch of the brass-handled Sword.'

This method of mixing majestic and paltry titles, of quartering the arms of a great empire, and an obscure province, upon the same medal here, had it's rise in the virtuous partiality of their late monarchs. Willing to testify an affection to their native country, they gave it's name and ensigns a place upon their coins, and thus in some measure ennobled it's obscurity. It was indeed but just, that a people which had given England up their king, should receive some honorary equivalent in return: but at present these motives are no more; England has now a monarch wholly British, and it has some reason to hope for British titles upon British coins.

However, were the money of England designed to circulate in Germany, there would be no flagrant impropriety in impressing it with German names and arms; but though this might have been so upon former occasions, I am told there is no danger of it for the future: as England, therefore, designs to keep back it's gold, I candidly think Lunenburg, Oldenburg, and the rest of them, may very well keep back their titles.

It is a mistaken prejudice in princes to think that a number of loud sounding names can give new claims to respect. The truly great have ever disdained them.

them. When Timur the Lame had conquered Asia, an orator by profession came to compliment him upon the occasion. He began his harangue, by styling him the most omnipotent, and the most glorious object of the creation. The emperor seemed displeased with his paltry adulation; yet still he went on, complimenting him, as the most mighty, the most valiant, and the most perfect of beings. 'Hold there, my friend,' cries the lame emperor; 'hold there, till I have got another leg.' In fact, the feeble, or the despotic alone, find pleasure in multiplying these pageants of vanity; but strength and freedom have nobler

aims, and often find the finest adulation in majestic simplicity.

The young monarch of this country has already testified a proper contempt for several unmeaning appendages on royalty; cooks and scullions have been obliged to quit their fires; gentlemen, gentlemen, and the whole tribe of *necessary people*, who did nothing, have been dismissed from further services. A youth, who can thus bring back simplicity and frugality to a court, will soon probably have a true respect for his own glory, and while he has dismissed all useless employments, may disdain to accept of empty or degrading titles. Adieu.

LETTER CXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

WHENEVER I attempt to characterize the English in general, some unforeseen difficulties constantly occur to disconcert my design; I hesitate between censure and praise: when I consider them as reasoning, philosophical people, they have my applause; but when I reverse the medal, and observe their inconstancy and irresolution, I can scarcely persuade myself that I am observing the same people.

Yet, upon examination, this very inconstancy, so remarkable here, flows from no other source than their love of reasoning. The man who examines a complicated subject on every side, and calls in reason to his assistance, will frequently change; will find himself distracted by opposing probabilities, and contending proofs: every alteration of place will diversify the prospect; will give some latent argument new force, and contribute to maintain an anarchy in the mind.

On the contrary, they who never examine with their own reason act with more simplicity. Ignorance is positive, instinct perseveres, and the human being moves in safety within the narrow circle of brutal uniformity. What is true with regard to individuals, is not less so when applied to states. A reasoning government like this is in continual fluctuation, while those kingdoms where men are taught not to controvert, but obey, continue always the same. In Asia, for instance, where the monarch's

authority is supported by force, and acknowledged through fear, a change of government is entirely unknown. All the inhabitants seem to wear the same mental complexion, and remain contented with hereditary oppression. The sovereign's pleasure is the ultimate rule of duty; every branch of the administration is a perfect epitome of the whole; and if one tyrant is deposed, another starts up in his room to govern as his predecessor. The English, on the contrary, instead of being led by power, endeavour to guide themselves by reason; instead of appealing to the pleasure of the prince, appeal to the original rights of mankind. What one rank of men assert is denied by others, as the reasons on opposite sides happen to come home with greater or less conviction. The people of Asia are directed by precedent, which never alters; the English by reason, which is ever changing its appearance.

The disadvantages of an Asiatic government acting in this manner by precedent are evident; original errors are thus continued, without hopes of redress; and all marks of genius are levelled down to one standard, since no superiority of thinking can be allowed its exertion in mending obvious defects. But to recompense those defects, their governments undergo no new alterations, they have no new evils to fear, nor no fermentations in the constitution that continue: the struggle for power is soon

soon over; and all becomes tranquil as before; they are habituated to subordination, and men are taught to form no other desires than those which they are allowed to satisfy.

The disadvantages of a government acting from the immediate influence of reason, like that of England, are not less than those of the former. It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefit; every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation; various reasons will lead different ways, and equity

and advantage will often be out-balanced by a combination of clamour and prejudice. But though such a people may be thus in the wrong, they have been influenced by an happy delusion; their errors are seldom seen till they are felt; each man is himself the tyrant he has obeyed; and such a master he can easily forgive. The disadvantages he feels may, in reality, be equal to what is felt in the most despotic government; but man will bear every calamity with patience, when he knows himself to be the author of his own misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

MY long residence here begins to fatigue me; as every object ceases to be new, it no longer continues to be pleasing: some minds are so fond of variety, that pleasure itself, if permanent, would be insupportable; and we are thus obliged to solicit new happiness even by courting distress. I only therefore wait the arrival of my son, to vary this trifling scene, and borrow new pleasure from danger and fatigue. A life, I own, thus spent in wandering from place to place, is at best but empty dissipation. But to pursue trifles is the lot of humanity; and whether we bustle in a pantomime, or strut at a coronation; whether we shout at a bonfire, or harangue in a senate-house; whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment. The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important; and this probably is all the difference between them.

This may be an apology for the levity of my former correspondence; I talked of trifles, and I knew that they were trifles: to make the things of this life ridiculous, it was only sufficient to call them by their names.

In other respects, I have omitted several striking circumstances in the description of this country, as supposing them either already known to you, or as not being thoroughly known to myself. But there is one omission for which I expect no forgiveness; namely, my being to-

tally silent upon their buildings, roads, rivers, and mountains. This is a branch of science on which all other travellers are so very prolix, that my deficiency will appear the more glaring. With what pleasure, for instance, do some read of a traveller in Egypt measuring a fallen column with his cane, and finding it exactly five feet nine inches long; of his creeping through the mouth of a catacomb, and coming out by a different hole from that he entered; of his stealing the finger of an antique statue, in spite of the janizary that watched him; or his adding a new conjecture to the hundred and fourteen conjectures already published; upon the names of *Osiris* and *Isis*!

methinks I hear some of my friends in China demanding a similar account of London, and the adjacent villages; and if I remain here much longer, it is probable I may gratify their curiosity. I intend, when run dry on other topics, to take a serious survey of the city-wall; to describe that beautiful building the Mansion-house; I will enumerate the magnificent squares in which the nobility chiefly reside, and the royal palaces appointed for the reception of the English monarch; nor will I forget the beauties of Shoe Lane, in which I myself have resided since my arrival. You shall find me no way inferior to many of my brother-travellers in the arts of description. At present, however, as a specimen of this way of writing, I
2 C send

send you a few hasty remarks, collected in a late journey I made to Kentish Town, and this in the manner of modern voyagers.

'Having heard much of Kentish Town, I conceived a strong desire to see that celebrated place. I could have wished, indeed, to satisfy my curiosity without going thither; but that was impracticable; and therefore I resolved to go. Travellers have two methods of going to Kentish Town: they take coach, which costs nine-pence; or they may go a-foot, which costs nothing. In my opinion, a coach is by far the most eligible convenience; but I was resolved to go on foot, having considered with myself, that going in that manner would be the cheapest way.

'As you set out from Dog-house Bar, you enter upon a fine level road, railed in on both sides, commanding on the right a fine prospect of groves, and fields enamelled with flowers, which would wonderfully charm the sense of smelling, were it not for a dunghill on the left, which mixes it's effluvia with their odours. This dunghill is of much greater antiquity than the road; and I must not omit a piece of injustice I was going to commit upon this occasion. My indignation was levelled against the makers of the dunghill for having brought it so near the road; whereas it should have fallen upon the makers of the road for having brought that so near the dunghill.

'After proceeding in this manner for some time, a building, resembling somewhat a triumphal arch, salutes the traveller's view. This structure, however, is peculiar to this country, and vulgarly called a Turnpike-gate. I could perceive a long inscription in large characters on the front, probably upon the occasion of some triumph; but being in haste, I left it to be made out by some subsequent adventurer who might happen to travel this way; so continuing my course to the West, I soon arrived at an unwall'd town called Islington.

'Islington is a pretty neat town, mostly built of brick, with a church and bells: it has a small lake, or rather pond, in the midst; though at present very much neglected. I am told it is dry in summer; if this be the case, it can be no very proper receptacle for

fish, of which the inhabitants themselves seem sensible, by bringing all that are eaten there from London.

'After having surveyed the curiosities of this fair and beautiful town, I proceeded forward, leaving a fair stone building, called the White Conduit House, on my right: here the inhabitants of London often assemble, to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter. Seeing such numbers, each with their little tables before them, employed on this occasion, must, no doubt, be a very amusing sight to the looker on, but still more so to those who perform in the solemnity.

'From hence I parted with reluctance to *Pancraft*, as it is written, or *Pancridge*, as it is pronounced; but which should be both pronounced and written *Pangrace*. This emendation I will venture *meo arbitrio*: *πας* in the Greek language signifies *all*, which added to the English word *grace*, maketh *all grace*, or *Pangrace*; and, indeed, this is a very proper appellation to a place of so much sanctity as Pangrace is universally esteemed. However this be, if you except the parish church and it's fine bells, there is little in Pangrace worth the attention of the curious observer.

'From Pangrace to Kentish Town is an easy journey of one mile and a quarter: the road lies through a fine champaign country, well watered with beautiful drains, and enamelled with flowers of all kinds; which might contribute to charm every sense, were it not that the odoriferous gales are often more impregnated with dust than perfume.

'As you enter Kentish Town, the eye is at once presented with the shops of artificers, such as venders of candles, small-coal, and hair-brooms; there are also several august buildings of red brick, with numberless sign-posts, or rather pillars, in a peculiar order of architecture: I send you a drawing of several, vide A. B. C. This pretty town probably borrows it's name from it's vicinity to the county of Kent; and indeed, it is not unnatural that it should, as there are only London and the adjacent villages that lie between them. Be this as it will, perceiving night approach, I made a hasty repast on roasted mutton and a certain dried fruit called potatoes, resolving to protract

my

any remarks upon my return: and this I would very willingly have done; but was prevented by a circumstance which, in truth, I had for some time foreseen;

for night coming on, it was impossible to take a proper survey of the country, as I was obliged to return home in the dark.' Adieu.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

AFTER a variety of disappointments, my wishes are at length fully satisfied. My son, so long expected, is arrived, at once by his presence banishing my anxiety, and opening a new scene of unexpected pleasure. His improvements in mind and person have far surpassed even the sanguine expectations of a father. I left him a boy, but he is returned a man: pleasing in his person, hardened by travel, and polished by adversity. His disappointment in love, however, had infused an air of melancholy into his conversation, which seemed at intervals to interrupt our mutual satisfaction. I expected that this could find a cure only from time; but Fortune, as if willing to load us with her favours, has in a moment repaid every uneasiness with rapture.

Two days after his arrival, the man in black, with his beautiful niece, came to congratulate us upon this pleasing occasion: but, guess our surprize, when my friend's lovely kinswoman was found to be the very captive my son had rescued from Persia, and who had been wrecked on the Wolga, and was carried by the Russian peasants to the port of Archangel. Were I to hold the pen of a novelist, I might be prolix in describing their feelings at so unexpected an interview; but you may conceive their joy without my assistance; words were unable to express their transports, then how can words describe it?

When two young persons are sincerely enamoured of each other, nothing can give me such pleasure as seeing them married: whether I know the parties or not, I am happy at thus binding one link more in the universal chain. Nature has, in some measure, formed me for a match-maker, and given me a soul to sympathize with every mode of human felicity. I instantly, therefore, consulted the man in black, whether we might not crown their mutual wishes by marriage: his soul seems formed of

similar materials with mine; he instantly gave his consent, and the next day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials.

All the acquaintances which I had made since my arrival, were present at this gay solemnity. The little beau was constituted master of the ceremonies; and his wife, Mrs. Tibbs, conducted the entertainment with proper decorum. The man in black, and the pawn-broker's widow, were very sprightly and tender upon this occasion. The widow was dressed up under the direction of Mrs. Tibbs; and as for her lover, his face was set off by the assistance of a pig-tail wig, which was lent by the little beau, to fit him for making love with proper formality. The whole company easily perceived that it would be a double wedding before all was over; and, indeed, my friend and the widow seemed to make no secret of their passion: he even called me aside, in order to know my candid opinion, whether I did not think him a little too old to be married. 'As for my own part,' continued he, 'I know I am going to play the fool; but all my friends will praise my wisdom, and produce me as the very pattern of discretion to others.'

At dinner, every thing seemed to run on with good-humour, harmony, and satisfaction. Every creature in company thought themselves pretty, and every jest was laughed at: the man in black sat next his mistress, helped her plate, chimed her glass, and jogging her knees and her elbow, he whispered something arch in her ear, on which she patted his cheek; never was antiquated passion so playful, so harmless, and amusing, as between this reverend couple.

The second course was now called for; and, among a variety of other dishes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. The Europeans, you know, carve as they eat; my friend, therefore, begged his mistress to help him to a part of

the turkey. The widow, pleased with an opportunity of showing her skill in carving, (an art upon which it seems she piqued herself) began to cut it up by first taking off the leg. 'Madam,' cries my friend, 'if I might be permitted to advise, I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more easily.'—'Sir,' replies the widow, 'give me leave to understand cutting up a fowl, I always begin with the leg.'—'Yes, Madam,' replies the lover; 'but if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing.'—'Sir,' interrupts the lady, 'when you have fowls of your own, begin with the wing if you please; but give me leave to take off the leg; I hope I am not to be taught at this time of day.'—'Madam,' interrupts he, 'we are never too old to be instructed.'—'Old, Sir!' interrupts the other, 'who is old, Sir? When I die of age, I know of some that will quake for fear: if the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourself.'—'Madam,' replied the man in black, 'I do not care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off; if you are for the leg first, why, you shall have the argument, even though it be as I say.'—'As for the matter of that,' cries the widow, 'I do not care a fig, whether you are for the leg off or on; and, friend, for the future keep your distance.'—'O,' replied the other, 'that is easily done, it is only removing

to the other end of the table; and so, Madam, your most obedient humble servant.'

Thus was this courtship of an age destroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this respectable couple that had been but just concluded. The smallest accidents disappoint the most important treaties: however, though it in some measure interrupted the general satisfaction, it no ways lessened the happiness of the youthful couple; and by the young lady's looks I could perceive she was not entirely displeased with this interruption.

In a few hours the whole transaction seemed entirely forgotten; and we have all since enjoyed those satisfactions which result from a consciousness of making each other happy. My son and his fair partner are fixed here for life; the man in black has given them up a small estate in the country, which, added to what I was able to bestow, will be capable of supplying all the real, but not the fictitious, demands of happiness. As for myself, the world being but one city to me, I do not much care in which of the streets I happen to reside: I shall therefore spend the remainder of my life in examining the manners of different countries, and have prevailed upon the man in black to be my companion. 'They must often change,' says Confucius, 'who would be constant in happiness or wisdom.' Adieu.

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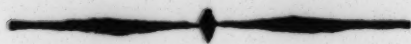
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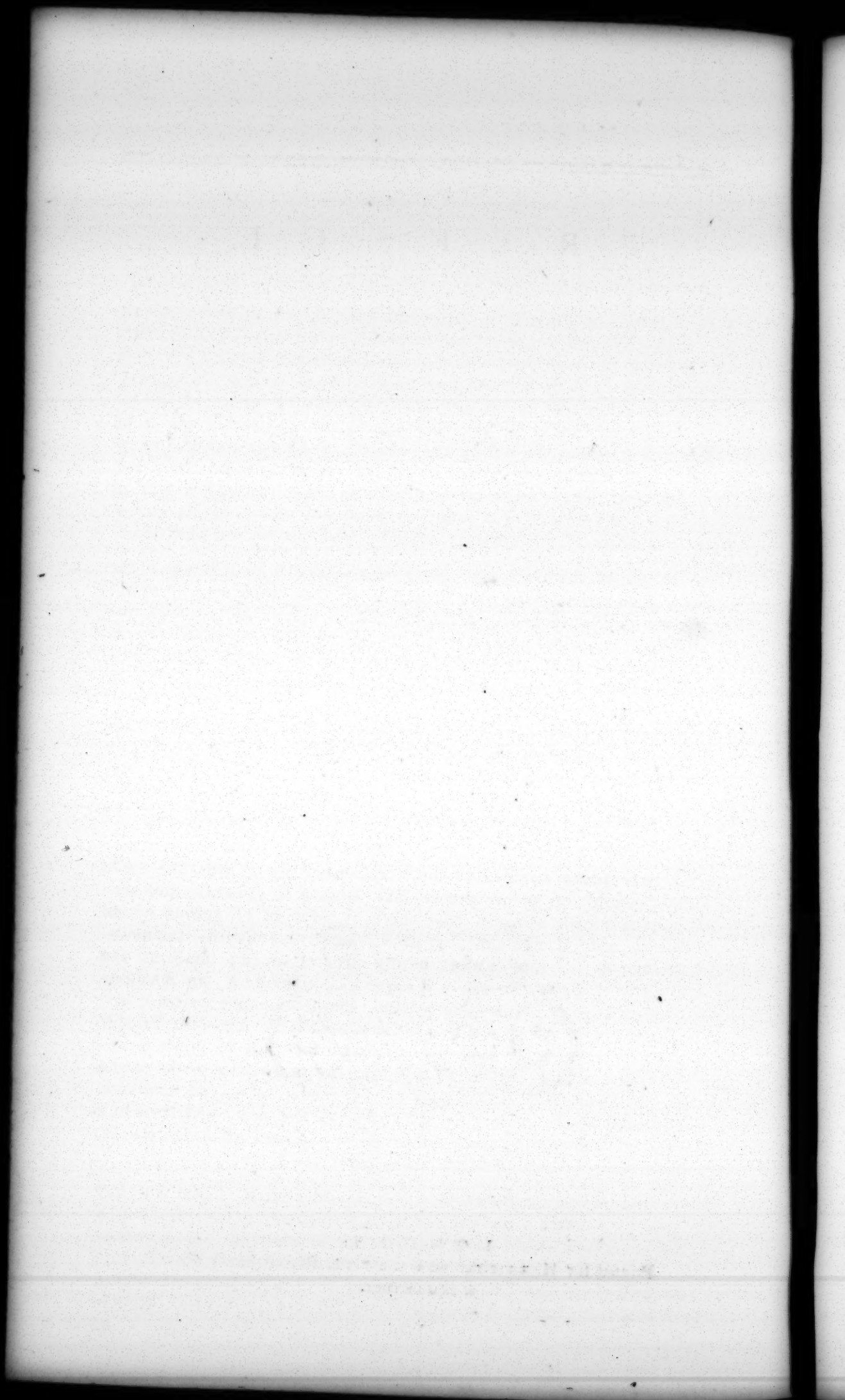
THE
B A B L E R.

BY HUGH KELLY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster Row.
M DCC LXXXVI.



P R E F A C E.

THERE is no subject in the world upon which an author speaks with a greater degree of latent pride, or a deeper air of outward humility, than his own productions.—He is perfectly sensible that they are trifles—yet he is bold enough to publish them—and while he seems to relinquish every title to the favourable opinion of the world, he returns his warmest thanks for past obligations, and indirectly tells us he has obtained it—thus the public are reduced to the agreeable alternative, either of acknowledging his merit, or reflecting upon their own judgment—and the consequence generally is, that through a fear of disparaging the credit of our taste, or perspicuity, we exalt him at once into a writer of consummate modesty, and uncommon abilities.

The author of the *BABLER*, however, wishes to steer between the extremes of an ostentatious parade, and an affected diffidence; he would by no means presumptuously place his pieces upon a forum with the essays of some cotemporaries, nor would he meanly sink them to the level of others—a first-rate reputation is no less beyond his hopes, than his deserts; yet, if in the scale of honourable comparison, he rises with no capital degree of merit, he is satisfied that he cannot be the lowest in the balance of contempt.—This declaration he is the more emboldened to make, as during the course of his publication, he constantly had the honour of being re-printed by the greatest number of his literary fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the public, and have been often happy enough to go through half a dozen editions, in half the number of days.

In the concluding number of these volumes, the author has made some observations on the nature of essay writing in general, and rendered it incontestibly evident, that there is no walk of genius which lies under so many difficulties; yet of all the various essayists, the newspaper drudge is the most unfortunately circumstanced; small as the boundaries of a *SPECTATOR*, a *RAMBLER*, a *WORLD*, an *ADVENTURER*, or a *CONNOISSEUR*, may seem, the newspaper writer is under a necessity of moving in a still more contracted circle—the Printer (who on these occasions is a very great man) does not so much consider the importance of a writer's subject, as the immediate profit of the partners; it is not the improvement of the reader which he consults, but the interest of the paper, or the topic of the day, and therefore often flints the essayist in room, to advertise a parcel of stolen goods, or to epitomize the trial of some remarkable murderer.

I remember when the *BABLER* was first undertaken, I sent an essay to the press, on which I had employed extraordinary pains; and which I warmly imagined would have procured me at least a fortnight's reputation—the subject of the essay was the absurdity of party distinctions; but unhappily, though I had endeavoured to contract myself within the most moderate limits, I had still exceeded the prudential bounds

of the Printer;—he accordingly brought me back the manuscript, and declared it could not possibly be inserted without undergoing some considerable amputations—It was in vain I argued with him on the importance of the subject, the spirit of the writing, and the credit it would certainly do his paper—the rogue was incorrigibly dull; and told me if I would have it in, I must strike a pen through the *King*, cut out Lord *Bute*, and burn the people of *England*—These conditions were too hard to be complied with—and I rather chose to leave my admirable essay out entirely, than mangle it to the taste of an unfeeling blockhead, who appeared so glaringly callous to the beauties of a masterly production.

Circumscribed thus unhappily in my limits, the reader of judgment will not be surprized at finding many subjects thrown frequently into little histories, which otherwise situated, I should have attempted to discuss on the methodical principles of a regular argument—As I had not room to enter into elaborate disquisitions, it was my business to give the reader a little entertainment; and my duty at least to amuse his fancy, since I was unable to improve his understanding.

The principal matter which the author thinks himself under a necessity of apologizing for, is the similarity which the reader will find in some of the subjects; this was a circumstance which, though the author was well aware it would expose him to the censure of the judicious, he could not conveniently avoid; as it was impossible to deliver himself fully on some points in a single paper, he was under a necessity of resuming such as were most material to be discussed: he flatters himself, however, that he will not be thought extremely reprehensible on this account, since those who are satisfied with the mere superficials of a subject, may easily escape the repetitions; while those who expect any information by proceeding, may as easily pardon the prolixity. Upon the whole, there is nothing in the volumes now offered to the public, for which the author could not urge some palliation; but his excuses, perhaps, by trespassing on the readers patience, at a time they cannot correct the minutest error in his performance, will themselves stand in need of an apology; he will therefore only add, that tenderness in criticism is the next virtue to generosity; and that he shall scarcely feel a greater share of gratitude for those, who kindly discover any little merit in the following Essays, than for those who benevolently overlook their numerous imperfections.



THE
B A B L E R.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Nº I. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

THERE is scarcely a little Essayist, now-a-days, who amuses the world under any particular title, but gives himself airs of the greatest consequence, and claims some degree of affinity with the *TATLER* and *SPECTATOR*: indeed, where the itch of reading is nearly equal to the *cacoethes scribendi*, a man has no great occasion to be possessed of either much genius or education to become a literary legislator, and set himself up as a regulator of the public; the most material article of all is, the choice of a tolerable title to attract the attention of the reader; and if this can be happily struck out, learning and abilities are not so much as secondary considerations.

In modern literature, a motto is a matter of no little consequence; and an author, in the present *anno domini*, can no more pretend to circulate his writings without a motto, than without the assistance of the daily and evening papers: many an industrious pedlar, in the small wares of letters, has got off an edition of his pamphlet, without any other recommendation than the name and motto; and alarmed the world with a very terrible title-page, when the contents were as innocent as water-gruel, and insipid as cold veal without either lemon or salt.

In this universal pursuit after titles, I do not esteem myself very unhappy in the choice of the *BABLER*: it is a character under which the generality of mankind are more or less distinguished, and which is indiscriminately applicable to all orders and situations; different people only differ in the manner, but they are always sure of agreeing in essentials; and the humble mechanic, who harangues for the good of his country over a solitary pint of porter, is in fact no more a *Babler*, than a personage of distinguished rank, who talks about the national importance with all the usual ease and insipidity of distinction and importance. In reality, the great business of mankind is *babbling*; for, if we place the principal happiness of society in conversation, a very little regard to any company we may happen to sit with, will convince us that the generality of our acquaintance are nothing more than *Bablers*; so very limited is the number which discourses, now-a-days, with any inclination to improve or entertain, that, I dare say, my readers will be surprised when I set down some of the most eminent names in the kingdom among the order of *Bablers*.

The word *Babler* being principally confined to verbal indiscretion and impertinence,

pertinence, I shall employ the remaining part of this essay in giving my readers such a particular description of the *Babler*, that they can never be at a loss in the application of the term when they meet with any of my relations.

Whenever a person seems extremely earnest to engross the conversation of the company, there can be no manner of doubt that he is a *Babler*.

Whenever a person is uncommonly liberal in the payment of unnecessary compliments, the most extensive degree of good-nature cannot avoid setting him down a *Babler*.

Whenever a man is fond of remembering tedious and unentertaining stories, and is apt to be put in mind of such and such a particular anecdote by some corresponding circumstance which may casually arise in conversation, that man is, by every manner of means, a *Babler*.

Whenever we see a man making an unnecessary parade of his education, and interlarding his discourse with technical terms, or sentences not clearly understood, in the language of Dogberry—
‘Set him down a—*Babler*.’

Whenever we find a man fond of repeating his own jokes, and desirous of telling the *good thing* he said to his

friend Jack such-a-one, at such a time—down with him—a *Babler*.

Whenever we see any person ready to circulate the laugh at the expence of decency and good manners, there is no occasion to hesitate in pronouncing him a *Babler*.

Whenever we meet with a man disposed to contradict, for no other reason but to shew the superiority of his own abilities—O! a *Babler*, a *Babler*! And,

When we hear him dispute upon a subject he is totally unacquainted with, who can deny but he is a most consummate *Babler*?

Having thus given the outlines of a *Babler*, any person, with a very indifferent pencil, may work up a striking likeness of the greatest number of his acquaintance: for my own part, like the rest of my brethren, I shall speak of men and things as I find myself prompted by humour or inclination; the only restriction I shall lay myself under, is ever to have decency and candour in view, and never entirely to lose sight of my little judgment and understanding. Upon these principles I hope to entertain the public; and, should I fail in the attempt, I must condole myself with a line of my friend Horace—

Magnis tamen exidit ausis.

Nº II. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

IN the variety of courses which the generality of mankind pursue for the attainment of happiness, it is not a little surprising that they should be shamefully inattentive in one of the most material points that can possibly insure it. The point I mean is, that union of the sexes which, properly concluded, is the foundation of felicity to individuals, and of security to the public. Nature has given every parent a power of directing the inclinations of their children, but allows of no unreasonable authority to force them; and such as have a sensible concern for the happiness of their offspring, should be particularly careful that a reciprocal passion subsisted between the parties before they consented to an inviolable union. The ill-directed tenderness of parental affection has often been productive of the most unhappy consequences; and many a father has made his children miserable

for life, by a mistaken solicitude for their welfare, and by making a provision for their happiness which was not in the least essential, and for which they had not, in all probability, any manner of occasion. I am led naturally to this subject by a paper now lying before me, the contents of which are here presented to the reader.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

The wretch who is sentenc'd to die,
May escape, and leave Justice behind;
From his country, perhaps, he may fly,
But, O!—Can he fly from his mind?

I Am the most miserable of men; and, notwithstanding it might be more prudent to conceal the cause of my affliction, I find an inclination to disclose it in this public manner too strongly to be

he resisted. I am a young fellow of five and twenty, Sir; neither deformed in my person, nor, I hope, unhappy in my temper: my fortune is easy, my education liberal; and, I suppose, I am as well calculated to pass in a crowd as the generality of my acquaintance.

About twelve months ago, Sir, I fell passionately in love with a young lady, whose beauty and merit entitled her to a rank much more exalted than what I could raise her to, though she was much my inferior in point of fortune. She was at that time courted by a young gentleman in the law; and matters had actually gone so far, that a day was appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials. All this I was very well informed of; yet, impetuously hurried by the violence of my passion, I disclosed it to the father. He was a man of the world—my circumstances were much better than his intended son-in-law's; and he paid a less attention to the happiness, than he shewed for the advancement of his daughter. Why should I take up your time, Mr. Babler? Maria's match with her former lover was immediately broke off; and the unhappy young lady, who never presumed to disobey her father's commands, was torn from the man of her heart, and married to one she could never love.

I was in hope, Mr. Babler, that a little time, and a tender behaviour on my side, as a man never loved more fondly than myself, would have utterly erased Mr. Bridgegrove from the bosom of my wife, and placed me in his stead. But, had I not been besotted with my love, I might have easily known, that a laudable impression upon the mind of a sensible woman is never to be eradicated: no, Mr. Babler, it is utterly impossible. When a young raw girl, indeed, entertains something like a regard for a man, without knowing the reason of her esteem, it is nothing but a struggle of desire; or, more properly speaking, the wheyness of inclination, which, in a little time, she laughs at herself, and, as she grows in understanding, easily skims off. But, where a woman of sense has placed her affections on a man of merit, the passion is never to be erased; the more she ponders on his worth, the more reason she has to love him; and she can never cease

to think of his perfections, till she is wholly divested of thought.

Unhappily for me, Mr. Babler, this was the case. Mr. Bridgegrove possessed the whole heart of Maria, and, in reality, deserved it: he is, perhaps, the most amiable of men, and, poor fellow, loves her to distraction. I have been now married, Mr. Babler, ten months, and have, I flatter myself, expressed every act of tenderness proper for the lover or the husband, but to no purpose. My wife behaves with the utmost complaisance, is uncommonly solicitous to please, but this conduct is the effect of her good sense, and not the consequence of her love. The little endearing intercourses between husband and wife, are *suffered*, not *enjoyed*; if I complain of her coldness, she assumes an air more gay, and affects to be pleased, though I see the starting tear just bursting from her eye, and know the grief that rankles at her heart. Nay, the more I caress, the more miserable she is made; and I see her generously lamenting that she cannot place her heart upon the man that possesses her hand, and is not utterly unworthy of her esteem. O! Mr. Babler, he must have no delicacy, no feeling, that can bear a circumstance like this unmoved. How am I frequently torn to madness with reflection, even when I have her fastened to my bosom, to think her whole soul is at that very moment running on another man. In her sleep she frequently throws one of her fine arms round my neck, and pronounces the name of Bridgegrove in a manner that distracts me. Our little boy, (for she is lately brought to-bed) instead of a blessing, is another source of anxiety to us both. I over-heard her, yesterday morning, weeping over the child, and crying—"My sweet boy, 'poor Bridgegrove should have been 'your father.' O! Mr. Babler, can any situation be so afflicting as mine?—I have made the most amiable of women for ever wretched, and torn a worthy young fellow from the mistress of his heart. I have brought all my sorrows on myself, with the distressful consideration of having no right to complain. I deserve to be miserable. The man who would meanly hope to be happy in marriage, by sacrificing the inclination of the woman he loves, and ungenerously loses every regard to her wishes, while he endeavours to gratify his own, has

no pretension to felicity. Had I never obtained the possession of Maria, I should not have been half so wretched as I am now: time, and another object, would, perhaps, have enabled me to bear her loss:—but, now master of her person, to find another in possession of her heart, and to know that there is one whom she holds considerably dearer than myself, are considerations absolutely insupportable. I cannot dwell any longer

on the subject: I shall therefore conclude with an advice to my own sex, never to marry a woman whose heart they know is engaged, nor to take a pitiful advantage of a father's authority, in opposition to her inclination. If she be a good woman, she can never forget her first choice, and if she be bad, will inevitably bring shame and scandal on the second. I am, Sir, &c.

Nº III. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

WHEN I first commenced Periodical Essayist, my fears presented a thousand difficulties to my imagination, in the process of my design. I dreamed of incessant application to pen and ink, and of continual visits from those very worthy gentlemen, who are honoured with the appellation of *Devils to the Press*: but my apprehensions were entirely groundless. I no sooner appeared in print, than a whole army of good natured persons instantly drew up in my favour; amongst the rest the wife of a city man of fashion, who writes to me after the following manner.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Am a haberdasher's wife, not very far from Cornhill; and though I never received any other education than what the English language could afford me, or made a greater progress in my studies than the Rule of Three Direct; yet I can spell tolerably enough, and, though I say it, 'know a sheep's head from a carrot,' as well as Hodge in the new opera.—But, Sir, to the business of my letter.

My husband and I, Sir, are a young couple just set up in business; and, you know, Mr. Babler, as such, ought to be extremely complaisant and respectful to our customers. In the way of trade, every body who lays out a penny with us, is to be considered as our superiors, at least while they stay in our shop:—but my husband, who, it seems, is wiser than I am, is quite of a contrary opinion. He never keeps his hat off a moment in the house, and behaves to every one as if he rather laid them under an obligation by the sale of his own com-

modities. If a lady steps in to buy a piece of ribband, or a hat, instead of shewing her a variety of things, that may fix her attention, or induce her to make an additional purchase, he talks to her about plays, and about operas: instead of saying—'These, Madam, are the best pair of gloves in the kingdom,' he cries out—'To be sure Mr. Garrick is the greatest actor in the world!' or—'To be sure Miss Brent is the finest singer in the universe.' There is no bearing of him, Mr. Babler: the fellow will prate a whole hour about Shakespeare, when he ought to be numbering up his threads; and run himself out of breath in encomiums on Otway, when he ought to be busy in the praise of his handkerchiefs.

But these are trifles, Mr. Babler, when compared to some other instances of his behaviour: why, Sir, he would not rise from dinner to serve the Lady Mayorefs. At dinner time, if he is told any person wants him about business:—'D—n it, do they think he'll get up from his dinner? Can they find no other time to come but when he is just sat down at table? Let them wait or call again, which ever they think proper.' Ah, Mr. Babler, people that are in trade should get up from breakfast, dinner, and supper, to attend the necessary duties of their profession. Those, who have no other dependence, should think themselves happy in being called to their business at dinner time, since it is by that means they are enabled to have any dinner at all. No later than Wednesday last, Sir, this attention to his stomach lost him a country order for a hundred pounds; and even the deputy of our ward was kept waiting yesterday above ten minutes in the shop, though

though he came to discharge a little account which was due for his wife and two daughters.

As I am resolved, now I have begun, Mr. Babler, to let you know all his faults, I must inform you he has lately bought a horse, and paid thirty guineas for this hopeful bargain: this horse he is to ride out every Sunday if the weather be fine, and he happens to have no engagement. 'Tis odds, Mr. Babler, that he does not find a ride convenient once a month, or that something does not prevent his excursion even at the end of that period: but, however, let us suppose that the weather and accidental engagements will permit him to go out one Sunday in four, the stabling and provender for his horse will at least amount to seven shillings a week; so that, every time he takes a ride out, horse hire will cost him eight and twenty shillings, (not to say any thing of the original purchase) and for half the money he might get a hackney coach for the whole day, to carry all his family. And here I cannot help reflecting, Mr. Babler, upon this injudicious practice of riding out every

Sunday, which seems so much in fashion among the generality of our polite citizens. If a tradesman buys a horse, and does not ride out every Sunday, his purchase becomes useless, and his money thrown away: if he does, he debars himself of every other enjoyment, and cuts himself off from the only opportunity he has of attending the public worship of God. He is lost to his family and friends one day in seven, and is an alien to his Creator on the most sacred of them all.

Pray, Mr. Babler, print this letter: your writings are much read in our neighbourhood; and my husband himself condescends to say you are a very sensible sort of a fellow. If you should have any opportunity, I beg you would speak something about the dress of tradesmen; for I have some reason to think my husband has actually bespoken a laced hat, and given the taylor directions to put vellum holes in his next suit of cloaths. Do oblige me, dear Mr. Babler; and I shall always acknowledge myself much your humble servant,

WINIFRED TAPELY.

N^o IV. SATURDAY, MARCH 5.

OF all the enemies to society, there is none which should be held in greater abhorrence than a man of gallantry professed; and yet, in this fashionable age, it is a character which the generality of our young fellows, and but too many of our old ones, are uncommonly solicitous to obtain. But the strongest invectives against this infamous disposition may not, perhaps, be half so serviceable as a little story, which a very worthy gentleman of my acquaintance favoured me with last night; for which reason I shall lay aside declaration, and proceed to my narrative.

Not many weeks ago, at the first reduction of our forces, among many other officers who were dismissed, a young lieutenant, one Mr. Franksam, received his discharge. As the income of this gentleman's commission, during his continuance in the army, could not suffer him to lay by any mighty matters for an emergency, his half-pay would have been but a slender subsistence, had not an old school-fellow of his, one Mr. Harold, a country gentleman, made

him a cordial offer of his house and table, till he should be fortunately provided for in some reputable employ. Mr. Harold was the most amiable of men; he had a handsome person, a fine understanding, an affluent fortune, and a benevolent heart: he had been but newly married to a young lady of whom he was passionately fond; and who, if wit and beauty were capable of constituting matrimonial felicity, could not fail of making him the most happy of men.

Mr. Franksam was one of those people who profess a Covent Garden sort of knowledge; and, like a maggot in a cheese, knew no part of the world but the rotten. His conversation was lively, but not improving; and he carried the appearance of much understanding, though, in reality, he had but little sense: his company, however, was entertaining enough; he talked of the polite diversions; told a story tolerably well; and sung with some voice, and much taste. As the flashiness of his conversation carried the appearance of

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wit,

wit, Mrs. Harold was not a little pleased with her new visitant; and Mr. Fransham, from the first moment he came into the house, had formed a design of rendering himself as agreeable as possible to her; and, without either being confined by the rules of friendship, or the principles of gratitude, he thought he could not be in reality a fine gentleman without endeavouring to alienate her affections from her husband. To dwell upon the circumstances is unnecessary; he left no art untried to gain his point; and, in an evil hour, too fatally succeeded.

Poor Mr. Harold, not in the least suspecting the nature of their intimacy, was really pleased at the countenance shewn to Mr. Fransham by his wife; every mark of complacency shewn to that gentleman, he looked upon as a particular instance of her affection for himself: but one evening, returning from a visit which he had paid alone to a gentleman in his neighbourhood, considerably sooner than he was expected, upon going up to Mrs. Harold's chamber, he found the door locked, and fancied he heard her voice and Mr. Fransham's in a very familiar sort of conversation. An instinctive kind of terror struck instantly to his heart: he knocked at the door; which not being immediately unlocked, he burst it open, and, just as he entered, saw his perfidious friend escape out of the window into the garden. Frantic at this sight, the violence of his passion prevented him from pursuing the infamous villain, by whom he had been so barbarously wronged: he gazed in a violent fit of horror for some time upon his wife, who sat trembling on the bed-side; then running to a case of pistols, which were kept generally in the bed-chamber, he snapped one of them at Mrs. Harold, and ran immediately after to find the partner of her crime; but Mr. Fransham, knowing Mr. Harold's temper too well to stay within his reach, made such good use of his time, that he was quite out of danger before the other began the pursuit.

Happily for Mrs. Harold, the pistol was not charged which was directed at her, though the fright threw her into a swoon; but recovering, and finding herself entirely safe, she thought it most prudent to retire to a friend's house for

a little time, till a reconciliation could be effected with her husband. Here she remained for about a month, and tried every means of obtaining his forgiveness, but to no purpose; and the following letter, which he wrote to her in his cooler moments, put a total stop to any future attempts of that nature.

BY what name shall I distinguish you? or how shall I be able to write to a woman with any degree of temper, whom I am born everlastingly to curse and detest? Can you, Maria, be mean enough to think of living with a man whom you have covered with disgrace, or bear the eternal memento which his presence must give you of your own! That I did love—But wherefore do I dwell upon a circumstance which I must endeavour to obliterate for ever? or mention the sincerity of my passion, when I think upon the reward it has met?

If I expect to be forgiven myself in the next world, Maria, you conjure me to pardon your offences in this. What a wretch must the man be who excuses a crime which the eye of all-acquitting Mercy cannot look upon without horror! If there are particular crimes which we are taught to believe Heaven itself will not pardon, can we suppose that there are not injuries which it is impossible for human nature ever to over-look?—Forgive you, Maria!—oh that I could! My anguish would not be of that poignant nature which it is, could the baseness of your conduct ever be forgot. See me!—No. Fly me as far as earth can part us; for should we once meet, I will not answer but that moment may be our last. As for the villain!—I cannot name him!—to the most distant corner of the world I'll pursue him; he shall be an eternity a dying; and yet if he feels half of what I suffer, hell itself cannot possibly afflict him more. Distraction chokes me, I cannot proceed. If adultery!—if the violation of the most solemn vows given in the immediate presence of the living God, is pardonable above—I will not pray for your perdition. But should you again urge my temper by an insolent application for my pity, in some bitter moment of my soul, perhaps, I may be provoked to supplicate that the Divine Goodness may be as far from you as the compassion of the wretched

FRANCIS HAROLD.

The

The sequel of the story is—Mrs. Harold, through shame and remorse, is pining at the house of a relation in the country, and supposed to be in a very declining situation. As for Fransham, he escaped over into France; but falling into a number of excesses, reduced himself to the necessity of the road; but being apprehended in his first robbery, will, in all probability, if he escapes death, be confined during life to the galleys. Mr. Harold is grown more composed, and all his friends are busied in keeping up his spirits, and with such

success, that it is hoped in a little time his tranquillity will be restored, especially as they all carefully avoid mentioning a single syllable of Mrs. Harold. We may conclude our little narrative with a few lines from Rowe's Fair Penitent—

By these examples are we taught to prove
What sad effects attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse mischance, will soon
divide
The wretched bridegroom from his guilty
bride.
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

Nº V. SATURDAY, MARCH 12.

IT was a common expression of the late Bolingbroke's, that if he was but an hour in the company of a stranger, and heard him speak but fifty words, he could tell the particular turn or bias of his temper. When I consider the general propensity of mankind to enhance the idea of their own characters, and reflect that there is a particular something in the opinion of every man which gives him an advantage over the rest of the world, I am inclined to believe that his lordship's declaration is not altogether so extraordinary as a person at first might possibly imagine it.

In people of understanding, the particular quality upon which they principally value themselves, is rather easier to be discovered than in those of ordinary capacities, because conversation taking a more liberal turn, furnishes a greater number of opportunities to draw it out. I was last night sitting with two or three friends, who are not a little esteemed in the literary world, when I immediately reflected upon Lord Bolingbroke's observation. One of them opened the discourse with a compliment to the abilities of Mr. Pope, and seemed intent to make that celebrated author the subject of conversation. Poetry he talked of as the first of all the sciences; and consequently hinted, that such as excelled in this were superior to the most eminent professors of any other. It is almost needless to tell, that my friend has himself published some pieces in this way of writing, which are universally admired; and that, while he was expatiating on the merit of Mr. Pope, he had a secret intention of reminding us of his own cha-

racter. This gentleman, though a very sensible man, carries his zeal for the poetical Muse a little too far: he looks upon every one with an eye of indifference who has not received some marks of that lady's favour; and very lately refused a woman of ten thousand pounds, who was passionately in love with him, for no other reason in life than because she left the room, about some domestic occurrence, while he was reading an imitation of one of Horace's odes, which he had written, it seems, that morning.

My poetical friend entertained us for some time; when a mathematical acquaintance turned the discourse upon Sir Isaac Newton: in a little time my good friend Dr. Nettletop beat Sir Isaac out of the field with Boerhaave; Mr. Longwind, the historian, however, quickly conquered Boerhaave with Rapin; and the wide field of history itself was not long after covered by Mr. Cholerick, the politician, with the triumphs of his immortal King of Prussia.

But if so great a fondness of shewing the particular qualification wherein we excel, though it be a meritorious one, is deserving of our censure, how much more to be condemned are those sort of people, who build their reputation upon trifles of the most ridiculous nature, and are constantly taking up the time of every company they are admitted into, with recitals of no consequence to themselves, and no entertainment to any body else. My cousin Jack Babler gives me great offence this way: Jack particularly piques himself upon a very small stomach, and an unconquerable aversion to a buttock of beef. Hence,

B 2 wherever

wherever he goes, we are always sure of a dissertation upon eating: the smallness of his appetite is a never-failing source of conversation; and I have known him to take up two hours and a half to convince a large company that he has not eat a pound of meat in a fortnight. If by a revolution in his habit of body my poor cousin should unfortunately get a good stomach, he must resign all pretension to merit, and banish himself from society for the want of common conversation.

But the most extraordinary character I ever knew, that was not absolutely vicious, is my friend Sir Harry Whimsey's. Sir Harry has understanding, and yet he only uses it to be a fool; he has a fortune capable of providing all the pleasures of life, and yet he is never happy till he is compleatly miserable. Sir Harry, if he happens to be indisposed, is a little easy in his mind; but if he be really ill, it is then he experiences the highest satisfaction; his friends are all summoned, and with an air of

the utmost consequence told of his melancholy situation; how the pain in his head has torn him to pieces, and how he has not had a wink of sleep for three nights. When he finds any concern expressed for his condition, his pride begins to swell, and the notion of his own importance increases, in proportion to the pity of his friends, and the danger of his disorder. He has been a man of very little merit, however, these three years; for, being naturally of a good constitution, and not much addicted to intemperance of any nature, he has unhappily escaped the smallest indisposition.

The knowledge of these foibles in other people is of no advantage to us, unless they teach us to correct whatever may be amiss of the same nature in ourselves: the best of us have our little absurdities; for which reason, when we laugh at the peculiarities of our acquaintance, we should by no means neglect an examination into our own.

Nº VI. SATURDAY, MARCH 19.

AT a time when the whole kingdom is running mad with political dissensions, it would be something hard if the Babler was not allowed to dwell upon the subject; but as he is very unlike the generality of his name-fakes, and dreads nothing so much as offending, he declares himself publicly a lover of truth, yet an advocate of no party, and sets up for the title of a good Englishman without being either a Whig or a Tory. Party distinctions are to him the most disgusting circumstances imaginable; and an intemperate zeal in the support of any faction, not only the most ridiculous commotion in society, but the most dangerous.

Sir Robert Walpole, who knew human nature as well as most people, has been very open and very honest upon this subject. I have a letter of his this moment before me, which has never yet appeared in print, and which will, I dare say, be no less a curiosity than an instruction to my readers. Sir Robert, I need not observe, had been for a long time the idol of the people, and was even committed to the Tower for too strenuous an assertion of their liberties. After

his interest had got the better of his patriotism, and that the fondness of fame had yielded to a passion for power, Sir Robert wrote the following letter to an intimate friend, who had reproached him for deserting the welfare of the public.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Received your last with much satisfaction, though it contained some little acrimony on my conduct, and easily discovered the greatness of your esteem, notwithstanding it was blended so frequently with reproof.

Indeed, my dear friend, whatever colour my change of principles may wear, or however it may be considered by the generality of people, I have done nothing which every other man in the world would not have done in my situation. The very best of us are fond of greatness and power in our hearts; and however we may seem to despise either, the contempt never lasts a moment longer than the incapacity to obtain them. The friendship of a king, the command of his revenues, an opportunity of promoting our friends, and triumphing over our enemies, let me tell you,

you, are considerations of no very trifling nature; and the man, in my opinion, must be something more or less than human, wherever they are resisted. As I have not vanity sufficient to pretend to the first, I have sense enough to avoid the imputation of the latter; and am content with being nothing more than mortal, provided there are no malicious endeavours to make me any thing less.

Popularity, my dear friend, is nothing more than a step-ladder for ambition to reach the summit of place and preferment. We all have our prices; and if it is asked why I continued so long in an opposition to the court, my answer is this, they did not come up to mine. There is scarcely a member whose price I do not know to a single sixpence, and whose very soul I could not almost purchase at the first offer. The reason former ministers have been deceived in this matter is evident; they never considered the tempers of the people they had to deal with. I have known ministers so weak as to offer an avaricious rascal a star and garter; and to think of bribing a profuse young rogue, who set no value upon money, with a lucrative employment. I pursue methods as opposite as the poles, and consequently my administration must be attended with very different effects.

The people of England are, in general, a set of hot-headed fools, a parcel of sensible coxcombs, who, though perfectly able to examine the bottom of things, never judge farther than the surface. They know their rights and privileges inviolably safe, and yet they are never easy unless they think them in danger. It is no way difficult, therefore, for an aspiring commoner to take an advantage of this disposition, and to convert their ignorant solicitude for the public emolument entirely to the promotion of his own. A staunch opposition on two or three questions, right or wrong, to the court, gets him a name; half a dozen impudent unmeaning speeches, the admiration; and a treasonable pamphlet, the very souls of the people. Patriotic barbers toast him

in ale-houses, public-spirited shoemakers harangue for him in the streets, and free-born chairmen and house-breakers sing forth his praises in every night-cellar within the bills of mortality. To quiet the minds of the mob, he gets a place. His own interest then obliges him to join the measures of the court. Upon this, the golden idol turns instantly to a calf, and leaves the field of preferment to somebody else, who is next to share the admiration, and, in due time, the curses of the vulgar. I remember I never thought my point completely carried till they clapped me in the Tower. I looked upon myself then as a made man, and the event fully justified the warmth of my expectations. In reality, I know no better friends to the constitution of this country, was it any way in danger, than this set of imaginary patriots: they struggle very heartily while they are at it, and the moment they are bought off, their preferment inspires others with a view of following their example, in order by the same means to attain the same ends; and thus we always find a succession of zealous patriots, who constantly advance the good of their country, by being so very strenuous about their own. But, to drop this subject, know, my dear friend, that the constitution of this country is so critically founded, that whatever affects the privileges of the people will, in a little time, endanger the prerogative of the crown: there is no separate interest for either to consult; and, in such a case, no man of sense will dream that the court can have the least notion of encroaching on the liberties of the subject.

You see, my dear friend, how freely I deal with myself; but, with me, patriotism goes for nothing. There is not this moment one patriot in the house; nor, indeed, is there the least necessity that there should. Do not deprive me of your good opinion for my candour, but go on to esteem me, and be assured I shall ever remain your most faithful friend,

R. WALPOLE.

N^o VII. SATURDAY, MARCH 26.

THE subject of my correspondent's letter in a former number, has procured me a very sensible complaint from an honest buckle-maker near Cornhill; and as it may serve by way of supplement, I think it most proper not to postpone the publication of it.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THE remarks which were made upon the dress of tradesmen, especially those of the younger sort, in your paper, from a correspondent I cannot help admiring very much; and the more so, as they come home to an instance in my own family, which has for a long time given me no little uneasiness.

You must know, Mr. Babler, that I am a plain pains-taking man, and neither more or less than a buckle-maker, near Cornhill: I have kept shop these twenty years, and brought up my family, consisting of a wife, one son, and a daughter, decently enough, though I say it myself; and, may be, have saved a trifle or so in my business; but that does not signify.

As every thing I have has been made by a close application to trade, I do not chuse appearing grander, Mr. Babler, than what becomes a person of my station; so that I confine myself to a suit or two of modest cloaths, and never put on my largest wig or my best ruffled shirt but of a Sunday. My wife, however, who had been formerly a lady's maid in the city, has higher notions; and as I do not chuse to quarrel with her, indulges herself in the gratification of them to as ridiculous a degree as my circumstances can allow. She would not come into the shop for the world without a sack or a French night-cap; and is sometimes so loaded with powder and pomatum, that the very smell is enough to take away the breath of my customers. I am never suffered to walk with her of a *working* day, because I am not sufficiently fine; nay, I am to esteem it as no trifling favour, if I am permitted to accompany her to the White Conduit House, or Islington fields, of a Sunday. You may be sure, Mr. Bab-

ler, that so hopeful an example has not escaped my children without imitation. My daughter, who is about nineteen, will put up with no less an appellation than a *young lady*; and my son, of course, thinks himself equally justified in supporting the title of a *young gentleman*: he quarrelled with my eldest apprentice the other morning for calling him by the familiar name of *Andrew*; and my daughter insisted upon turning away our last maid, because, in speaking of her to a third person, she did not say *Miss Dolly*. My wife's foolish indulgence is a still greater means of spoiling them. My daughter is always dressed out in a manner that renders her above doing any necessary article in the oeconomy of a house, and superior to the condescension of serving in the shop. If a customer comes in, instead of asking what he wants, she orders the boy to call *his master*; for she would not stoop to send for *her father* to haggle about a twelve-penny knife, or a two-shilling pair of buckles. If she sits behind the counter, it is with a look of dignity and importance; and, to every new comer-in, puts on a new air, in order to enhance the idea of her consequence. My wife has lately bought her a pair of stone shoe-buckles; and I am hourly teased to death about purchasing her a metal watch. My son, Mr. Babler, is not a whit less affected than my daughter. I cannot see in what respect he is any way my superior; and yet, through his mother's means, he appears in a manner I never durst assume without being laughed at by all my acquaintance. He has his ruffled shirt on every day, and clean white stockings; has actually got a silk waistcoat with vellum button-holes, and a gold-laced hat, for Sundays. Is there any bearing this, Mr. Babler? But this is not the worst of it: as he improves in dress, the more he decreases in his manners; and the better he is supplied with the articles of finery, the less respectful he grows to those who provide him with the means. Lord, Sir! he considers me in no better light than a sort of an upper servant, who is obliged to consult the gratification of his pleasures, and to humour every turn
and

and whim of his inclination. He scarce ever takes his hat off before me; and is so far from thinking that there is any thing out of character in his dress, that he is always exclaiming against the poverty of mine. In this he is supported both by his mother and his sister, the former always declaring I shame them with my nasty way of appearing, and my dutiful daughter wondering how her papa can dress in so shabby and pitiful

a manner. We are talked of all over the neighbourhood, Mr. Babler; and I am for ever rated at the Blue Posts for submitting to my wife's dominion in my family. Print this, pray do; shame may produce better effects than reason; and if it but makes my wife concerned at her behaviour, I shall possibly have every right to call myself yours,

ANDREW ANCHOR.

Nº VIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 2.

TO THE BABLER.

STR,

MINISTERIAL advocates having, in the present political dispute, taken a number of liberties themselves, which they utterly condemn in other people; and exclaimed with uncommon energy against invective, at a time they were dealing out the most virulent abuse; I shall, for the entertainment of your readers, Mr. Babler, give a sort of *Political Dictionary*, in which their principal terms shall be explained, and in which I shall religiously confine myself to the ideas they always annex to each particular epithet, as it occurs in the course of their writings or conversation.

Disaffection to the king.] Whatever points out the grievances of the people, and endeavours to remove a weak or wicked minister.

A sower of sedition.] One who tells honest truths, and is above the reach of ministerial influence and corruption.

The licentiousness of the press.] The candid method of representing the sufferings of the kingdom, and the speediest means of having them redressed.

The mob.] The Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton, Portland, and Newcastle; the Marquis of Rockingham; the Earls Temple, Hardwick, Besborough, Ashburnham, &c. &c. the Lords Dudley, Monson, Sondes, &c. &c. Mr. William Pitt, Mr. James Grenville, Sir George Savile, Mr. Beckford, &c. &c.

An upright minister.] Lord Bute.

A man of superior excellence and virtue.] Ditto.

The firmest friend of the sovereign.] Ditto.

The truest lover of his country.] Ditto.

An advantageous peace.] Unnecessary concessions to our enemies, and putting them again in a capacity of cutting our throats.

An honourable peace.] Submitting to the demands of an enemy we had conquered; and resigning, without indemnification, what we had purchased with a profusion of treasure and blood.

A good subject.] A man with a bare backside, and a lover of the itch.

Prudence and œconomy.] An increase of taxes at the conclusion of an expensive war; and a lavishing that treasure upon profligate favourites, which should be applied to discharge the public debts of the kingdom.

The faith of the nation.] A desertion of the King of Prussia, our ally, at a time that France had made stipulations in favour of his most immediate enemies.

The encouragement of genius.] A provision for Hume, Home, Mallock, and other Scotch writers, who had drawn their pens in favour of a Scotch minister.

Subversion of the constitution.] To prevent the machinations of tyranny and despotism, and to maintain the purity of the laws and the liberty of the subject.

œconomy.] A pitiful manner of furnishing the royal kitchen, and a profuse method of expending the money of the kingdom.

Contempt of the opposition.] A silence when uncontrovertible facts are advanced, and a prosecution where any thing is uttered contrary to the chicanery of the laws, however just it may be in reason.

Ministerial

Ministerial moderation.] A discharge of every person put into office during the administration of the Duke of Newcastle, or Mr. Pitt, not even excepting a fifty pound salary.

Laws agreeable to the constitution.] Acts which are passed by ministerial influence, and have an immediate tendency to encroach upon the freedom and property of the subject.

The sense of the kingdom.] The dictates of an arbitrary and all-grasping minister, and the despicable arguments of his mercenary advocates.

Liberty and property.] A forcible entry of our houses by messengers at midnight, and an imprisonment of our persons without either information or evidence.

The good of the public.] A destructive excise-bill, and an arbitrary manner of levying taxes, without any shadow of pretence, or colour of necessity.

A bloody and expensive war.] The exercise of a just revenge upon our enemies, and the reduction of settlements which would amply reimburse our expence, if we had but spirits or understanding to have kept them.

Prudence and humanity.] A mean submission to the offers of an enemy reduced; and a pitiful apprehension of a reverse of fortune, when that enemy, so far from being in a condition of attacking us, was utterly incapable of defending himself.

Justice and impartiality.] A captain's commission to a child of not ten years old, while many who had ventured their lives in the service of their country were perishing for bread.

Reward of merit.] Places and pensions to such as had scandalously sold the interest of their country, and supported the tyranny of a presumptuous minister.

Scandal and detraction.] A regard for the name of Englishman, and an aversion to the itch.

Arrogance and presumption.] The smallest dissent from the opinion of an insolent Scot, and a refusal of that implicit submission to an over-bearing minister, which was never expected nor desired by his master.

Aversion to popularity.] An affected contempt in a minister for a people, by whom he was conscious of being justly and generally despised.

A regard for the dignity of the Crown.] A poor pretence for practising the most detestable means to trample on the liberties of the people.

Ministerial resignation.] A fallacious method of escaping from the hatred of the public, and an artful contrivance in a favourite to make others responsible for measures which are guided by himself.

A man above avarice.] One who affects a total disregard for money; but, however, procures the most lucrative places for himself, and raises his beggarly relations over the heads of the deserving to the first offices of the kingdom.

A man of the utmost wisdom and virtue.] A minister who embroils a whole kingdom in dangerous dissensions, and treads upon that people who taught him the difference between penury and affluence; the distinction between opulence the most splendid, and indigence the most extreme.

Decency and candour.] A submission to the arrogant commands of a haughty, and an approbation of the destructive measures of a worthless, favourite.

An enemy to his country.] Any person in the least solicitous to preserve it from destruction.

Nº IX. SATURDAY, APRIL 9.

I Do not know any thing in the present age which has done such essential disservice to the cause of virtue and morality as the ridiculous affectation of wit, which prevails in almost every order of the people. Under a pretension to this quality, the most blamable levities become universally admired; and, what is much worse, the most dan-

gerous of all our vices are set up as a standard for public imitation. To destroy the tranquillity of a deserving friend by some occasional stroke of impertinence, is, now-a-days, sufficient foundation for the character of a wit; and we frequently reckon that person as possessed of extraordinary abilities, who bids defiance to the mandates of his God.

There

There is one great unhappiness attending this propensity to fashionable wit; which is, that men of the best sense very often think themselves obliged to give in to the general opinion of their acquaintance; and, in order to merit the esteem of the world, submit to the very errors which their own understanding must naturally lead them to condemn. Among the number of my own friends who are unhappily victims to the world in this respect, I cannot, without the utmost concern, reflect upon poor Ned Frailby.

When Ned came from the university, which was at the age of nineteen, he had a doating old grandmother, who supplied him plentifully with money, and by whose fondness he was enabled to indulge all the luxurious depravities incident to his years. Upon his first coming to town, he was introduced as a hopeful young fellow at a society of wits, who frequented a fashionable coffee-house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. Unacquainted with the world, their manners were perfectly new to our young adventurer; and it was not without infinite pain he heard obscenity and execration form the principal part of the first night's discourse. Notwithstanding this, there was a something in the company which produced an involuntary attachment; and he was overheard whispering to the friend who introduced him, that it was a pity such and such gentlemen were not less immoral, for he looked upon them as excessively agreeable.

There is, in the human mind, a natural promptitude of imitating manners wherever we happen to like a man. This was poor Ned's case; in less than a week an oath was not altogether so shocking; and it was rather too reserved for a young fellow to banish an innocent freedom in talking of women, that suited with his years and constitution. There is no necessity for circumstantial particularities; suffice it, that Ned, before the month was over, grew passionately fond of the character of a *wit*; and shewed, that in purchasing so honourable an appellation, he was utterly regardless of the means.

The first stroke of wit that procured him any reputation, was the overturning of his grandmother's coach in a little excursion to Richmond, where he insisted on mounting the coach-box, and

commencing driver. Our Phaeton, unable to manage the horses, drove against a mile-stone, upon which the carriage instantly gave a violent jerk, and pitched him headlong into a cucumber-bed on the road-side, where he was miserably cut with the glasses: the good old lady had her arm broke by the accident; and, what with the acuteness of the pain, and her terrors for her Neddy, a fever ensued, which carried her off in a fortnight. When he was able to come abroad, his next fall of wit was upon an unfortunate waiter, whose eye he knocked out with the head of a tobacco-pipe: this cost him two hundred pounds to suppress a prosecution, exclusive of a twenty pound annuity during the life of the sufferer. A duel with a Highland officer, for some reflections on brimstone, was his next exploit; after which he successively bred four riots at the playhouse, and carried off seven milliners apprentices within the purlieus of Covent Garden. It is remarkable, that when our modern men of wit endeavour at a character, they generally employ themselves in proving their spirit; and the moment they arrive at the pitch of *doing* what they think proper, the itch of heroism naturally disappears, and they content themselves with *saying* what they please. This is exactly Ned's case; finding the reputation of his courage sufficiently established, he rests satisfied with disturbing every conversation he overhears, and has humility enough to be no more than very impertinent whenever he engages in an argument. At the playhouse I have heard him affect a horse-laugh in the most distressing passage of a tragedy; and at a concert I never knew him pleased with the performers till he had put them entirely out. Fatigued with this insipid round, his wit has taken a different turn; religion, and it's members, are now the objects of his ridicule; and possibly, from some passages in his life, having reason to fear that there is another world after this, he always endeavours to convince his acquaintance that there is not. Unhappy Ned Frailby, setting out a fashionable wit, he has sunk into a real infidel; and, to gain the admiration of a blockhead he should despise, has forfeited the favour of his God. The people who wish him best can only pity him; but where he is not personally known, he is looked upon

as what he is: yet Ned has a thousand good qualities; his ear is never turned from the complaint of sorrow, nor his bounty withheld from the tear of distress: he is the best of masters, the kindest of landlords, and the warmest of friends. He has a fine fancy, a sound understanding, and a benevolent heart; but a passion for admiration has undone him, and he is an amiable reprobate at best.

To such a picture there needs no

comment: let any man of wit clap his hand upon his heart, and examine if he has not all of Ned's bad qualities; and then let him try how far they are extenuated by the good. If, upon examination, he should appear to have a great deal of the first, and very little of the latter, he is really a very wretched being; and we may very fairly cry out, with the poet—

Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

Nº X. SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

THE following letter, which has been communicated by a personage of the first distinction, having something in it so applicable to the present times, we fancy our readers will, for that reason, readily accept it for the entertainment of the day, were they even to pay no regard to the extraordinary merit and uncommon reputation of the author.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM DEAN SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

(NEVER BEFORE MADE PUBLIC.)

DEAR POPE,

I Am wonderfully pleased with the publication of your *Ethic Epistles*, not only on account of their poetical and moral excellence, but on account of that hearty aversion to Ministers and Courts, which breathes through several of the passages: perhaps I am the more taken with your sentiments on this head, because they are a sufficient authority for some opinions advanced by myself; and, you know, we are always certain of allowing other people's notions to be of weight and importance when they bear any conformity to our own.

I do not know how it is, but I never liked a Minister in all my days. Our friends Oxford and Bolingbroke I had a sincere value for in their private stations; but in their public capacities I looked upon them both (and you know I have said it to their faces) as little better than a couple of r—ls. This regard to their abstracted merit as individuals, has frequently led me to support tenets diametrically opposite to my

principles; and I have often engaged as a champion for the conduct of the ministers, because I had a cordial affection for the integrity of the men. There is such an honest openness in Harley, and so apparent an ingenuousness in St. John, that I am attached to their interest in spite of my teeth, and left, while I labour to rescue them from the name of scoundrels in their offices, to sink under the weight of the damn'd appellation myself.

In fact, Pope, I believe it impossible for any minister to be an honest man. There are fifty thousand trap-doors, from the very nature of his office, in which it is next to impossible but his integrity must tumble. One right honourable r—l or other has eternally some strumpet to provide for, or some cuckold to recommend, in preference to the claims of real worth, and the pretensions of the truly deserving; not to mention any thing of a minister's own friends, his implements and dependants, who all naturally expect to be provided for in course. Thus situated, a man at the head of affairs is obliged very frequently to overlook the solicitations of services and merit, as I have this moment observed, and exposes himself to the resentment of many disappointed levee-danglers, from an utter impossibility to provide for all. Hence a number of enemies are certain of attacking him at every quarter; and, as the battery in some places may be justly enough levelled, the report must be heard without end.

But as wealth and power are always sure of finding advocates, we never see a minister without a number of literary mercenaries employed in his defence, to
refute

refute the arguments of malice, or to evade the accusations of truth; to knock on the head with the hammer of plump contradiction, or to puzzle by a fallacious representation of facts. These worthy gentlemen, did they really consider the true interest of the minister, would never endeavour at any thing like a fair dispute. A round lye ought to be given to every assertion prejudicial to his reputation; and this would produce such a number of replies, that the public would soon give up the discussion of a point which saddled them with a heavy expence. A swarm of pamphlets the lower orders have not the ability to purchase, and the higher have not the leisure to read: hence a debate that occasions a number of publications must insensibly die away, and the principal sufferer be the unfortunate bookseller; for seldom, very seldom, has the proprietaryship of a six-penny touch fallen to the share of *any regularly-bred* author.

People may talk what they will of the infringement which ministerial artificers have made upon the liberty of the subject, but in my opinion the Stamp Office is the most dangerous; the duty laid there upon all publications, is a flagrant attack upon the liberty of the press; and by choaking up the only channel which the public have of setting forth their grievances, cuts off the most probable means of having them redressed: it is, in fact, the most masterly stroke of ministerial cunning which I can remember; for let a secretary be never so bad a man, one half of his villainy passes the notice of the world, because few people are willing to buy a knowledge of it at an exorbitant price.

The general plea which is used by ministerial advocates, and a plea which

I myself have used with success, is, that an attack upon the minister is an affront upon the crown; and that there is no accusation laid at the door of a secretary, that is not an indirect reflection upon the king. This is a pleasant way of reasoning, to be sure; for, by the express declaration of our laws, an English prince is a piece of royal infallibility, incapable of doing wrong: as this position is universally admitted, it must consequently follow, that let us spatter as we please, not a bit of dirt can stick upon the monarch; or even if it could, would the monarch be an honest or a sensible man, to be offended, if it was apparently evident he was in the wrong? Duty and reverence is all stuff, Pope; the prince who is offended at censure, ought never to furnish a cause for it; and the king who would exact the obedience, ought to deserve the affection, of his people. This is the voice of reason; and the prince who is above listening to it, may possibly be feared; but I'll stake my salvation that he never can be loved.

The position that a king can do no wrong, Pope, must either tax the English nation with great injustice, or great inconsistency. If a king can do no wrong, why was King James the Second banished? And if a king can do wrong, why the plague are we constantly affirming that he *cannot*? Either way we stand self-condemned: in the first place, we must be very wicked men, if the position holds; and very foolish ones in the second, if it does not. But inconsistency is our prevailing characteristic; and if we are not set down as a nation of scoundrels, we must think ourselves pretty easy under the appellation of fools. I am, dear Pope, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Nº XI. SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

AMONG the variety of correspondents who favour me with their pieces, a humorous gentleman has sent me the following little narrative, by way of Essay on Happiness, which I shall make no apology for laying before my readers.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I AM going to advance a position which the whole world has been intimate with, since it's first creation; yet, what is not a little odd, a position that one half of our modern authors think

as necessary to discuss, three or four times a week, as if we were under the greatest doubt of its truth, or utterly unacquainted with its rectitude. This position, Sir, is neither more nor less than the imperfection of all human enjoyments, and the just disregard which should be shewn to every possession of this life, by such as have a proper solicitude for the happiness of the next.

I am an old fellow, Master Babler, very near sixty-five; and when I look back upon the various occurrences of life, and recollect the objects which principally attracted my attention from the cradle to the present hour, I cannot help crying out with the poet—

A phantom of pleasure, like happiness drest,
From the cradle we're taught to pursue;
Yet our hope is but vanity, take it at best,
And our wisdom but vanity too.

When I was about ten years of age, Sir, the *jumum bonum* of all worldly felicity was a holiday from school, and a pennyworth of marbles. How have I envied a chimney-sweeper's apprentice basking in the sun, in all the amplitude of idleness and rags, when I considered him as unrestrained by the tyranny of some surly pedagogue, or enabled to cry, 'Fair up,' at a game of *flap*. As I grew up, Sir, my attention was imperceptibly engaged to amusements, rather more manly, but, however, less innocent. Many a good time have I been diverted by fastening a rope across our street in a dark night, to tumble unsuspecting passengers in the dirt; and many a cat have I tied to the knocker of a street-door, to throw the first servant wench into fits, by whom it might be occasionally opened: the more mischief on these pretty little frolicks, the better amusement; and I remember never to have received so much real satisfaction, as being the cause in one night of an old woman's eye being scratched half out, and a man's breaking his leg.

At seventeen, however, I began to look on amusements of this nature with an eye of disgust; my time was now wholly taken up with an attendance upon every little girl in our neighbourhood; and between that age and twenty-five I had the happiness of ruining nineteen. You can by no means conceive the transports I felt, Mr. Babler, to survey so many victims to my per-

sonal merit and address: often has my heart exulted at the tears of some poor deluded innocent, my satisfaction being always good-naturedly proportioned to the distress which I caused; and once I looked upon myself as the happiest of all human beings, three young ladies with whom I had been particular, being fortunately discarded on that account by their friends, and turned out of doors.

At thirty, Sir, I was married to a woman whose person was far from being agreeable, but whose fortune had too many charms to be withstood. My ambition now was directed to the purchase of a fine stud of cattle, and a magnificent country-house. My wishes were gratified; but in less than three months I sold off the one, and seldom put my foot into the other, unless some very extraordinary circumstance indeed made my appearance absolutely necessary on the spot.

The mutability of my pleasures still continuing, Sir, I was successively fond of the reputation of a hard drinker, the character of a desperate rider, the fame of a good marksman, the glory of a billiard player, and once was miserable a whole twelve-month on account of losing a rubber at Dutch Pins. I have eat a raw beef-steak out of pride, whistled for a wager, with a very honest butcher in Newgate Market, and thought it a piece of heroism to be locked up all night with the remains of a murderer, dissected by the surgeons. In short, Sir, there is scarcely a fashionable article of reputation that I have not acquired; but the hey-day of the spirits being long since over, and reason beginning to reflect upon pursuits which nature is no longer able to continue, I look upon every former object of my admiration with a real concern, and an insuperable contempt: and yet, Sir, at this age I have my enjoyments, which I cannot help pursuing with an avidity truly ridiculous. I pique myself not a little on smoking half a dozen pipes of an evening; and have lately contended for the honour of being the best politician at our club, in a long argument with Doctor Dozely the parson about *Magna Charta*, and the natural rights of a free-born Englishman. Yet, Sir, is all this blaze of reputation worth living for? I blush to be diverted by such trifles, but can by no means throw them off.

off. I am, in short, a convincing proof, Sir, of Solomon's sensible observation—
 'that all is vanity and vexation of
 spirit;' being perfectly sensible that
 no happiness, or enjoyment of this life,

can be at all equal to conscious satisfaction of preparing for the unutterable transports of the next.

I am, Sir,

THOMAS GIDDY.

N^o XII. SATURDAY, APRIL 30.

UNIVERSAL soever as the spirit of amour may be, and great soever as the countenance may be which it receives from the polite world, there is no one source from which such a number of calamities are produced, nor any one spring which pours in such a variety of misfortunes upon society. Unhappily, in this gay age, the depravity of manners has arisen to so enormous a degree, that it is in some measure necessary for a young fellow to give into the fashionable follies, and practise vices to which he has a real abhorrence, if he would establish the character of a man of taste, or shew himself tolerably well acquainted with the world.

In the prosecution of modern amour, more than in any other vice, there are allurements which very few think themselves capable of resisting, or even chuse to resist, if they could. A man finds his vanity tickled, as well as his inclination gratified, in the seduction of unwary innocence; and, abstracted from the transport resulting from possession itself, the generality of our sex think, with an infinity of satisfaction, upon their own accomplishments, and suppose they must be possessed of some extraordinary qualifications, when a woman shews her sensibility of them at no less a price than her everlasting disgrace.

The same vanity which impels the one sex to a pursuit of unwarrantable amour, is the very reason why the other is so seldom offended, when they even know that a man's design is repugnant to honour and virtue. The pleasure arising from the adoration paid to a pretty face, casts a veil over the infamous intention of him who offers it; and the generality of women are content to be addressed upon the footing of strumpets, provided the offence which is offered to the purity of their hearts is mingled with a well-turned compliment to the beauty of their persons. Hence, actuated by vanity, and perhaps rendered

weak from constitution, the amiable idiot of the softer sex is immediately undone, and the remorseless libertine of ours feels no compunction in the ruin of her character, since the monstrous depravity of general opinion induces him to consider it as an enhancement of his own. Nay, this vanity on the side of the ladies has sometimes been so unaccountably absurd, that two sisters have quarrelled about the addresses of an agreeable spoiler; and contended, with an inflexible sedulity, for the honour of sacrificing their peace of mind in this world, and endangering their everlasting happiness in the next.

Independent of the lamentable consequences in point of character, which on the woman's part most commonly attend a deviation from virtue, the effects which such a deviation has upon her spirits is generally fatal. There is a softness in the female mind, so very susceptible of tender impressions, that it is next to impossible the idea of a favoured lover should ever be erased; and as it is equally impossible that the libertine professed can confine himself to any single attachment, the woman must necessarily be wretched when she knows that those vows and protestations are indiscriminately paid to the whole sex, which she once vainly imagined were engrossed by herself. Besides this, there is an ingrateful sort of indolence in the temper of the man, which renders him indifferent in proportion to the study taken to please him; and a spaniel-like kind of fondness in the disposition of the woman, which increases her tenderness in proportion as she experiences his indifference or abuse. I seldom or never heard of a man who behaved commonly civil to a woman who had granted him all she could grant, nor knew a woman once forget a man by whom she was destroyed. I have an elegy before me, in which a lady, ruined and forsaken, paints the general situation of the sex in such

such circumstances, with no little sensibility; and as the performance has much merit, I shall make no excuse for transcribing a stanza or two, and submitting them to the judgment of my readers.

O That no Virgin would incline an ear
To wild professions from inconstant youth,

But nobly scorn a sentiment to hear,
That seems to laugh at innocence and truth.

For if no just displeasure she reveals,
Time will convince her, dearly to her cost,
That step by step the sweet delusion steals,
Till Fame and Honour are for ever lost.

The female mind may bid it's terrors cease,
Who never made her softer feelings known,
Nor fear a thought destructive to her peace,
While Prudence tells her to conceal her own.

But if, alas! in some unguarded hour,
From this advice she madly should depart,
She gives her lover an unbounded pow'r
To wound her honour, and to break her heart.

In vain the fair, to such a crisis drove,
In sense or soul superior will confide;
For when has reason triumph'd over love,
Or inclination been subdu'd by pride?

Say, Heav'n! to whom my pray'r is now address'd,
Why are we subject to so hard a fate,
That, tho' the easy fondness of our breast
Be still abus'd, we never wish to hate?

For ev'n this moment, when my grief has stole
The aching tribute of a falling tear,
I feel a foolish something round my soul
Declare the soft betrayer is too dear.

Alas! the anguish I am doom'd to prove,
From real passion only can begin;
For this sad drop proceeds from slighted love;
And pardon, Heav'n, no sorrow for the sin.

But, O ye powers! remove each softer trace
That calls his faithless image to my eyes;
For as I know him infamous and base,
It is but just I hate him and despise!

I shall conclude this paper with a letter sent by a young fellow of my acquaintance, lately married to a most ami-

able woman, to a lady who officiated as bride-maid to his wife, and who was weak enough to make him some overtures in a little time after the wedding-day.

MADAM,

UNFASHIONABLE soever as it may be for a gentleman to have any notion of his moral duties, and inelegant soever as it may be in a husband to pay the least attention to his word as a man, I must take the liberty of informing you, that I have too just a regard for the vows which I have lately given to an excellent woman, in the presence of the living God, to think of violating them, by listening to any insinuation of tenderness in others of the sex. And suffer me, Madam, to add, that I have not such a cruelty of temper as to destroy the eternal quiet of a deserving lady, which must inevitably be the case in her moments of reflection, let the passions tell her what they will when the reason is more off it's guard. I have such an opinion of you, Madam, as to suppose an intercourse of an illicit kind would plant daggers in your bosom, when that fine sense of which you are mistress had leave to exert itself; and that, however the guilty commerce might be secreted from the knowledge of the world, that recollection would harrow up your soul, when you whispered it to your own.

Think, Madam, of your inexpressible beauty, your exalted merit, and your elevated rank; nor suffer an unhappy prepossession to lead you into any error repugnant to the regard which is due to your own reputation, the honour of your sex, and the happiness of your friends; and, believe me, that an attention to this advice, whatever you may think of my behaviour at present, will one day oblige you to confess, that I am very much your real friend and most obedient servant.

Should any husband be in my friend's situation, the advice I give him will be a line from an old fashioned book, called the Testament—'Go thou, and do likewise.'

N^o XIII. SATURDAY, MAY 7.

HAVING taken the liberty in one of my former Papers to publish a **POLITICAL DICTIONARY**, which was communicated to me by a personage of eminence in the literary world, whose friendship would do me the greatest honour if it was not a sort of vanity to reveal his name; I shall now lay before my readers a **VOCABULARY** of a more general nature, written by the same hand; which, I presume, will be no way disagreeable to such as remember the *Political Dictionary*, as there was scarcely a periodical production in the British dominions which did not immediately take it in.

Religion.] A ridiculous composition of unfashionable ordinances, instituted with no other design than to check every laudable impulse of vice and immorality, and calculated for no other purpose than to destroy the very essence of a fine gentleman.

Generosity.] A pitiful under-bred promptitude to reward the merit of the deserving; like

Humanity.] Which is nothing more than a childish weakness of nature at the sufferings, and an inclination to remove the misfortunes, of other people.

Gratitude.] A narrow-minded despicable remembrance of benefits received, and a scandalous desire of embracing every opportunity to return them.

Honour.] An idle regard to the dictates of friendship and benevolence, and a paltry adherence to the minutest law of order and morality.

Honesty.] A foolish regard to the sanctity of our words upon every occasion, and a servile abhorrence to the smallest trespass upon the property of our neighbours.

Courage.] A low-minded aversion of brutality to such as, from situation in life, must not presume to resent a horse-whipping, or complain at the loss of an eye; and a silly desire of avoiding all quarrels but such as relate to the honour of our king, or the glory of our country.

Decency.] A mean observation of common civility, and an infamous sup-

pression of oaths and obscenity in the presence of the ladies.

A tradesman.] A superior sort of coach-horse, created entirely for the convenience of the great, without either passions, resentment, understanding, or inclination.

Unpardonable impudence.] An humble solicitation for a person's own property, and a prudent concern for the maintenance of our wives and children.

Pride and prodigality.] The smallest distaste to poverty and rags; and the least inclination to a light-coloured shirt.

Debt.] A word under which persons of fashion have a right to rob the honest and industrious, without any fear of suffering from the laws of the kingdom, or the reproach of their acquaintance.

Transgression of the law.] An exertion of that natural right, which every man has to a hare or a partridge belonging to his own grounds, and which destroy both his corn and grass by the authority of parliament.

Liberty and property.] An indispensable necessity of keeping game for other people to kill, with pains and penalties of the most arbitrary kind, if we think of appropriating the minutest article to the use of our own families.

A free-born Englishman.] One who is continually bragging of liberty and independence, when he has neither will nor property of his own; and laughs at the wretchedness of other countries, while he himself is indulged with no other privilege than the right of nominating the person by whom he chuses to be enslaved.

Magna Charta.] An idle word made use of by the populace, signifying a natural right of being governed by laws which they constantly suffer to be trampled on, and an inherent claim to the possession of those privileges which they have neither sense or spirit enough to possess.

A secretary of state.] A great officer in whom crimes are no crimes, and who, by a political species of infallibility, can exercise

exercise acts of oppression, without ever dreading the rod of correction, or regarding the poignancy of general reproof.

The people of Ireland.] A noble and spirited nation, inviolably attached to us by every tie of friendship and esteem, and who, on every occasion, hazard both their lives and fortunes in our defence; yet to whom we constantly make such just and grateful returns, as to omit no opportunity (however illegal and arbitrary) of begging them, though the ruin of their interest lays a manifest foundation for the destruction of our own.

The lords of the ocean.] The sensible and spirited people of Great Britain, who have a naval force considerably superior to all the other states of Europe put together, yet servilely do homage to a nest of little African pirates on the coast of Barbary, and pay a yearly tribute to a set of robbers, whom they ought to root out from the face of the earth.

An independent freeholder and lover of his country.] One who, on every election for a member of parliament, sacrifices his conscience to his convenience, sets up his dear country and his darling freedom to the best bidder, yet impudently finds fault with his representative for following so laudable an example, nor suffers any body to be a scoundrel, without reproach, but himself.

A peerage.] In former days, an honour conferred upon such as had rendered themselves conspicuous for their merit, and eminent for their virtues; but in the more modern ages it has been, in general, the wages of venality and corruption, and a distinction not to be purchased at a smaller price than everlasting infamy and disgrace.

A regard for the royal prerogative.] A worn-out pretence to infringe upon the laws, and a glaring design upon the privileges of the people.

National egotism or gasconade.] An unpardonable custom among the French of extolling their own merit to the skies, but never practised among the modest natives of this kingdom, though our presses are every moment teeming with 'sons of liberty, roast-beef and pudding, noble-minded Britons, and free-born Englishmen.'

A blessed martyr.] A perjured prince, who broke his coronation oath in the most material of all points, governed without a parliament, imprisoned his subjects for refusing to lend him money, commenced a false, villainous prosecution for high treason, against a most deserving nobleman, (the Earl of Bristol) whom he knew to be innocent, because that lord had impeached the Duke of Buckingham, whom he knew to be guilty; reduced his people to the dreadful necessity of taking up arms in their own defence, which produced the utmost confusion in religion and state; and by his shameful dissimulation when he was about to be restored, left it utterly impossible to confide in his honour, his humanity, or his oath; but drove the principal officers of the adverse party, in their own defence, to sit in trial upon their sovereign, and sentence him to death.—Truly, a very blessed martyr! Had this prince been a private man, who would have dared to say a word in his defence, though such a number of writers have pleaded his royalty, which ought to be an aggravation, as a considerable palliative, nay a total excuse, for his crimes?

N^o XIV. SATURDAY, MAY 14.

I Am never more diverted than when I see your grave important set of gentlemen, who would pass upon the world as men of extraordinary sagacity, running into a number of little petulancies, which they imagine themselves to be considerably above, and fretting at the veriest trifles we can think of, when they affect a superiority of resolution, which the most striking calamities of life are not sufficiently powerful to disturb.

This species of philosophers is generally composed of men who have much pride, or little understanding; and who, through a contemptible sort of vanity, make themselves not a little less than human, that they may have an opportunity of appearing in the eyes of the injudicious to be infinitely more. Of this cast was the elder Brutus, who passed sentence of death upon his own sons without the shadow of a pang; yet, at another

another time, knocked one of his servants down for putting a grain of salt too much in his broth.

But, without going so very far back for instances of this extraordinary class of mankind, my old friend Frank Surly is one of the most remarkable which it has ever produced. Frank and I were bred together at Westminster; and before he was twelve years of age, he was distinguished from every other boy in the school by the uncommon moroseness of his temper, and his contempt of those punishments which the generality of his age and standing always held in the greatest dread. There were few lads in the whole school superior to Frank either in application or abilities; yet I have known him frequently inattentive and careless about his lessons, that we might see with how much fortitude he could bear to be flogged. Nay, if any of his intimates had been guilty of any roguish prank which deserved the discipline of the rod, he would often desire them to lay the blame on him, and suffer, with all the composure in the world, a hearty flagellation in their stead. Unhappily, however, upon one of these occasions, when Frank was going to be punished for some petty crime, which he begged might be laid to his charge, the lad who was really guilty of the fact, struck with his behaviour, went up to the master, and without disguise related the affair, acknowledged the fault, and declared he would rather be cut to pieces than see another suffer for an action which he had committed himself. The lad's generosity had an effect upon the master; nor was he without some surprise at the behaviour of Frank. He dismissed them both to their seats; and, to the inexpressible concern of the latter, never flogged him after. Frank finding he could have no opportunity of shewing his stoicism any longer, through downright pride, paid an application to his studies that in a little time made him the best scholar in the whole school; and resolving to be remarkable for the extremities of his behaviour, the moment the master had declared he would never gratify him with another whipping, he grew remarkably well behaved, and piqued himself upon keeping up a consequence and dignity in his actions, to prove that the fear of punishment had nothing to do in the reformation of his manners,

The same disposition which distinguished Frank in his earlier years, has all along rendered him conspicuous since his reach to maturity. As he and I still hold up an intimacy, whenever I go down into Oxfordshire, I pass a week at his house. The last time I was there, he was laid up with a very violent fit of the gout; and whenever the pain was at an extremity, he would converse with unusual cheerfulness, or divert himself with one of the songs which were in vogue when he and I were youngers. If any body pitied him, he instantly flew into a passion; but if you seemed to make slight of bodily anguish and infirmity, he shook you by the hand, and told you, you were a man of understanding. About ten years ago, my old friend married a most valuable woman, of whom he was passionately fond, and who returned his affection almost to madness. As their circumstances were affluent, this reciprocal regard, one would imagine, should have produced their mutual felicity—But far on the contrary—Frank was too proud to be happy; and as his love for Mrs. Surly was universally known to be excessive, he was never satisfied unless he treated her as the object of his hate. He only lived in her looks, and yet he has torn himself from her presence for three whole weeks; and so unaccountably headlong was he hurried by this ridiculous stoicism, that, upon her death, which happened in childbed, though his soul was tortured with all the anguish of consummate pity and distracted love, he went to the assembly an hour after her decease, and sat up—(a tear now and then tracing down his cheek)—along with Colonel Tierce, Major Piquet, and Sir Oliver Ombre, at a party of whist.

A person so apparently steeled against the calamities of life, we should reasonably expect, would hold the little impertinencies or interruptions of it in the greatest contempt: but this is far from being the case with my friend Frank; a plait more or less in his shirt-sleeve will set him raving for an hour; and I remember that he shot a favourite dog one day, in the stable-yard, for leaping accidentally up and dirtying the skirt of his coat. It is impossible to enumerate the various inconsistencies of my poor friend's character. I once knew him set up a careless drunken fellow of a

D coachman,

coachman, who overturned him in a ditch, in a very handsome inn, three weeks after; and at another time discharge his footman, at a moment's warning, for wearing too little powder in his wig.

Were we to make an essay into human nature, and examine the lives of our modern philosophers with any degree of circumspection, we should find the principal number approach so very

near the standard of Frank Surly, that the account given of him will serve as no improper description of them all. The ridiculous light in which one of the most sensible is set, will, I hope, serve for as good an admonition as I can possibly give to this tribe of very important beings; and I shall think myself particularly happy if the foregoing picture is attended with any salutary effect.

N^o XV. SATURDAY, MAY 21.

I Did myself the pleasure, a few evenings ago, to call at the house of an old friend, with whom I have been intimate these thirty years, and for whom I have infinitely more than a common respect. An affair of arbitration had, however, called him abroad; and I found nobody at home but Miss Maria, his younger daughter, who is now the most lively picture of innocence and beauty which I ever saw, and closely bordering upon twenty-one. As I always avoid stiffening my conversation with the starch of antiquity, and constantly endeavour at appearing more ready to be instructed than to instruct, the young people are very fond of admitting me into their company; and there is scarcely a day that I have not an invitation or two from some of the most sprightly tea-tables in town; which is more, I fancy, than can be said by any other old fellow of sixty within the weekly bills.

On my enquiring for her papa, Miss Maria stepped out of the parlour, and seizing one of my hands, cried—'O Mr. Babler, is it you? I insist upon your coming in.' Few entreaties are necessary to make a man do what he likes. I immediately assented, sat down, and passed two of the most agreeable hours I ever experienced in my whole life.

Our conversation, after turning upon a variety of topics, at last fell upon that divine part of our church-worship, in which the congregation sing praises to the Most High. 'If it is proper,' says Maria, 'for a person of my years to speak of so important a subject as religion, and not too presumptuous for the petticoats to comment upon the worship of the church, I should think, Mr. Babler, that this part of our li-

turgy might be very much improved. Great complaints have been often made, that so small a number of the congregation join in the singing of psalms; and though I admit the neglect is highly unpardonable, and the censure extremely just, yet reformation would, in my opinion, be infinitely superior to reprehension; and I think every room for complaint might be removed by a proper suppression of the cause.

The end of poetry and music, if I am right in my information, is to actuate upon the passions; and, in all religious composition, to raise the mind to an elevated desire of acknowledging the wonderful mercy and goodness of the divine Being. How far the hymns used in the established church for this purpose are from answering so salutary an end, it is no less painful than unnecessary to observe: in the versification of the very best psalms, all the rapture of the original text is lost, and in that the music should be no way superior to the poetry; there is hardly any one tune which can create the least emotion but sleep. In fact, Sir, the most trifling compositions, which are formed for the business of amusement, have twenty times more merit than those set apart for the service of religion; and infinitely greater pains are taken in the writing or setting of a Ranelagh ballad, than in a hymn to the honour of the living God.

From what I have said, Mr. Babler, I would by no means infer, that either the poetical or musical part of our hymns should be light, trifling, or airy; but surely, Sir, the spirit of devotion would breathe considerably stronger in these pieces, and have a much

' much greater effect, if an author of
' reputation should give us a fine ver-
' sification of the psalms, and a master of
' eminence should receive proper encou-
' ragement to see them exquisitely set.
' We have a number of tunes, plaintive,
' solemn, and enchanting, to a miracle;
' which are nevertheless as familiar as
' they are charming, and calculated to
' bewitch the careless and inattentive to
' a sense, to a passion for that duty
' which they now treat with a lifeless
' indifference, or an insupportable neg-
' lect. Religion, Sir, by this means,
' would become fashionable; and it
' would be deemed no longer inelegant
' for a fine lady, or a fine gentleman, to
' join in the praises of their God.

' Lord, Mr. Babler, how can you
' have patience to hear me chatter so
' much!—but I shall not trespass on your
' patience much longer. Mr. Well-
' worth (who, you know, visits us every
' day) and I were talking on this very
' subject a few evenings ago; and as he
' has really a sweet taste for poetry, I
' took the liberty of requesting he would

' write me a hymn, whether penitential
' or thanksgiving, I left to himself.
' He called on me this morning, and
' brought it in his hand. I think it
' mighty pretty, and shall be very hap-
' py if my opinion should receive such
' a sanction as yours, Mr. Babler. Mr.
' Wellworth read it to me with great
' sensibility; and I own I thought he
' never looked so well in all his life.'

Some how or other my eye encoun-
tered with Miss Maria's at the end of
this speech; she seemed conscious; and
on my observing that Mr. Wellworth
was an excellent young man, she red-
dened excessively, and seemed at a stand
for words. As I would not confuse
her by any means, I shifted the conver-
sation; but she resumed it immediately,
and said—' Well, Mr. Babler, you
' must give me your sentiments on this
' little production; here it is,' contin-
ued she, taking it out of her pocket-
book—and here—no, not here, but in
the next number, I shall present it, with
something else of consequence which it
occasioned, to my readers.

Nº XVI. SATURDAY, MAY 28.

IN my last I promised my readers a
Hymn; and as I would by no means
be worse than my word, or delay their
expectations, I give it without further
introduction.

H Y M N.

THE lark, now high soaring in air,
Salutes the first blush of the morn,
And the roses new incense prepare,
To breathe on the dew-dropping thorn;
Fresh feelings instinctively spring
In the steer, as he turns up the clod;
And creation itself seems to sing,
In the honour and glory of God.

II.

In what sensual mazes with-held,
Is man now unhappily lost!
In the rage of what passion impell'd,
On the sea of what vice is he tost?
O! instantly let him proclaim,
What the herbage all tells on the sod;
And if gratitude cannot, let shame,
Awake to the praises of God.

III.

The eye of some maid in despair,
Does his perjury fatally dim?
Or some breast does he cruelly tear,
That beats, and beats only for him?

All swift as the lightning's keen blaze,
Let him humble before the dread rod,
Nor join so unhallow'd in praise,
To the honour and glory of God.

IV.

Some law does he madly defy,
Which the BEING of BEINGS commands!
The bolt ready lifted on high,
Shall dash him to dust as he stands:
In thunder Omnipotence breaks,
Fall prostrate, O wretch! at his nod;
See earth to her center deep shakes,
All dismay'd at the voice of her God!

V.

Life's road let me cautiously view,
And no longer disdain to be wise;
But redden such paths to pursue,
As my reason should hate or despise:
To crown both my age and my youth,
Let me mark where religion has trod;
Since nothing but virtue and truth
Can reach to the throne of my God.

When I had done reading, Miss Ma-
ria demanded my opinion of this per-
formance, which I could not but praise
very much. I told her, however, that
the thought of concluding every stanza
with the name of the Deity was bor-

D a rowed

rowed from Eve's Hymn in the Death of Abel; though I could not think of making any comparison, pretty as that hymn was, with this of Mr. Wellworth's. The young lady seemed vastly delighted at my commendation; and was beginning to make a verbal acknowledgment of her satisfaction, when her father's rap was heard at the door—My old friend entered the parlour with an air of mingled anger and dejection; and, instead of taking any notice of me, began at once upon his daughter—'So, Madam, this is fine information I have received!—What, you are under an engagement to Mr. Wellworth, are you? O Maria! Maria!'

The secret was now out; and I found my suspicions of Miss Maria's attachment had considerably more than a tolerable ground. The poor girl stood quite confounded, and seemed utterly incapable of making a reply. As I saw nothing culpable in her regard for a worthy young fellow, I took upon me to intercede in her behalf; and at last reduced her father to the temper I could wish. I found a disparity of fortune was the only objection which the old gentleman had to his daughter's choice; for though my friend has as benevolent a heart as any man alive, yet he has the caution of all old fellows, and keeps a strict eye on the main chance. When

I had brought him to some degree of good-humour, I took an opportunity of turning the conversation, and read him the foregoing hymn. He was charmed with it, and asked me if I knew the author. 'Yes,' says I, 'Mr. Wellworth.'—'Fore God!' returned he, 'though I do not approve of his connection with my daughter, I am mightily taken with his works.' This was all I wanted—'And pray, my good Sir,' answered I, 'which is it more for your credit and your child's happiness, to bestow her on a deserving young man, whom she loves, and you cannot but admire, or to run the precarious issue of matching her with one, who, though he may have twice Mr. Wellworth's fortune, either may not have sense or inclination to reward either her merit, or your goodness, as he ought? You can settle them both, if not splendidly, at least elegantly, in the world; and, my life for it, in a year or two, you would not change your son-in-law for the Indies.' I saw my old friend was struck with the justice of the case; yet still he seemed desirous of being persuaded to act as he knew he ought—I indulged him; and Saturday last he and I obtained a special licence; and, to the inexpressible happiness of the young folks, got them married that morning.

Nº XVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 4.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,
AS I find it so very customary for people of all denominations to give a sketch of their lives, and to publish any particular instances of folly, or extraordinary turns of fortune, to the world; I take the liberty of sending you a portrait of myself; in which, abstracted from it's being a striking likeness, I shall claim no merit, unless it be allowed a general one.

I am the only son of a tradesman, who died about five years ago in the city, Mr. Babler, and left me in very handsome circumstances. My father had a common-council sort of pride about him, which aspired at bringing up his son a gentleman, and an ambition of making him carry an air of profusion, while the most rigid economy

was observed in his expence. I have been tricked out, Sir, in the very pink of city finery, a laced waistcoat and a bag-wig, at a time that I was scarcely allowed a sufficiency to pay my club at the Horseshoe and Magpie; and talked about tavern bills and supper, when half a guinea has been the extent of my finances for a whole week.

Upon the death of old Squaretoes, Mr. Babler, I found myself possessed of ten thousand pounds; and scarcely got a wink of sleep, during a whole month, my imagination was so perpetually haunted by the recollection of the sum. Habituated, however, to the sight of the money, I soon began to entertain a notion of laying a few hundreds elegantly out. With this view a carriage was instantly bespoke, an everlasting leave taken of all the streets between Temple Bar

Bar and Whitechapel, and a handsome apartment furnished at the other end of the town. The three formidable letters of E, S, and Q, were quickly added to my name; and having a strong inclination to be thought, I fancied in reality that I was, a fine gentleman.

The first six weeks after it came home, I spent at least fourteen hours a day in my coach. I appeared every where, saw every thing, and upon addressing days frequently invited some of the aldermen to a dish of chocolate. Indeed, one accident happened at my first going to court which made me not a little taken notice of: I never before had presumed to put on a sword, and being in the circle making my bow, it unfortunately got between my legs, and threw me on my face; in order to save myself from falling, I laid hold of an officer's skirt, who was just near me, and held it with such a force, that I dragged him with me down. The whole drawing-room was in a roar; the ladies tittered, the men burst into a horse-laugh, and even the face of majesty itself relaxed into a smile. As soon as possible I picked myself up, and retired; the officer did the same; and as I had been the cause of his disgrace, I made him a number of apologies, and took him home to dine. Before we parted, a reciprocal esteem was cordially expressed; and my new acquaintance talking something about a scarcity of money, he did me the favour to borrow fifty pieces, and gave me a positive assurance of coming to breakfast the next morning.

He was better than his word; he came, and brought half a dozen brother officers in his hand. We dined at Almacks; drank Burgundy till we were blind; scoured the streets, and beat the watch. The frolic was new to me, Mr. Babler; I was charmed with it; and behaved so well, that my companions honoured me with the name of a very honest fellow, and swore it was a damned pity I was so awkward with my sword.

These being the first gentlemen I ever had acquaintance with, it is no wonder I treated them with extraordinary re-

spect: bred up to an intercourse with none but sellers of linen, and dealers in packthread, I considered every man with a laced coat and cockade as infinitely my superior; and endeavoured, with a sedulity of an uncommon nature, to imitate what I so passionately admired. Happily, my endeavours succeeded so well, that in a little time I swore, got drunk, broke windows, kicked waiters, and insulted modest women, with as good a grace as if I had been colonel of a regiment.

In these fashionable amusements I wasted away above half my fortune in two or three years, with no other character than that of a very honest fellow; when a spirited rape on the daughter of my taylor took away two thousand pounds to hush a prosecution and make it up. The action increased my reputation, but hurt my circumstances much: I had not now as much more left in the world. I was disclaimed by my relations, and despised by my father's sober friends. One half of my companions had died, and the other half were in danger of a jail. The same misfortune stared me in the face; my debts were numerous, my creditors pressing; discharged they were obliged to be, and accordingly were; and, when every thing was finally settled, I found myself, instead of having increased my ten thousand, to have no more than seven hundred and fifty pounds left. What was to be done? I could not bear the thoughts of going back into the city, and understood no business if I did. A lieutenantcy offering, I purchased it as the last resource, and am now starving upon the half pay. A striking example of ignorant pride and under-bred prodigality; at once the warning and contempt of our shewy little citizens.

My letter needs neither comment nor application; what I shall say may be contained in the butt-end of the old song—

Learn to be wise from other's harms,
And you shall do full well.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WILLIAM WEAKLY.

N^o XVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE II.

UNFASHIONABLE soever as it may be to enter upon religious subjects in such an age as the present, there are some who, I flatter myself, will nevertheless pay a little attention to a topic of such importance without a blush, and think it no disgrace either to their gentility or their understanding, to employ a few moments in the consideration of some points, for which, at the awful period of their dissolution, eternities upon eternities will hardly seem too much.

When we consider the differences which daily subsist in the various modes or systems of the Christian religion, and think upon the inflexible partiality which every man entertains in favour of his own, we ought to be absolutely certain that the particular form which each of us glories to possess, is perfectly conformable to our notions of the Deity, and consistent in the minutest degree with those divine lessons which were inculcated by the Saviour of the world, in his mysterious mission to man. If we are not positive in this, let our belief be distinguished by what name soever we think proper, let us be Protestants or Papists, Quakers or Presbyterians, I can take upon me to aver, that we have no right to the name of Christians; and may, with equal propriety, take a lesson from the *ALCORAN* as the *GOSPEL*.

It is not the ceremony used at baptism, the sprinkling of water, nor the promises of our parents in the presence of God, which constitute the *CHRISTIAN*; no, it is an actual conformity to the precepts of our *BLESSED LORD*, and an undeviating obedience to the tenets which are laid down in the history of his life and miracles. Nothing can be more absurd, nor in reality more criminal, than for a man to aspire at the glorious title of a *Christian*, who is regardless of the duties which that appellation renders indispensably necessary, or a stranger to the obligations which are particularly enjoined by the name; it is at once a fatal deception of his own most important expectations, an insult to his *Saviour*, and a defiance of his *God*.

With what propriety, shall I beg leave to ask, can the various sects of religion

in this kingdom call themselves *Christians*, when, in the unremitting hatred which they constantly entertain towards one another, they utterly destroy that universal principle of *Charity* which ought to be the foundation, nay, the very essence of their belief? With what propriety can he, who is blessed with unbounded affluence, stile himself a *Christian*, if his ear is turned away from the sight of affliction, or his heart unaffected with the tear of distress? *Christianity* obliges him to a constant relief of the wretched; and, without a behaviour entirely consonant to the duties of this belief, what possible pretension can he have to a name that exalts him to a fellowship with angels, and lifts him above the stars? Will a constant attendance on the public place of his worship, exculpate the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless? or give the name of *Christian* to the villain who infamously lifts a dagger to the breast of his benefactor, or basely strives to murder the reputation of his friend? Can the betrayer of unsuspecting innocence think on the pangs of some violated virgin, left without assistance, without comfort, without bread; exposed to all the upbraidings of a relentless world, to aggravate the severity of her own reflections, and possibly plunged in the additional misery of having a helpless little innocent, and an unalterable affection for the monster by whom she is so cruelly undone? I say, can the perpetrator of an act like this, sit down calmly, satisfied with the rectitude of his behaviour, and think himself, as a *Christian*, sincerely acquitted to his *God*? Alas! if any man, thus culpable, can be so presumptuously daring as to think himself a *Christian*, it is doubtful whether he is most a reprobate or an idiot, or whether he is most regardless or ignorant of his crimes.

In every profession of the *Christian* faith there is a number of good-natured people, who are always uneasy about the fate of the *Mahometans*, and terribly afflicted lest the ignorant savages of *America* should not, at the last day, be received into the favour of the *Supreme Being*. These people entertain strange notions

notions of the *Deity*, if they can suppose that a *Power all-wise, all-merciful, and all just*, will require, at the hands of such ignorant nations, a knowledge which he has not thought proper to bestow: a supposition of such a nature is highly derogatory to the Divine Essence; it is a tacit implication that the *great Father* of the universe exercises a severity which would be cruel in his creatures but to think of; and a palpable insinuation, that the *Being of beings* is capable of a tyranny which would utterly degrade the meanest, in the human race, among the wonders of his hand. No; from such only as have received much, much is expected; and perhaps, at the last day, myriads of our *nominal* Christians, who look upon the *American Savage* with pity or contempt, would give a hecatomb of worlds, had they power to change situations, to have so little to answer for as him. Conformable to what he knows, he invariably regulates the tenor of his conduct, maintains an unalterable reverence for some great object which he looks upon as his God, and pays an implicit obedience to his laws; whatever his system of belief may be, he endeavours to do it all the honour in his power, and shudders at nothing so much as the thought of bringing it into disgrace. Who amongst us can honestly say the same?

Enlightened with the lamp of science, and the sun of true religion, *our* actions are a perpetual stigma on our belief: we acknowledge the wonderful mercies of a *suffering Redeemer*, yet are continually uttering blasphemies against his name; we own the infinite merits of his Gospel, and yet act in manifest contradiction to every precept it contains. The *Deity*, we are sensible, can think us into ashes for the enormity of our crimes, and yet we continue to behave in open disobedience to his will: in short, both hoping and fearing the existence of another world, we sacrifice every valuable opportunity in this; and, constantly boasting the advantages accruing from our religion, we are always acting as if we had no religion at all. Let us, therefore, instead of condemning the errors of our neighbours, begin with correcting whatever is amiss in ourselves; and, instead of finding fault with the religion of other people, be satisfied that *real* Christianity is the basis of our own. The whole mystery, both of religion and government, will be found in these admirable lines of Mr. Pope—

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered, is best.
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

Nº XIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

ORASMIN AND ALMIRA:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

SON of man, learn resignation to the appointments of Providence, nor dare to drop a murmur at the dispensations of the Most Just. Think not of disputing with the wisdom of Infinity; nor dream of wresting the vindictive thunderbolt from the dread right-hand of God.

In the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by the sages of antiquity, lived Orasmin, the son of Ibrahim, whose name was an Aromatic that perfumed the remotest corners of the East. His person was as noble as the rising oak in the forest, and his mind as unsullied as a meridian beam from the sun; his bounty wiped away the tear from the eye of

the fatherless, nor did the mourning of the widow ever pass unregarded at his gate. To sum up his character at once, complacency and benevolence were always seated on his brow; and humanity was a virtue so natural to his heart, that it formed the very core, and twisted round the strings. Thus amiable, it was no wonder, that by all who saw him he should be instantly admired; and thus deserving, no way strange, that by all who knew him he should be cordially respected and beloved.

Among a variety of virgins who languished for Orasmin, Almira, a damsel of Baffora, newly arrived at Bagdad, was the only person blessed with a reciprocal esteem. The blush of the morning was less rosy than her cheek, and the diamond of Golconda not so brilliant as her eye; her bosom was as white as
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the swan upon the waters, and gentle as the midsummer murmur of the stream. How oft, O ye groves of Balfora, have ye echoed with the fame of her beauty! How oft, O ye vallies of Bagdad, have ye resounded with her praise! You know that her voice would chain the tiger of the desert, and unnerve the wild stag as he darted from the hill; you know that the spices of Ormus could not equal her in breath, nor the daughters of Paradise excel her in dignity and grace.

Orasmin and Almira were not more distinguished for their merit, than remarkable for their loves; and as neither had any parent living to oppose their wishes, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to the universal satisfaction of their friends. Orasmin, all impatient for possessing the only object that had ever engrossed his heart, longed for the happy hour with the utmost anxiety, and feasted his imagination continually with the raptures he was to experience in the arms of Almira. She, not less impatient, though more confined in her expressions of the approaching felicity, painted equally warm to her fancy the uninterrupted enjoyment of all she held dear, and counted over the weeks, the months, and the years, she had a probable expectation of passing in the tenderest intercourse with her adored Orasmin. But, alas! while our lovers were thus enhancing the present, by reflecting on the future, an order arrived for Almira to attend the Caliph, who had for some time been entertained with various reports of her unparalleled beauty, and wanted to see if the encomiums lavished so frequently upon her were just. Neither her religion nor her allegiance could allow her to form any excuse for not attending the *Commander of the Faithful*, much less admit of a resolution to disobey; he was worshipped with an implicit reverence, as a successor of the holy Mahomet, by all his people, and his word was ever looked upon as the irrevocable voice of Fate. Almira, therefore, was immediately carried, with a bleeding heart, to the palace; and the moment she was beheld by the Caliph, declared the most favourite of his queens.

It is not in language to tell the distraction of the two lovers, at being thus unexpectedly torn for ever from each other's arms. The moment Orasmin

heard that his Almira had captivated the Caliph, he looked upon the business of life to be entirely over; and, unable to support the inexpressible agonies of his own mind, considered the angel of death as the only minister of repose: for two whole days and nights he wandered through the various rooms of his house in an absolute state of phrenzy, calling out at every interval, in the most passionate tone, on the name of his ravished Almira. On the third day, growing somewhat calmer, he began to reflect on all the circumstances of his past life, in order to find out in what particular he had given Mahomet such unpardonable offence, as to meet with so severe a chastisement at his hands. After revolving a long time, and finding nothing but some youthful indiscretions to answer for, which were infinitely overbalanced by a number of meritorious actions, he insensibly dropped upon one knee, and began to expostulate, in the following manner, with his God—

‘Thou great Creator of the universe,
‘who fittest enthroned above the seven
‘heavens, where even the conception of
‘no prophet but the holy Mahomet
‘can dare to soar; look down in mercy
‘on a wretch, who numbers himself
‘with the most unhappy of human be-
‘ings, though he has constantly main-
‘tained the deepest reverence for thy
‘laws; tell him, O thou infinitely High!
‘inform him, O thou inexpressibly
‘Just! why he, who has ever made it
‘his unalterable study to deserve thy
‘awful sanction on his deeds, is deemed
‘to suffer what the most impious pro-
‘phaner of thy divine will would look
‘upon as a severity, and confidently
‘exclaim, was too great a punishment
‘for the most enormous of his crimes!’

Orasmin had scarcely ended, when a clap of thunder shook the house, and an unusual brightness lightened the room, where he still continued on his knee, astonished at this apparent message from the Deity. When he recovered himself a little, a voice, as awful as the trumpet of heaven, desired him carefully to attend, and thus went on—‘Cease, O
‘mistaken man, to doubt the mercy
‘and justice of the Supreme Being,
‘who, though he acts by unknown
‘springs and seeming severities, is ever
‘watchful for the happiness of the vir-
‘tuous, and perfectly consistent in all
‘his

his laws. Consider, Orasmin, that this world is a transitory bubble, which must shortly burst upon the ocean of time; that it is at best but a short voyage, in which every passenger must meet with some disagreeable gales, in order to prove his dependence on the hand of Infinite Goodness, and shew that he is worthy of entering into an everlasting port. Without some adverse storms to ruffle the sea of life, the tide of prosperity would frequently swell the creature into a forgetfulness of the Creator, and reduce him to a more dangerous situation than the bitterest blast he can experience will ever bring him to—a total indifference of his God. Out of mercy, therefore, a variety of shoals and quicksands are thrown in his way, which keeping the sense of his dependence on the Divine Being constantly alive in this world, puts him in a capacity of steering his bark in the proper channel, and enables him to arrive at endless happiness in the next. But, abstracted from this general order in the state of things, know, Orasmin, that because

thou wert a peculiar favourite of Heaven, it was decreed to snatch Almira from thy arms: she was, O man, thy sister. Ibrahim, thy father, journeying to Balsora, was admitted to the Cady's wife, and the product of their guilty commerce was Almira. Here again observe the kindness of Heaven in it's very severities, which, in order to deter the parent from the commission of enormities, denounces a judgment against what he values more highly than worlds, his race. Orasmin, be comforted; I have visited Almira, and informed her of these things; she is at ease, remain thou so too, and remember never again to doubt the goodness of Providence, which in it's own time will reward those who place their confidence in it's hands.' Orasmin after this lived many years in happiness, and left many children, who succeeded to his virtues and fortune; the eldest of whom was grand vizier to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and ordered these matters to be recorded in the histories of Bagdad.

Nº XX. SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

FORTITUDE and constancy of mind are qualities to which every nation, in proportion as it is civilized, lays a formidable claim; and to which, however, very few, were we to examine the matter thoroughly, can have any tolerable pretension, besides the compliment which on those occasions each is so extremely liberal in paying to itself. In fact, it might not be difficult to prove, from every day's experience, that the propagation of the sciences, while they improve, generally enervate the mind; and that true fortitude and constancy of soul, are more the result of a self-approving conscience than the effect of an excellent understanding.

A number of philosophers, who have astonished the world with the greatness of their genius, and the extent of their reading, might talk very prettily on this subject; but when they came once to put any of their own lessons into practice, this boasted resolution of which they imagined themselves possessed, dis-

appeared in an instant; and from deserving the universal admiration of mankind, they became entitled to nothing but an absolute contempt. Cicero, in his orations, might express the greatest disregard of death he pleased, and tell us that a man should not hesitate a moment in sacrificing his life for the good of his country; but the orator found the practice infinitely harder than the precept, and leagued himself with the enemies of the public, after all, in hope of saving the life which he affected so highly to despise.

Who could talk better upon the virtues, or give more excellent lessons of morality, than our own countryman my Lord St. Albans; yet who, when he fell from the pinnacle of honour and preferment, ever shewed a greater servility of mind, or took more infamous methods to repair his shattered fortune? The most scandalous adulation that could be paid at court, he was constantly paying; and notwithstanding, after his disgrace, he was writing a book which confers an honour on human nature, yet his in-

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tervals

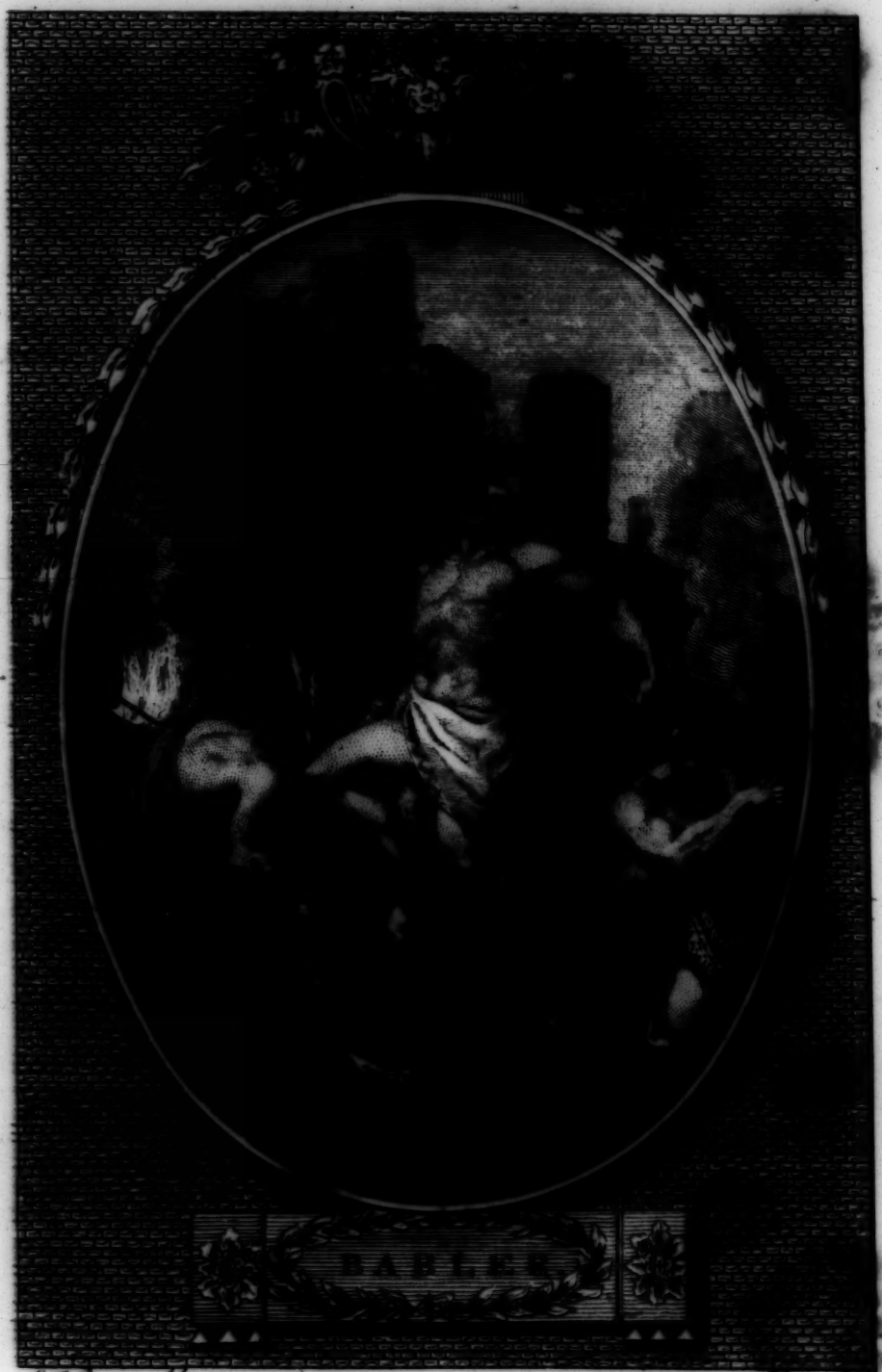
tervals were taken up in defending every pernicious measure of the crown, and employed in destroying the liberty of his country. Need the cause of his disgrace be mentioned here, to prove that, notwithstanding his wonderful abilities, he wanted fortitude to resist the force of a trifling sum of money, and honesty to discharge the important duties of his trust? Or what shall we say of a man, who, while he was establishing the highest testimony of human genius, for two or three hundred pounds erected an everlasting monument of human baseness too? In reality, science and understanding can do nothing more than teach our constancy and fortitude a nobler way of appearing; the qualities themselves must proceed from a firmer foundation than both. The wisdom of Socrates gave a *manner* to his fortitude, which left an irresistible charm in his death; but the fortitude itself proceeded not from the excellence of his understanding, but the goodness of his heart.

But to prove, beyond a possibility of dispute, that a knowledge of the sciences has nothing to do in the qualities under consideration, let us only refer to the behaviour of a poor Indian, as related by Lafitaw, taken in battle by his enemies, and condemned as a sacrifice to the manes of such as either he himself or his countrymen destroyed in the field.—The moment he is condemned, he opens his death-song, and is fastened to a stake, the chiefs of the nation which has taken him sitting round a fire, and smoking all the time. Such as chuse to be concerned in the execution, begin with torturing at the extremities of his body, till by degrees they approach the trunk; one pulls off all his nails from the roots; another takes a finger and tears off the flesh with his teeth; a third takes the finger, thus mangled, and thrusts it into the bowl of a pipe made red-hot, and smokes it like tobacco; others cut and slash the fleshy parts of his body, and sear the wounds immediately up with burning irons; some strip the skin off his head, and pour boiling lead upon it; others tear the flesh entirely from his arms, and twist the bare tendrils and sinews round red-hot irons, twisting and snapping at the same

time; some pound his fingers and toes to pieces between two stones; others all the while distending and stretching every limb and joint, to encrease the inconceivable horror of his pains. During this, the miserable sufferer, sometimes rendered insensible by the torture, falls into so profound a sleep, that they are obliged to apply the fire to recover him, and untie him, to give a breathing to the fury of their own revenge. Again he is tied, and his teeth drawn one by one, his eyes beat out, and no one trace of humanity left in his visage. In this situation, all over one continued mummy, one inexpressible wound, they beat him from one to another with clubs; the wretch now up, now down, falling in their fires at every step; till at last, wearied out with cruelty, some of their chiefs put an end with a dagger to his sufferings, and terminates the execution, which often lasts five or six hours, by ordering on the kettle, and making a feast as horrid and barbarous as their revenge.

But what renders this more surprising, is a contest which subsists all the time between the sufferer and them, whether he has most fortitude in bearing, or they ingenuity in aggravating, his pangs. At every interval they give him, he smokes unconcerned with the rest, without one murmur or shadow of a groan; recounts what exploits he has done, and tells them how many of their countrymen he has killed, in order to encrease their fury; nay, he reproaches them with an ignorance of torturing, and points out such parts of his body himself as are more exquisitely sensible of pain. The women have this part of courage with the men; and, incredible soever as such an astonishing constancy of mind may appear, it would be as odd to see one of these people suffer in another manner, as it would be to find an European who could suffer with any thing like their fortitude. An inflexible uniformity to the principles in which they are bred is the occasion of this fortitude; and, without one spark of learning, occasions a behaviour which distances the most celebrated stories of antiquity, and baffles the profoundest lessons of all the philosophers.

T. B.



C. J. Harvey del.

Holmes sculp.

N^o XXI. SATURDAY, JULY 2.

FEW of the nobler qualifications are so generally pretended to as Friendship, or a capacity of entertaining so cordial a regard for the interest of another person, as to make it equally an object of importance with our own. I was talking last night with my old acquaintance, Will Threadbare, on this very subject, at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard; when Will related over the history of his friendships to me for the ninety-ninth time, and concluded with his usual invective against all the world, and the little confidence which is to be placed in the honour or honesty of any man. To save him the trouble of repeating his narrative again, I shall take the liberty of making it the subject of the present paper; more especially as I know the publication can be no way disagreeable to him, and may probably prove of some entertainment to my readers.

FROM my very infancy up, Mr. Babler, says Will, I found that all those attachments which we are weak enough to distinguish by the name of Friendship, were nothing more than the effects of our folly, or the consequence of our design. A parity of sentiments always created an intimacy between a couple of rascals, who, willing to believe that they were capable of feeling the exalted glow of a virtuous friendship, imagined they really did feel it; and having once flattered themselves with this opinion, rested wonderfully pleased with the superstructure, without ever examining the foundation upon which it was built.

When I was at Eaton, no two in the world could be more intimate; that is, in the language of the world, entertain a greater friendship for each other, than a fellow who now possesses one of the most valuable employments in the kingdom, and your humble servant. How often have we sworn that nothing should ever separate us when we came into the great theatre of life, as actors for ourselves! This regard we carried to such an excess, that we have frequently boxed one another's battles, and always looked upon the least affront offered to either, as an unpardonable injury to both. But, alas! Mr. Babler, one Whitfun-

Monday the provost, who was an old acquaintance of my father's, took me out in a chaise with him to a neighbouring gentleman's house; and as my friend was not treated with the same distinction, he grew envious of his Pylades, behaved intolerably cold at our next meeting, which I could not but observe; and being perhaps a little too tart in my reproaches, he took an occasion to quarrel with me; the consequence of which was, that he and I never spoke a word together after. This lad's esteem for me commenced first of all from my dexterity in robbing orchards; an amusement of which he was particularly fond, and therefore could not help esteeming a temper that bore so strong a resemblance to his own: but as the basis of our regard was so very trivial in itself, our friendship must be supposed to have but a slender support; and therefore a misunderstanding was but a matter of course.

At Oxford I commenced an everlasting friendship, to be sure, with Ned Guzzle, because I was unalterably attached to the bottle myself, and he was reckoned the hardest drinker in the university. Our everlasting friendship, however, continued but six weeks; for a couple of unlucky rogues pitted us against one another to drink for a rump of beef and a dozen of Madeira, in which it being my fortune to swallow half a pint more than my antagonist, he wrote me a letter, when he got up next evening, desiring that all manner of correspondence might be dropped between us for the future.

When I came up to town, and got possession of my little fortune, Dick Wildman and I were inseparable; we lodged in the same house, spent every evening at the same tavern together, and retired every morning with a strumpet to the same bagnio under the piazza. We were always coupled in our amours; and never attacked a milliner's apprentice, or a tradesman's wife, unless there were two to find us both employment in the same family. This was not all; I once fought a duel for him behind Montague House, and ran the double chance both of the gallows and cold iron. Yet, see the fatality attending all sublunary things!—

things!—Dick surprized me one morning in bed with one of the maids where we lodged, whom he had been soliciting for some time, though unknown to me; and was so offended at the unpardonable preference which the hussy gave me, that he instantly ordered his man to pack up his things, and decamped next day without saying a single syllable.

I could recount a variety of instances where my friendships were equally unsuccessful, though I never refused either my sword, or my purse, to any of those partners of my heart; but finding, by fatal experience, that no friendship is lasting which is not founded on virtue,

and believing in my soul, that there is not a spark of virtue in any man alive, I am absolutely determined never to have another friendship, but to starve as decently as I can upon my seventy pounds a-year, and to repeat that admirable sentiment of Swift, when any well-behaved scoundrel makes me the smallest declaration of his esteem—

Whene'er a prating Rascal cries,
He is your dearest Friend—he lies;
To lose a guinea at piquet,
Would make him rave, blaspheme, and sweat,
Bring from his heart sincerer groans,
Than if he heard you broke your bones.

Nº XXII. SATURDAY, JULY 9.

I Do not know any one circumstance so productive of disorder and confusion, as the general propensity among all ranks of people, when they meet in company, to be joyous, as it is called; nor any thing where, in the pursuit of pleasure, and the hope of spending an agreeable evening, they are so utterly mistaken in the means. I am led into this reflection, as well from the experience of my own younger days, as the universal confession of all my juvenile acquaintance of the present times, with whom I very frequently chat half an hour upon the subject; and as a discussion of this point may perhaps prove as pleasing to my readers as a discourse upon any other topic, I shall make a little narrative, which I had yesterday from my nephew, Harry Rattle, the substance of the ensuing paper.

I have often told my subscribers, that, though considerably on the wrong side of fifty, an unassuming air of gaiety and freedom still renders me tolerable to the society of the young people, and that there is seldom a day in which I have not a visit, or an invitation, from several to whom I might almost be a grandfather. Among the many by whom I am thus favourably distinguished, my sister Rattle's youngest son Harry treats me with a cheerful familiarity, without ever transgressing the smallest bound of respect. There is a something in this young fellow, which, abstracted from his affinity to me, I cannot help admiring. An open inge-

nuity of carriage, mixed with a fund of excellent sense, are not the least of his accomplishments; he has read a great deal; and, what is infinitely more, he never took up an author without perfectly understanding him. As well as a compleat scholar, Harry is really a pretty gentleman, and possesses no less a good heart than a fine understanding. As my nephew's qualifications are very well known, it is impossible but every body must be fond of his company. This sometimes leads him into foibles; and, in spite of his good sense, an easiness of temper that cannot resist the solicitations of his friends, frequently runs him into errors, which, with all my partiality for him, I can by no means approve, notwithstanding the rogue would make any body overlook them by the self-accusing honesty and readiness of his own reflections. Whenever I get Harry for a subject of discourse, I scarce know how to end, I am so fond of dwelling upon what I cordially esteem. But, not to trespass upon the patience of my readers, who are no way interested in his qualities, it is high time I should proceed to the purpose I set out with, and assume the matter, instead of preaching on the man. Well, then, yesterday morning Harry called upon me about eleven, his face spiritless and pale, his lips livid and swollen, a visible fatigue spread all over his features, and his eyes sunk in his head. I began instantly to open at the young rogue, guessing justly enough at the cause of his appearance; when

when he flopped into my great chair, and prevented all the severity I intended to treat him with, by being considerably more severe upon himself.

"My dear Sir," says he, "I am not worth your anger; advice is thrown away upon me; I sin against the conviction of my own reason, and am no less an obstinate puppy, than a ridiculous fool. Why, last night again, notwithstanding all my late resolutions, Dick Bumper only asked me a second time to sup with a few friends at his house, and though I was very sensible what the consequence might inevitably prove, do you know that I had not fortitude enough to refuse him? At four this morning we broke up, after the usual manner, heartily weary of each other, fatigued to death with our entertainment, and utterly dissatisfied with ourselves.

"I wish, Sir, you would say something on this subject, and point out the monstrous absurdity which generally prevails in a joyous evening. When a few friends meet together, instead of indulging a rational conversation, you hear of nothing but a toast and a song: the chairman calls in turn upon every one for his toast, and frequently puts us to a stand for the want of something spirited and new. In this dilemma, obscenity or prophanation is but too general a resource; and it is no uncommon thing to hear men, of reputed understanding, extol the name of some public prostitute, and ridicule the precepts of their God.

"The custom of every man's singing in turn, is still considerably more ridiculous, and commonly as prophane. At any of these joyous meetings, even I, who have a voice more disagreeable than the grating of a gate upon hinges, and know no more of music than a Hottentot, can never get excused; but must make myself ridiculous in attempting what I am utterly incapable of, and disturb the people who drive me most im-

portunately on. How often have I been teased to sing by a number of my intimate acquaintance? and yet, the moment I began, there was no possibility of concealing their disgust; they whispered one another, gave a forced attention, or lolled insipidly in their chairs, stroking the plaits of their ruffles, or playing with the chain of their watch; then longing impatiently till I had finished, gave a faint bravo, and called out for a toast from the next member in rotation; whilst I sat frying the whole time, from a conscious incapacity to please, and a strange necessity of giving a general dissatisfaction.

"Perhaps, Sir, no custom in the world is so very dangerous or unpardonable as toasting; it levels all distinction in constitutions, and obliges a man, in an indifferent state of health, to drink as much as him that is blessed with the strength of a Hercules. It is the immediate parent of noise and intoxication; and, amongst people of the best sense, answers no other purpose but to leave them without any sense at all.

"How preposterous a notion is it, my dear Sir, to suppose our joyous societies stimulated by the principles of true benevolence or real esteem, when every man has a design upon the weakness or constitution of his friend, and pushes the glass about for no other purpose but to prejudice his health, and destroy his understanding! nay, when we make it our chiefest glory to have drank him out of all knowledge of order, all regard for himself, and all veneration for his God; when we reduce him to a state of absolute phrenzy and stupefaction, and either expose him to the numberless quarrels attending the first, or the multitude of accidents peculiar to the last, of these situations.—But, Sir, I want to acquaint you with an affair of some consequence."

Here Harry hesitated; and here I postpone the account of this affair till my next paper.

Nº XXIII. SATURDAY, JULY 16.

I Shall now resume the subject of my foregoing paper, and shew one of the many thousand ill consequences which proceed from the modern method

of being *joyous*, and the illiberal indulgence of the glass, at the most friendly of our general entertainments.

The matter of consequence which my nephew

nephew Harry wanted to acquaint me with, was the following note, which he received from Mr. Bumper, (at whose house he had spent the preceding evening) just as he was stepping out to chat half an hour with me at my chambers.

TO H. RATTLE, ESQ.

SIR,

LAST night you refused drinking Kitty Edwards, who was my toast, and on that occasion offered several new-fashioned arguments in support of your behaviour, which testified nothing more than a peculiarity of temper, but did no very great credit to the acknowledged goodness of your understanding. After you had refused my toast, no gentleman in company once asked you to drink his, though all took notice of your unaccountable singularity. The regard I must entertain for my own honour, and the respect which is due to my friends, oblige me to request an interview at the Bedford by one, to demand an explanation of this affair, which I was last night hindered from enquiring into, by my fears of disturbing the company and the consideration of my own house. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

RICHARD BUMPER.

I had no sooner read the letter, than Harry cried out—'You see, Sir, the consequence of being an advocate for common sense. Here I must have my throat cut for refusing to drink the health of an infamous strumpet; or, in vindication of my conduct, cut the throat of my friend. What would you advise me to do? The time draws on; and I would not have Mr. Bumper wait a moment for the universe!'—'Why, Harry,' says I, 'go instantly and hear what the gentleman has to say; but be sure remember that your life is not to be set at stake for a glass of wine, or an abandoned woman, little regard soever as Mr. Bumper may entertain for his; and, let matters turn out as they will, come back as soon as possible, and tell me the consequence of your interview.' Harry promised a punctual observance of my advice and request; and accordingly came back in a couple of hours after, and related the substance of his conversation with Mr.

Bumper; which, for the greater ease of my readers, I shall set down as it was spoken, inserting the name of the speaker at the same time in the margin.

Rattle. **M**R. Bumper, your most obedient. I am come, pursuant to a note you have honoured me with this morning, written in a very unexpected as well as extraordinary stile, to know in what manner I have been unhappy enough to give you the least offence.

Bumper. The question is utterly unnecessary, Mr. Rattle; the manner of offending me is plainly enough declared in my letter, and nothing remains now to be discussed but the motive.

Rattle. This will not take us up much time, Sir; for, be assured, I had not the least motive for offending you at all.

Bumper. This is very odd, Mr. Rattle! Why, then, did you refuse my toast?

Rattle. Because I saw no reason why, if Mr. Bumper would disgrace his understanding, that I should offer a palpable indignity to mine. I have been too long the slave of company and custom; but, for the future, am determined never to testify so public a mark of respect, as a toast for any man or woman who are justly the universal objects of detestation or contempt. To drink the health of a rascal is an approbation of his conduct; and a toast to the name of an infamous woman destroys any merit that can dwell upon a glass, in compliment to a valuable one.

Bumper. These (with a sneer) cynical sentiments may do very well in speculation, Mr. Rattle; but give me leave to assert, with all possible deference to the superiority of your boasted understanding, that the practice will be somewhat difficult; and furthermore, let me add, that you will be frequently liable to explain this ridiculous deviation from the general rules of company, or reduced to a necessity of keeping no company at all.

Rattle. (briskly) And be assured, Mr. Bumper, I never shall regret the loss of that company which looks upon common sense as an enemy to its mirth or institution.

Bumper. But don't you think, Sir, that the refusal of a toast may be justly considered an actual disrespect to the giver?

giver? and that, upon that occasion, he has a right, by the rules of custom, to call the refuser to an account?

Rattle. Sir, you may call any man to an account when you will. But consider whether reason justifies or condemns the proceeding.—Come, come, Mr. Bumper, it is not for you and I to make a serious affair of a trifle; I again repeat, that I had no notion of offending you; and I fancy you can recollect instances enough where my veracity has not admitted of a dispute. I am sorry to see you so warm upon this occasion; but let me ask your heart, if it thinks the refusal of drinking a strumpet's health a crime that deserves the murder of your friend?

Bumper. Sir, it is not the disrespect offered to her, but to myself.

Rattle. (interrupting) Then you own that she is not worth quarrelling for; and yet make yourself so much a part of her, as to run the most extravagant lengths in her defence.—My dear Bumper, you may see from this the

impropriety of all toasting; for you might as well run me through the body, for not falling in love with any woman you think proper to mention, as be offended at my refusing to drink her health. The question is not to be decided by the laws of custom, but by the rules of reason; and what a figure must a man make in any argument, where he denies truth and understanding a liberty to judge!—Upon the whole, Dick, if you are determined to cut my throat, you must: but do not commit an unnecessary murder to convince me of what I am already convinced, that you have spirit enough to resent a real injury; nor seek out imaginary provocations to shew how ready you would be in chastising an absolute affront.

Here the affair happily terminated much to the honour of both parties, who are now warmer friends than ever, and afford, by the propriety of their reconciliation, a sensible lesson to the giddily-spirited part of the public.

N^o XXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 23.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

GREAT an opposition as there seems between vanity and meanness, yet, if we take but ever so cursory a view of the world, we shall find them to be pretty general companions, and scarcely meet a single instance in which there can be discovered any shadow of exception. Among my own sex particularly, Mr. Babler, vanity is the parent of so many meannesses, that I am actually surprized, when we endeavour to give ourselves most consequence, that we never perceive how we forfeit all the dignity we just before possessed; and in the ridiculous attempt of arrogating our own importance, leave ourselves, in short, without any real importance at all.

This is never more the case, Sir, than when we listen to the solicitations of your sex; and, for the sake of a despicable compliment to our teeth or our complexion, overlook the unpardonable affront which it generally conveys, and take no notice of the very poor opinion it insinuates, both for the purity of our hearts,

and the rectitude of our understandings. We suffer the most illiberal addresses to be paid us, if they are but softened with the words *Angel* and *Goddeſs*; and admit a designing villain as often as he pleases into our presence, though we know our ruin and disgrace are the only objects of his pursuit, if he but praises the colour of our hair, and tells us we are possessed of finer eyes than the rest of our acquaintance. In short, Sir, we are willing a man should think there is a probability of our launching into infamy and prostitution, for the sake of hearing our persons commended; and perfectly reconciled, while he treats us on a footing with the handsomest women he may know, to his thinking, that in time he shall number us with the very worst.

A woman, Sir, whenever she is told of her beauty with a grave face, should first of all consider the purpose for which she may be addressed in this manner, and reflect upon the motive which may actuate the person who professes himself so sensible of her perfections. Nothing is more dangerous than to suffer continued repetitions of this stile; it gradually

dually becomes more and more pleasing to the ear; and there is, besides, too natural a promptitude in the female mind to think favourably of those who seem to think passionately of us. A language of this nature, therefore, should be highly alarming to our ears; for many a woman, who thought herself impregnable, has, in a length of time, grown so enamoured of her own praise, that she could not possibly exist without the person who administered it, and has at last made a surrender at discretion; when, had she first of all capitulated on terms, she might have insisted on the very best.

Let us only reduce the general tendency of modern addresses into plain English, Mr. Babler, and ask the most indiscreet of the sex, if they can, in their conscience, discover them to be a jot better than this—‘Madam, I look upon you as a fool, and one whom I have a strong inclination to make a strumpet; for which reason I intend to talk continually of your charms, and, by sacrificing in that manner to your vanity, I have no doubt but, in a few days, I shall bring you to an utter disregard of morality and virtue, to an absolute contempt of all the laudable sentiments which you have been imbibing so many years, and a total indifference for your own reputation, and the honour of your sex. As I think your wickedness equal to your folly, I beg, when I mention the word *beauty*, that you will prefer the gratification of the man who is your greatest enemy, to the peace of those who are your unalterable friends; nor hesitate a moment to break the heart of a parent that tenderly loves you, to please an infamous scoundrel who labours for your everlasting disgrace. In short, Madam, I expect, in return for a paltry compliment to your person, that you scruple not to

‘endure continual shame in this world.
‘nor shrink at hazarding your eternal
‘happiness in the next; but run at once
‘to plunge a dagger into the breast of
‘your father, and hurl an impious defiance at the very throne of your
‘God.’

I had myself, Mr. Babler, lately two or three lovers, who kindly said very pretty things to my person; and, would you believe it, that one of them was a married man?—This gentleman came one day with all the easy impudence in life, and with as much composure as if he had been really performing a meritorious action, threw himself at my feet, and swore he could not live unless I pitied him. Had I a dagger, I believe I should have stuck it in the villain’s heart: however, assuming all the anger I possibly could, in a face not naturally the most placid, I mentioned some thoughts of paying a visit to his wife, which effectually banished him from my presence without doing the smallest injury to his health, or disturbing in the least the usual serenity of his temper.

A lord next told me I was the most angelic piece of flesh and blood he had ever beheld; and solicited, in good earnest, that I would bless him with my favourable opinion; but I had no sooner talked of coronets on my coach, than the truly honourable earl sneaked instantly off, excusing himself on account of a treaty then in agitation with Lady Betty Squander.

What you men think of us, Mr. Babler, I know not; nor, indeed, can I conceive what we women in general think of ourselves: but of this I am absolutely certain, that while we continue so intolerably vain, we must be liable to an infinity of ineffectualities; and that the surest way for any woman to be undone, is to think there is nobody comparable to herself.

Nº XXV. SATURDAY, JULY 30.

OF all the requisites essentially necessary to form a matrimonial felicity, a parity of ages may possibly be the very first; and if we were to take a nice survey of the various disproportioned matches which unhappily might

would be sufficient to frighten any prudent parent from bestowing his daughter’s hand where there was not some equality of years; and at least a probability that her reason would in time render her to a husband who, perhaps, at first be the object of her

I am

I am very well aware, that many a careful father, and antiquated lover, will be apt to exclaim against this assertion: the first, from an economical consideration of the main chance; and the latter, from a natural insensibility which every man entertains for his own imperfections and infirmities. But could the one be brought to a belief that wealth, at the best of times, is a very precarious foundation for happiness; and the other be only prevailed upon to throw self aside for a moment or two, extraordinary as the position may seem on a partial consideration; both would nevertheless allow it to be of no little force.

Casual aversions may be lessened, in time, by an invariable tenderness, and an unexceptionable conduct in a husband. Personal defects, by being habitual to the eye, gradually lessen on the imagination, and, by an uninterrupted familiarity, very frequently cease to be disagreeable, much more continue to give perpetual disgust: but a disparity of years is an obstacle never to be surmounted; every day gives it an additional force; and, contrary to the general nature of all other evils, (for in this case we must inevitably call it an evil) instead of being mitigated by the lenient hand of time, it becomes every moment more and more incapable of alleviation or cure.

But, besides the long train of disagreeable reflections which the bare circumstance of age is of itself capable of exciting in the bosom of any young woman, the innumerable list of diseases, which are its inseparable attendants, occasion still stronger aversion; and, in reality, a young lady has but too much ground for anxiety and distress when she considers herself as a sacrifice to some venerable dotard; and, instead of the reasonable pleasures she might justly promise herself upon entering the world as a wife, sees nothing before her but the gloomy prospect of becoming a nurse to an emaciated wretch, worn away with the consequences of juvenile intemperance, and absolutely dying with gout, palsies, rheumatisms, coughs, and catarrhs.

Contradictions so very opposite as extreme youth and age, there is hardly a possibility of reconciling. A fine sprightly girl, of nineteen or twenty, must naturally wish for amusements adapted to her time of life, and languish for such

enjoyments as are naturally repugnant to the sentiments, as well as the infirmities, of crazy fourscore. The situation of such a couple is easily imagined; the lady must be continually unhappy at being thus debarred, after the sacrifice she has made, from every entertainment suitable to her temper and her years; and the gentleman as constantly miserable at possessing an impotent authority, productive of nothing but eternal suspicions of her conduct, and the sharpest reflections on his own.

It is in vain to expect that the rectitude of a woman's education, thus circumstanced, or the excellence of her understanding, will be a means of procuring even a tolerable tranquillity or content; the more understanding she possesses, the more she must despise the self-interested dotard, who was utterly regardless of her inclinations; who, in all probability, used his utmost influence with a misguided and inexorable parent, to tear her from some deserving young fellow on whom her soul was unalterably fixed; and, perhaps, had her dragged to the bridal bed, like another Niobe, stiffening into horror, or dissolving in her tears.

In a situation of this nature, how a man can be weak enough to look for tenderness or affection from any young lady, is to me a miracle: nor am I less surprized how he can think of exciting her gratitude, by indulging her in trivial points, when he has so infamously injured her in the most capital of all; her everlasting hatred and abhorrence are the only returns he can reasonably look for; and if there is a possibility for her to view him with less than an insuperable contempt, I am satisfied he must look upon her as a creature utterly divested of sensibility and soul, and view her with an absolute contempt himself.

An infinity of reasons might be urged against the disparity of age in matrimonial connections; but as I have lately received a story on this subject which will set this affair in a stronger light than a volume of declamatory arguments, I shall conclude the subject for the present with this observation, that he who marries a woman whom he knows has an attachment for another man, must look for wretchedness; and he that marries a woman contrary to her inclination, in reality deserves it.

N^o XXVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,
I AM one of those unhappy old block-heads whose passions out-live the power of indulgence, and are perpetually dreaming of a marriage-bed, instead of thinking seriously about the purchase of a winding-sheet. I am turned of sixty-five, worn away to a skeleton by a variety of diseases, the consequence of my youthful indiscretion; and am almost six months married to an amiable unhappy woman just bordering on twenty-two.

Being last Easter, Sir, at my son's in the country, I accidentally saw a young lady who was intimately acquainted with my grand-daughter Sally; and whom, on enquiry, I found to be the daughter of a curate lately settled in those parts, who had nothing to maintain a wife and four children but a slender forty pounds a year. Maria, the young lady's name in question, was the eldest, and had no other fortune than a most engaging person, an irresistible face, a good heart, and a fine understanding. These, however, had procured her the addresses of one Mr. Markham, a very worthy young fellow in the neighbourhood, who had newly set up in the grocery trade, with a capital of 3000*l.* and who, by her father's permission, and the consent of his own friends, was to be married to her on the Sunday fortnight following.

There was a something so engaging about Maria, Mr. Babler, as strangely affected me, and made me at once both very uneasy and very much ashamed. All thoughts of an intercourse with the sex, at my time of life, I was sensible should have totally subsided; yet, notwithstanding a conviction of that nature, I was determined, if there was a possibility of my succeeding, to have her. In vain my son pointed out the ridicule I should incur by so disproportioned a match; in vain did my daughter, nay, my grand-daughter too, endeavour to laugh me out of so preposterous a design; and in vain did my own reflection dwell upon the striking disparity of years, and the greatness of my infirmities. My authority silenced the remonstrances of my children, and my vanity turned a deaf ear to the self-convicted poignancy of my own. The circumstance of years, I thought,

my generosity would sufficiently counterbalance; and as for my disorders, I fancied my cough was considerably abated; and that, under a proper regimen, my gout might be rendered less troublesome, and the rheum of my eyes totally removed. I sent for an empiric to make me a handsome set of teeth; exchanged my venerable tye for a smart fashionable bob, affected to read without spectacles, and threw by my crutch-headed stick.

Not to trouble you, Sir, Mr. Grasply, Maria's father, the moment I proposed a jointure, was in a transport; a promise of providing for his other children threw him into an extasy, and the reversion of a good living on my own estate, rendered him incapable of speaking a single word. Maria, after a thousand entreaties, and as many floods of tears, not to be sacrificed, as she called it, and a vain attempt of escaping to her dear Mr. Markham, was dragged to church in three days after, and came home Mrs. Totterly.

Having thus fortunately secured her for my wife, I thought my felicity almost compleated, and that the moment her tears were a little dried up, I should be the happiest of men. But, alas! Mr. Babler, I found a great difference betwixt the possession of an unwilling hand, and the enjoyment of a warm reciprocally beating heart: it required but small penetration to discover that I was the object of her unalterable aversion, and that the violence I had done to her real inclinations would plant perpetual thorns on her pillow, and fix everlasting anxiety on mine.

I will not trouble you, Mr. Babler, with a repetition of particular circumstances; suffice it, that notwithstanding I have used every method I could possibly devise to excite her gratitude, or engage her esteem, in the calmest of her moments, she looks upon me with a rooted hatred, or a contemptuous disgust. I in vain tempt her with equipage and dress: if the carriage is ordered to the door, she has the head-ach; and if I order home a fresh piece of silk, it is thrown neglected on the floor. Instead of mixing with society, she shuts herself up the principal part of the day in her closet; and if I chance by accident

dent to break in, I surprize her in tears. If my infirmities oblige me to the use of a separate bed, I am uneasy at being from her; and yet I am miserable by the horror she expresses in her looks, if they do not: if she chances to doze, the heaviness of her sighs distract me to the last degree; and if she mentions the word Markham in her dreams, as she frequently does, it is a scorpion of the most deadly nature, and stings me to the heart.

Upon the whole, Mr. Babler, asleep, or awake, at bed, or at board, I am the most miserable of men; and what, like a ridiculous dotard, I fancied would prove the greatest blessing of my life, by a just dispensation of Providence, turns out my unalterable curse. O Sir! to a man not altogether destitute of sensibility, what situation can be so truly wretched as mine? Without a friend to whom I can vent my griefs, without a bosom which I dare beg to pity my dis-

tress, to be despised by the woman I doat upon to madness, and to be a real object of contempt to myself, is too much! To be loaded with years, and so borne down with infirmities as to stand one continued mummy of emaciation, one complicated hoard of disease, is a dreadful reflection for a new married man!—a man totally incapable of inspiring a passion of the least tender nature, and as totally incapable of gratifying it, if he could!

From my story let other old dotards beware of following my example; for be assured, Mr. Babler, wherever there is a striking disparity of years, and the odds against the man, a very little time will convince him of his error; and make him wish, with me, that he had sent for an undertaker, and been buried fifty fathom quick before he made so preposterous a choice of a wife. I am, Sir, &c.

CHARLES TOTTERLY.

Nº XXVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13.

I SUPPED last night at my sister Rattle's, where the discourse turning upon the education of children, my favourite Harry related a little story, with which I was prodigiously affected; and as it conveys a very pretty moral, I shall make no apology for presenting it to my readers.

“A worthy old gentleman, who had by an inflexible industry acquired a large fortune, with great reputation, at length declining business, devoted his sole attention to the settlement of an only son, of whom he was uncommonly fond. In a little time he married him to a woman of family; and judging of the son's affection by his own, made over every shilling he was worth to the young gentleman, desiring nothing more than to be a witness of his happiness in the same house, and depending upon his gratitude for any curious trifle he might want for the private use of his purse. The son had not been married however above six weeks, before he was under the sole dominion of his wife, and prevailed upon to treat the old gentleman with the most mortifying neglect. If he wanted the carriage for an airing, why, truly—‘My Lady has engaged it.’ If he desired to mix in any little party of pleasure, They were quite full. He was suffered to sit whole evenings without being once spoken to; at table

he was obliged to call three or four times for a glass of wine, or a bit of bread; and if he ever entered into a narrative of any transaction which occurred in his youth, his obliging daughter-in-law immediately broke in upon him, and politely introduced a conversation upon something else. This unpardonable contempt was at last carried to such a degree, that his cough was complained of as troublesome; and under a pretence that his tobacco-box was insupportable, he was requested to eat in his own room.

“Four or five years passed on in this manner, which were rendered a little tolerable by the birth of a grandson, a most engaging boy, who, from the moment he was capable of distinguishing, seemed to be very fond of the old gentleman; and, by an almost instinctive attachment, appeared as if providentially designed to atone for the unnatural ingratitude of it's father. He was now turned of four; when one day some persons of fashion dining at the house, the old gentleman, who knew nothing of the company, came down into the back-parlour to enquire for his little favourite, who had been two whole hours out of his apartment: he had no sooner opened the door, than his dutiful son, before a room full of people, asked him how he dare break in upon him without leave, and desired him to get in-

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stantly

stantly up about his business. The old gentleman withdrew, according to order, returned to his own room, and gave a very hearty freedom to his tears.

"Little Tommy, who could not bear to hear his grand-papa chided at such a rate, followed him instantly; and observing how heartily he sobbed, came roaring down to the parlour, and before the whole company hawled out—'Papa has made poor grand-papa break his heart; he will cry his eyes out above stairs.' The son, who was really ashamed of his conduct, especially as he saw no sign of approbation in the faces of his friends, endeavoured to put an easy appearance on the affair, and brazen it out; turning round, therefore, to the child, he desired him to carry a blanket to grand-papa, and bid him go beg. 'Ay, but I will not give him all the blanket,' returned the child. 'Why so, my dear?' says the father. 'Because,' answered he, 'I shall want half for you, when I grow up to be a man, and turn you out of doors.' The child's reproof stung the father to the soul, and held up at once both the cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct in their proper dyes: nay, the wife seemed affected, and wanted words. A good-natured tear dropped from more than one of the company, who seized this opportunity of condemning, in a very candid manner, their behaviour to so affectionate a father, and so bountiful a friend; and, in short, made them so heartily ashamed of themselves, that the old gentleman was immediately sent for by both, who, in the presence of all, most humbly entreated his forgiveness for every thing past, and promised the business of their lives would be to oblige him for the future. The poor old gentleman's joy threatened now to be much more fatal than his affliction a little before: he looked upon his son and daughter for some time with a more astonishment, mixed with a tenderness impossible to be described; and then, fixing his eyes upon the company with a wildness of inconceivable rapture, snatched up his little Tommy to his bosom, who joined him in a hearty flood of tears."

There is nothing, in reality, where people are so very wrong, as the education of children, though there is nothing in which they ought to be more absolutely certain of being right. If we seriously reflect upon the customary method in which children are brought up,

we must almost imagine, that the generality of parents inculcate principles of religion and virtue into their offspring, for the mere satisfaction of bringing both religion and virtue into contempt; and paint the precepts of morality in the most engaging colours, to shew, by their practice, how much these precepts are to be despised.

My friend, Ned Headstrong, is a parent of this cast; he is continually preaching up a rectitude of conduct to a very sensible young fellow his son; and yet as continually destroying, by his example, what he labours to effect by his advice. Ned expatiates largely about patience under the dispensations of Providence, and yet will fly into a passion of the most ungovernable nature, if a leg of mutton is boiled a minute too much. I have heard him launch forth in the praise of fortitude, while he has not been able to overcome the chagrin occasioned by spilling a drop of port upon the table-cloth; and very frequently listened to a lecture against a profligate mention of the Divine name, interspersed with a variety of horrid execrations.

The same preposterous inconsistency in the education of an only daughter is a distinguishing peculiarity of Lady Dye Dawdle. Her ladyship is no great gad-about, for she lies in bed all the day, and plays at cards all night; she cannot be accused of misbehaviour in church, for I do not suppose she has been once at a place of public worship these twenty years. A tradesman can never call twice at her house for a bill; for there is not one, who has the least acquaintance with her character, that would trust her with a yard of ribband, or a row of pins. Her reputation has never been suspected, for there is not a man in England who would think it worth his while to accept of the highest favour she could possibly grant; and as for her veracity, that can by no means admit of a debate, for it is a question with me if she spoke a syllable of truth since her arrival at maturity. Yet, notwithstanding all these negative perfections, she is continually prescribing a contrary practice to her daughter, and perpetually condemning the young lady for the least imitation of what she is unceasingly practising herself.

I shall conclude this paper with a bit of advice addressed to every order of my readers. If a parent in reality would have his son a good man, let him teach by his practice, as much as by his precept;

precept; and never, through a doating partiality, overlook those actions in a child which he would inevitably condemn in any body else. Finally, let all parents, from the introductory part

of this paper, consider that it is no disgrace for a son to be dependent on a father's bounty, but that nothing can be more dangerous than for a father to be dependent on a son's.

Nº XXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20.

THERE is no set of men to whom I have a greater aversion than your professed sayers of *bon mots*, or sputterers of *good things*; who go into company for no other reason in nature, but to catch at every little opportunity of being smart, and build a reputation of wit and vivacity upon the harmless peculiarities, or casual indiscretions, of their acquaintance. This species of impertinents, if we properly examine the principles upon which they act, are not more to be despised for the continual air of self-sufficiency they assume, than for the malevolence of their dispositions, in wishing to disconcert, where real good-nature and true politeness should be studious to oblige. Yet, notwithstanding the greatest number of these worthy gentlemen affect a superiority of understanding above the rest of the world, a sensible observer will find, that the very best is seldom more than a squirt charged with the trite relations of despicable jest-books and common-place remarks, to be let off as occasion may arise, in whatever company it may be their fortune to be introduced.

As the vanity of being admired engrosses their whole ambition, a wit of this class is not less a disagreeable acquaintance than a dangerous friend: he is incapable of confidence; and wherever a secret of the most important nature with which he is trusted, may unhappily interfere with an opportunity of gratifying his natural propensity, his discretion is in an instant kicked down stairs by his pride, and the peace of a whole family, in all probability, sacrificed to an indelicate repartee, or an ignorant joke. Nay, no consideration, either moral or religious, is able to restrain the torrent of his impertinence; and is it not too common a circumstance, that where human obligations afford him no subject of exercising his talents, that he bursts at once through the most awful of the divine, and circulates a daring laugh at the mandates of

his God! In short, the most bearable of this fraternity is always a plague to society, and not very seldom a disgrace.

Should we carry our speculations on this subject still farther, it might probably be found, that one half of our modern infidels is produced by the absurd affection of saying a good thing, and the desire of being thought uncommonly shrewd by the generality of the world. In order to effect this, a singularity of opinion is first of all adopted; and the more dangerous this opinion is, the more it answers the purpose of being talked of, and renders the person who adopts it pointed out from the ordinary classes of mankind. This singularity of sentiment of course occasions a singularity of expression; and the consequence at last is, that the unhappy wretch, who thus aims at universal admiration, jests himself out of every sensible and worthy man's esteem here, and laughs away his hopes of hereafter too.

An old school-fellow of mine, poor Dick Brazen, is one of those men whose principal study is to attract the attention of their acquaintance by a smartness of repartee, and a poignancy of satire in the application of a joke. Dick's whole labour, these forty years, has been to make himself a very disagreeable companion; and I cannot help saying he has been no way disappointed in his end. The moment he enters a room, and makes his bow, he sits with the utmost patience to catch at any expression which may admit of a sarcasm; and is sure, without any regard to the condition or sex of the speaker, to use his best endeavours to turn it into ridicule or contempt. If nothing of this kind happens, he makes himself the hero of some little tale, and perhaps tells a hundred impertinent stories for the sake of relating what he said upon such and such a circumstance; how he put Lady This-thing out of countenance, with an observation upon a pincushion; and cut up Sir John T'other, with a stroke upon a snuff-

snuff-box. The worst of all is, the same observation which that celebrated reprobate, the Earl of Rochester, made on Charles the Second, for the continual repetition of his stories, may, with all imaginable justice, be applied to Mr. Brazen. That monarch had a custom of telling every day, in the circle, a thousand trifling occurrences of his youth, and would constantly repeat them over and over again, without the smallest variation; so that such of his courtiers as were acquainted with his majesty's foible, would instantly retreat whenever he began any of his narrations. My Lord Rochester being with him one day, took the liberty of being very severe upon that head—'Your majesty,' says he, 'has undoubtedly the best memory in the world; I have heard you repeat the same story, without the variation of a syllable, every day these ten years; but what I think extraordinary is, that you never recollect you generally tell it to the same set of

'auditors.' This is Mr. Brazen's fault, and indeed the fault of every worthy member of his brotherhood; they are very happy in remembering every good thing they have said, but constantly forget they have retailed it perhaps five hundred times upon the same company.

I shall conclude this paper with an anecdote of the identical Mr. Brazen, whom I have thus taken the liberty of introducing to my readers, and which I think is a general picture of all the clever fellows of this class within the bills of mortality. Being carried to sup one night, by a friend, with a company of very sensible people whom he had never seen before, Dick was so very much pleased, that he was extremely mortified, or, in other words, found no opportunity of exercising his talent for *bon mots*. Being asked to the same party a second time—'No, no,' says he, 'I have been disappointed already, and will never sit twice in a company which I cannot laugh at, by G—d.'

Nº XXIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THERE is no necessity so lamentable as where a truly sensible and good man is obliged, from the tyranny of custom, to run into those actions which he both despises and abhors; and is reduced to the dreadful alternative of entailing infamy on his name for life, or bursting at once through the laws of his country, and violating the commands of his God. You will easily apprehend that I intend to trouble you on the fatal consequences of duelling. I do, Sir; and have a tale to unfold that must drench your humanity in tears.

I am the wretched relict of the most amiable of men. Three months ago I was the happiest of my sex!—What am I now?—But you shall hear, Sir. I am a young woman of twenty three, and about five years ago married a most deserving young man of fortune, equal to my own, by whom I have four children, every one (if the doating fondness of a mother may be credited) the little emblem of it's ever to be regretted father.

During the little space of our marriage, Mr. Wellworth seemed to live for no other purpose but to oblige me; and

I hope it will not be looked upon as vanity, if I say, my everlasting study was to make every thing agreeable to him. In short, Sir, I scarcely imagined a hereafter could add to my felicity, nor formed a single wish beyond the approbation of my husband.

One evening, Sir, Mr. Wellworth supped abroad with a party of friends, and came home with a good-humour which was visibly constrained. However, as he repeatedly assured me that nothing was the matter, I rather accused myself of unnecessary apprehension, than supposed he was really disturbed. That evening he was more than usually tender to me, and paid an extraordinary attention to the children; he went up to the nursery, kissed each separately three or four times, and blessed them with an uncommon energy of expression. We retired in a little time after; and judge my distraction, Mr. Babler, when my woman woke me in the morning with the following letter!—

MY ADORABLE MARIA,

BEFORE this reaches your hands, I am no more. Last night Colonel Melmoth and I had a difference about political

political opinions: he challenged, and laid me under the disagreeable necessity of giving him the meeting. Pity me, my only love. What could I do?—Shame, disgrace, and infamy, hung upon my name, if I refused; though, now that the awful prospect of eternity opens upon my imagination, I could wish the circumstance undone. An all-gracious, an all-forgiving Deity, will, I humbly hope, however, prove more merciful than a relentless world; and therefore a crime, which from the weakness of humanity, and the unhappy custom of my country, I was in a manner forced to, may possibly meet with forgiveness above. But must I leave my children?—Must I be torn for ever from my wife?—O Maria! is it possible to imagine how I have loved?—In life you were the only mistress of my heart; in death you possess it wholly too! My strength fails—Colonel Melmoth lies dead!—O Maria! take care of our helpless little innocents; and be sure, when Charley grows up, to inculcate such principles in his mind as may make him avoid the rashness of his father, and sacrifice every consideration to the mandates of his God. And now an everlasting adieu. And may the eternal Father of Mercy shower down his choicest blessings on you, and my poor babes, is the dying prayer of your own

CHARLES WELLWORTH.

What became of me for a whole fortnight after the receipt of this dreadful

letter, Mr. Babler, I cannot pretend to tell. My mother says I was in a state of absolute distraction, and frequently made attempts upon my own life. However, by degrees, they reduced me to something like tranquillity, and argued me into a resolution to live, through a consideration for my children.

Such, Sir, are the consequences of duelling: from being the most fortunate wife in the universe, I have nothing in my imagination now but a slaughtered husband; and from being the happiest mother in the world, I cannot see my little orphans without inconceivable anguish and distress. O, Sir, is this false, this ridiculous punctilio of honour, to be supported not only with the loss of the parties lives, but with the ruin of their families? Why will not gentlemen consider that their rashness not only exposes their own breasts to the sword of their adversaries, but plants it in the bosom of their friends? A man with a wife and children, Sir, (abstracted from any consideration of a religious nature) has no right to be lavish of his safety; his life is the property of his family, and is absolutely necessary for their defence. I wish, Sir, the legislative power would take some steps to prevent this horrid custom, and make it an object of their contempt, as well as the mark of their resentment; till this is done, punishment will be ineffectual; and O that it may be speedily done, is the hearty wish of yours, &c.

MARIA WELLWORTH.

N^o XXX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

THERE is nothing at which I am more offended than the unpardonable vein of ignorance and brutality so generally introduced in our Drinking Songs; nor any thing, in my opinion, which throws a greater reflection upon the understanding of a sensible society. If we examine the principal number of these pretty compositions, we shall find that absolute intoxication is recommended as the highest felicity in the world, and receive the most positive assurances of being upon an equality with angels, the very moment we sink ourselves into a situation considerably lower than men.

To look back to the original design

of all poetical composition is needless, since every body knows that it was to praise and honour the Supreme Being with a fervency of devotion, which could not be found in the common form of words. This glorification of the Deity, and the instruction of his creatures, appearing therefore to be the grand view of poetry, how much is it to be lamented, that a science of so sublime a nature should be prostituted to such infamous ends; and, instead of being applied to the purposes of religion and virtue, be directed to the support of a vice productive of innumerable ills!

It has been justly observed, that every nation,

nation, in proportion as it is civilized, has abolished intemperance in wine, and consequently must be barbarous in proportion as it is addicted to excess. The remark, I am rather apprehensive, will be found no very great compliment to the people of this kingdom; we are apt to place good fellowship in riot, and have but too natural a promptitude in imagining, that the happiness of an evening is promoted by an extravagant circulation of the glass: hence are our songs of festivity (as I have already taken notice) fraught with continual encomiums on the pleasures of intoxication, and the whole tribe of Bacchanalian Lyrics perpetually telling us how wonderfully sensible it is to destroy our senses, and how nothing can be more rational in a human creature, than to drink till he has not left himself a single glimmer of reason at all.

But if, abstracted from the brutal intention of our drinking songs in general, we should come to consider their merit as literary performances, how very few of them should we find worth a station on a cobbler's stall, or deserving the attention of an auditory at Billingsgate! The best are but so many despicable strings of unmeaning puns and ill-imagined conceits, and betray not more the ignorance of their encouragers, than the barrenness of their authors. Let me only ask the warmest advocate for this species of composition, what, upon a cool reflection, he thinks of the following song—

BY the gaily-circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass:
By the hollow cask we're told,
How the waning night grows old:
Soon, too soon, the busy day,
Calls us from our sports away:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

The foregoing little song, though one of the least offensive in the whole round of a *bon vivant* collection, has neither thought nor expression to recom-

mend it; and can, when sung, be termed no more than an agreeable piece of impertinence, calculated to supply a want of understanding in a company. I forbear to mention the Big-bellied Bottle, and a variety of similar productions, which are universally known, and deserve to be as universally despicable; but I shall conclude this paper, however, with a song which I would recommend as an example to such gentlemen as are fond of celebrating the grape, though no ways ambitious to do it at the expence of good sense and morality.

THE JUDICIOUS BACCHANAL.

WHILE the bottle to humour and social delight

The smallest assistance can lend;
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend:

O let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers!
That my time may deliciously pass;
And should Care ever think to intrude on my hours,
Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But, instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should Discord preside o'er the bowl;
And Folly debate, or Contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul:

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the ivy, feel nought but the rod;
Should I make sweet Religion a profligate jest,
And daringly sport with my God—

From my lips dash the poison, O merciful Fate!

Where the madness or blasphemy hung;
And let every accent which virtue should hate,
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the curse be eternally driv'n,

Where my reason so fatally stray'd;
That no more I may offer an insult to Heav'n,
Or give man a cause to upbraid.

N^o XXXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

AN easiness of behaviour through the common occurrences of life, is a point in which almost every person thinks himself an admirable proficient; yet it is nevertheless a matter in which almost every person is very widely deceived. We are all of us too apt to mistake the grossest extremities for the criterion of perfection; and seldom imagine that we have reached the necessary goal of good-breeding, till we have left it at an astonishing distance behind.

An endeavour at an extraordinary degree of politeness, is a rock upon which numbers are perpetually splitting; and, what is most surprising, the variety of examples, instead of deterring us from an imitation of the practice, are rather additional incentives for the continuation of the pursuit. Naturally prompt to think we ourselves possess more abilities than our neighbours, we are perpetually solicitous for their being displayed; and confining our observations for ever to the agreeable side of things, we absolutely forget that they have the smallest reverse.

Mrs. Notable, an old widow cousin of my own, is the very quintessence of modern politeness and good-nature. Once every Christmas I have the honour of an invitation among a great number of other relations, and then have a perfect opportunity of contemplating the elaborate ease of this obliging gentlewoman: the moment we enter, she makes it a particular rule to enquire after the health of the whole company, and the instant we are seated, comes regularly round to every individual, and demands a circumstantial account of the minutest occurrence since she had last the happiness of seeing us; if any one by accident has laboured under a slight cold, all the recipes in the *Complaisant Housewife* are thundered about our ears, and an infinity of lamentations poured out for so irreparable a misfortune. Unhappily, indeed, at our last meeting, none of us had the least complaint to mention, which I found was a mortification of no trifling kind to my cousin; however, she would not be robbed of an opportunity of shewing both her knowledge and politeness, and therefore in-

troduced her favourite topic with the greatest facility, good-naturedly lamenting a second time for a sore throat, which my sister Rattle had been laid up with the preceding twelvemonth.

But if this preparatory account of Mrs. Notable's politeness has given the reader a high opinion of her character, what will he say, when I carry him through the ceremony of dinner, and touch upon the unremitting solicitude which she manifests for the accommodation of the company? Notwithstanding her table is generally as well supplied as any woman's in the kingdom, and notwithstanding she does not a little pique herself upon the elegance of this annual entertainment, yet the moment it is brought up, we have a thousand excuses made for the poverty of our dinner. 'Well! Lord! I don't believe you can touch a bit on't—but you are so good—though I wonder how you come a second time to a place so utterly unprovided!' This we understand as a proper cue to praise every thing before us, and then are obliged to stand a whole volley of encomiums on our extraordinary goodness; till at last, when we have in a manner half burst ourselves, and are told how very little we have eat, a fresh concern for the badness of our entertainment concludes the feast, and relieves us a little from the fatigue of such extraordinary politeness.

How widely different is the conduct of Sir Harry Downright? From an utter aversion to ceremony, he becomes actually the rudest fellow alive; and when he borders upon a brutality of behaviour, calls it an easiness arising from good-nature and friendly familiarity. In the company of the ladies he sits constantly covered; never helps a soul at his own table, though he has an absolute stranger at dinner; nor ever makes any scruple to tell a woman she lies, in plain English. As Sir Harry would not be thought a coxcomb for the universe, he carefully avoids the smallest indication of that character in his appearance: he seldom shaves above once a week, scarcely ever combs his hair, chews an enormous quantity of tobacco, and makes a point of going into well-dressed com-

G panies

panies with a dirty shirt. Upon the whole, to escape the imputation of ceremonious, he becomes in all places offensive; and for fear of deviating into an effeminate puppy, as he calls it, he throws off all pretensions to decency, and sinks into an absolute brute.

The extremes of behaviour are what every person of sense should cautiously study to avoid; since an excess of ceremony cannot fail of subjecting us to ridicule; and a total disregard of polite-

ness must naturally expose us to contempt: difficult, however, as the proper system of conduct may appear, I shall be bold enough to lay down one rule, which will, in my opinion, entirely comprize it, and serve as a just conclusion to the present paper. In all companies, let a man endeavour to please, rather than expect to be pleased; and if this does not gain him many friends, I shall not scruple to affirm, that it will never procure him a single enemy.

N^o XXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

FILIAL piety is a flower of so delicate a nature, that we meet but very few places which can produce it; and though we frequently hear of parents who ruin themselves for the sake of their children, yet we seldom or ever hear of children who do any extraordinary acts of kindness to their parents. Perhaps nature has formed the parental sensibility infinitely more exquisite than the filial, and, for some wise purpose, implanted a much greater fondness on our minds for those we beget and educate, than for those by whom we are begotten and educated ourselves: at least, custom has firmly established such different sentiments relative to the behaviour of parent and child, that it is thought a matter of the highest praise in a wealthy son to settle a paltry fifty pound for life on a distressed and worthy father; but an action of little or no merit in a father to settle twenty times the sum upon an indigent son. I supped last night at my sister Rattle's, where I generally hear something new, and was entertained by my nephew Harry with the following exception to the foregoing position, which I flatter myself will prove no disagreeable relation to my readers.

An eminent merchant, whose name I think necessary to conceal under that of Webley, married a most amiable woman, with whom he received a considerable fortune, and by whom he was blessed in the first year with a daughter, called Maria: Mrs. Webley, however, unhappily catching a cold during the time of her lying-in, did not long survive the birth of her child, but died in about three months after; with her last breath conjuring her husband to be par-

ticularly attentive to the welfare of the unfortunate little Maria.

Mr. Webley, for two years before his marriage, had been connected with a subtle designing woman, by whom he also had a daughter; nor did his having a wife put an end to the guilty intercourse: under pretence of important business, he frequently staid in town with her a night or two in the week, while Mrs. Webley was down at the country-house in Hertfordshire; and as frequently carried her into the country with him, whenever he knew his lady could not conveniently leave town. His marriage, in fact, was rather an engagement of interest, than a union of inclination; and Mrs. Webley's fortune enabling him to live up to the summit of his wishes, the moment she was interred, he thought there was no farther necessity for restraint or disguise. In short, six weeks had scarcely elapsed, when he married the abandoned woman we have been speaking of, and pitched upon the most profligate of her sex to supply the place of the very best.

We shall pass over the time of Maria's infancy, when she experienced little more than the diminutive cruelty of a narrow-minded mother-in-law, and come at once to that period which may be justly reckoned the most important of her life. She had just entered on her eighteenth year, and was blooming into all the perfections of her sex, when Mrs. Webley began to think of executing a scheme which she had long in agitation. She saw Maria treated by every body with the greatest respect; and beheld her own daughter, though dressed out in all the fashionable foppery of

of the times, and infinitely more attended to, received with a degree of insipid civility that bordered upon contempt. The shameful neglect which Maria experienced at home, gave a constant lustre to her merit when abroad; and if she found no kind of countenance in her own family, she met with the highest in every other place. This was a circumstance which galled Mrs. Webley to the very soul; and being, moreover, fearful that the regard so universally shewn to Maria would be a means of obstructing any favourable addresses which might be made to her own daughter, she took a speedy opportunity of quarrelling with that unhappy young lady; and being, as the generality of those of her principles most commonly are, both master and mistress of the house, very fairly turned her out of doors. Maria was not, however, destitute of a protector, though she had lost a father. A young fellow, with a good understanding and a splendid estate, who had long solicited her favourable opinion, and gained it, took that opportunity of pressing for her hand, and was made the happiest of men.

Maria was married about five years; during which time, though she had often entreated for a reconciliation, she never could be admitted to the presence of her father; when, taking up the Gazette one Saturday evening, she met with his name amongst the list of bankrupts, and instantly fainted on the floor: she was, however, soon brought to herself; when, forgetting in a moment how she had been turned out upon the charity of an inhospitable world, and exposed to the most pinching poverty and disgrace; how for a series of years she had been treated as an alien to her father's family, and even denied the most trivial necessities, while strangers were rioting on her mother's fortune; she flew to her husband, whose happiness was centered in obliging her, and painting out the miserable situation of her father, obtained his consent to settle three hundred a year, out of a sum which he would

allow her for pin-money, on him, to alleviate so distressing an incident. With this she immediately took coach, and proceeded to her father's: the door was now thrown open at her approach; and being introduced to the old gentleman's presence, they gazed upon one another for some moments, and then burst into a mutual flood of tears.

Mr. Webley's misfortunes had opened his eyes to the strangeness of his conduct, and nobody could be more ready to condemn it than himself. What, then, must we judge his emotions to be, when a daughter, whom he had left destitute of bread, came to offer him a genteel allowance for life; and the same eyes which he had steeped in tears of the keenest distress, came to fill his with drops of unutterable joy? His gratitude as a man, his feelings as a father, instantly rushed upon his soul; he dried his eyes, looked full in his daughter's face for some moments, then capering about the room with the phrenzy of a bedlamite, burst afresh into tears. Suffice it, however, that after his affairs were settled, he retired into the country upon this yearly allowance, but did not live long enough to enjoy the first quarter: the mortification of being a bankrupt, the consciousness of his family errors, and, finally, the very generosity of his daughter, which was intended to sweeten the remainder of his life, proved a means of hurrying him to his end; the agitation of his mind threw the gout into his stomach, and he died in Maria's arms, in the fiftieth year of his age. His wife and daughter now thought themselves utterly undone; but Maria, with a greatness of mind peculiar to herself, in an instant dispelled their apprehensions, by a continuation of two hundred a year during her life; and, without ever stooping to hint any thing of their former behaviour, told them, that they must consider it as no compliment, since she looked upon it as an indispensable duty, which she ought to pay to the memory of her father.

N^o XXXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Am a constant reader of your productions; and have conceived such an opinion of your regard for the poor women, that I am resolved to trouble you with an account of my situation, especially as it is possible that several of my sex are labouring under the same anxieties, and that this letter may be productive of some happy consequences to them, however it may fail in being any way advantageous to me.

You must know, Sir, that about three years ago I was married to a man of distinguished understanding, as well as considerable fortune; and therefore looked upon by all my friends to be very happily settled for life. My husband's known good sense, Sir, and the affluence of his circumstances, were considered by every body as indubitable securities for my felicity, and there was scarcely a young lady of my acquaintance who did not envy me so favourable a match.

I had not, however, been married above a month, Sir, before I found myself treated with a palpable indifference, and cut off from all those rational enjoyments, which I flattered myself with possessing in the continual society of so sensible a husband. Instead of entertaining me, as he was formerly accustomed, with instructive relations of men and things, he grew silent and reserved; and, instead of the continual vivacity with which his looks had before been animated, nothing now appeared upon his brow but a settled air of the most perfect disregard, or a supercilious smile of contempt. I was for a long time at a loss to account for so surprising an alteration of temper; and you may be sure, as I passionately loved Mr. Highmore, such a change must have given me many an uneasy moment, particularly as I studied, with all possible care, to keep my anxiety concealed. It was a mortifying circumstance, Mr. Babler, if I asked a tender question, to be answered with a blunt *Yes*, or *No*; to be told I teased him, if I enquired after his health; and to have my

hand tossed away with an ill-natured 'Pshaw,' if I presumed to take hold of his, or attempted to regulate any little article of his dress. At last, Sir, the mystery was unravelled; I overheard him one day talking to an intimate friend of his about the follies of the fair-sex, declaring that the very best were a most contemptible pack of creatures, much below the notice of a man of understanding—'For my part,' says he 'I suppose myself as happily married as any body of my acquaintance; but still a wife is no more than a woman; and as such, though a necessary animal, she is consequently below the regard of a man of common speculation.'

Having thus discovered the occasion of Mr. Highmore's indifference, I resolved to render myself as worthy of his attention as I could, by conversing on the most important subjects I was able: for this purpose I would occasionally cite a passage from our celebrated writers, and deliver my opinion on historical events, poetical composition, and such other parts of literature as I thought would be most agreeable to the temper I saw him in. But, alas! Sir, instead of finding his humour abated by this solicitude to please, I had the misfortune to see it visibly increased: if I quoted a passage from any author, he smiled; if I pretended to judge, he tittered; but if I was insolent enough to differ from the minutest opinion of his, he either flew out of the house, or politely laughed in my face. Every casual impropriety of accent he was sure to ridicule; and those little grammatical inaccuracies which women cannot always avoid, were everlasting objects of contempt. Failing in my endeavours here, I attempted to engage him in a variety of amusements, but in vain. If I proposed the play, women only diverted his attention from the business of the performance; if I proposed a walk in the park, women truly were pretty companions to dangle with in public; if I mentioned a game at cards, fools only had recourse to diversions of that kind. In short, Sir, let me start what I would, either

either the meanness of my understanding, or the greatness of his own, was sure of defeating all my views, and nothing was happy enough to merit his approbation but what immediately proceeded from himself. For this last twelvemonth, Sir, Mr. Highmore has commenced *bon vivant*, and sat till three or four o'clock every morning with a select party of friends, who are eminent in the world for their literary abilities; as it is a fundamental principle with these extraordinary gentlemen, never to part, while they are able to sit together. Irregularity and intemperance have so impaired the constitution of my poor Mr. Highmore, that I am terrified to death at the bare supposition of the consequences. His employment all day is to recover from the excesses of the preceding evening, and his business all

night to provide an indisposition for the next day.

For God's sake, Mr. Babler, say something about those men of sense who look upon women to be idiots, and yet are guilty of actions that would make the meanest of us ashamed. Is this superiority of understanding, Sir, upon which the generality of your sex so highly pique themselves, to be pleaded as an eternal excuse for indiscretions and errors, and no allowance to be made for the little failings of the poor women, though we are treated continually as fools?

I could say a great deal, Sir, on this subject; but fearing to trespass too much upon your leisure, I shall take my leave, and am, your humble servant,

ARABELLA HIGHMORE.

Nº XXXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

SINGULARITY is so much the affectation of the present æra, that there is scarcely an individual but what strikes out a plan of operation for himself, and exhibits a particular something in his character that marks him in a distinct manner from every body else. This endeavour at singularity, let the circumstance be what it will in which we display it, is always the result of much pride and little understanding; it proceeds from a despicable ambition to be talked of; and, like the Ephesian youth, so we hear our name bandied about from mouth to mouth, it becomes a matter of indifference how we are mentioned, whether for erecting a temple to the Deity, or for setting one in flames.

Among many instances which I have remarked of subaltern singularity in the course of my own acquaintance, the foundation of poor Ned Totter's fame is one of the most extraordinary. Ned, for these last twenty years, has not touched a morsel of butcher's meat, his diet consisting chiefly of fish, fowl, and vegetables; and this bare circumstance has been a constant source of self-exultation ever since: when he comes into

company, he watches for every opportunity of relating this meritorious act of abstinence, and is particularly pleased if any strangers happen to be present to bless him with a stare of astonishment, which he looks upon as the highest indication of applause. I have frequently known him run about from coffee-house to coffee-house, in order to meet with a fresh admirer; and engage a whole table of politicians with a discourse upon the peculiarities of all the crowned heads in Europe, that he might turn the conversation of his auditory at last upon the strangeness of his own. A very sensible young fellow, who has studied his ruling passion, takes every occasion of indulging it, and leads him with a preparatory discourse to a constant mention of his favourite subject: this has made the young fellow so extremely agreeable to my old friend, that upon a fit of illness some time ago, he set him down very handsomely in his will, and appointed him one of his executors. Various are the circumstances I could tell of this affected singularity. Tom Steady has made it a point, every day since the last rebellion, to take a view of Temple Bar, and indulge himself with a sight of the heads. This extraordinary mark of his affection for the government has answered his

his wishes; it has been talked of a thousand times among his acquaintance, and Tom is at once the truest subject, and the happiest man, in the kingdom. Frank Loiter has rendered himself immortal for lounging about Westminster Hall during term time. Will Careless is universally celebrated for having his stockings hanging continually about his heels; and my ingenious friend, Mr. Thomas Clough, of Drury Lane Theatre, is talked of by all the world for never missing an execution at Tyburn.

But if singularity in trivial occurrences is so certain of making us ridiculous, an affectation of particular vices, through a desire of appearing singular, cannot surely fail of rendering us odious, as well as despicable, in the eyes of the world, and occasion every rational person to view us with abhorrence, as well as contempt; yet, notwithstanding the consequences are so evident and positive, what numbers do we not continually observe establishing their character upon a foundation like this? What myriads does not every day's experience point out, who are ambitious to be thought rascals as well as fools, and seek the public admiration in some singularity of behaviour for which they ought to be hanged?

Of this number is that celebrated li-

bertine, Sir Charles Riot. Sir Charles is possessed of a handsome figure, an extensive understanding, and a plentiful estate; yet, with all these advantages to gain an honest reputation, his whole study is to acquire a character from the destruction of every family he is admitted into; and his only ambition to become conspicuous from the number and blackness of his crimes. In one house he has ruined two sisters, the daughters of a most intimate friend: in another he has debauched the wife of a man, to whom he is indebted for no less than his life.

These actions are universally spoken of; but, so far from being ashamed, our hopeful baronet thinks the mention of them a compliment to his personal qualifications; and always makes gallantry the subject of his conversation, that somebody may take notice of the laurels he has won in that extensive field of real infamy, and imaginary applause.

Singularity, Mr. Babler, unfortunately for us, is to be met with in every thing but the virtues, and these being so very rare to be met with themselves, to talk of it further than as it concerns our follies and our vices, would be unnecessary, for which reason I shall drop the subject here, and stile myself, Your's &c.

SAM. SPECULIST.

N^o XXXV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8.

TO THE BABLER.

^{STY,}
YOU seem a friendly good-natured sort of a man; and I have often heard my grandson repeat, with a great deal of satisfaction, many pretty things out of your writings; and Tom, though I say it, is a very sensible lad, has been three years at a Latin school, and is, moreover, as dutiful a child as any in England. But, to the purpose.

You must know, Mr. Babler, I am, and have been a long time, offended with the custom of keeping holidays at particular festivals, because it is productive of many evils, and cannot possibly do any good. It is merely an encouragement to the vicious and profligate, instead of exciting any principle of morality or religion; and, perhaps, it would

not be going too far, if I asserted, that there are more enormities committed at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, than can be expiated by the virtues of the whole year besides. I am led to this subject from some domestic occurrences, during the course of the two holidays in the Whitsun-week; with which, since I have taken the liberty of troubling you, I shall endeavour to make amends for trespassing on the patience of your readers.

Breakfast was no sooner over on Whitsun Monday, than my maid Hannah came up stairs, and begged leave to pass the remainder of the day with some relations of her's, who had made a party for Fulham. As the girl was a very good servant, I not only granted the request, but made her a present of half a crown towards defraying the expences of the excursion;

execution; she thanked me, promised to return early in the evening, and set out. About nine o'clock I expected her home, but no Hannah came, Mr. Babler; ten struck, and still there was no sign of her appearance; eleven struck, but no Hannah, Sir. I can't say but I was terrified, lest some accident should have happened to the poor girl; and therefore sent my Tom, with the other maid Nanny, to her sister's, a discreet, sober sort of a young woman, who keeps a chandler's shop within two or three streets. All that this produced was new uneasiness. The sister knew nothing of her; heard of no party she was engaged in, and seemed to be frightened out of her wits. On this report, I went to bed, but desired Nanny to wait up till twelve o'clock; she did, but to no purpose: Hannah never came near the house since, Sir; and we have lately discovered that she went out with a footman belonging to an officer that day, instead of going with any relations; that she dined with this sorry fellow at Chelsea; where, after dinner, he persuaded her to drink a glass or two of punch, which had such an effect upon her, being utterly unused to strong liquors, as rendered it absolutely necessary for her to be put to bed. No doubt the whole was a design of the artful villain's; for she was no sooner under the blankets, than he stepped, without any ceremony, into bed too; and destroyed, in one moment, that reputation which the unhappy creature had preserved unsuspected, for a whole life. When she had recovered the use of her reason, shame and distraction prevented her from coming home; and, thinking the worst that could have now happened, she retired with her betrayer to a little room in a hedge alehouse, where she continued with him ever since; refusing either to see her sister, or return to her place, though I sent her word I should take her back again, if she left the villain, and would give an absolute promise never to have any intercourse with him for the future.

Such, Mr. Babler, is the consequence of holiday-making—and now suffer an old woman to make two or three cursory remarks. I remember my first husband, and as honest a man he was as ever broke the world's bread, used to say, poor man! that the Church, by the

institution of holidays, perverted its own design, and laid in reality a snare to destroy, where it meant to improve, the morals of the people. Indeed, Sir, I am perfectly of opinion with Mr. Robinson; holidays were originally instituted to inspire a solemn sense of religious duties, and to give those a favourable opportunity of prosecuting their devotions at particular seasons, whose necessary avocations might prevent them from so constant an attendance as they might possibly wish at other times; but let me ask, Sir, if the end of the Church is answered in the least? Do our young people go to church on holidays? Alas! Sir, they consider a holiday as an absolute exemption from every concern of a religious kind; and a sort of licence to indulge every depravity of their sentiments! Do our old people go to church on holidays? Very few, Sir; they are employed in cards and festivity; and so far is the verge of that eternity, upon which they totter, from making any salutary impressions on their minds, that though I have not missed church a single day these thirty years, yet at the three grand festivals, I have observed it to be worse attended than at any other season of the year: a few superannuated women, like myself, have composed the whole congregation; and even the clergyman has run over the service in such a preposterous hurry, that I have often thought he was impatient to mix in the customary riots of his parishioners.

Seeing, therefore, Mr. Babler, that holidays, so far from answering, rather defeat the purposes of religion; and knowing also how destructive they are to the community, by encouraging a shameful idleness among all ranks of people, (the lower order particularly, whose families must be material sufferers by the smallest neglect) I think that every consideration, both divine and human, should induce us to lay them aside, since nothing can be more scandalous, than to set a season apart for the support both of idleness and irreligion; and nothing more repugnant to wisdom or virtue, than to sanctify, as one may say, a time for prejudicing the fortunes, and corrupting the morals of the people. I am, Mr. Babler, your humble servant,

RACHAEL REDMAN.

N^o XXXVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15.

AN excess of sensibility, though nothing can be more amiable than a feeling heart, is perhaps one of the greatest misfortunes which the human mind can labour under, because there is an everlasting source of objects to interest it's tenderness, and a constant round of accidents to work upon it's fears. Happily, indeed, we are not overstocked with people who possess this quality to any extraordinary degree; but the few who do, might possibly, for their own sakes, as well as the happiness of others, be much better, if they were endued with no sensibility at all.

Poor Tom Frankly is a striking proof of this observation: at one and twenty he stepped into an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year, and was looked upon by every body as a very promising young fellow; before the year was out, however, Tom's excessive sensibility made him find out all the necessities; and whether their poverty was the fault of their ill-fortune, or the consequence of their crimes; whether they were to be pitied or condemned, he was indifferent in his relief: indigence was a never-failing recommendation, and the villain professed tasted equally of his bounty with the worthiest of men: his character once known, the parasite and the gambler were continually at his table, and working on his humanity with unceasing repetitions of penury and want. Fraud was perpetually pestering him with letters of supplication, and the loosest prostitutes of the town teased his ears forever with imaginary amendments and artificial distress; his hand was still open to all; and though his friends very frequently remonstrated on the injudicious distribution of his fortune, his answer was eternally, that he could not bear to see any bosom swelled with affliction, nor any eye reddening with wretchedness and despair. In less than ten years, however, his estate was reduced to a fifteenth part of it's worth; the great decay of his own circumstances now obliged him to be less attentive to the affairs of other people; and seeing that nothing but beggary was before him, if he went on much farther, he bound himself under a large

penalty never to give away above a tenth part of the pitiful little hundred a year which was left: this he constantly disposes of in halfpence and pence to the common beggars; and the moment it is expended, locks himself up in his room, to avoid both the sight and importunity of these vagrant mendicants, till the receipt of his next year's supply.

Lady Catherine Nettleworth is another instance of excessive sensibility, but it is, however, entirely confined to her children, and her lap-dogs; if one of the young gentlemen goes abroad, she is under the most violent agitation, lest some accident should happen in the shortest excursion; if he goes in the coach, she is in a continual uneasiness for fear it should overlet; if he rides, her apprehension is equally alive, lest the horse should unhappily take fright; if he walks, she dreads the consequence of the fatigue; and let the day be either wet or dry, she trembles alike with a terror of his catching cold, or being parched to death with the sun. In order to quiet herself in all these different respects, she sometimes keeps the young gentlemen within doors for a whole week; but then she is miserable in the other extreme; she sickens, lest they should suffer for want of exercise; and dies, for fear they should be stifled for want of air: at table, if they eat heartily, she dreads their being surfeited; and is wretched, from a supposition of being indisposed, if they do not. In fact, whatever they do, she seldom has a moment's peace, for thinking about their welfare; and, wherever she goes, rarely suffers any body else to enjoy a moment's satisfaction, for talking about their various accomplishments.

Her concern for her lap-dogs is no less remarkable than her solicitude about her children: if the maid-neglects to comb them twice a day, she flies into the vapours; or suffers them to go into a damp room, she falls into fits. In short, there is scarcely a circumstance in which her sensibility is not creating her a new source of disquiets; nor a friend in the world whom she does not render unhappy with her endless apprehensions and complaints. Upon the whole, I may

may with certainty enough conclude this paper as I set out, with affirming, that an excess of sensibility (amiable so ever as it is to have a feeling heart) is productive of so many uneasinesses to ourselves, and so many inquietudes to

our friends, that it would in reality be much better for those who labour under it, to be unacquainted with the finer feelings, and to have little or no sensibility at all.

N^o. XXXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Am a plain young fellow near the Monument, and have been courting a most agreeable girl in the neighbourhood for above six months; but what surprizes me is, that though she receives the visits of no other suitor as I can discover, and is generally upon some little party of pleasure with myself, I can by no means bring her to a candid declaration of her sentiments, nor find out whether or no she designs me for a husband. Every question that has a tendency to explain matters, she avoids with the greatest address, and flies out into a violent passion if I press it with any degree of earnestness or importunity.

All this time, Sir, I am spending my money, losing my time, and neglecting my business. I have been obliged to squire her to Vauxhall or Ranelagh two or three times a week; and, because I would do matters genteelly, have kept the coach in waiting at each of those places the whole evening: this, and the other necessary expences, bear a little heavy on the pocket of a tradesman, Mr. Babler, who has no ambition to appear in the London Gazette, though accompanied or ushered in with the truly respectable name of Robert Earl of Northington.

When I first commenced an humble servant of my adorable's, I thought it abundantly sufficient to propose a walk in the Park, or a dish of tea at the White Conduit House; and imagined a prudent consideration for the main chance would recommend me to her good opinion, especially as she had but a very small fortune of her own; and knew, upon that account, the necessity there was for a little economy. But, lack-a-day, Sir, the White Conduit House was resorted to by nothing but barbers boys, or mantuamakers apprentices; and for a walk in the Park, she

never could be able to crawl so far; she hated draggling through the streets, and could not bear to be tossed about at the discretion of every clumsy porter, or odious Irish chairman. This was a broad hint; and, therefore, hoping to bring her to an immediate compliance by the appearance of generosity, I gave into her humour; and coached it about so unceasingly, that she now looks upon it as an indispensable compliment which I am obliged to pay, and never stirs without a carriage out of doors. This is not all, Mr. Babler; she has lately got a knack of stopping at goldsmiths shops, and at milliners of her acquaintance; there she has fallen in love with a variety of little knick-knacks, which, like a blockhead, I have foolishly complimented her with; and no later than last week, Sir, it cost me sixteen guineas for a diamond hoop-ring, and five for some little paltry article in her head-dress.

These expences, and the uncertainty I am in with respect to her inclinations, have made me very serious, Sir; for though I love her with the utmost sincerity, and would marry her to-morrow without a sixpence, still I must have some regard for myself too, and prevent in time the destruction of my little fortune, and the laughter of the world into the bargain. I have therefore taken the liberty, Sir, of troubling you with a few questions, by the advice of my friend Tom Watkinson, as he constantly takes in your entertaining paper, and speaks in the handsomest manner of your good-nature and abilities.

Be so good then to tell me, if it is not very culpable in any woman, who intends to marry an admirer, to drive him on expences considerably beyond what she knows can be afforded by his circumstances?

Ans. Yes.

Q. Is it not to the last degree scandalous for a woman, if she does not in-

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Be so good then to tell me, if it is not very culpable in any woman, who intends to marry an admirer, to drive him on expences considerably beyond what she knows can be afforded by his circumstances?

ANS. Yes.

Q. Is it not to the last degree scandalous for a woman, if she does not in-

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tend to marry an admirer, to saddle him with continual parties of pleasure, and to receive presents of value from him at every opportunity?

A. Yes.

Q. Is not the woman who does the first, a wife utterly improper for any man that has a fortune to lose?

A. Yes.

Q. And is not the woman who does the second, a wife too despicable for any man at all?

A. Yes.

Q. Would you advise me, at the next interview with my goddess, in spite of

every frown of disdain, or toss of resentment, to demand a peremptory answer whether she is willing to have me or no?

A. Yes.

Q. If she should happen to consent, would you advise me to marry her?

A. This question is useless, being sufficiently answered by the first and third queries.

Q. Would you marry a woman yourself, Mr. Babler, who had acted like my adorable?

A. By no manner of means.

Nº XXXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29.

THE following complaint is so just and general, that I shall make no apology for laying it before my readers.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I AM an unhappy poor rascal, and have, to my unspeakable mortification, been married these three years to a woman of extraordinary piety and virtue. Don't be surprised—I am neither angry with her piety, nor offended with her virtue; on the contrary, I revere her for both these qualifications; but they are attended with consequences so very disagreeable, that I frequently wish, when provoked beyond all bounds, that she had been indebted to Billingsgate or Bow Street for the rudiments of her education.

I am, you must know, Sir, a haberdasher, just set up at the polite end of the town; where, with a little industry, I have a very reasonable prospect of making a pretty tolerable fortune. I am very assiduous in business myself, and wish I could say as much for my wife. But, lack a-day, instead of minding the duties of the shop, when I am trotting up and down with a parcel of goods, her ladyship runs out to her devotions to some neighbouring church or chapel, and trusts the care of every thing to an ignorant apprentice, or a giddy headed journeywoman. What is worse, upon these occasions, Sir, her sanctity renders her commonly as cross as the very devil; and if I say a single syllable, I am sure to hear a volley of charitable ejaculations for the welfare

of my poor soul, and to be treated the remainder of the whole day like a downright reprobate.

You would imagine, however, Sir, that when she does come home, she might be kind enough to favour me with a little of her assistance, and to cast an eye over the regulation of my family. Far different is the case; the moment she comes in, she retires to her room, and there waxes away the time till dinner over some stupid compilation of enthusiastic prayers, or some ignorant rhapsody made use of at her conventicles; there, profoundly wrapt in dirt and meditation, she imagines herself discharging the great employment of her life, and never casts a single thought upon the miserable poor dog her husband, or the unhappy little wretches her children.

I have spoke of her, Mr. Babler, as being wrapt up in dirt and meditation. I said no more than the truth; for the filthiness of her person is equal to the piety of her sentiments. Looking down with disdain upon every sublunary enjoyment, she thinks it beneath her to pay the least attention to her dress; and upon this principle it is, that hardly once in three months she puts on either a clean cap or a light coloured apron. A rusty old cardinal serves her for a coverllet as often as she goes out; and as for her appearance at home, she kindly imagines that any thing is good enough to wear before her husband; nay, Sir, sometimes she won't wash her hands or face in a whole fortnight; and you shall judge what a condition her arms were in, upon

upon one of these occasions, when a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who came to bleed her, mistook the dirt for antiquated kidskin, and desired she would take off her gloves.

From the preceding little sketch of my amiable helpmate, Mr. Babler, you may judge that her conduct has as great an effect upon my mind, as an impression on my circumstances; and consequently, that I am never easy without being abroad, though I know the absolute necessity for my attendance at home upon business. I am cut off in my own house from every little comfort of society, and of course must have an inclination of seeking it somewhere else. I cannot ask a friend to breakfast, dine, or sup with me. My own stomach is constantly turned when I sit down to table, and that I think abundantly sufficient, without striving to disgust my acquaintance. Besides, from an utter neglect of the most domestic concern, let me say what I will, I can never get a joint of meat properly dressed, but have it brought up without being heated half through, or else entirely done to rags.

Thus situated, as I said before, I take every opportunity of going abroad, and this opens a fresh source of inconvenience and anxiety. My wife, to crown my misfortunes, is uncommonly fond of me; and if I either dine or sup from home, is sure of being constantly in tears. Yet, Sir, this home she makes intolerable; for even after shop-hours,

if I oblige her by staying within, I meet fresh instances of mortification. Mirth and good-humour are banished from my doors; a harmless joke is considered as a sinful levity; and an innocent laugh prohibited as wholly antichristian. The case is not mended neither, if, in conformity to her humour, I wear a grave aspect; for then, Sir, she either teazes me to death with unnecessary apprehensions about my health, or reproaches me with being ill natured, because I am confined to her company. Any way she is sure of finding fault, and any way I am equally certain of being rendered miserable.

Is there no means, Mr. Babler, of curing this unaccountable malady of being righteous overmuch? Is there no means of convincing these narrow-minded women, that a moroseness of temper, or a disregard of rational enjoyments, are in no manner encouraged by the sentiments of religion; but that, on the contrary, a sweetness of disposition, and an endeavour to discharge the necessary duties of wife and mother, are particularly some of it's most beautiful characteristics. I do not think this subject would be unworthy the pen of our most eminent divines. Suffer me, through your paper, to beg some of them will consider it, since it is more likely that a lesson on this matter will come with more weight from the pulpit than any other quarter. Your most humble servant,

AN UNFORTUNATE HUSBAND.

Nº XXXIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

THE impressions which are made upon the human mind, during it's earliest states, being seldom if ever to be entirely eradicated, there is nothing in which we ought to be more careful than the education of our children, particularly in their infancy, when habits, in the strictest sense of the term, become an absolute part of our nature, and prejudices not only find a refuge in the heart, but twist themselves imperceptibly round it's very strings.

I remember, when I was about four or five years of age, my grandmother took me entirely under her own care; and as the good woman, like the generality of her sex at that period, had a firm belief

in witches, spirits, and hobgoblins, she frequently entertained me with a variety of their pretty performances; and, if I happened to be any ways untoward, constantly threatened to send me to Robin Greenway. This Mr. Robin Greenway was formerly a journeyman taylor in the neighbourhood, who had gone distracted for love, as the people said, and in one of his desperate fits cut his throat in the parson's garden. Various were the tricks related of this unhappy enamorado; sometimes he came in a storm, and threw a parcel of bricks down his sweetheart's chimney; at other times he assumed the figure of a grey mare; and at others, that of a spotted

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spaniel;

spaniel; but his most favourite mode of appearance was the form of an overgrown calf. Ridiculous as these accounts must have been inevitably considered on the smallest reflection, yet my poor grandmother believed them all with the most religious certainty, and thought it an indispensable part of her duty to make me believe them too. In this she succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: I was ten years old before I would venture to sleep alone; fourteen, before I had courage enough to go to bed in the dark; and to this very hour, if I happen to be by myself, the clock never strikes twelve at night, but I think of Robin Greenway, or some other worshipful member of the same community, to whom the blessing of an untimely death has granted a privilege of taking what form, and playing what tricks, he pleases till the cock crows next morning.

It would be unnecessary for me to observe, that nine out of every ten who may be turned of fifty, have like myself, in their infancy, been trained up in the greatest dread of spirits; and that the utmost exertion of their reason, upon arriving at years of maturity, has not been sufficient to erase the impressions which have then been unhappily made upon their imagination. Fortunately, however, the good sense of the present æra has provided the most effectual spells for our ghosts and spectres, and laid so many of them so effectually in the Red Sea, that harmless little boys may for the future sleep in the most perfect security, and the honest country people traverse the remotest church-yard after midnight without the smallest apprehension.

But, notwithstanding we have in a great measure got the better of our ghosts, there are yet some prejudices, and those of a very dangerous tendency, which we have in a manner substituted in their room, and which it would be much to our honour in this life, and to our happiness in the next, if we could get the better of too. These are the shameful indulgencies to which we think ourselves entitled on Sundays. In the

days of spectres and hobgoblins, we thought ourselves under an indispensable necessity of paying some regard to the Sabbath; and every man was obliged to pay a fine who omitted going to church that day, unless he could palliate his conduct by some very feasible excuse; but, now-a-days, Sunday is the time particularly set apart for riot and festivity; and the day, rendered holy by the express appointment of Omnipotence, is often peculiarly appropriated for the greatest violation of it's laws. Has a great man a journey to make, or a company to invite, Sunday is an idle day, and he fixes either upon that. Has a woman of fashion an inclination to strip her best friends of the money which ought to pay a tradesman's bill, she sends cards for Sunday evening. And has a petty little mechanic a mind to cut a figure, why he hires his horse, takes out his strumpet, and gets drunk on Sunday evening too.

In the inferior orders of life, there is a notion generally prevalent, that cards are very monstrous on a Sunday; and there are many well-meaning people who would not, upon any consideration, sit down to a party of whist. None of my readers will imagine, I dare say, that I want from this to extenuate the infamous custom of card-playing on the Sabbath of God. All that I want is, to shew the lower classes of the people, that leaping in the fields, playing at cricket, riding horse-matches on the roads, and getting drunk on that day, is every whit as criminal as the propensity to cards, which they so highly censure in their superiors; that any of those exercises which they think allowable, is rather more indecent, because more publicly practised, and may in reality be attended with infinitely worse effects. Let them, therefore, (if it be in vain to preach to the politer world) first of all, reform in these points of behaviour on Sundays themselves, before they pretend to arraign the conduct of the great; and, instead of discovering the mote in the eye of their neighbour, sit attentively down to pluck the beam out of their own.

N^o XL. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

I Have been strongly solicited to give the following letter a place, which I have unwillingly complied with, notwithstanding the apparent utility of it's intention, as I am fearful it will affect rather too many of my readers among the venerable part of the fair-sex, who have been in the decline of life unhappily too susceptible of tender impressions, though they have lost the power of creating any impressions of such a nature themselves.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

IN what manner to tell you my unfortunate story I know not; shame and confusion forbid me to whisper it to the very winds; but a just concern for the happiness of others has worked upon my humanity, and wrings the melancholy secret from my heart. You must know, Mr. Babler, I am a woman of some birth, had once a little beauty, and, what was infinitely more important in the eye of the world, a very affluent fortune. At the age of twenty-one, I married the most amiable of men, with whom I lived in an uninterrupted round of felicity for six and thirty years. During that period we had four sons and three daughters, who are all provided for, both splendidly and fortunately, in the world, and enjoy the fullest sweets of opulence in the midst of the most perfect content.

About nine months ago, Sir—O that I had not survived to recollect a time that now brings Basilisks to my imagination, and murders the most distant beam of comfort with a glance!—the man with whom I had lived so happily, and so long, fell ill of a fever, and died in ten days. My distraction at his loss was inexpressible; yet, when my future conduct comes to be mentioned, I shall be suspected of dissimulation, if I say I was concerned at it at all; but, believe me, I felt every thing a woman, endued with the most exquisite sensibility, could possibly experience on so tender and afflicting an occasion; and was reduced so low by the conflict which my mind had undergone, that when the physicians prescribed the Bath waters, it was

universally thought I should not hold out to the journey's end.

Providence, however, which designed that I should stand a warning to my sex, to the surprize of my whole family, worked a miracle almost in favour of my health; and in about three months I was so perfectly recovered, that I came up to town, and seemed not only to have left every trace of my indisposition behind, but the principal marks of my age too; in short, every body complimented me on the life of my looks, and raked the latent embers of vanity, which had a long, long time, lain smothered in my heart, with so much success together, that, upon a secret consultation with my own wishes, I could not absolutely conclude but I might be yet prevailed upon to change my condition, and make a second venture on the smooth ocean of that state which rendered my life such a blessing in the first. The moment a thought of this nature comes into the breast of an old woman, it clings like Cleopatra's asps, and most commonly stings her to death. For my own part, Sir, though I felt a secret repugnance at the notion of another husband, yet the idea stuck close to my imagination; and I even sometimes endeavoured to persuade myself, that this honest aversion, which in spite of me my conscience would retain, was nothing but a prejudice of education or custom, which it was highly meritorious to subdue. My memory was ransacked for instances where women in my circumstances had married a second time, with handsome young fellows too, yet lived extremely happy, notwithstanding the vulgar and abominable supposition that nobody could entertain a passion for a woman in years: nay, Mr. Babler, I found texts of Scripture in support of my favourite opinion, and absolutely forced myself to believe that I was obliged, by the very principles of religion, to make another choice.

While I was thus debating, Sir, my son Edward, who is a colonel in the army, brought a young fellow of his acquaintance to sup at my house. I do not know how it was, but I fancied he was the most handsome man I had
ever

ever seen in my life; his conversation, too, was so elegant, and he paid so profound a deference to my opinion, that I did not sleep—shame upon my antiquated eyelids—a single wink the whole night. What need I trespass on your patience—Major Ravage repeated his visits, began to find he was far from disagreeable, and, in short, made an offer of his hand in such terms as I was wholly unable to resist. Without ever enquiring into his character, or his circumstances, I consented to be his at an age that would become me to wait upon my grand-children, and flattered myself that his affection might be engaged to my person, at the very moment I knew it to be entirely created by my purse. My poor first husband imagining that, as I had been a faithful wife to him, I should be a tender mother to his children, left me in possession of fifty thousand pounds, and a jointure of three thousand a year; every sixpence of which, as far as I could, I nevertheless unnaturally settled on the villain, who had taken the advantage of my second childhood, the morning after the celebration of our nuptials.

My children, you may be sure, would be justly offended at this preposterous match, and they were; but, to be rid of upbraidings, which cut me to the soul, I quarrelled with them in turn, and forbade them ever to enter into my sight: but, alas! I had too soon an occasion for their assistance and relief. A fortnight had scarcely passed, when Major Ravage, without saying a single syllable, set off for Bath with a tradesman's wife

in the city; and about an hour after his departure, an upholsterer came in, demanding the possession of my house and goods, having bought every thing that morning from my husband. I will not attempt to paint my astonishment, my fury, and my distress; it was too much for nature to support, and I fell lifeless on the floor. Not to tire your patience, Sir, upon examining into every thing, and sending to the major, he flatly refused either to send me a shilling, or ever to cohabit again with so stale a parcel of mortality—that was his decent expression. In this situation, my eldest daughter came and conducted me to her house, generously soothing me in the tenderest manner; but wounding me, however, a thousand times more by her goodness, than she could possibly do by seizing the opportunity to load me with complaints. I am now going to sue for a separate maintenance; and shall convince the grey-headed sucklings of my sex, that an old woman who marries a young fellow, if she even should meet with a worthy one, can never expect to be treated with any tenderness or regard; and that, on the other hand, if she consents to wed a villain, she can look for nothing but an endless scene of poverty and contempt: where she is most fortunate in her choice, neglect and ridicule must be her portion; and where she happens to be otherwise, the public scorn of the world will be aggravated by a continual round of private wretchedness and distress.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LAVINIA RAVAGE.

Nº XLI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

SEEING a variety of letters in your entertaining paper from husbands and wives, I have taken the liberty of adding to the number of your matrimonial correspondents, and doubt not, if you favour my complaint with a place, but that it will be attended with very salutary effects.

You must know, Sir, I am married to one of the most agreeable women in

England, have an unabating passion for my wife, and every reason to imagine her sentiments are equally tender for me: there is nothing of consequence but what we continually study to oblige each other in; yet, at the same time, there are a thousand little trifles in which we are always sure to disagree, and which are not only an endless source of disquiet to ourselves, but of uneasiness to our whole family.

Last night, for instance, Sir, after supper, I acquainted Nancy that a vint-

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ter, who owed me a hundred pounds for some Lisbon, (for, you must know, I am a wine-merchant, Mr. Babler) had failed, and that there was but little probability of expecting two and sixpence from the sale of all his effects. I furthermore informed her, that I was much to blame in the affair, and that I had trusted this man contrary to the advice of an intimate friend, who was perfectly conversant with his circumstances. My wife, instead of reprehending me for indiscretion, as the generality of her sex would have done in the same case, made use of every argument in her power to dissipate my chagrin; told me, the most careful were unable now and then to avoid an error, and bid me console myself under my loss, by thanking Providence that I had not been a sufferer in double the sum. I was greatly charmed with this disposition in Mrs. Mountain, Sir, and expressed my sensibility of it in a manner with which she seemed infinitely pleased. Well, after all this, would you imagine, Mr. Babler, that a most trivial circumstance should make us part beds for that night! My favourite liquor is a glass of punch, and it happens to be my wife's too: making a little as we were alone, I unluckily squeezed the pulp of the lemon into the bowl; upon which she immediately exclaimed, with some warmth—'Lord, my dear, you have spoiled the punch!'—'No, my love,' replied I, 'the pulp gives it a fine flavour; and besides, you know I am very fond of it.'—'Ay, but,' says she, 'you are sensible I can't abide it.'—'Then, my dear,' returned I, 'it is an easy matter to avoid putting any in your glass.'—'Lord! Mr. Mountain, I have spoke to you a thousand times about this very circumstance; I believe, in my conscience, you do it on purpose to give me disgust.'

Here, Mr. Babler, we began a contest; severity produced severity, till at last I ordered a bed to be made for myself; and poor Nancy retired to her own, with her eyes swimming in tears.

For the whole night, neither of us (for I judge of her by myself) had a single wink of sleep; we tumbled and tossed, canvassed the matter fifty ways in our minds; and at last concluded, like Lockit and Peachum in the Beggar's

Opera, that we were both in the wrong. Yet, notwithstanding all this, when we met at breakfast, but an hour ago, neither of us would condescend to speak first; we affected a resentment of countenance that was utterly foreign to our hearts, and endeavoured to keep up the appearance of an unremitting anger, when we both of us longed to be reconciled, and had the most passionate inclination to be pleased. Breakfast was over before we exchanged a syllable. When the servant had left the room, I prepared to go out, and had just got to the parlour-door, when poor Nancy, unable to hold it out any longer, cried, in a tone of irresistible softness—'And will you go without speaking a word?' Here our whole ridiculous quarrel was at an end: I turned to her with all the fondness I could possibly assume, and held her in my arms for some moments; while she, returning the fervor of the embrace, burst into a flood of tears.

It is inconceivable to think, Mr. Babler, how contemptible these little differences have made us in the eyes of our own servants. Whenever they see us cool towards one another, they titter and laugh, and say the poor things will soon kiss and make it up again. It was no longer ago than last week that I overheard my rascal of a coachman tell one of his fellow-servants, that his master and mistress were nothing better than an overgrown boy and girl, and that he fancied a little of his horse-whip would be of great service to both of them. It is very odd, Mr. Babler, that people who really love one another, and are not wholly destitute of understanding, should give way to such resentment in the merest trifles, who, in the most important circumstances of life, are above feeling the smallest resentment, or entertaining the minutest disesteem. Many is the time, Sir, I have found fault with my wife for stirring the fire, when her spending five hundred pounds has not given me the least uneasiness; and many a time has she fallen out with me, if, in cutting up a fowl, I happened to splash ever so small a drop of gravy on the table-cloth, though she has felt no discomposure in life, if I spoiled a rich silk, or dirtied a fine head-dress. This morning, however, we have agreed, as a means of keeping ourselves from passions of this nature

nature for the future, to send you the foregoing account; and if it should turn out any way serviceable to others, as I hope it will, I shall have a double rea-

son to sign myself, your most humble servant,

ROBERT MOUNTAIN.

N^o XLII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

THERE is a very sensible saying among the women, when any of their acquaintance happen to be brought to-bed of a boy; and this is, That Mrs. Such-a-one has got one of the right sort. In reality, there are so many dangers attending the education of a young lady to years of maturity, and there are such a variety of circumstances to destroy her reputation, which, through the fashionable depravity of the times, are considered as so many excellencies in the other sex, that I am no way surprized to find people particularly rejoiced at having 'one of the right sort,' as it is emphatically expressed; since the satisfaction of the parent is considerably less exposed, as well as the happiness of the child; to say nothing of the infinitely greater ease with which the infant can be brought up.

When I seriously consider the customary mode of educating the fair-sex, instead of being surprized to find so many turn out an affliction to their friends, or a disgrace to society, I am in fact astonished that we do not find a multitude more. Now a-days, instead of being attentive to the cultivation of a young lady's mind, our regard is entirely engrossed by the accomplishments of her person; and the generality of our mothers are totally unconcerned whether or no their daughters are acquainted with the most necessary duties of religion, provided they can make a tolerable figure at a party of whist, and turn out their toes.

From the first moment little Miss is sent to school, she is provided with a doll, perhaps as large again as herself; and is instructed in the necessary manner of dressing it properly, and sending it quietly to bed. Thus, in the earliest stage, her mind receives a turn for gallantry and dress, which imperceptibly strengthens with her years; and being accustomed to nothing but compliments on her beauty, she becomes utterly indifferent to every thing else; the little

reading she is mistress of is rather a prejudice than a benefit; for as it is principally composed of novels, it constantly warms her imagination with sentiments of intrigue, and adds to the opinion which she entertained of her own person and understanding. Hence she fancies herself the heroine of every extravagant romance; till at last, from an admiration of the character, she really takes it up, and runs off, if in high life, with some Amadis of a subaltern officer; and, if in low, with a strolling player, or a barber's boy.

The scandalous neglect of female education may, however, be put down to the account of the other sex. By a custom, no less arbitrary than unreasonable, we cut them off from a liberal instruction; yet, at the very time that we lay a manacle on their understandings, affect to despise them for fools: as if they were beings totally opposite by nature to ourselves, we fancy that the same enlargement of mind, which is so absolutely necessary for us, is utterly improper for them; and suppose that, the better capable they are of acting in life, the worse they must behave of course. Such are the sentiments entertained by the high and mighty lords of the creation, relative to the education of the ladies. What wonder, therefore, or what pity is it, that we are so frequently unhappy in our daughters and our wives! Are we not in fact answerable for every error resulting from their ignorance, since that ignorance is principally occasioned by ourselves? And should we not, consequently, instead of throwing the whole blame at their doors, remove it entirely to our own?

I shall conclude this paper with a few memorandums, written by an excellent young lady, lately deceased, who was brought up in a very different manner from the generality of her sex. They were communicated to me yesterday by her father, with tears in his eyes, and shall

shall stand as a lasting monument of so deserving a daughter's virtue and understanding.

Mem. Being now eighteen years of age, and hasting to that period of life in which I am to prove my gratitude to the best of parents, let me always make it a rule to prefer the gratification of their wishes to the enjoyment of my own.

Mem. A parent is entitled to the first place in every child's esteem; and she that can be deficient in a point of duty here, ought justly to be suspected of infidelity in the discharge of every other.

Mem. By all means to be strictly attentive in the worship of my Creator, as I can never expect a future blessing, without shewing a becoming gratitude for a past.

Mem. Always to believe a man has the basest designs, who wants me to conceal his addresses from my father.

Mem. Never to hear the protestations of any man who has behaved dishonourably to another woman.

Mem. In all companies to treat those with the greatest share of deference, who are most unhappy in their persons or their circumstances.

Mem. Whoever calls me goddess, angel, or any other ridiculous appella-

tion, though never so fashionable—a fool.

Mem. Miss Polly Beaufort extremely uneasy at seeing Mr. Beverley speaking to me in the drawing-room last Sunday evening;—to avoid conversing with that gentleman as much as possible for the future.

Poor Mrs. Johnson, the shoemaker's widow, and three children, in the greatest distress. *Mem.* To allow them a guinea a week till a happy alteration in their circumstances, and to save this article out of unnecessary expences in house keeping and cloaths.

Sir John Blandford, a man of much merit, who I fear has some sentiments in my favour, I must avoid with the nicest circumspection: for as I cannot return his esteem, it would be infamous to mislead him with chimerical notions; and inhuman to treat him with derision or disrespect.

Mem. To send the hackney-coachman's wife as much as my papa got the fellow fined in, for behaving insolently last Tuesday, when we were suddenly caught in a shower, and coming from the Park.

Mem. Mr. Winworth, a most deserving and accomplished gentleman; to think no more of him, (if I can help it) unless he should be mentioned by my papa.

Nº XLIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3.

NEXT to an invariable rectitude of conduct, there is no light in which the character of a man can possibly appear so amiable as in a hearty concern for his errors, especially those which are more the consequence of human infirmity than the effect of a mean premeditation. In proportion to the repentance or atonement, we are apt to raise him in our esteem; and it is not the least part of his merit, that liberties themselves are lost in an admiration of his behaviour, however slow, through a ridiculous fear of public contempt, they may be to imitate an action which they cannot, in spite of fashion or education, forbear to love.

My nephew, Harry Rattle, called upon me this morning; and after the usual 'How do you do' of the day, pull-

ed out a letter from the identical Mr. Bumper, whom in a former paper I mentioned as having sent Harry a challenge for refusing to drink a strumpet he had toasted one night after supper at his own house. Mr. Bumper is a young man of nine and twenty, who has received a liberal education; is in possession of twelve hundred pounds a year; and though he has launched pretty freely into the customary excesses of the times, has been dissolute rather from fashion than inclination. For a few weeks past he has been at a tenant's in Berkshire, from whence, two days ago, he sent the following letter to Harry, with permission to communicate it, through my means, to the notice of the public.

TO HARRY RATTLE, ESQ.

DEAR HARRY,

IN my last letter I told you how deeply I was struck with the person of Sally Poplar, my tenant's daughter, and expressed an intention of setting out immediately for London, for fear I should succeed in any design prejudicial to her innocence and virtue. Yet, notwithstanding I was perfectly convinced how necessary a step of that nature would be, I could not work myself up to a sufficient resolution of quitting the place. I flattered myself I should be able to resist every temptation, yet indulge myself a few days longer under the same roof with the bewitching rustic; and though I knew it would be impossible to possess this happiness without saying some tender things to her, I nevertheless thought I should avoid carrying matters to any critical length, by a criminal importunity. From my example, however, the unthinking part of our acquaintance may be instructed, that it is infinitely wiser to fly from a temptation than to combat with an opportunity. The moment a man is alone with a woman he admires, and from whom he has received some indications of reciprocal esteem, human nature must not be human nature if he does not endeavour to improve so fair an occasion of gratifying his wishes: he may fancy he will go to such and such lengths, and no further; but passion will hurry him, imperceptibly, from liberty to liberty, and he will find it utterly impossible to retain the least consideration for the unhappy girl, when he has totally lost all consideration for himself.

Such was my case the night before last: Sally and I lay on the same floor, and she had promised to let me chat half an hour with her before she went to bed. This half hour was productive of another and another; till at last, the poor girl was worked up to such a pitch of tenderness, that she could refuse nothing; and then it was I found, in spite of all my humanity, that there was no possibility of getting off. It would have been very strange, after pressing three hours for the last favour, which all the time I was in hopes would have been refused, if I had withdrawn the moment it was granted: the consequence therefore was, that af-

ter I had been rascal enough to deprive her of her reason, I was villain enough to seize the opportunity which that suspension gave me—

And for a moment's guilt, destroyed
A life of spotless fame.

We had scarcely fallen asleep, (do not laugh, Rattle, we slept, upon my soul) but old Mrs. Poplar having, as she imagined, forgot to see that the kitchen-fire was out, (a piece of care which she never omitted) came down stairs, and passing by Sally's door, which in the confusion of affairs we had neglected to lock, turned the bolt and came in. I need not attempt to paint her astonishment, nor, upon being waked, our own surprize. Sally shrieked, and hid herself beneath the clothes; Mrs. Poplar wrung her hands in a fit of unutterable distraction, and desired her husband to come instantly down. The good man, terrified out of his wits for fear his dock had been broke open, or his house set on flames, made what haste he could; but never was distress or consternation so great, as when he found out the real situation of affairs, and beheld the destruction of his only child: for a moment he was petrified; till at last, recovering the use of his recollection, he cast a look at me that cut me to the very soul, and crying 'O Sir!' burst into a violent flood of tears. In my life I never was so much affected; I felt myself truly despicable, and was at once torn with shame and remorse. To a man not utterly destitute of humanity and reflection, Harry, no circumstances could be so mortifying: instead of gratitude for the cordial welcome which I had received in the house of my friend, I had violated the hospitality of his roof, and robbed the darling of his age of what ought to be infinitely dearer than her life. The girl I deoted on to death, seemed absorbed in distraction; and her worthy parents were almost lost in despair. What could I do, Harry? The torture of the damned was an Elysium to what I suffered; and, without reparation, of what service was it to repent? Thus situated, I begged Mr. Poplar and his wife to withdraw till I was dressed, and then I would endeavour to satisfy them: they did so, and went down to the parlour. I followed them in a few minutes; and summoning all the fortitude I could, deli-

vered myself to the following purport—
 'I will not, my good Mr. and Mrs.
 Poplar, go about to excuse the trans-
 actions of to-night, but own myself
 a very dirty scoundrel; however, as
 there is no possibility of recalling what
 is past, I shall readily make all the
 atonement in my power, and if I have
 your consent, will marry Sally to-
 morrow morning.' The transport of
 the worthy old couple was now as vio-
 lent as their sorrow had been but a
 moment before. Mr. Poplar looked at
 me for some time with a fixed attention,
 then broke into an excessive laugh,
 which possibly might have proved fatal,
 had he not thrown himself into his
 great chair, and found a seasonable re-
 lief in a flood of tears.

Well, Harry, what say you to my
 behaviour? I have been married a week,

and am convinced that virtue is its
 own reward; for, in my days, I never
 tasted felicity till now: every eye beams
 on me with gratitude and esteem; and
 when I enter into an examination of
 my own heart, all is approbation and
 joy. I am satisfied of your concur-
 rence, my dear Harry; and as for fools
 and rascals, their opinion is what a
 man of speculation must both despise
 and detest. It is not for the satisfaction
 of others we are to live, but our own;
 therefore those actions which secure that
 satisfaction, since it must always be
 founded on a rectitude of principle, are
 the best tests both of the goodness of
 our hearts, and the soundness of our
 understandings. Yours, most affec-
 tionately,

RICHARD BUMPER.

Nº XLIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10.

IT was an admirable reply which
 Socrates once made to an impertin-
 ent coxcomb, who demanded what he
 would do if there was no other world
 after this. I need not inform the intel-
 ligent reader that this celebrated philo-
 sopher was as eminent for the rectitude
 of his life, as the greatness of his under-
 standing; and that, upon all occasions,
 he maintained the certainty of a future
 state, where every man was to be re-
 warded according to his deserts.—
 'What shall I do,' returned Socrates,
 'if there is not another world after
 this? Why, at any rate, I shall be
 as well off as you are—But what will
 you do if there is?'

It is really surprising, that the force
 of this excellent answer is not always
 present to the minds of those people
 who either take upon them absolutely to
 deny the existence of another world, or
 act in such a manner as if they looked
 upon a belief of it to be utterly ridicu-
 lous and absurd. Common policy, one
 would imagine, should incline them to
 a uniform rectitude of life, if they were
 not actuated by real goodness; and in-
 spire, if totally insensible of gratitude
 to the great Author of their being,
 something like a reasonable concern for
 themselves.

When we consider, though ever so
 slightly, on the nature of man, and re-

flect on the important something which
 is continually deciding upon every ac-
 tion in the human bosom, we can scarce-
 ly think it possible that there is one
 man in the whole circuit of creation
 who is dead to the belief of a future
 state, or is really of opinion that there
 is no such being as a God. His own
 heart must be an evidence against him;
 and he must feel the certainty of another
 existence, though he may be apt to cry
 out with Cato—'When, or where?'

But, however, if there is even a pos-
 sibility to suppose such a class of crea-
 tures as Atheists in being, yet every
 day's experience will point out millions
 to our view whose situation is infinitely
 more terrible, and who are more entitled
 to the abhorrence of the world, as well
 as more exposed to the vengeance of
 their God. A disordered mind, or a
 weak understanding, may be advanced
 as some little mitigation of the wretch's
 infidelity who denies the existence of
 his Creator; but what excuse can he
 have who acknowledges the power,
 the wisdom, and the goodness of the
 Deity, yet lives as if he believed there
 was no Deity at all? What plea can
 be urged for those who, while they
 confess themselves indebted for every
 blessing to the unbounded beneficence
 of the Supreme Being, act in one con-
 stant round of disobedience to his will;

and trample, while they own the necessity of an implicit obedience to his ordinances, in the most infamous manner, upon the greatest of his laws?

The Atheist, if we suppose any rational creature can be an Atheist, lives consistent with himself; he looks upon this world as the final stage of his existence, and consequently has no occasion to act like those who are in a positive expectation of future punishments and rewards. Hence he is justified in making the most of the present world, and has a kind of title to follow every pursuit that has a tendency to promote his interest, or gratify his inclinations, without any regard to the means.

But surely the man who kneels down reverently at the throne of the Divine Being, pours out his soul in thankfulness for past blessings, or in solicitations for future benefits, is to the last degree inexcusable as well as inconsistent, when he runs from the immediate temple and presence of his God to some licentious scene of immorality, the participation of some criminal enjoyment, or the prosecution of some infamous pursuit. Yet, alas! what numbers have we, who, after endeavouring to obtain a reconciliation with the Father of Mercies, fly, while the awful benediction of the church is quite fresh and warm upon their heads, and plunge into all the vices which but the very moment before they were supplicating the goodness of Omnipotence to obliterate and forgive?

It is to me astonishing, what men, who believe the certainty of a Divine Being, can think of themselves, or what idea they can entertain of their God. One moment, they are all devotion and penitence; the next, we find them steep-

ed in the most glaring contradictions and crimes: one moment they are imploring the King of heaven and earth with a rapture of gratitude and reverence; yet the very next, as if all their supplications were so many absolute designs of turning him into ridicule or contempt, they circulate an audacious laugh at his institutions, and make a daring mockery of his laws. Nay, more, they frequently go into his very temple as if they wanted to aggravate the unparalleled impiety of their conduct; and there, in the very place immediately dedicated to his service, they prosecute the most shameless violation of his commands: there they very frequently go, under the sacred mask of religion and virtue, to seduce unsuspecting innocence to shame; to lodge scorpions in the breast of some unhappy father, and drench a mother's pillow in misery and tears.

Let me calmly ask the believers of a future state, if absolute Atheism is a crime more unpardonable than this? Of what service is our expectation of another life, if we only employ our knowledge to have that life marked out to everlasting torments and despair? Of what advantage is our religion, if we act in such a manner as to make that religion at once our condemnation and disgrace? Or of what utility is our acknowledgment of a God, if the acknowledgment of such a being must harrow up the soul, and goad it with unutterable stings? Atheism is almost a refuge in such a case; and it is much more consistent to cry out with the most abandoned profligate our imagination can form, that there is no existence after this, than exclaim, in the language of the divine Socrates, 'What shall we do if there is?'

Nº XLV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.

THERE is a certain mode of behaviour in the world which is entirely founded upon Self, and proceeds from nothing but a passionate desire of gratifying our own inclinations; yet which, upon all occasions, lays claim to the title of unbounded benevolence and generosity, and puts in for the universal admiration in, numberless instances, where

it ought to meet with nothing but the universal contempt. A letter, however, which I lately received from a lady who signs herself 'A miserable Woman of Quality,' will elucidate this matter, perhaps, better than the most elaborate discussion which I could possibly enter into; and therefore I shall make no apology for laying it before my readers.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

AS you seem good-naturedly ready to pay a greater regard to the circumstances than the compliments of your correspondents, I shall begin with as little ceremony as I intend taking leave, and neither trespass on your leisure with a fulsome encomium, nor an unnecessary excuse.

You must know, Sir, I am the daughter of a private gentleman in Oxfordshire, who had a large family to provide for upon a very moderate estate. There were six of us, and but three hundred a year to answer all contingencies. Happily, indeed, I was the only girl amongst them; so that with a little interest, as my father was generally beloved, four of my brothers were fortunate enough to be preferred in the navy, the army, and public offices: the eldest and myself were the only remaining children at home; and my poor papa, whose favourites we particularly seemed to be, resolved to compensate, by an unwearied attention to our education, for the apparent narrowness of our fortunes. As for me, before I was fifteen, besides all the customary needle-works peculiar to my sex, I spoke French and Italian pretty tolerably, danced an easy minuet enough; sung an agreeable little song, and played a lesson at sight on my harpsichord. What was, however, infinitely more essential, though now seldom considered as any part of a young woman's education, I could never sleep without saying my prayers; and at church was no way ashamed at repeating the Ten Commandments, or railing a psalm with the rest of the congregation. My person was not in the least tortured into any fashionable form by strait lacing; and as for my face, it was rather more wholesome than lovely; and not so much distinguished by any surprising delicacy of complexion, as by a certain air of complacency and cheerfulness, which I flatter myself bespoke neither a corrupt heart, nor a total want of understanding.

Excuse me, Mr. Babler, for being thus tediously, and perhaps vainly circumstantial, about either my acquired or personal qualifications; but as they were the only causes of my great, I must not say my good fortune, I thought there might be some necessity for more than a cursory description of both.

Between the age of fifteen and twenty,

such as my little attractions were, they procured me no inconsiderable share of admirers, and I had more than one opportunity of marrying very advantageously: no person, however, engaging my inclination, my father never offered to press me on the subject, but always tenderly declared his poor girl should chuse for herself in a case where she was the most principally interested. When I was just turned of twenty, an occasion for such a choice occurred; and he readily consented to the solicitations of a young gentleman, who had been left an estate of eight hundred a year, in our neighbourhood, by the will of a relation at that time about six months deceased.

But, alas! Sir, see the uncertainty of all human expectations: three or four days before the intended solemnization of our nuptials, a certain noble earl, of an immense fortune, had his carriage accidentally broke down within a few yards of my father's. Mr. Bilson my lover, and I, were looking out of the window at that instant, and immediately ran out to offer the civilities of the house to his lordship, who frankly accepted the invitation, and staid there the whole night. My father made every thing as agreeable as could be to his illustrious guest; and was not a little surprized the next morning, when the nobleman told him I had made an impression on his heart, and offered a settlement so very large, that my poor papa, dazzled with that, and the desire of seeing his favourite Nancy a countess, immediately forgot all his former resolutions to allow me a liberty of chusing for myself, and declared his lordship should be put in possession of my hand whenever he thought proper to mention a day for that purpose. Why need I trespass on your patience, Mr. Babler, to paint either my own distraction, or the frantic behaviour of Mr. Bilson? Suffice it, Sir, that in a week after I was dragged half dead to the altar, and torn from the only man I ever could love, to be wedded to one whom I never can.

The subject of my complaint, Sir, now comes to be mentioned. I have been married three years, and endeavoured to make the most of my wretched circumstances by compensating with the strictest discharge of my duty for an apparent want of love. This is not sufficient for his lordship: mortified that he can engage no return of his affection,

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he is perpetually reproaching me with a want of gratitude; and always telling me of his prodigious condescension in raising me to the rank of a countess, from the former obscurity of my situation. Thus, Sir, he thinks I am obliged to him for making me miserable; and imagines I ought to study nothing but the continual repose of his bosom, because he has generously planted everlasting daggers in mine. There are many women, Mr. Babler, alike unhappily circumstanced; it would therefore be kind if you desired our disinterested

husbands to remember for whose sake they have thus graciously honoured us with their names; and to consider, it was not out of any regard for the promotion of our wishes, but through a mean, and very often an illiberal, desire of gratifying their own. Your paper is left at our house once a week; and if you will insert this, my lord will perhaps be convinced he is more entitled to my aversion than my esteem, and be fully satisfied he has made me

A MISERABLE WOMAN OF
QUALITY.

N^o XLVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24.

THERE are few professions so critically situated, I believe, as that of an author. The generality of the world are always disposed to turn his productions into ridicule, and the principal number of the remaining part but too much inclined to treat his person with contempt: the first are offended that any body should presume to be wiser than themselves; and the latter look upon it as something very clever to treat a man of superior abilities with disrespect: the contracted circle in which it is his fortune to be esteemed, is most commonly made up of those who either are not adequate judges of his merit, or in no condition to reward it, if they are. Thus (as few gentlemen of the quill are ever possessed of any extraordinary fortunes) they are in a manner set apart to combat with indigence and obscurity; and their genius being naturally depressed by the melancholy state of their circumstances, they become in a little time incapable of reflecting any honour on their country, or of acquiring any comfortable dependence for themselves. The reader, by perusing the following letter, will easily see why I have been induced to take up the pen upon this head.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

AT a little snug retirement in Derbyshire I am always favoured with your paper once a week; and as I think it no less instructive than entertaining, I heartily wish, for the benefit of the world, that all our authors were as easy in their minds, as, from the apparent facility of his productions, I conclude the agree-

able writer of the Babler. If I may deliver my sentiments, I am really of opinion, that the decline of literature arises more from a want of encouragement than a want of genius in the kingdom; and though I shall not presume to rank myself among men of real abilities, yet I believe the principal part of those who can, have more than once experienced some of the mortifications which I am about to relate, and found them not a little prejudicial to that force of imagination so indispensably requisite for a writer of any character.

You must know, Mr. Babler, I was sent very early to the university, in order to get myself qualified for a living, which a certain nobleman had in his gift, and which he repeatedly assured my father should be at my service on the death of the incumbent, if it was thought worth while on that account to educate me for the church. Unfortunately, however, before I was at Oxford three years, his lordship, who had sat up all night, was taken off by an unexpected accident; for mounting a strange hunter the next morning, at a gentleman's seat where he was then upon a visit, he pursued the game with too incautious a resolution, and broke his neck in taking a five-barred gate. With him perished my expectations; and I was taken from the college directly.

During my stay at the university, I made several little essays in the various walks of literature, merely for my amusement; which were so favourably received by those exalted geniuses the compilers of magazines, that they generally honoured them with the appellation of elegant, and requested the continuation

tion of my correspondence. This gave me a strong propensity to writing; and as I looked upon an author to be the greatest of all sublunary characters, I was ambitious of gaining so honourable a title; and, through this unaccountable infatuation, neglected every necessary means of promoting my future interest and fortune. It is true, my father bound me to an eminent attorney; but alas, Sir, Homer and Virgil were consulted infinitely more than either Littleton or Coke; and instead of Replies, Rejoinders, or Demurrers, I was in the midst of term engaged in writing some poetical whimsies of my own, or in commenting on those of other people. The little all that came to me on my father's death was soon expended, and I found myself in an instant left to baffle through an inhospitable world, without either money, business, or bread. In this dilemma, necessity obliged me to have recourse to the bookfellers: I was accordingly enlisted into the army of literary mercenaries; and, like the humblest class of soldiers, obliged, for the most pitiful pittance, to run a frequent risque of my reputation, and sometimes a dangerous hazard of my life. Fame, indeed, came in tolerably fast; but still I ran deeper and deeper into debt: I was totally unacquainted with the customs of the trade, and the bookfellers having me in their power, conscientiously treated me as they pleased. I was confined to my regular hours of work as if I was a shoemaker or a taylor, and very often ordered to do a particular quantity in a particular time. Sometimes, Sir, I have been obliged to write a philosophical essay on Contentment, when my heart was bursting with anguish; and at others, ordered to produce a poem on Liberty, while the bailiffs were waiting at the door. But the severest mortification of all, was the impertinent freedom with which I was treated by every ragamuffin of the press: the printer would criticise on my performances to my face, and the very devils themselves would talk to me of mistakes, and propose what they were modestly pleased to consider as amendments; nay, sometimes they have invited me to club for a pot of porter, or asked me to take a game at all-fours at the Goole and Gridiron. For fourteen years, Mr. Babler, did I continue this comfortable life; when last winter but one, having written a political treatise which occasioned

some noise, a nobleman of great eminence kindly enquired for the author, found me out, generously paid my debts, and assigned me an apartment in his own house. I now thought myself made for ever; but I had scarcely been a month in the house, when my lord's admiration of my abilities began to abate a little: he expected, as an author, that I should support every absurdity he advanced in an argument; and, as a man of genius, that I should always be comical. With this view, he introduced me into all companies; but when he saw I would neither be his parasite nor his buffoon, his friendship very visibly declined: at table I was insulted with the proposal of a wager whenever I presumed to dissent in opinion; and then it was instantly recollected, with a loud laugh, that authors were but seldom overburthened with money. In the largest circle of his acquaintance, my lord, by an affected compliment of condolence, would paint out my former distress, and then insinuate the merit of his own generosity in relieving it: at other times, he used me with an intolerable insolence of superiority, and then affected to be displeased when he put me out of countenance; in short, I almost determined to go back to my old profession again, as thinking it better to suffer a secret affront than to be thus publicly contemptible. I was soon settled in my resolution, for the dining-room jests on my profession and circumstances began to be bandied about in the kitchen; and the butler, under a pretended air of simplicity and ignorance, came one day up to my apartment, and begged me to raise the devil, that he might enquire after one or two of his silver spoons. Providence, however, took pity on me at last: a worthy gentleman, whose memory I shall ever revere, that had seen me two or three times at my lord's table, thought of me so kindly as to set me down a hundred a year for life in his will, and as he was very old and infirm, scarcely survived his generous donation ten days. I heard of it but the very morning I took my leave of his lordship; and though I dropped a tear to the memory of my benefactor, I could not help rejoicing at so fortunate an alteration in my circumstances. I have now lived a twelvemonth in Derbyshire, quite happy in myself, and respected by every body; and have sent you this letter to
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point out the real cause of that decline in literature, which has of late years been so universally complained of in this kingdom. My story requires no animadversion, as every man of sense must exclaim with the poet—

Alas, what chance have authors to be read?
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread!

I am, Mr. Babler, yours, &c.

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N^o XLVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

IT was a very wise saying of an old philosopher, that happiness was infinitely sweeter in the expectation than in the possession, since the generality of mankind are rather apt to over-value what they have not, and to set too small an estimation upon what they actually have. I remember, Sir, about thirty years ago, when my circumstances were a little contracted, I fancied no man could be miserable who was master of a great estate: it is inconceivable how I used to lie in bed of a morning, building castles in the air, and chalking out future plans of generosity and magnificence, if my stars should ever kindly indulge me with this *ne plus-ultra* of human felicity! I have been a member of parliament; have drawn up an impeachment against Sir Robert; harangued the House like a cherubim; received gold boxes from every corporation in the kingdom; refused a peerage; and married a woman of exquisite beauty and immense fortune, in the space of half an hour—when, O dreadful catastrophe! all these golden fantasies have been in an instant swept from my imaginations, by the milk-woman's yell at the door, the falling of the tongs, or the accidental jump of our old black cat.

Yet, Sir, though my finances were moderate enough at the time I am speaking of, still I found more satisfaction in indulging those imaginary objects of felicity than ever I experienced since I came, by the death of a very distant relation, to the possession of two thousand pounds a year. I flatter myself, I am no more of the miser than the generality of my neighbours; and, if I know my own heart, it is as likely to feel for the distresses of the unfortunate, and as willing to relieve them, as some whom I know to pique themselves mightily on the humanity of their tempers. But this is not the point,—my fortune has, I may

almost say, unhinged the system upon which I formerly built my happiness, and the actual possession cuts off every pleasure which originally resulted from a chimerical expectation.

This you will probably look upon as a very extraordinary circumstance; but it is nevertheless literally true: instead of being able to reap any great pleasure from an estate, I find it productive of nothing but uneasiness and anxiety; my wants are very limited, and soon gratified; and the very superflux of fortune, which to any other man might possibly be a matter of the highest satisfaction, is to me a constant source of vexation and regret. In the first place, I have no child to enjoy my possessions after I am gone, and I am nothing more than amassing for people who envy me when living, and will in all likelihood despise me when dead. The very man to whom I leave my estate, will, perhaps, be the first to damn the old curmudgeon for not tipping off half a dozen of years sooner; and those for whom I am continually doing a great deal, the readiest to execrate my memory, because I have not done a great deal more.

But though a sensibility of this nature might in some measure render me regardless to the care of my affairs, I look upon it as an indispensable part of my duty to prevent, as much as possible, the least disadvantage from my negligence and inattention; and am less fearful of the *probable* contempt I *may* meet from my relations, than the *certain* ridicule I *must* suffer from my tenants and dependants, was I to wink at a continual plunder of my property, and to permit them indiscriminately to grow opulent at my expense. Thus, any way, Sir, whether I exert a commendable prudence, or throw it entirely aside, this unfortunate estate 'clings like a detested sin' to my remembrance, and poisons every comfort which I once was weak enough to imagine it would have produced.

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If it rains for any time, I am fearful my corn will be washed away; if the weather is uncommonly fine, I am apprehensive of it's being parched up; if it freezes with severity, alas! for my poor flower-garden; if the wind happens to be high, my apple-trees are destroyed; and if it snows, I am in an absolute agony about my little lambs, and eternally scolding John and Thomas for not taking sufficient care to preserve them from the inclemency of the weather. Thus again, in whatever manner the wisdom of the Deity thinks proper to direct the seasons, I am sure to shew an impious dissatisfaction at his decrees; and, to use the emphatical words of Mr. Pope, with a little alteration—

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his laws, and am the God of God.

From my situation, Mr. Babler, let those in the lower classes of life, who murmur at the dispensations of Providence, and think it uncommonly hard to toil for a precarious subsistence, while their neighbours are rolling it away in coaches and fix, learn to consider that it is not the dignity of rank, or the affluence of fortune, which is the source of real felicity, but a man's own mind; let them learn to consider, that this very rank, and this very opulence for which they continually languish, are very often the causes of the most severe affliction; and that the swelling dome of courtly magnificence undergoes many a storm, which the humility of the villager's situation keeps from breaking on his little shed.

I am your's, &c.

INFELIX.

Nº XLVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THE good-natured readiness with which I see you insert a variety of letters upon domestic occurrences, has induced me to trouble you with a complaint against my husband, in hopes that his error may be avoided by others at least, though it should fail of the intended reformation in himself.

You must know, Sir, my good man is a shop-keeper near Cripplegate, and as honest a pains-taking young fellow as any of his business; but his notions are rather too elevated for his circumstances; so that neither the strictest industry, nor the most rigid integrity, are likely to carry him prosperously through life, unless I can prevail upon him to change the present frame of his inclination. As the principal part of his acquaintance are tradesmen of eminence, and have their snug little country-houses to retire to of a Sunday, my husband determined to make as genteel a figure as the best of them, and accordingly took a handsome box enough last summer near Stratford. It was in vain that I represented the inconveniences which it would inevitably produce, or mentioned a word about the prodigious expence, I was told that Mr. Rehne, the goldsmith, our next door neighbour, was as

little able to afford such a circumstance as ourselves: it was observed, that Sir Richard Steele somewhere said, the surest method of making a good fortune was to carry the appearance of an easy one; and that surely it was very hard, if we could not have a place where we might enjoy a little peace and quietness one day in the week. To crown the whole, my husband, like many other people when they have a favourite point to carry, was resolved to find reasons enough to support not only the propriety but the absolute necessity of his behaviour, and brought one which was unanswerable: he complained his health was considerably impaired by a constant residence in town, and insisted that nothing but a change of air was able to recover it. This silenced me at once; and a house of twenty-six pounds a year, with a neat pretty garden behind it, was taken immediately, contiguous to the road-side, for the greater facility of taking the stage-coach, and seeing the various rounds of company that passed by.

As our house has a very reputable appearance without, my husband was resolved that a correspondence should be kept up within; and therefore furnished it very genteelly, laying out no less than three hundred pounds for this purpose. So large a sum expended, as I may say,

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upon an unnecessary account, was not a little inconvenient to a young couple, scarcely four years in trade, and whose capital at first was rather moderate. In fact, Sir, we soon felt it, and were under the disagreeable exigence of borrowing the same sum, at an interest of five per cent. to keep up our business with a proper degree of consequence and punctuality. Well, Sir, every thing being in order at our new habitation, we entered upon it, to enjoy a mouthful of fresh air and a little repose from the fatigues of the week. But see the uncertainty of all human expectations! The fairer the weather, the more we were deprived of the air; for being situated so immediately on the road, we were choaked with a cloud of dust if the window was kept open but a single moment, and had no other prospect but what was furnished by a lifeless stare through an humble pane of glass: if we retired backwards, we lost the variety which company afforded, and stood a chance of being serenaded with the music of half an hundred hogs, which our next door neighbour had constantly breeding in his yard.

This circumstance was very disagreeable; but still a material consolation remained, that of enjoying our Sundays wholly uninterrupted: but here also, Mr. Babler, we were quickly undeceived. The moment we entered, our acquaintance formed parties to dine at our house; and any three or four who were at a loss to kill a Sunday, agreed, without any hesitation, to go and eat a bit of mutton with their friend Will Sheffield, the hardware-man. By this means, Sir, instead of retiring to tranquillity and repose, we opened a new scene of bustle and confusion, and kept a house for no other purpose but to bring on an everlasting round of drudgery, and a very heavy expence. Those who know any thing of housekeeping, Mr. Babler, are sensible how small a way a guinea goes in, providing a decent entertainment for half a dozen people. I therefore leave you to judge how agreeably I must be situated, when forced to wear a constant appearance of the utmost satisfaction to the very people whom, in my heart, I could have wished in a horse-pond, or scolded out of the house.

Disappointed in all his expectation, Mr. Babler, and the charm of novelty being also worn away, my husband is heartily sick of his villa, yet is both

ashamed and afraid to throw it off his hands; he is fearful his friends will circulate the laugh against him, and is apprehensive his enemies will make use of it to prejudice him in his trade. I have told him over and over, it is better for him to be thought a blockhead than to prove himself one, and much more to his interest to bear a casual reflection on his circumstances, than to be a beggar at once: I have pointed out a variety of tradesmen, whose ruin originally proceeded from the vanity of keeping a country-house, but all to no purpose; for though he acknowledges the justice of my observation, he remains incorrigible; and therefore I have thought it better to print his name in your paper than suffer it to appear in the London Gazette.

We have now three children, Sir; and this cursed country-house, which we have not set a foot in but twice during the whole winter, runs away with as much as would maintain my whole family. Let me only present you with a cursory estimate:

	£.	s.	d.
Rent — — —	26	0	0
Taxes, say — —	6	0	0
An additional servant, who is			
to take care of it, wages,			
board, and lodging —	30	0	0
Interest for 300l. to furnish it	15	0	0
Accidents and repairs —	2	0	0
Coach-hire backward and forward — —	5	0	0
	£ 84	0	0

This, Sir, not to say a word of the additional charge of house-keeping, (for there must be meat, drink, and fire, for our apprentice, shopman, and maid in town) visitors, and unavoidable neglect of business, is a considerable sum; and in a course of twenty years, with a little management, and the blessing of Providence, would prove a pretty provision for my poor children. Pray, Sir, print my letter, that London Tradesmen may first get fortunes before they entertain a notion of spending them; and not, for the vanity of occupying a country-house twenty or thirty days in a whole year, throw away what would purchase a handsome independence for their whole lives.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
SARAH SHEFFIELD.

N^o XLIX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I DON'T know a more prevailing error at present among all ranks of people, than an endeavour to disguise their real situation in life, by an appearance totally inconsistent with their character and circumstances. This reflection I am naturally led into by a visit which I paid the other morning to my old friend Sir Timothy Trotter, who has been many years in a declining way with the gout; but who, nevertheless, like another Lord Chalkstone, is all life and spirits in the lucid intervals, as I may say, of his distemper.

When I was shewed up stairs, it did not a little surprize me to see two fellows, dressed like grooms, sitting very familiarly by Sir Timothy's elbow-chair, with jockey-whips in their hands, talking in a careless indolent manner of hot mashes, long stirrups, curry-combs, and curbs: as my old friend had always been remarkable for keeping the best company, I was the more amazed at to odd a couple of visitors. I remember to have dined with him at the square, when there have been half a dozen stars in the room, besides the two archbishops, and three of the foreign ambassadors. However, as it was no business of mine, I sat down, and, in a little time, to my inexpressible astonishment, heard that these two despicable looking things were no less than two noblemen of very great fortune, the Earl of Snaffleworth, and my Lord Donefirst.

Struck as I was at that time, I could not help reflecting, how unworthy a nobleman of Great Britain, a man born to be a legislator in the most generous country of the universe, and honoured with so great a degree of political sanctity, that his bare affirmation was considered as important as an oath, should be dressed in a dirty pair of boots, greasy leather breeches, a striped flannel waistcoat, a thread-bare drab-coat, and a little round hat like a waterman's. No wonder, thought I, that the French should look upon us as a nation of paltry-minded people, when we study to appear contemptible; and our very nobility, who ought to glory in keeping up

the consequence of their characters, are ashamed to look like what they are, and sneak from the dignity of titles into the high and mighty quality of grooms.

While I was thus reflecting, the servant came up, and told Sir Thomas, that Dr. Styptic, and Mr. Skirts the taylor, were below stairs; upon which he was ordered, without much compliment, I thought, to the doctor, to send them both up: he did so; and a well-looking man, of about fifty, first entered, dressed in a very handsome suit of full-trimmed black, a large deep-bottomed wig, and every necessary article requisite for the seriousness of the faculty.—Ay, thinks I, this gentleman is perfectly in character; and is, I dare say, a sensible person, by so close an adherence to propriety. I had scarcely made the reflection, however, when Sir Thomas cried out—'So, Skirts, have you brought the breeches home?' to which having received an answer in the affirmative, he returned—'Well, that's an honest fellow—go about your business.'

Being so much disappointed in the taylor, I wished for the doctor's appearance, and wondered what the deuce could detain him so long: at last the door opened, and a gentleman entered, in a suit of spotted silk, his hair nicely dressed and bagged, and nothing about him but what bespoke the very meridian of Parisian elegance. Thinks I, if this should be the doctor! My conjecture was not ill-founded; this was the identical son of Galen, whom, if I had not seen actually writing a recipe, I should have positively taken for a Frenchman of fashion, or a figure-dancer at the theatre.

When I was just going away, Sir Thomas's nephew, who has been lately called to the bar, came in from Westminster, in his gown and tye-wig. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'thank Heaven! here is one man who is not ashamed of appearing in character.' But the young gentleman was not seated above three minutes before he pulled off his wig, in the presence of the whole company, and shewed as smart a head of hair, in the Tyburn taste, as could be found within the bills of mortality. I

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stared, and saw the uncle was not a little diverted with my astonishment; he thought the transformation a very capital circumstance, and seemed proud of a nephew who could alternately put on the gravity of the council, and the pertness of the footman. I was, however,

disgusted extremely, and took my leave, heartily convinced that nothing but a very great weakness of the mind could occasion so many improprieties in the embellishment of the person.

Yours, &c.

SENEX.

N^o L. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.

IT was a customary answer with the celebrated Dean Swift, when any body asked his opinion of a great man—'Stay till I see him in distress.' For my own part, though I think the reply, according to the general sense of the world, extremely significant, yet I can by no means imagine, that distress is the true touchstone of fortitude: so far on the contrary, it has been my positive belief, for a long time, that he who can best stand the shock, as I may say, of prosperity, gives the best proof of an even mind, and shews the firmest stability of soul, notwithstanding what has been said by our most celebrated philosophers on the other side of the question. Adversity has been justly called the school of wisdom by a variety of writers, because there is nothing which is so expeditious in bringing a man to a knowledge of himself. When reduced to a narrowness of circumstances, or confined to the anxieties of a sick bed, the mind naturally turns her eye on those objects which are most likely to afford her consolation and relief. Religion, in a moment, tells her the uncertainty of all human expectations, and bids her depend alone on those blissful assurances of happiness in another world, which experience has convinced her are so extremely precarious in this: hence she learns a proper mode of thinking, shews an implicit submission to the correcting hand of Providence, and becomes perfectly acquainted with what is due to others, from a just sensibility of what is necessary for herself.

Prosperity, on the other hand, may be considered the school of self-sufficiency, and the almost perpetual parent of pride. Whenever the sun of prosperity sheds a ray upon mankind, they are apt to grow important in their own opinions, and to think rather contemptibly of those very people who were formerly on the list of their intimate friends; the goodness of the Deity they imagine to be the conse-

quence of particular merit, and look upon that as the result of their own immediate sagacity, which is nothing but the unbounded benignity of their God. For these reasons, therefore, I cannot help imagining but what true fortitude, or equanimity, is best seen in prosperity. We admire the tranquillity of a Socrates going to die, but are ravished with the upswelling moderation of a Cæsar, when master of an empire, and still retaining all the complacency of a private citizen.

I am naturally led into these reflections by a visit which I paid the other morning to my old friend Ned Blaze, to congratulate him on an estate of three thousand pounds a year, which lately fell into his possession by the will of an uncle, who good-naturedly left him every thing at his death, but who, while living, would not part with a sixpenny piece to save him from destruction. Ned, for many years past, has struggled with all the difficulties of a high spirit, a large family, and a very narrow fortune: sometimes he has been obliged to stay at home for months, and at others has been months in a jail; yet still he kept up his resolution with all the fortitude of a Stoic, and behaved with a degree of decency and manliness which procured him the universal esteem, and not seldom the universal assistance of his acquaintance.

As I had always a regard for Ned, and, if I may be excused the egotism, had proved this regard upon more occasions than one; I was sincerely rejoiced at his good fortune, and the moment I heard of it, set out to tell him so. When I came to his house, instead of being instantly shewn up stairs by the maid, as had been the custom formerly, a fellow with a bag to his hair, long ruffles, and a laced livery, desired me, in broken English, to rest myself in the parlour, and he would carry my name immediately to his master: well, I went into the parlour, sat down, and amused myself

self above an hour with the elegant Essays of my worthy and ingenious friend Dr. Goldsmith, which were accidentally lying in the window. My entertainment was too agreeable for me to think the time long, and I perhaps should not have thought about it at all, if the clock had not alarmed me with the stroke of two. Surprized at this unexpected delay, I touched the bell, and asked the servant if he had told his master of my being below; he replied in the affirmative, and added, that he would wait on me immediately.

In about a quarter of an hour I heard the dining room door opened, and was informed of Mr. Blaze's approach by a slow, heavy, consequential stamp on the stairs: the servant threw open the parlour door for him as he descended, and my friend entered with all the gravity and importance of a very great man. As I fancied he might think it necessary to assume this seriousness of appearance, on such an occasion as the recent death of a near relation, I ran to him with my usual freedom, gave him a hearty shake by the hand, and said—'Dear Ned, I am sincerely rejoiced at this happy alteration in your circumstances.' But I had no longer honest Ned Blaze to deal with; my familiarity, I saw, was infinitely disgusting. Mr. Blaze stole his hand out of mine as soon as he could; and, making me a low bow, replied—'Mr. Babler, I thank you.' We then

sat down; but our conversation lost all that spirit and good-humour which we formerly thought it possessed before Mr. Blaze's unlucky acquisition of fortune: we were as ceremonious, in an instant, as if we had never seen each other before; and every observation upon the fineness of the weather was introduced and concluded with a *Sir*—of perfect good-breeding and gentility. Mr. Blaze, however, being resolved to shew all his consequence, rang, and enquired after the footmen by name, that I might judge the number of his domestics: he then ordered one with a card to my Lord, and another with a compliment to his Grace; asked if the goldsmith had sent home the new service of plate, or if the *vis-a-vis* was yet finished at the coachmaker's. This conversation with the servant was kept up with as much indolence and tediousness as if no such person as myself had been in the room; I therefore thought it but just to shew a proper degree of resentment, by immediately taking my leave: I did so, after receiving a cool invitation to dinner, and being told there was nothing provided but ten or a dozen things, and no company but the Earl of Sharpset and the Countess of Ombre. When I went home, I thought this little narrative would make a tolerable paper, as it served to rivet me in my belief, that the most difficult shock which any man can possibly stand is that of prosperity.

Nº LI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THOUGH every body must allow the character of a coquette to be truly despicable, even among the women; yet, when we find it in the other sex, there is something in it so unmanly, that we feel a detestation equal to our contempt; and look upon the object to be as much an enemy, as he is a disgrace, to society. To prove my assertion, however, Mr. Babler, give me leave to relate a circumstance which lately happened in my own family; and which, if properly attended to, may be of real use to many of your fair readers.

I am a merchant in the city, and have been above five years married to a most

deserving woman; who, as she studies every thing to promote my happiness, obliges me to shew a grateful sensibility for the establishment of her's; and even warms me with a continual wish of anticipating the most distant of her inclinations. About six months ago I took her youngest sister home, as I knew it would give her a satisfaction; intending to supply the loss of a father lately deceased, and to omit no opportunity of advancing her fortune.

My attention could not have been placed on a more deserving object: Harriot, Sir, possesses every beauty of person, and every virtue of mind, that can render her either beloved or respected; and is, in a word, as accomplished a young woman as any in the kingdom:

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her circumstances, besides, are no way inconsiderable; she has ten thousand pounds in the funds; and if she marries to my liking, shall not want for a thousand or two more—but that does not signify.

Among the number of people who visited at our house, Mr. Babler, the son of a very eminent citizen frequently obliged us with his company; a circumstance that pleased me not a little, as he was far from a disagreeable man: his person was remarkably genteel, and his face possessed of a more than ordinary degree of sensibility; he conversed with much ease, was perfectly acquainted with men and things; and, what rendered him a still greater favourite, he sung with an infinity of taste, and played with a considerable share of judgment on a variety of instruments.

This gentleman had not long commenced an intimacy in my family before he shewed a very visible attachment for Harriot, hung upon every thing she said, and approved of every thing she did; but, at the same time, seemed rather more ambitious to deserve her esteem than to solicit it. This I naturally attributed to his modesty; and it rather more confirmed me in the opinion which I entertained of his affection: had he treated her with the customary round of common-place gallantry, I should never have believed him serious; but when I saw him assume a continual appearance of the most settled veneration and esteem; when I saw him unremittingly studious to catch the smallest opportunity of obliging; I was satisfied there was no affectation in the case, and convinced that every look was the spontaneous effusion of his heart.

The amiable Harriot, unacquainted with art, suspected none; and being of a temper the most generous herself, naturally entertained a favourable opinion of every body else. Mr. Selby in particular possessed the highest place in her regard: the winning softness of his manners; the uncommon delicacy of his sentiments; and his profound respect for her, to say nothing of his personal attractions; all united to make an impression on her bosom, and to inspire her with the tenderest emotions of a reciprocal love. She made her sister her confidant upon this occasion about a week ago; and Maria, very properly, told the matter immediately to me.

Finding Harriot's repose was seriously concerned, I determined to give Mr. Selby a fair opportunity of declaring himself the next evening, that there might be no possibility of a mistake in the case, and that my poor girl might be certain she had a heart in exchange for her own. With this view I engaged him on a *tete a tete* party to Vauxhall; and while he was lamenting that my wife and sister were not with us to participate in the amusement, I said, gaily—'Egad, Tom, I have a strange notion that Harriot has done your business; you are eternally talking of her when she's absent, and as eternally languishing at her when she's by. How is all this? Come, own, have I been right in my guess? and treat me with the confidence of a friend.'

This question quite disconcerted him; he blushed, stammered, and, with a good deal of pressing, at last drew out, that Miss Harriot, to be sure, was a most deserving young lady; and that, was he inclined to alter his condition, there was not a woman in the world he would be so proud of having for a wife. But though he was extremely sensible of her merit, he had never considered her in any light but that of a friend; and was to the last degree concerned, if any little assiduities, the natural result of his esteem, had once been misinterpreted, and placed to a different account.

The whole affair was now out; the man's character was immediately before me; and, though I could have sacrificed him on the spot for the meanness and barbarity of his conduct, yet I bridled my resentment, and would not indulge him with a triumph over Harriot, by letting him see I considered his late declaration as a matter of any consequence; I therefore assumed a gaiety which was quite a stranger to my heart, and replied—'I am excessively glad, Tom, to hear you talk in this manner: faith, I was afraid all had been over with you; and my friendship for you was the only reason of my enquiry, as I shrewdly suspect the young baggage has already made a disposal of her inclinations.'

After passing a joyless evening, we returned to town quite sick of one another's company; and pretty confidently determined to have no intercourse for the future. When I had set Mr. Selby down, I went to Maria, and told her
how

how things had turned out, and desired her to break them, with all the delicacy she was mistress of, to her unfortunate sister: she did so; but the shock is likely to prove fatal. Harriot has ever since kept her bed; and for the three last days has been quite delirious: she raves continually on the villain who has murdered her peace of mind; and my ever-engaging Maria sits rivetted to the bed-side as continually drenched in tears. In spite of all my endeavours to keep the matter private, the tattling of nurses and servants has made it but too public, and denied us even the happiness of being secretly miserable. The moment I heard it talked of, I called upon Mr. Selby and demanded satisfac-

tion; but could I expect a man to be brave, who was capable of acting such a part as his to a woman of honour and virtue? No, Sir; he called his servants about me in his own house, and after my departure went and swore the peace before a magistrate. This is the only method which I have now left to punish him, and the only one also of exhorting parents and guardians to require an instant explanation from any man who seems remarkably assiduous about a young lady, and yet declines to make a positive declaration of his sentiments. I am, Mr. Babler, with much respect, your humble servant,

CHARLES TORRINGTON.

Nº LII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

COQUETRY, or a passion for exercising the most unlimited authority of affectation or caprice on a lover, is a foible which renders the ladies so extremely ridiculous in the opinion of the world, that it is astonishing how such a number of the fair-sex can possibly give into it, and for the mere sake of making another uneasy, become absolutely contemptible themselves. Abstracted, however, from the ridicule to which such a character is always exposed, there is a degree of meanness and cruelty in the composition of a coquette, which throws the greatest reflection imaginable upon the benevolence of a lady's temper; and does not more depreciate the goodness of her heart, than lessen the opinion we might entertain of her understanding. To delight in rendering a worthy man wretched, for the sake of shewing a little power, is surely what the giddiest creature in the universe must condemn upon a moment's reflection; and when she moreover considers that his wretchedness must always be proportioned to his tenderness for her, gratitude, as well as humanity, must shew her behaviour in a very culpable light, and tell her that every pang which she lodges in his bosom is an absolute dishonour to her own.

The generality of the ladies have a want of candour to answer for, which is too often a source of the severest anxiety to others, as well as a spring of the greatest embarrassment to themselves,

Ravished with the enchanting breath of admiration, they lend a greedy ear to the ardent language of protesting love; though, at the same time, it is a thousand to one but they look upon the lover with the most insuperable contempt: hence, though they never intend to bless him with a reciprocal return, they never can prevail upon themselves to give him a final discharge; and the poor man is, in all probability, kept dangling for two or three years, till either avarice or inclination, a large estate, or a red coat, makes a conquest of the heart, and (to use the emphatic words of the celebrated Doctor Young)

—Amplify gives, though treated long amiss,
The man of merit his revenge in this.

For the honour of the ladies, however, I shall introduce a little narrative to the public observation, which, I hope, will serve as an example to my fair readers, and at the same time convince those infidels, who are averse to believing any thing laudable of the sex, that they are to the full as capable of the most exalted actions as ourselves, however we may erect the crest upon the superior dignity of manhood, or swell upon the acquired advantages of education and knowledge of the world.

About ten years ago a gentleman of considerable family in Ireland, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Butler, being over on an excursion to this metropolis, he accidentally dined at a friend's

friend's house in Pall Mall, where he fell passionately in love with a young lady, whom I must be equally free in concealing under the name of Lambton.

Mr. Butler communicated his sentiments to his friend, who happened to be a relation of Miss Lambton's, and requested his good offices with the lady. The friend, who knew Mr. Butler to be a most deserving young fellow, and was sensible that, in point of birth and fortune, he had considerable advantages over his fair relation, was overjoyed at the proposal, and communicating it to her father next morning, poor Miss Lambton received positive orders to prepare for Mr. Butler's visit that very afternoon.

Mr. Butler came dressed, and a finer figure, perhaps, was not to be found within the Bills of Mortality; he wanted but half an inch of six foot, and was made in a manner remarkably manly, without running into any thing unweildily clumsy, or awkwardly robust: his face was distinguished with a set of strong marking lines; each feature, to use the poet's expression, 'was expanded with soul,' and breathed the inexpressible somewhat which discovers the man of fashion at the first glance; add to this, that there was something uncommonly interesting in his very tone of voice, which no less engaged the general attention, than commanded the universal respect: he came in a suit of pompadour velvet, richly embroidered with silver, and seemed as well calculated, in fact, to succeed with a fine lady, as the most celebrated of his countrymen.

Being left designedly alone with Miss Lambton after tea time, he began in a very sensible and polite manner to make a declaration of his sentiments; but had scarcely uttered a sentence, when the young lady interrupted him, and begged his attention for a few words; he made a low bow, and she addressed him to the following purport: 'I am but too apprehensive, Sir, on what account I am honoured with this visit; my father, this morning, made me acquainted with your partiality in my favour; and, to be candid, from the little I have seen of you, I do not know a man in the world, was my heart disengaged, who should sooner command a place in my esteem; but, Sir, it is impossible for me ever to return your sentiments as you could

wish; my affections have for a considerable time been engrossed by a gentleman whom I have been many years acquainted with; and I should think it an unpardonable injury to his tenderness, as well as to your worth, was I to keep this circumstance a moment from your knowledge, after you have indicated the smallest degree of a particular respect.'

It is easy to guess Mr. Butler's astonishment during this speech; he blushed excessively, played with his ruffles, and gave no other interruption than a *Madam* or two, pronounced with the strongest emphasis of surprize. Miss Lambton, seizing the opportunity which his silence afforded, thought it best to disembofom herself entirely, and thus went on—

'From the opinion which I entertain of your generosity, Mr. Butler, I flatter myself you will not use my father's authority, to tear me from the only man I ever can be happy with; nor make any attempts to gain a hand, which, on account of my prior attachment, can never be worthy of yours. Let me conjure you, therefore, dear Sir, to decline your addresses; and if you can have the additional goodness to give such a measure any motive but this declaration, through my whole life I shall be bound to wish you that felicity with some more deserving woman, which it is utterly impossible you should ever enjoy with me.'

I will not trespass upon the reader's patience with an account of what further passed upon this occasion: suffice it, however, that Mr. Butler not only discontinued his addresses, from that minute, but interested himself so effectually in favour of Miss Lambton, and her lover, Mr. Seymour, that old Mr. Lambton gave his consent to their marriage, and Mr. Butler himself stood godfather to a fine boy about ten months after.

In the course of a few years, Mr. Seymour, by some lucky hits, accumulated a prodigious fortune, and died, leaving the sum of thirty thousand pounds at the sole disposal of his lady; the rest he divided among his children. Mrs. Seymour, whose affection for her husband was uncommonly tender, did not long survive so great a loss; she fell into a languishing disorder that carried her

her off in about eighteen months, universally regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. A little before her decease, however, she made a strict enquiry after Mr. Butler, of whom she had not heard a syllable for the space of seven years: she at last found out that he had retired to the south of France, upon an annuity of a hundred pounds; his fine estate having been entirely destroyed, chiefly through the perfidy of his younger brother, for whom he had been bound in immense sums, and several ineffectual schemes to retrieve the shattered situation of his affairs.

The generous heart of Mrs. Seymour overflowed with pity at his dis-

tress; his exalted conduct in relation to her and Mr. Seymour, rushed at once upon her recollection; and in her will, which she ordered to be made without delay, she inserted this particular clause with her own hand—'I give and bequeath to the Hon. Charles Butler, the sum of ten thousand pounds, on account of his great generosity in withdrawing his addresses when I was unmarried, and using his good offices towards my union with my dear Mr. Seymour.'

This legacy was paid immediately after Mrs. Seymour's decease; and the story was last night told me by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who received it himself from Mr. Butler.

Nº LIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

AS you have kindly taken the poor women under your protection, give me leave to complain, through your much-admired paper, of two young fellows, relations of my own indeed, who constantly visit at our house. The first, Sir, is a Templar, lately called to the bar, who thinks the essence of every thing, either amiable or polite, is entirely confined to his profession; and is continually teasing us with pleas, replications, rejoinders, and demurrers: the other is possessed of an independent fortune, and is what the unthinking part of the world calls a man of the town, a person of great humour, and a keen sensible fellow.

As there are three or four girls of us generally together, and both Mr. Brief and Mr. Brazen are men of professed gallantry, they are always sure of joining us at the tea-table, to make the best display of their respective abilities: yet instead of conversing upon those topics which we can cheerfully join in, they talk continually on those subjects which are either totally impossible, or utterly improper, for us to understand. My cousin Brief retails all the causes that are determined in Westminster Hall, with the most insufferable minuteness and insipidity; and, after he has taken up our attention for two hours together, looks round with an air of such prodigious importance, that I have been of-

ten more provoked at this consequential demand of our approbation, for fatiguing us with his impertinence, than even with the impertinence itself, though nothing can be so disgusting, contemptible, and absurd.

But what, if possible, aggravates the error in this worthy cousin of mine, is a custom which he has of putting cases to us, and asking us the meaning of Subpœna, Latitat, Capias, Certiorari, and a thousand other technical terms in the law, which he considers as matters of the greatest importance; and then, Sir, when he has entirely nonplussed us, you would laugh to see how he plumes himself upon the triumph he has acquired; and with how significant a wink he looks round on his friend Mr. Brazen, as much as to bid him observe what a despicable figure he has made of the foolish giddy-headed girls of the company.

Mr. Brazen does not indeed take Mr. Brief's method of destroying our patience, or insulting our understandings with what we cannot comprehend; for, on the contrary, Sir, he piques himself upon being a remarkably plain speaker, and will not hesitate to pronounce the most apparent indelicacies in the most offensive words: he looks upon it as frankness to be gross, and thinks it a certain sign of wit to be unpardonably rude and unmannerly. He told my sister Sally, no later than yesterday, that she was an ignorant little puss; and

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when I took him up for the familiarity, laughed directly in my face, and said I had a prodigious deal of impudence. Then, Sir, he swears so horribly, he terrifies us to death; and scarcely mentions any thing without one of these shocking execrations. From an opinion that indelicacy is a sign of great sense, and a belief that it is very spirited to be blasphemous, he is continually shewing his parts at the expence of common decency; and always making a parade of his courage, by flying in the face of his God! Many is the time, Sir, he has sent me sinking with shame out of the room; and made me shudder with the earnest pronunciation of some new-invented oath, which he has picked up in the licentious circle of his miserable acquaintance.

I am the more concerned, Mr. Babler, for this culpable conduct in my two cousins, because they are both very honest, well-meaning young fellows; and are far from being destitute either of real benevolence or true generosity. I wish, therefore, Sir, you would tell them that nothing can be a greater insult to a woman's understanding, than to converse with her about matters with which it is impossible she should be acquainted; and that nothing can be a

grosser affront to the rectitude of her heart, than the illiberal practice of those indecencies and execrations, which are generally confined to the most profligate of her sex.

I am far, very far, Mr. Babler, from preaching up an unnecessary preciseness or severity of behaviour; on the contrary, I think freedom, while it is confined within the limits of good-breeding, one of the most amiable essentials to the pleasure of every rational company: but, Sir, where this freedom infringes so far upon the bounds of politeness, that a woman is either treated as an idiot, or something infinitely worse, that moment I think the man is entitled to the heaviest censure, who forgets the dignity of her sex, and acts as if she was utterly unworthy either of sensible converse, or common civility.

You men, Mr. Babler, are in general very severe upon the women; you laugh at us for talking about our caps, our ribbands, or our lap-dogs: I would advise your lordly sex, however, to look at home; and before they think of plucking the mote out of our eyes, to be pretty certain there are no beams in their own. Yours, &c.

AMANDA.

Nº LIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

AS my fair correspondent Amanda's letter, inserted in my last paper, has given, I am told, a general satisfaction; it will not, I hope, be disagreeable to my readers, if I resume the subject, especially as I want to introduce a little journal to their observation, which was lately presented to me with the papers of a deceased man of quality, who was unhappily a man of gallantry also, and indulged a licentiousness of thinking, in some cases, that reflected no great honour either upon his humanity or understanding.

I have frequently remarked what a degree of nicety is requisite in the education of young women; and delivered it, as my opinion, that those parents were very fortunate, who, from the sex of their children, had none of the various consequences to apprehend, which the least indiscretion in the ladies is constantly sure of bringing on a family. I

have said that the same levity of conduct which would steep a woman in the grossest lees of infamy, is entirely overlooked, if not publicly approved, in a man; and that the mere circumstance of sex gives him a kind of privilege to practise a number of irregularities, that would render an uncultivated female the scandal of society.

But at the same time that the depravity of custom has given this unhappy superiority to the men; at the time that our lordly sex is invested by the world with a prescriptive title of violating the most sacred of the divine ordinances, neither reason nor religion have given us the least exemption from undergoing that dreadful examination in another life, which is so fatally disregarded in this. When we see the most triumphant libertine in his moments of illness, or his hours of reflection, it is then we find that this boasted right of doing wrong is nothing

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more than a glittering gewgaw that leads us into a certain destruction, and ought to be lamented as the greatest of all misfortunes, instead of being considered as a matter of consolation, or looked upon with an eye of appetite or joy. To speak in the language of the poet—

When we behold him languidly oppress'd
On Death's pale couch all ghastly and declin'd,
Or dragg'd before the godhead of his breast,
And damn'd to all the hells within his mind:

'Tis then th' intrinsic nothingness of fame,
In all it's pomp of emptiness shall rise,
Teach Wisdom's cheek to redden at a name,
And Virtue's bow to furrow and despise.

Highly soever as the round of masculine errors may be envied by the ignorant, or coveted by the profligate, I ask the greatest libertine existing, who is not utterly destitute of common understanding, how he would, upon a cool consideration, choose to be thought the author of the following journal? though I shall give him a bit of encouragement into the bargain, which is, that few people in the gay world were ever better received than the person who wrote it.

THE JOURNAL OF A LIBERTINE.

FOR fear any thing of consequence should escape my memory, sat down January the 17th, 1744, to make a journal of all my adventures.—Paid a debt of 500*l.* to Lord Worthless, which I lost upon betting my mother's life against his bay gelding's; the old harri-dan having gone off last week with an asthma.

Memorandum. To make my different tradesmen abate a regulated proportion from each of their bills, till the foregoing sum is reimbursed.

Turned off my housekeeper Jenkins, for her insolence in resenting some innocent liberties which I casually took with her daughter.

Sent a letter to my friend Hilman's wife, making an appointment—blest with an answer to my wish—drest for the purpose—uneasy—Hilman saved my life once in the country, and broke his own arm in the attempt—lent me several considerable sums of money—

and shewed me several important acts of friendship—cruel to dishonour him—the glory of the action irresistible—my scruples laid aside—a chair at the door.

Met Mrs. Hilman—happy—hinted it that very evening at the coffee-house—a challenge from the husband three days after—disarmed in Hyde Park—ask pardon—curfedly down in the mouth.

At the Chapel Royal Easter Sunday—saw a fine young girl, about sixteen, in one of the aisles—ordered Will to dog her home—found she was a hosier's daughter near the Strand—made Will watch for an opportunity of slipping a note into her hand in the Park—succeeded on Thursday—she and a relation drink tea with me at a milliner's near Covent Garden next Sunday evening.

Monday morning. Last night detained Polly Homespun from her family—prevailed upon her to go into a private lodging—Wednesday, Polly advertised—hear that her father, in a fit of despair, makes away with himself on Saturday morning—vexed.

May 25th. Heartily tired of Polly—ordered Will to pay off her lodgings, to give her a couple of guineas, and to tell her I had no more business for her—shall set out for the country to-morrow morning.

June 3d. In the country—horse-whipped Farmer Harrow, for passing me without taking off his hat—6th, caught his son Dick shooting at a mark near the road side, and took his gun under a pretence that he was going to poach in my manor.

10th. Ordered Rack, my steward, to throw the fellow that keeps the Cross Inn into gaol—the rascal having the impudence to think an accidental fire, which burned down his stables, was a sufficient reason for me to excuse him a year's rent.

11th. The inn-keeper's wife came with a petition—a likely black wholesome looking woman, of about eight-and-twenty—spoke kindly to her, and offered, upon certain conditions, to give her husband time for paying the money—refused with disdain—the insolent hussey turned out of doors, and Rack ordered to proceed against the fellow directly.

12th. The inn-keeper in jail—a letter from the man where Polly Home-

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spun lodged, telling me that she had been melancholy for a few days, and the evening before had thrown herself into Rosamond's Pond, where she was drowned—curst the puppy's impertinence for troubling me about the matter, and sent him half a guinea towards defraying her funeral charges.

For the honour of human nature I shall stop here; the remainder of the journal is nothing but a repetition of

cruelty and lust. I hope, among my readers, there is no part of the foregoing memorandums which can be applicable to themselves: if a similitude should be found to any of their acquaintance, let not the privilege of the sex a moment extenuate the baseness of the man, but let every body exclaim, in the language of Horace—

Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.

Nº LV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Here send you a remark or two upon a very celebrated performance, which, in it's particular walk of genius, has been mentioned as a master-piece, and possibly produced more imitators than any other poem in this age and kingdom. I need scarcely tell you, Mr. Babler, that this piece is Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*: a piece, Sir, which though I much admire, I can by no means imagine to be so extremely perfect a work as it has been generally considered; and the following are some of the reasons why I differ from the public opinion in this respect.

The very first line, Sir, which begins this elegy, is an unsuccessful attempt at metaphor, palpably repugnant to the rules of poetry and universal experience.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

Visibly alluding to the ringing of a bell at the death of somebody. The author should have recollected, however, that this bell is never rung till somebody is actually dead; and that, therefore, the term *parting*, is consequently a false metaphor; had he said, indeed, that

The Curfew tolls the knell of parted day,

There could be no possibility of objection; but *parting* is every whit as incongruous here, as it would be in real life to toll a passing bell for a man, before he had positively given up the ghost.

In the course of the reflective part, we come to the following stanzas:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands which the reins of empire might
have sway'd,
And wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The deep unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear,

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste it's sweetness in the desert air.

Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast

The little tyrants of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,

You see, Mr. Babler, notwithstanding both the thought and versification in those stanzas are extremely beautiful, yet there is a lapse of no trifling nature in the execution. The author, in the very moment that he intended to lash Cromwell with the greatest severity, introduces him in the same company with Hampden and Milton, the objects of his highest admiration; and laments in the same introductory passage, that

Chill Penury repress'd his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.

It is odd, that a *noble* rage should ever be a *guilty* one; and somewhat surprising, that a person of our author's extensive abilities could find no happier mode of conveying his censure and his applause: indeed, in the two subsequent stanzas, he has endeavoured to explain himself a little; but, as Lady Townly aptly expresses it, it is nothing more than darning an old ruffle, to make it the worse for mending.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues; but their crimes
confin'd,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Here, Mr. Babler, in the second line of the last stanza, Cromwell is allowed his share of virtue as well as Hampden or Milton; and they, in the pronoun plural *their*, are dragged in for their share of vices as well as that celebrated usurper: so that upon the whole, though we guess the author's meaning well enough, the stanzas are nevertheless a strange huddle of inconsistency, and not a little injurious to the perspicuity of their elegant author.

In the epitaph we are told,

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Now, for my own part, I can by no means see any merit in being marked out by Melancholy for her own, though the conjunction '*And*,' at the beginning of the last line, seems to hint pretty strongly, that melancholy is a necessary concomitant of science. I shall be bold enough to affirm, that if the word '*But*,' was substituted for '*And*,' the reading would be much improved, and occasion a much stronger idea of tenderness, than what can possibly be ex-

cited by the present word. The epitaph was written on purpose to spread a tenderness through the mind of the reader; but the word '*And*,' making it, as I said before, a matter of merit to be melancholy, the passage naturally fails of it's intended effect; whereas, had it been thus—

' Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
' birth,
' But Melancholy mark'd him for her own,'

We should have then lamented, that a worthy youth, enriched with the gifts of science, had the smallest reason for despondency, and shed a generous tear in sympathy with his misfortunes.

The last stanza, in my opinion, is either extremely perplexed, or extremely indefensible.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread
abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

This stanza, if it has any meaning at all, can mean nothing but this: that it is improper to examine either the merits or frailties of the person deceased, since they are both alike reposed in one dread abode, the bosom of his Father and his God. This is the first time I ever heard of a human creature making the bosom of his Deity a repository for his errors; and, in the present case, I think the fault still more inexcusable, because the violence offered to reason and religion has no way assisted the poetry; this being perhaps as lame a passage as any in the whole piece.

From the foregoing cursory hints, which I have thrown out with no ill-natured design, Mr. Babler, I hope your readers will see, there is a possibility of discovering motes in the sun, and be a little cautious for the future, how they mention any thing as the criterion of merit, without first of all making a candid enquiry, to see whether it has not some imperfections. Yours,

MISERY MUSTARD.

N^o LVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

MY nephew Harry called on me this morning, and mentioned one of my papers which was prodigiously commended by several of his acquaintance, particularly by Miss Cornelia Marchmont, who desired him, in very strong terms, to give me her compliments for the masterly rules which I had there laid down for the service of the ladies. I do not know how it was, but I received a considerable share of satisfaction from this compliment. Miss Marchmont is a young lady of twenty-one, mistress of every polite accomplishment, and every shining virtue; and carries in an exquisite sweetness of countenance, the most expressive indications of her fine understanding, and her excellent heart. My young rogue has, I fancy, a month's mind to her; and, if I am at all acquainted with the language of the eyes, Cornelia is no way displeased with that circumstance. Harry, as yet, has told me nothing, but I believe it will be a match; if it should, I intend taking up my residence with them for the remainder of my days, and shall leave my little all to them and their children.

The reader may possibly suspect, that I am more than commonly sensible of this young lady's merit, through a principle of vanity for the flattering encomium with which she has favoured my productions. I shall candidly acknowledge, that it made me somewhat vain; but I hope I shall be also believed, when I say, her complaisance no way enhanced my opinion of her accomplishments. And now I am talking of vanity, I cannot help observing how universally subject the human mind is to the attacks of this dangerous enemy; for my own part, though an old fellow, when I have written any thing which I conceive may be useful, or done any thing which I fancy may be praise-worthy, I strut alone in my study with a degree of consequence scarcely credible; till recollecting how ridiculous a figure I make in the eye of my own examination, I blush at my self-sufficiency, and immediately turn my thoughts upon some object which can be considered with a greater share of credit both to

my modesty and my understanding.— But to return.

In the course of Harry's conversation with me, he said, that Miss Marchmont had given him a letter for the use of the Babler, which she requested might be inserted in the present number. 'This letter,' says Harry, 'she lately wrote in answer to a very passionate epistle from a young fellow who has a company in the Guards; and who, thinking her to be like the generality of the sex, imagined a few fine expressions, and a red coat, were sufficient to render her insensible to all the duties which she owed to herself and her family.'

TO COLONEL ———.

SIR,

I Have just this moment received a letter from you, in so very extraordinary a style, that, should I hesitate an instant to answer it, the integrity of my own heart might be called into question; or I might at least be supposed inclinable to encourage your wishes, by the appearance of a tacit approbation. To prevent the possibility of this alternative, I must take the liberty of examining your sentiments pretty closely; and I flatter myself, that, for your own sake, you will pay some little attention to the following arguments; lightly soever as you might be led to consider them through any solicitude for mine.

You set out with saying, how tender an affection you have conceived for me; and what a very high opinion you entertain both of my heart and my understanding!—Upon my word, Sir, you have an uncommon share of penetration; for you were never in my company above half an hour in your days, and during that time you yourself made so conspicuous a figure in the conversation, that I had not an opportunity of saying twenty syllables. To be sure, your subsequent entreaty is rather unhappy, when my amazing qualifications come to be considered; for the proof you desire me to give of a good disposition, is to violate all the dignity and decorum of my sex, by entering into a correspondence

spondence with an absolute stranger; and the testimony you want of my good sense, is to keep your delicate declaration of love from the knowledge of the only people in the world to whom it ought to be first of all revealed—my father, and the rest of my family.

In the name of wonder, Sir, who are you, that you should presume to think me capable either of such a meanness or such an absurdity? What mighty merit are you possessed of, that you should imagine half a dozen lines are powerful enough to destroy all the principles which I have been imbibing for the course of a whole life? Or what extraordinary obligations have you conferred upon me, that I must, in an instant, sacrifice my own peace, and the tranquillity of my family, for no other end but that of gratifying your inclinations?

O, but you love me; and therefore gratitude should oblige me to return you a favourable answer!—Admitting the possibility even of such a circumstance; pray, Sir, let me ask you, for whose sake do you love me, mine or your own? If it be for your own, of course I am under no manner of obligation; and if it should turn out, as I am very much inclined to believe, that you do not love me, can these fine speeches of yours, do you imagine, protect you from my honest indignation and contempt? Surely, if your pretensions were of a nature that merited any body's encouragement,

there could be no occasion for this finis-ter method of urging them. But I see through your ridiculous drift, Sir: you are positive that your fulsome declaration of a passion will charm me into an utter disregard for the sentiments of honour and filial affection, and render my consummate wisdomship totally incapable of acting with the least degree of prudence or common understanding.

O, but you mean honourably, and aspire at the happiness of my hand!—A pretty method you take, indeed, of soliciting my good opinion, by supposing me not only an undutiful daughter, but an absolute fool! Be assured, Sir, if I ever alter my condition, a father's approbation must first of all countenance my choice; and a perfect acquaintance with my lover's temper and principles confirm it. But, to put an end at once to your solicitations, give me leave to inform you, that it is by my father's command I write this letter; and that the dissingenuous part you have acted on the present occasion, renders it utterly impossible for you ever to obtain a favourable sentiment either from him, or from

CORNELIA MARCHMONT.

I shall make no comment on this letter, but recommend the example to the imitation of those among my fair readers who shall ever be in the same circumstances with the amiable writer.

N^o LVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 5.

I Was sitting at home the other morning ruminating on a subject for my next paper, when the penny-post-man rapped at the door, and gave Thomas the following epistle, which I here present to the reader without the alteration of a syllable.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Am a constant reader of your paper, and am very often entertained with the easy and familiar manner in which, to use my Lord Bacon's expression, 'you bring home things to mens business and bosoms.' Some time ago, I remember myself particularly struck with the Journal of a Libertine, and thought it an excellent way of lashing

the vices of our men of gallantry, who claim an indisputable right of destroying the happiness of every family into which they are admitted. The mode of journalizing brought to my remembrance a little paper which I had written myself about seven years ago, and called, The Journal of an Author. At that time, Mr. Babler, some youthful indiscretions deprived me of a father's protection, and I was reduced to the most miserable of all distresses, that of writing for bread: but whether I had too much pride, or too little merit, or both, I shall not take upon me to say; but my situation affected me so much, that I once drew up the following state of it for a week, and thought of inserting it in a magazine with which I happened to be connected.

The

The printer, however, refused it a place; and my father becoming reconciled to me in a little time after, it has since lain by, and is now at your service for publication.

MONDAY morning. Rose at seven, to write an Eastern tale against eight—finished it in time; but going down stairs, the maid, who came up to light the fire, thrust it into the grate, and consumed what was to maintain me for the whole day—being nettled, I spoke in pretty severe terms about her negligence, when unluckily her mistress, who happened to be coming up stairs, told me I should wake Mr. Fustian, the actor, who lived in the two-pair-of-stairs room under me; and desired I would think of getting her some money, for I was no less than a fortnight in arrear—Silenced—and sat down to perform my task a second time; but the printer coming for copy, and being chagrined at the disappointment, some words ensued between us, and he swore to look out directly for another hand.

Three o'clock. Too proud to make an apology to Mr. Type—I fauntered to the Park, and accidentally fell into chat with a young fellow on one of the seats—In the course of the conversation, I learned that he was a writer too—so guessing his business in the Park to be much the same with my own—I took my leave of him for fear of entering into any disagreeable explanation in regard to circumstances—Eight o'clock, got sixpence upon my clean shirt at the pawnbroker's—and dined upon a mutton-chop and a pint of beer at the Black Lion in Ruffel Street—An unexpected misfortune—upon coming to pay my reckoning, found the sixpence had slipped through a hole in my pocket, which I had never before discovered—in the utmost confusion—insulted before the whole company by the waiter, with the aggravating circumstance of hearing several infamous jests upon my black coat—relieved at last by the humanity of the landlord, who happened to overhear the matter—threatened to turn the waiter off for his insolence—and calling me out of the room, slipped half a guinea in my hand—but when I was going about to thank him, turned away, and pulling out his handkerchief, complained of very sore eyes.

TUESDAY. Paid my landlady three

shillings for her fortnight's lodging—redeemed my shirt—and bought a pair of breeches for three and sixpence at a cellar in Monmouth Street—lived very comfortably on eighteen-pence this day and the following.

THURSDAY. Called upon by a printer, who wanted me to write something on the plan of Cleland's *Mulier Voluptatis*, assuring me it would have a prodigious sale—declined his offer—talked to about assisting in a commentary on the Bible, and offered five shillings a week for every number of my notes—accepted the proposal—having no other prospect of existence—proceeded immediately on the task—and finished a number, to my unspeakable disgrace, in a night-cellar that very evening.

FRIDAY. Mr. Compose came for a copy, and insisted upon my taking a pint of purl with him at the Cat and Bagpipes—advanced me half a guinea upon account, and passed his word to a civil well-looking man, one Mr. Heelpiece, with whom he happened to be in company, for a pair of shoes—charmed with his good-nature, I made him a present of four odes, which he was kind enough to praise prodigiously, and which I had afterwards the pleasure of hearing he sold for a couple of guineas to a bookseller in the Row.

SATURDAY. Invited to dine by my landlord, at the Black Lion—insisted upon paying him his half guinea—but he had not yet got the better of his sore eyes—being a taylor, as well as a publican, he took me up stairs, and made me a present of a handsome suit of cloaths which he had made for me on purpose—saying, with a careless air—'When ever you come to a chariot, Mr. Spondee, it will be time enough to think of returning the compliment.'—My eyes excessively sore at that instant.

SUNDAY. Quite smart—walked in the Park—and was applied to by several booksellers, who probably judged of my abilities by my appearance—undertook business for several, and after got money enough to live decently, though with an aching heart—The wives of some would criticise on my performances; and one good-natured lady, who was suspected of assisting her husband in a certain review, would insist that I should submit my pieces to her correction—this was so extremely irksome, that

that I at last determined to try my fortune in a distant quarter of the world —when my father sent his steward with the blissful tidings of reconciliation to my lodgings; since when I have entirely dropped my acquaintance with

the Muses, and taken many an agreeable tour with my landlord of the Black Lion, in my own coach, to the different villas about this metropolis. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SEBASTIAN SPONDER.

Nº LVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 12.

GREATLY as the degeneracy of the present age may be talked of, or highly soever as we may imagine the people of ancient times to surpass us either in morality or understanding, I am nevertheless perfectly satisfied, that there is as much good sense, and as much real virtue, to be met with in our own days, as ever was found in the days of our forefathers; notwithstanding the meritorious cobwebs of antiquity have happily concealed a number of their follies and their faults, and thrown a friendly veil of oblivion over no inconsiderable share of their imperfections.

The writers of the present times are not indeed burthened with the monstrous affectation which was so commonly met with among the philosophers of antiquity, and therefore are probably held in a less consequential light, both with regard to their principles and their abilities; this, however, if properly considered, is one reason why they may have a greater share of the latter, though it does not, in the remotest manner, insinuate an inference of their being any way inferior in the first. Many of the ancient sages owed the greatest part of their reputation to circumstances which would entitle a modern to a dark room and a truss of straw, or excite the general contempt at least against his folly and impertinence. What would we think of a philosopher now-a-days, if, instead of arguing the world by the force of sound reasoning out of their vices and absurdities, he should be in continual tears about the former, and in a perpetual fit of laughing at the last? What would we say to any moralist, who would search the public streets at noon with a candle and lanthorn, and tell every body he met, that he was endeavouring to find an honest man? Or, what would we say to a Cynic, who, by way of exhorting his countrymen against the allurements of luxury, would make use of no other persuasives than bidding

a total adieu to every social enjoyment, and taking up his residence in a tub?

The writers of a later date look with a just disdain upon such despicable instances of affectation, and do not address themselves to the weakness, but to the understanding, of their countrymen: it is not the passions which they want to work upon, but the understanding which they want to convince; and are infinitely more solicitous to establish a respectable opinion of their judgment and their integrity, than ambitious to purchase an immortality by the practice of any illustrious absurdity, which, however it may dazzle a moment upon the imagination, the cooler reflections of reason must consider with the most insuperable contempt. Far be it from me to pluck the smallest bay from the brow of antiquity; I sincerely venerate many lessons inculcated by several of the philosophers; but at the same time I cannot be totally insensible to the imperfections of their times, or palpably blind to the merits of our own: for this reason I must stand up for the character of modern understanding, and declare it as my opinion, that I think no two philosophers, in the whole compass of antiquity, have surpassed Bacon and Newton, either in the extent or importance of their works; and, however I may incur the censure of classical readers, I will go farther, and venture to assert, that Shakespeare and Milton are poets of as much excellence as either Homer or Virgil; and possibly, if the English language was but half so universally studied as the Greek or Latin, I should find thousands who would not hesitate to give a more exalted forum of reputation to the two illustrious moderns, than to the two celebrated names of antiquity, who have for so many ages been considered as a sort of *ne plus ultra* to human genius, in every performance of a poetical tendency.

Having said thus much in defence of
M modern

modern understanding, I shall say a few words in support of modern virtue against the heavy accusations of degeneracy, which some inconsiderate writers are but too apt to lay at our door, and but too ready to fasten on the credulity of the public.

It must be readily granted, that the history of modern times affords sufficient instances of vices, which reduce human nature to the basest of all levels, and throw the blackest stigma not only upon the dignity, but upon the very name of man: yet, if we take a review of more distant ages, we shall find equal examples of rapine, perjury, and blood. The civilized states of Greece produced as many scenes of ambition, tyranny, and murder, as can possibly be found among the most barbarous nations; and the virtuous Romans themselves, at the very moment they were affecting an uncommon sanctity of manners, were robbing all the world to inculcate maxims of justice, and cutting whole nations to pieces, to teach them lessons of benevolence and humanity. Greece had it's Philip and it's Alexander, if France had her Louis the XIVth; and Rome had her Cæsar, if England had her Cromwell; she also has a Caligula and a Nero to blacken everlastingly upon her annals,

if ours are stigmatized with an arbitrary Charles, or a bigotted James. When I mention Louis the XIVth, I by no means design to compare him with Philip or Alexander in any thing but his ambition and his rapacity; they are in every other respect so infinitely the more exalted murderers, that the sensible reader will readily perceive in this respect I intended a very limited parallel.

Seeing, therefore, that the most celebrated of the ancient æras cannot produce greater poets and philosophers than what appears upon the modern list, I should be glad to ask what reasonable opinion can be assigned for our supposed depravity in understanding? And I should be also glad to know how the charge of a depravity in manners can be supported, when, upon a candid review of the ancient annals, they appear to be covered with at least an equal share of absurdities and crimes. That the modern æra is bad enough, we have too many lamentable testimonies; but there is no necessity to aggravate either our weakness or our guilt, by making us worse than former times; which, wherever we examine, were, in the general, a compound of the greatest villains and the grossest fools.

Nº LIX. SATURDAY, MARCH 19:

WHEN the celebrated Voltaire was in England, he paid a visit to the famous Mr. Congreve, though he was utterly unacquainted with him; and with that happy violation of ceremony, which is the characteristic of elevated genius, introduced himself upon the mere account of their respective literary reputations. The Englishman was, however, disconcerted; and instead of looking upon the frankness of Voltaire's behaviour as the greatest compliment that could be paid him, he said he would be glad of being visited by Mr. Voltaire as a private gentleman, but could not think of cultivating a friendship with any body, barely on the account of being an author. The Frenchman, disgusted at this untimely instance of affectation, turned upon his heel, and replied, with severity, that had not Mr. Congreve been somewhat more than a private gen-

tleman, he never would have suffered the trouble of that interview.

The slightest survey of mankind will convince a rational enquirer, that the generality of people are influenced by as injudicious a principle in their actions, as Mr. Congreve in the present circumstance. To avoid the imputation of one extremity, they insensibly run into another; and let the character be what it will which they are fearful of incurring, an excessive solicitude to avoid it exposes them frequently to one equally absurd, and excites, while they imagine themselves perfectly secure from ridicule or censure, the universal laugh or disesteem of their acquaintance. I am naturally led into these reflections by a letter from a correspondent, whose favours I shall be always proud of receiving, and whose good opinion I shall always study to deserve, while my leisure and

and my inclination allow me to scribble for the amusement of the public.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THOUGH the world seldom holds any set of people in a more ridiculous light than your pretty delicate race of beings, who are unceasingly employed in the decoration of their persons; yet, for my own part, I think the eternal sloven to the full as contemptible a character as the coxcomb professed; nay, if possible, I consider him as the worst of the two, since, though the latter may provoke your mirth, he does not turn your stomach; and is at most but an object of laughter, without giving any occasion for disgust. I lately spent a few weeks near Whitehaven, in Cumberland, Mr. Babler, where I had frequent opportunities of conversing with a very worthy clergyman, who formerly was my schoolmaster, and who has as good a heart and as clear an understanding as any man in the kingdom. As we kept company on the most unreserved terms of friendship, my powdered head of hair and white coat was a continual source of entertainment to him; and he would often call me a young coxcomb, if in walking through a wet field or a dirty road, I seemed to take the smallest pains about my stockings, or expressed a casual wish that I had not come abroad without my boots. A very trifling concern about the accumulating fabledness of a shirt, would procure me a lecture of half an hour; and a clean handkerchief once a day, was a piece of unpardonable foppery that merited the discipline of a horsewhip. In short, Sir, being barely decent in my externals, was sure of drawing an imputation upon the little share of understanding I possess; and in proportion as I was tolerably dressed, I was certain of being told I had an intolerable degree of vanity.

The good-humoured liberties thus taken with my appearance, I constantly retorted upon my reverend friend for running into the most disagreeable negligence imaginable. If my powdered head and smooth chin afforded him a laugh, I was no less merry with his antiquated grizzel and long beard; and for every sarcasm thrown out against my white cotton stockings, I never failed to be witty on his coarse yarn ones, which, through an absolute piece of af-

fection, he continually wore half way about his heels. In this manner we used to joke when at a loss for conversation; and it generally proved a matter of no little entertainment to the honest country people, to hear us rating one another so heartily.

This perpetual negligence in the appearance of my worthy friend, very often led me to reflect upon the motive which could induce so many people of excellent understandings to be so extremely regardless of their persons; and I never could imagine but that it was some strange kind of vanity which in general produced this unaccountable slovenliness, notwithstanding to avoid every imputation of vanity is the universal plea of all the slovens of my acquaintance. Looking upon any remarkable attachment to dress as a proof of a weak mind, your men of sense affect to be entirely above it; and, willing to enhance their own consequence by depending solely on the force of intellectual merit, they run to studied indecencies of appearance; and very often carry not only a dirty shirt, but an unfavoury effluvia, into the politest companies.

People of sense should, however, consider, that a cleanliness in dress is not a little conducive to health; and that it can be no derogation from their understandings, to make use of an occasional basin of water in the scowering of their hands and face. All extremes are an imputation upon our judgments; and the best proof which men of abilities can give of their superior wisdom, on ordinary occasions, is to avoid the smallest appearance of singularity. Wherever we see men running into singularities of any kind, we may safely conclude, that the judgment is not perfectly right; but when we see these singularities have a tendency only to occasion universal disgust, we may be satisfied, that whoever is guilty of them, is possessed of an uncommon share of pride at the bottom; and thinks that the accomplishments of his mind sufficiently atone for any egregious disregard of his person.

Every man owes something to the satisfaction of his friends, notwithstanding so many people absurdly imagine they are entirely formed for themselves. A philosopher, or a poet, may challenge our admiration on the score of his abilities; yet if he sacrifices all consideration

to a decency in his appearance, it is impossible he should ever be beloved. Converse with him we may, but we can neither chuse to sit near him at table, nor pledge him out of the same glass; and however we may despise a coxcomb for his

vanity, and want of understanding, we shall be always inclined to give him the preference to a notorious sloven, both in every public place, and at every social entertainment. I am, Sir, &c.

VERAX.

N^o LX. SATURDAY, MARCH 26.

THOUGH no man can be a greater admirer of English hospitality than myself, I have nevertheless been frequently offend'd at seeing this hospitality carried to a ridiculous excess; and have always imagined, where I saw the master of a house running into a large expence merely for the entertainment of two or three intimate friends, that he must entertain either a very improper opinion of himself, or a strange idea of his company.

I dined yesterday with my old friend Ned Grumble, the council at Gray's-Inn, with whom I went to school; and who, notwithstanding the smart air which an occasional queue wig gives him, is at least eight-and-fifty, and ought to know a little more of the world than what he manifested in his entertainment. There were but three of us, Ned, Dr. System the naturalist, and myself; yet we had dinner enough from the tavern to serve twenty, and such a profusion of luxuries, that the bare carables must at least have amounted to six or seven pounds. To be sure, Ned is a man of fortune, and can afford to treat his friends very genteelly; but, for my own part, I never form my notions of gentility by the standard of extravagance. I do not love to see money unnecessarily thrown away; and always wish that people of condition would apply the superfluities of their income either to the relief of merit in distress, or to those objects which must promote the general welfare of their country.

As the various courses came in, I observed Ned was secretly pleased with the air of surprise which I naturally put on, and seemed to rise in his own opinion in proportion to the elegance of his table. With a look of indifference he pressed the doctor and I to eat hearty; and with a very ridiculous kind of an affectation, lamented that there was nothing which we could possibly like. He wished the

dinner had been to our tastes; and with the long list of customary excuses which usually pass for good breeding in second-rate companies, he promised the next time we favoured him with a visit, we should be accommodated in a manner infinitely more to our satisfaction.

When I returned home, I could not help reflecting on the pernicious prevalence of customs in the generality of our convivial entertainments. The eternal endeavour at parade and magnificence, I considered as the natural result of vanity; and saw that by much the principal part of the world was considerably more studious to arrogate the opinion of their own importance, than to promote the satisfaction of their friends. Every dish which was added to a table, I found was looked upon as an addition to the merit of the entertainer; and he that was a clever fellow with a Turbot, was still cleverer if he could furnish a John Dory, or provide any other article of luxury equally expensive and unnecessary.

If, however, we examine this matter properly, we shall always find that an excess of preparation, instead of being a real compliment, is nothing better than indirect offence; it is a tacit insinuation, either that our guests are not generally used to such delicacies as we have provided for them, or that it is absolutely necessary to bribe the depravity of their palates, when we would desire the favour of their company. The great art of entertaining with elegance is to entertain with reason. To do this we must consult the nature of our circumstances, and the rank of our friends. If the first are narrow, we expose ourselves to the severest censure, as well as the keenest ridicule, by aping the luxurious abundance of a Lord Mayor's table; and let the latter be what it will, we should endeavour to treat them after the customary manner in which they treat themselves in their own families. For this reason,

reason we should never insult a poor man with all the magnificence of fifty covers, nor invite a lord to an humble shin of beef. A decent supply of good dishes should always be in readiness, but nothing ever studied for unnecessary parade. Plenty, and not profusion, should be the characteristic of our board; and we should constantly recollect, that those are utterly unworthy the appellation of friends, who could wish us to squander a parcel of valuable pounds for the mere sake of making an empty display of our opulence, when the sum thus extravagantly laid out might be applied to a number of very salutary purposes.

There are several people, however, who are hurried away by an unaccountable desire of appearing extremely splendid in their entertainments, and make it a sort of point to keep a table considerably above their circumstances. I remember poor Dick Thornton would frequently invite people to dinner, and treat with Champagne and Burgundy, though he borrowed the money which paid the bill of fare, but the evening before, from some of his guests, or pitifully begged a fortnight's credit at the Mitre in Fleet Street.

Hospitality, to be sure, requires every man to receive his acquaintance with the utmost cordiality and warmth, but it by no means desires people of small fortune to be constantly impoverish-

ing themselves for the sake of keeping an extensive circuit of company; neither does it dictate, that those with full purses should ever run into extravagance. None, however, mistake the matter more than young fellows who are just entering into the world, and have no other prospect of supporting themselves than the success of their respective avocations. Betrayed by too great a generosity of temper, they imagine they never can shew a sufficient welcome to their friends; and hence they inconsiderately provide twenty or thirty dishes for those very men whose general round of living they know to be a plain simple joint, or a frugal beef-steak at a tavern. For my own part, whenever it has been my lot to dine with persons of this cast, the uncommon excellence of my entertainment has entirely spoiled my stomach; and I have lost all relish to eating, merely from recollecting what a considerable sum a good natured young fellow must have idly thrown away, through a desire of manifesting an extraordinary respect for his company.

The publication of this little stricture will, I hope, in some measure, remove so great an absurdity. People of good sense want little more than a bare mention of their errors to produce an amendment: and by the reformation which I may hear occasioned by the present hint, I shall immediately judge the understanding of my readers.

Nº LXI. SATURDAY, APRIL 2.

IN the course of my little strictures, I have frequently endeavoured to discountenance the scandalous propensity which I have observed in a number of old fellows for an obscenity of conversation; a propensity which, even in the thoughtless and giddy-headed state of youth, is extremely culpable, and no less disgraces the politeness of the gentleman, than lessens the understanding of the man. In the present paper I shall lay a picture before my readers, which, though really drawn for a particular person, will, I fear, prove much too general a resemblance; but which, if it should fortunately prove a means of reforming a single individual, will make me think my time very well bestowed, and induce me, perhaps, to take up

the subject again at another opportunity.

Last night, having received a most pressing invitation from an old relation of mine, I went and supped at his house. The company consisted of his lady, his son, and his two daughters, a very eminent clergyman in the city, and myself. My friend is one of those people, who, having formerly cut a very gay figure in the world, is still ambitious of spreading the May-bloom of twenty-five upon the winter of threescore; and desirous of displaying in the fulness of his spirits that sprightliness and vivacity which time has relentlessly taken from his person: with this view he is everlastingly aiming at double entendres, and will not even hesitate to crack

crack his indelicate ambiguities upon his children. On the contrary, he often attacks his daughters with a vein of the most culpable levity; and tells them, when the poor young ladies are ready to sink with shame and mortification, that they know very well what he means, and that he is perfectly sensible they are both languishing for husbands.

As my old friend suffers me to take more liberties with him than he can bear from any body else, I always endeavour to keep him in a little order; and this renders my visits uncommonly welcome to his family. Last night I managed him pretty well, and we had not above ten or a dozen indelicacies during supper-time: but the cloth was no sooner removed, than he cried—‘Come, Mr. Babler, I’ll give you a toast.’ This was what the ladies extremely apprehended, and they all instantly rose up from table, with an abruptness that would have astonished a stranger prodigiously, and darted out of the room. Upon this he burst into a loud laugh; and slapping me on the shoulder with an air of extraordinary satisfaction, exclaimed—‘Well, my boy, you see I am still Old Truepenny; and though to the full as heavily laden with years as yourself, have fifty times your spirits, and can set the women a-going whenever I think proper.’ Then turning round to the clergyman, and pointing to his son, he asked, with an arch significance of countenance—‘Do you think, doctor, that fellow will be a quarter the man I am when he comes to my age?—Hey—what say you, petticoats?’ The gentleman replied, he believed not; and my friend ordered us to fill a bumper directly, for he still piques himself upon being able to drink a couple of bottles of an evening.

When our glasses were charged—‘Now,’ says he, ‘I’ll give you a toast.’ He did so with a witness; and totally forgetting the presence of his son, the profession of the clergyman, and the sobriety of my character, gave what would scarcely have issued from the underbred intoxication of an Irish chairman in a night cellar. For my own part, I turned round in disgust, the clergyman wiped his face, and the son stooped to buckle his shoe, in order to avoid the disagreeable necessity of blushing for his father, whose behaviour was

no less ill-timed than it was illiberal. I was in hopes the visible dissatisfaction which we all manifested on this occasion would have kept my antiquated buck in a little order for the remainder of the evening: but here, Sir, I was miserably mistaken; every glass brought on a new instance of obscenity, and produced a fresh question, whether he was not the heartiest cock, of his years, in the universe. The lowest amours of his youthful days were raked up with the most paltry degree of ostentation; and he seemed to gain a new share of life from the mere repetition of those circumstances which should have made him sorry that he ever lived at all.

Youth is but a poor excuse for a man’s playing the fool; but no palliation can possibly be offered where a grey head is striving to re-exist in the remembrance of former vices, and is ambitious of preserving the same reputation for extravagancies in the deepening vale of years, which rendered him contemptible to the thinking part of the world when a boy of nineteen. If a man is really desirous of being respected in the decline of life, he must act in such a manner as to *deserve* the universal esteem of his acquaintance; instead of deviating into ribaldry, he must make an absolute display of his good sense, and build his applause upon the rectitude of his own sentiments, instead of applying to the depravity of ours. A debauchee of sixty is no less a scandal to nature, than a disgrace to morality; and we cannot help feeling a secret kind of horror, when we see a father profligately jesting with his children, and taking every opportunity to steel them against the nicer sensations of delicacy and virtue. The parent who acts in this manner, has not only his own errors to answer for, but in a great measure the crimes of his posterity. The human mind has a natural promptitude to err, and we are all of us but too fond of copying the examples of those whom we have been taught to reverence and love. For the sake of the rising generation, therefore, let me earnestly exhort the *old brarty cocks* of the present age, to pay some little regard to this reflection; since the reputation and welfare of their families ought to engage a considerable share of their attention, however indifferent they may be about their own.

N^o LXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 9.

NOtwithstanding a number of writers have very judiciously employed their pens in exposing the ridiculous partiality which the generality of parents feel in favour of their own children; yet there is one species of this partiality which, though the most fatal in its effects, has however engaged but the smallest part of their notice; for which reason I propose to make it the subject of my present discussion, and flatter myself that it will be received, on account of its importance, with a particular share of indulgence by the public.

The prejudice upon which I intend to animadvert, is the opinion absurdly entertained by every body, that the beauty of their daughters will be always certain of making their fortunes. This unhappy prepossession is now so universally adopted, that few parents attend to more than the mere superficials of a young lady's education. A mother, now-a-days, instead of inculcating lessons of prudence and morality, is only solicitous about the personal accomplishments of her rising angel: instead of teaching her to be humble, modest, and unaffected, she lays down no rules but those of pride; no precepts but those of arrogance; and no documents but those of affectation. Before Miss is out of her hanging-sleeves, she is accustomed to the most extravagant praises of her own beauty; and is instructed in a belief that, so the delicacy of her complexion is attended to, there is no necessity whatsoever to pay the least regard to the cultivation of her mind. Hence she can argue upon the excellence of Naples dew, before she knows a single commandment in the decalogue; and descant upon the smartness of a ribband, before she is acquainted with a letter in the alphabet.

The natural consequence of such an education is, that she becomes intolerably vain, and insupportably ignorant. The first of these amiable qualifications, her vanity, renders her totally blind to every merit in the character of another person; and the latter renders her as totally insensible of the grossest absurdity in her own. Calculated merely for show,

her only study is to attract a crowd of fools to the standard of her beauty; and, taught that a woman with so exquisite a face has a just pretension to the first offers in the kingdom, she is continually aspiring above the level of her circumstances. By this means, she most commonly withers in contempt upon the stalk of an antiquated virginity, or sacrifices her reputation to some debauchee of fashion, whom she vainly imagines to draw in for a husband. It is below a beauty ever to think of marrying with a man of her own rank; her charms are to procure something infinitely superior; and there is scarcely a tradesman's daughter with a passable face, in the weekly bills, but what now and then thinks of an equipage with a tolerable degree of confidence; and imagines herself pretty certain, at least, of a gentleman or a knight, though she should even fail of gaining a helpmate with a coronet.

The strangest thing, however, in this unaccountable notion with which people are deluded, of a daughter's making a fortune with her face, is, that every one supposes the world will look through the magnifying-glass of parental prepossession, and conceive just such an opinion of the girl's personal attractions as they are silly enough to entertain themselves, without ever recollecting that others have no natural interest in the young lady, either to be blind to her defects, or sensible of her perfections: they are astonished that we should differ from their idea of her merit; and absolutely demand that tribute of admiration from our justice, which is nothing but the ridiculous result of their own partiality.

How often, I appeal to my readers, have they heard a mother extolling the face of some half-begotten thing to the skies as a miracle of excellence; and, in the fulness of her heart, exclaiming — 'My beauty! my queen!' and 'my angel!' where the poor little wretch had actually the features of a jackanapes! For my own part, I have seen such things a thousand times, and among my own relations too. My cousin Suke has a little girl of about ten years old, who is blind of an eye, and
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seamed with the small-pox like a Savoy-cabbage; yet Suke imagines that her daughter will, one time or other, make a conquest of a nobleman; and has been known to praise the ineffable sweetness of her Patty's face, though the company were at that very moment talking about Lady Sarah Bunbury, or the Duchesse of Hamilton.

Were parents, however, to act with prudence, they might easily judge, from what they themselves think of other people's children, how other people are affected at the sight of theirs. This single mode of judging would, in a moment, unbind the charm which fascinates the heart of so many fathers and mothers, and convince them that there were a number of requisites necessary to form a compleat woman, besides the possession of a smooth face and an agreeable person: they would then see, that a well-cultivated mind had an infinite superiority over the most rosy cheek in the universe; and discover that something more than a bare knowledge in fixing a head-dress, or pinning a handkerchief, was indispensably proper for the mistress of a family.

In fact, the men are not such fools as

they may be generally imagined. A young fellow, if he wants to make an occasional connection with a lady, scarcely ever looks for more than figure or make. By the same rule that he buys a horse, he chuses his mistress. But the case is widely different when he comes to think of a wife: however he may laugh at prudence and discretion in himself, he always requires it in her; and thinks he is infinitely more liable to suffer in the public opinion, through the minutest foible of her's, than through the greatest error of his own: for this reason, the wildest libertine, when he thinks of marrying, generally looks out for a woman of virtue and understanding. Experience has taught him how small a share the mere attractions of a fine face have in the formation of real happiness; and if he chuses a person that *wants* a fortune, yet his choice is most commonly a person that can *save* one. Hence matrimony is the only thing in which he seldom suffers himself to be duped; and he hardly ever dreams of asking the hand of a mere beauty, while there is a possibility for him to gain a woman of real beauty and merit too.

Nº LXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THE strictures in your last paper on the ridiculous propensity which the generality of people have to suppose the beauty of their daughters will at any time be sufficient to make their fortunes, are so very much in point, that I cannot resist a desire of troubling you with my little story, especially as it may perhaps be a means of preventing some other parents from following the unhappy example of my poor father and mother, whose ill-judged tenderness in this respect was the original source of all my misfortunes.

My father, you must know, Mr. Babler, was the youngest son of a good family, but had, however, no other dependence than an employment under the government, which brought him in about five hundred pounds a year. As he was naturally of a generous disposition, he never thought of mending his

circumstances by marrying a woman with money, though he had a person and an address which rendered it no way difficult for him to succeed with the ladies. On the contrary, Sir, he followed the implicit direction of his inclinations; and before he was five and twenty, married my mother, the daughter of a Gloucestershire baronet, whose whole fortune consisted of a long line of ancestors, a high notion of gentility, and a very agreeable face.

With a disposition on both sides to make every thing wear the most elegant appearance, it is not to be wondered at, if on either there were no extraordinary notions of oeconomy. I was born in about a twelvemonth after their union; and I have heard my mother say, the bare preparations for her lying-in amounted to near a hundred and fifty pounds. Being the only product of their affections, I was treated as if I was something more than mortal. In my earliest infancy I was discovered to have

have some irresistible attractions. My mother, before my eyes were well open, declared them a pair of the right killing kind; and if I happened but to cry for a little bread and milk, my father found out in every squall some indications of a wonderful sagacity. In short, I was looked upon as an absolute *Olio* or *sal-mongundy* of *perfections*, to use the words of a fashionable author; and was almost in danger of being devoured, through the *insatiable* fondness, as I may call it, of my poor father and mother.

When I grew towards seven or eight, and had passed the ordeal of a fiery small-pox with pretty good success, I was pronounced a perfect beauty; and my friends all concluded, that it was impossible but what such a woman as I promised to turn out must make her fortune by her personal attractions. Infatuated by this unaccountable prepossession, my mother's sole attention was confined to those accomplishments which were rather engaging than necessary, and rendered a woman superficially agreeable, without being of any intrinsic use. Thus, Sir, when other girls of my age were advancing pretty fast in the progress of French, Italian, and English authors, I was studying how to play at quadrille, or exercising the whole army of my little graces before the looking-glass. Instead of growing a mistress at my needle, and assisting to make up the linen of the family, I was instructed to laugh at industry, and told, that poring on a piece of work would inevitably injure my eyes, or endanger my constitution. Going to church, they as good as told me, was extremely vulgar; and it was hinted, that I should shew my spirit, by taking care to rate the servants very soundly whenever they grew either familiar or impertinent. In short, Sir, in this hopeful manner I reached my sixteenth year, and knew nothing in nature but how to make a cap, play a game at cards, turn out my toes a little tolerably, and play a lesson or two on the harpsichord.

As I was now bordering on the age when my mother expected my person would work miracles, she took uncommon pains to tell me, that those who were my equals only were infinitely beneath me; and that none but those who were considerably my superiors could

possibly be as good as myself. Vanity and indiscretion, the characteristics of my years, were open to every document of this nature; and I looked upon it as a derogation from my consequence, to be seen in less than honourable company. For this purpose, I even condescended to be treated with indifference; put up with an insult from the daughter of a man of fashion, for the sake of numbering her amongst my acquaintance; and permitted some familiarities, not criminal however, from her brother, to purchase the honour of his attending on me in public. The consequence of this behaviour was, however, fatal: before I was eighteen, I refused two or three very considerable offers from people of my own rank; and before I was nineteen, fell a victim to the illiberal machinations of a villain with an earldom, who visited on my account at my father's, and flattered him with a notion of speedily becoming my husband.

Not to dwell upon this unhappy circumstance, suffice it, that shame and disappointment quickly broke the heart of my poor father, who died, lamenting with his last breath his error in my education, and was followed by his miserable relict in less than six weeks. With my father died all my hopes of subsistence; and what I should have done for bread, God only knows, had not a most excellent lady, who was compelled into a marriage with my betrayer, a little after I was undone by him, purchased me out of her pin-money an annuity of a hundred pounds for my life, and generously sent it me in a manner that doubled the obligation. Upon this I have resided near ten years in a remote part of the country, endeavouring, by a close application to the best authors, to unlearn the principal part of what I was formerly taught; and to atone, by an exemplary conduct during the remainder of my days, for the indiscretions of my past behaviour. May my story prove a means of preventing the ruin of other young women; and teach such parents as mine, that the only way of raising a real happiness for their children, is to lay the foundation on discretion and virtue. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THEODORA.

N^o LXIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THERE is a species of ill-breeding which I have observed to be extremely prevalent among several of our modern pretenders to politeness; and which, as it gives much uneasiness to a number of well-meaning people, I have taken the liberty of condemning in the following little narrative; and shall therefore esteem it as a singular obligation, if you will lay it before the public through the channel of your excellent paper.

You must know, Mr. Babler, that I live in a tolerably genteel street, not far from Lincoln's Inn, and have made it my principal study during the whole time of my residence to give no offence whatsoever to any person in the neighbourhood. Unhappily, however, Sir, there is an antiquated gentleman who lives almost opposite to me, and who has a family consisting of a wife every whit as venerable as himself, two daughters to whom Nature has been uncommonly parsimonious in the distribution of her personal graces, and a servant-maid. As this amiable little community pique themselves prodigiously on the regularity of their own conduct, they are continually upon the watch to pry into the behaviour of every body else. Hence, Sir, if a gentleman knocks at my door about business, some one of them continually runs to the window to see who it is; and comments, in a tone loud enough to be distinctly heard across the way, either upon his dress or his person. If I have company with me in the parlour, some of them stand sentinel on me at the dining-room; and if I take my guests into the dining-room, they mount to the second floor, where they have a full command of all my motions, and reduce me to the disagreeable alternative of bearing the whole torrent of their impertinent observations, or of letting down my curtains. To be sure, Sir, I am not the only object of this obliging solicitude; as far as they can possibly see, they manifest a laudable anxiety for the conduct of their neighbours; and being fortunately situated in a house

pretty remarkable for the convenience of its prospect, they strike a kind of awe through a number of families considerably better than themselves, and are almost as good as our reforming class of constables, to enforce the minutest propriety of behaviour.

Did their impertinence, however, extend no farther, it might perhaps be borne with some degree of temper, and they might possibly be considered as objects of our pity, without ever exciting our resentment. But, alas! Mr. Babler, the buckling of a shoe, or the wearing of a clean shirt, sets them into a tittering; and a little more powder in one's wig than ordinary, occasions a horse laugh. My wife, Sir, being as good-natured and placid a girl as ever existed, this disposition gives them so great an advantage over her, that she can never look out of her own window, and is always in the greatest distress if the servant keeps her a moment at the door. If she puts on but a fresh gown to visit a friend, she hears—'Lord, we are dressed to day!' breaking from the opposite side of the street; and if she sends home but an humble leg of mutton from market, there is a—'Pon my word, we are resolved to live well, however, let who will pay for it!' Nay, Sir, my little girl, an infant under two years of age, comes in for her share of this delicate treatment; and her mother having a day or two ago bought her a new bonnet, the child has ever since undergone the severest exertion of their wit, and—'God love you, look at 'Miss!' is the continual expression whenever the maid appears with her at the door, or takes her out into Lincoln's-Inn gardens for a little air and exercise. In short, Sir, not an article in our dress, nor a feature in our faces, escapes the eagle-eyed notice of our worthy neighbours; and there is scarce a possibility of conceiving how very unhappy we have been rendered by this excess of curiosity and impertinence.

Were these good people themselves, either distinguished by any uncommon elegance of appearance, or amiableness of person, this behaviour would be the less extraordinary; but, Sir, Sunday is perhaps

perhaps the only day in the week on which they change their linen; and I have already hinted, that there is no extraordinary share of beauty in the family. As for the father, he is an absolute *Oran Otan*; a mere man of the woods; the old gentlewoman is the immediate idea of that venerable lady to whom Saul paid a midnight visit at Endor; and the eldest daughter, to an unmeaningness of face that actually borders upon lunacy, joins a couple of tushes that project a surprising way from the mouth, like the forks of an elephant; the youngest, to borrow an expression from the Copper Captain, has a 'husk about her like a chesnut,' which so compleatly absorbs every vestige of humanity, that I am almost at a loss in what order of beings to rank her; and, therefore, though her sex has perhaps been already ascertained, I shall put her species down in the doubtful gender.

There is nothing, Mr. Babler, which betrays an understanding so weak, or a heart so malevolent, as an inclination to render others undeservedly uneasy. The people of every little

neighbourhood, like the members of the largest communities, should always endeavour to engage one another's esteem by a mutual intercourse of good, at least of obliging, offices: true politeness, however this unfashionable sense of the word may be exploded, consists in exerting our utmost abilities to promote the satisfaction of our neighbours. A contrary disposition, though it may be reckoned extremely witty by some, can be considered in that light by none but the ignorant or the worthless. Whoever thinks the approbation of such an essential to their happiness, has my full permission to solicit it; but I will readily affirm, that every sensible and benevolent mind will hold them in detestation or contempt, and look upon them as an equal disgrace and nuisance to society. What a pity is it, Sir, that, like other nuisances, there is no method of presenting them by a grand jury: as there is not, suffer me to present them in this manner, and be assured, you will have the thanks of many families in my part of the town, besides those of your most humble servant,

CENSOR.

N^o LXV. SATURDAY, APRIL 30.

TO know mankind, and to profit by their follies, is generally the wish of the mercenary; but there are some who think, that exposing their own follies to public view is the truest means of acquiring an insight into those of others. This method of a man's subjecting himself to voluntary distress, in order to become acquainted with human nature, goes by the name of seeing life; so that, as the phrase goes, the young fellow is now said to have seen most of life who has experienced most misery.

I have often, with pity, regarded some of my more youthful acquaintance who took this experimental way of becoming philosophers, and who thought proper to buy all the little wit they had by their sufferings: and yet, in fact, when we come to examine this ascetic sect of students, we shall find them utterly ignorant of real life, and skilled only in the ceremonies of a night cellar, or the etiquette of a brothel.

It is amusing enough to listen to one

of these gentlemen, who has the character of being profoundly versed in life, exerting his superiority of skill in company. He has a new phrase for every thing: 'Tip us a wag of your muns,' is, for instance, Shake hands; 'Let us have a buss at your muns,' is, Let me kiss you. For such humour as this, our unfortunate creature has had his head broken, his pockets picked, and his constitution destroyed, though fully convinced of his errors the very moment he was running into them with the greatest avidity.

It has been often said, that half the pains which some men take to be rogues could very comfortably have supported them in honesty. With equal truth it may be said, that half the labours which these men use in the pursuit of pleasure, could have supplied them with a double portion of the means. Pleasure is not so coy a mistress as these men would persuade us that she is; she needs not be pursued through the mazes of a night adventure, nor earned by the hazard of

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losing a nose; the usual beaten tract to happiness is ever the surest, and to live like the rest of mankind is a strong presumption that the traveller is in the right way. When one of our blooded young fellows, with a true eccentricity of thinking, separates from the crowd, in order to enjoy higher delights than his acquaintance, he only becomes the object of contempt and derision, and, like a deer in the forest, he ever finds least safety when alone.

The ridicule of every age has been levelled against this absurd pursuer of life; and still, like the witch in the fable, as he has been hunted down in one shape, he has assumed another. In the Spectator's days, the buck of the time was called a *Mobock*; he afterwards received the appellation of a *Blood*; and, at present, he is called a *Buck*: the three characters of the different times, however, are very nearly the same; they differ in little more than appellation; and are all equally distinguished for malevolence of heart and weakness of understanding.

The most extraordinary circumstance in the characters of these worthy gentlemen who know so much of life, is, that scarcely one in a thousand of them knows any thing of life at all; or at best, like a maggot in a cheese, he only eats into the rotten part of it; and, after fattening for a season on the common of folly and licentiousness, he comes out pampered with nothing but ignorance and immorality.

Let one of the most experienced philosophers in the system of modern life come for half an hour into company with two or three rational beings, and he looks as if he was absolutely of a different species. Conversant with nothing but what he ought *not* to know, he is incapable of conducting himself, either like a man of sense or a gentleman; and, acquainted only with the despicable frolics of the Garden, he is at a visible loss if a subject of the least erudition is started; and perplexed if he hears a syllable bordering upon politeness or good-breeding; he languishes only for an indelicate toast, or an oppor-

tunity of introducing some paltry little adventure, which ought to be reserved for a set of intoxicated apprentices on a Christmas holiday. Even in the presence of the most modest among the softer sex, he does not hesitate to mention the name of some fashionable demirep; nor scruple to boast of a Newgate acquaintance with an executed highwayman.

Yet, notwithstanding this description of a *modern buck* is pretty exact, there is an unaccountable ambition among the greatest number of our young fellows to shew a tolerable pretension to the character. From a strange opinion that libertinism is a proof of good sense, they all sacrifice the little sense which they possess to become libertines, and are infinitely less fearful of being looked upon as profligates than being ridiculed as fools.

Those, however, who would willingly arrive at the good opinion of the world, and merit the secret approbation of their own hearts, must act upon a very opposite principle. Little as the world may follow the documents of virtue, it nevertheless admires them; and we ourselves are never more ready to venerate a man of principle, than when on account of our vices he treats us with contempt. Let us, therefore, instead of being what in our hearts we really detest, endeavour to arrive at what we are ambitious to be thought; and make that very pride, which hurries us into such a number of excesses, a laudable incentive to the road of perfection.

Virtue, in fact, wants only to be known to have a number of admirers; and as in the pursuit of those vices which destroy both our temporal and our eternal felicity, habit encreases our relish for persevering; so in the practice of all that can ensure our happiness here and hereafter, habit also impels us to proceed, and furnishes continual inducements which gradually lead us to the most exalted pinnacle of human excellence. The man, therefore, who will not be happy, has nobody to censure but himself; as the power is entirely in his hands, if he chuses but to exert it.

T H E

B A B L E R.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

N^o LXVI. SATURDAY, MAY 1.

THERE never has been a period in which greater pretensions were made to patriotism than in the present, though perhaps there never was a period in which public spirit was so utterly disregarded. Every man we meet has something to say about the sufferings of his unfortunate country, though at that very moment he is doing every thing in his power to prejudice this unfortunate country himself. In the course of my acquaintance I have known a man exclaim against luxury, who could not make a dinner without twelve or fourteen dishes; and have heard a woman of fashion commiserating the case of our distressed manufacturers, with the very same breath that gave orders for the purchase of a French silk, a set of Dresden dishes, or an Indian cabinet. Contradiction is the prevailing foible of the present age; and in nothing are we more unaccountable than in our eternal pretensions to consistency.

The most whimsical patriot, however, whom I have met with, is Ned Scamper. This extraordinary character has studied the celebrated fable of the Bees with the closest attention, and puts down every vice or folly which he commits to the good of his country. If he gets intoxicated, it is from a spirit of genuine patriotism. The national revenue is benefited in proportion to the quantity he consumes: and if he breaks the head of an unfortunate waiter, that is another instance of public spirit. The money which he gives to make the affair up circulates through the community, and is a cause of satisfaction to a thousand

families. In short, Ned has drank, wenched, fought, and beggared himself, through an exalted solicitude for the general emolument; and is now close pent up in one of our prisons, out of a pure and disinterested regard for the welfare of society.

Yet, notwithstanding the little claim which the generality of this kingdom can really have to the character of patriotism, it must nevertheless be acknowledged, that we have some people who, in opposition to the torrent of fashionable folly, consume scarcely any thing but the produce of their own country. To be sure, these people cut but a very moderate figure in life; they seldom rise beyond the level of oyster-women, common soldiers, hackney-coachmen, or bricklayers labourers: but what then—both their beer and their gin are manufactured within the weekly bills; and if their tobacco is not the immediate growth of Great Britain, it is at least sent us from some of the British plantations. Nay, their very oaths are entirely of English materials. No *'Pon my honour*, or *Let me die*, and such like detestable exclamations of foreign contexture; but a solid *B—t my l—s*, like a humming tankard of *Calvert's entire butt*, strikes us at once with admiration, and gives an equal proof both of their public spirit and understanding!

It is remarkable, that though these people are the best friends to the real interest of their country, they nevertheless give themselves no airs of importance, nor run into any insolent self-sufficiencies about their attachment to
the

the good of the kingdom. On the contrary, they leave every arrogance of this nature to their superiors, who act upon principles diametrically opposite; from which we may naturally infer, that those are always the truest patriots who make the least demands upon our gratitude for praise; and who pursue the inevitable path of national welfare, without looking upon themselves as entitled to any extraordinary merit from the steadiness of their course. It is also worthy of observation, that the lower the situation of the British plebeian, the more inflexibly rivetted we find him to the good of his country; the more we see him wedded to his gin and tobacco: while, on the contrary, the higher we go among consequence and coronets, the higher encouragement we shall find given to every thing of a foreign manufacture, and the higher we shall find the nostril of contempt turned up at the produce of poor Old England.

It may possibly be observed on this occasion, that notwithstanding this great superiority which I give the lowest ranks over the very first, yet, if an enquiry was made into the principles of each, both might appear to bear a nearer similitude at bottom than at present I seem inclinable to allow. It may possibly be urged, that if the poorest orders of the people were able to furnish themselves with the luxuries of life, they would run into just the same excesses for which they are continually railing at their betters; and manifest as little regard for the welfare of their country as the most fashionable man of quality in the kingdom. Why, in fact, I believe they would; but this proves nothing more than that, with all our patriotic boasting, we have not a single spark of public spirit existing amongst us as a nation; and that, with all our ridiculous parade of free-born Englishmen, we are the veriest slaves in the universe to the worst of tyrants—vice and affectation.

The only way to recover our liberty from the oppressive fangs of such arbitrary rulers, is to make a proper use of our understanding. We do not want either spirit or good sense; yet, through some unaccountable impulse, we act as if utterly destitute of both. We can ridicule our follies, and be ashamed of

our vices, yet never make the least effort to get the better of either; and there is scarcely a road to virtue but what we have the justice to admire, at the very instant we are giving the most unbounded loose to licentiousness and immorality. With regard, however, to actions of a public kind, there is a patriotism of the most exalted nature, with which we have hitherto appeared totally unacquainted, notwithstanding it is of infinitely greater importance than the encouragement of commerce or manufactures. This patriotism is the practice of moral rectitude, and the desire of setting a good example to our neighbours. Now-a-days, if a legislator delivers a popular harangue in either house of parliament, we set him down as the *delicia humani generis*; and, upon the mere strength of this single qualification, give him an indubitable privilege to trample upon every law both of reason and morality. If he exerts himself in a strenuous opposition to government, we are regardless how many worthy tradesmen he breaks by his dishonesty; and laugh at a violation of our wife and our daughters, where the ruffian happens to profess a real regard for the interest of his country. By this means we reconcile the whitest virtue with the most opposite vice; and imagine it possible that a man can have the highest veneration imaginable for our rights and liberties, when he is bursting through the most sacred of them all.

Let us, however, be assured, that a bad man never made a real patriot. He that is insensible of what he owes to his Deity, and to himself, can never be conscious of what is due to his country. The foundation of all public excellence is in private virtue; and where we find that wanting, though a combination of some peculiar circumstances may engage a great personage to support the interest of his country, we may rest assured that he is actuated by motives very different to the principles of patriotism; and that he only makes use of the fascinating sound to cloak the purposes of disappointed pride, and secret resentment. Where a man truly loves his country, he is tender of it's minutest laws; and pays an equal regard to the morals, as he does to the temporal interests, of the public.

Nº LXVII. SATURDAY, MAY 8.

THOUGH I have more than once condemned the practice of toasting, as a custom diametrically opposite to every principle both of reason and politeness, there is, however, one species of it which has yet escaped my animadversion, though, perhaps, none of the least culpable: I intend, therefore, to make it the subject of my present discussion, and flatter myself that it will prove no way disagreeable to my readers.

When the fashion of toasting was first of all instituted, is by no means a necessary object of enquiry; but had it been judiciously confined to the limits of a tavern, and kept sacred for the purposes of midnight riot, it would be infinitely less entitled to our censure and contempt. The wild and giddy-headed hour of extravagance might probably palliate a casual gust of folly and licentiousness; but when, in open violation of all the dictates of decency, it is carried into private families, the least extenuation becomes utterly impossible, and indignation is at a loss whether most to condemn the ignorance or the brutality of the proceeding.

It is a just observation of a very celebrated author, that in proportion as every country is barbarous, it is addicted to inebriety. Were the people of England to be judged of by this standard, it is much to be feared, that our national character would be none of the most amiable. Notwithstanding few people can lay down better rules for behaviour than ourselves, there are none more unaccountably preposterous in their conduct: when we visit at one another's houses, and propose to pass a few hours in an agreeable manner, how absurdly do we set out! instead of endeavouring to enjoy what Mr. Pope finely calls

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,
we think every entertainment insipid till reason is totally banished out of company; and imagine, through some monstrous depravity of inclination, that a social emanation of soul is never to be obtained, but where politeness and propriety are apparently sacrificed, and the roar of underbred excess

circulated round the room at the expence both of sense and morality.

To the indelible disgrace of this country, there is scarcely a vice or a folly of our neighbours but what we sedulously copy, at the very moment we affect to mention the people whose manners we thus ridiculously imbibe, with the most insuperable disregard. Their good qualities are, in fact, the only things which we scorn to adopt, as if it was a derogation either from our spirit or our understanding to owe a single instance of prudence or virtue to the force of example. France, in particular, has kindly supplied us with an abundance of follies; but there is not, to my recollection, any one circumstance wherein she has given the smallest improvement to our understandings: not that France is destitute in sense, or deficient in virtue; it is we who want the wisdom of imitating her where she is really praiseworthy, and are infatuated to the lamentable degree of neglecting those actions which we ought to pursue with our highest admiration, to follow those which ought to be the objects of our highest aversion and contempt.

In the present case, I mean their convivial entertainments, the French are particularly sensible and well-bred; they are all vivacity, without running into the least indelicacy; and can keep up the necessary life of a social meeting, without borrowing the smallest assistance from immorality. In the most elevated flow of spirits, they never think of sending the women out of company, merely to give an unbounded loose to ribaldry and licentiousness. On the contrary, they estimate the pleasure of the entertainment by the number of the ladies; and look upon an evening to be most wretchedly trifled away, where a party of men make an appointment for a tavern. Thus their politeness prevents them from deviating either into folly or vice; and in the most intimate intercourse of families, nothing scarcely ever passes but a round of sensible freedom and unconstrained civility.

With us, however, the case is widely different; if half a dozen friends meet at the house of a valuable acquaintance, instead

stead of treating his wife, his sister, or his daughter, with a proper degree of respect, we all manifest an absolute disinclination for their company. The instant the cloth is taken away, we expect they shall retire; and look upon it as a piece of ill-breeding, if they accidentally stay a moment longer than ordinary: and for what are we so impatient to be left to ourselves? Why, for the mighty satisfaction of drinking an obscene toast, and the pleasure of indiscriminately filling a bumper to a woman of honour and a strumpet; the friend of our bosom, and a fellow whom we consider, perhaps, as the greatest scoundrel in the universe.

In a country where the women are so generally remarkable for good-sense and delicate vivacity, where they also enjoy in other respects an ample share of liberty, and in a manner regulate the laws of propriety, it is not a little surprising, that in the moments of convivial festivity we should treat them with so palpable a contempt. The hour in which we strive to be most happy, one would naturally imagine, should be the time in which we ought most earnestly to solicit the favour of their company: but no, it is impossible to make an Englishman happy without allowing him to run into the grossest illiberality. The conversation of an amiable woman he thinks by no means equal to the roar of a dissolute companion; and it is absolutely necessary to make him *gloriously drunk*, as the fashionable phrase is, before he can reach the envied pinnacle of a *bon vivant* felicity.

The pleasantest excuse which all our choice spirits give for this extraordinary attachment to toasting is, that without a toast, there would be no possibility of finding a sufficient fund of conversation for the company. Why then are the ladies excluded, who could add so agreeably to the conversation? 'O, because

their presence would be an invincible restraint; we could not say what we please, nor push the toast about; that is, in plain English, 'we could not indulge ourselves in a thousand scandalous excesses, which would disgrace the lowest plebeian of the community: we could neither destroy our constitution nor our principles; neither give a loose to obscenity, intemperance, and excretion; ridicule the laws of our country, nor fly out against the ordinances of our God.' Alas, civilized as we think ourselves, is it not an impossibility for a nation of savages to be more barbarous or absurd? The general consequence of our convivial meetings is the severest reflection which they can undergo; for, with all our boasted understanding, is it not rather an uncommon circumstance for the most intimate acquaintance to break up without some broil highly prejudicial to their friendship, if not even dangerous to their lives?

To remedy so great and so universal an evil, to rescue our national character from the imputation of barbarism, and to establish some little claim to the reputation of a civilized people, there are but two ways left; these, however, are both short and effectual ones: to abolish toasting in all taverns; and at all private houses, never to make the ladies withdraw from company. By this means, in the first place, there will be no emulation among giddy-headed young fellows to swallow another bumper; nor any obligation for a man with a weak constitution to drink as hard as a seasoned fox-hunter: and in the second instance, the meetings at private families, by being conducted agreeably to the principles of politeness, will never swerve from the sentiments either of reason or virtue, but be, as they always ought, productive of social mirth and real happiness.

NO LXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 15.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THOUGH few people are less inclined than myself to cavil at the reputation of a great writer, yet it is with no little pain that I have often seen the public so much ravished with the

whiffling of a name, as to stamp the very errors of an author with the seal of admiration; and to think it impossible, because he was excellent on some particular subjects, but what he must be equally eminent on all.

I am led insensibly into a reflection of this

this nature, from a conversation which I had last in a polite company, about the celebrated fable of Sigismonda and Guiscard, as translated from Boccace, by Mr. Dryden. This performance every body mentioned with an air of rapture; it was exquisitely tender in the sentiment, astonishingly nervous in the argument; and for verification, was superior to any thing in the English language. For my own part, Mr. Babler, I could by no means see in what the amazing merit of this poem consisted: as to the tendency, I am sure it is to the last degree dangerous; as to the conduct, it is both against reason and nature; and as to the literary merit, though there is here and there an emanation of genius, yet where there is one tolerable line, there are fifty infinitely too flat and insipid to be admitted into the last page of a common news-paper.

That I may not seem on this occasion to reckon without my host, I shall take the liberty of recapitulating the principal circumstances of the story; these, therefore, are as follow: Tancred, King of Salerno, had a most beautiful woman for a daughter, whom he married to a neighbouring monarch; but that prince dying, Sigismonda, which was the name of the lady, returned to her father's court, and was received with a degree of uncommon rapture by her father, who had always loved her with an incredible affection.

Unhappily, however, Sigismonda was of a most amorous constitution; the poet himself tells us—

Youth, health, and ease, and a most
amorous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts
inclin'd,
And former joys had left a secret *sing*
behind.

Had I a design to criticise severely on the last line, I should naturally conclude that her deceased husband had bequeathed her some marks of his affection that required an immediate application to the surgeon: but little errors are below a serious observation. The *sing* here mentioned, I suppose, means nothing more than an encreased desire for a bed-fellow; and therefore I shall wave a comment upon the expression, and go on contentedly with my narrative.

The warmth of Sigismonda's constitution, however, would not permit her to do without a lover. In order, therefore, to gratify her wishes, and yet offer no violence to the laws of virtue, she cast her eyes round her father's court, and made choice of Guiscard, who had formerly been a page in the palace, and was not a little celebrated both for his mental and personal accomplishments. Having determined in relation to the man, her next care was to make an appointment with him, which she effected in a very artful manner, and went to the place of rendezvous herself, attended by a priest, that matters might be settled out of hand.

Sigismonda having now obtained her great wish, a husband, contrived by every means in her power to keep the matter still a secret from her father: but unluckily, one day, as she was giving a loose to the warmest transports with her beloved Guiscard, the old king accidentally became a witness of their intercourse; and believing very naturally that his daughter was a strumpet, determined, and, in my opinion, not unjustly, to take an ample revenge on the man who had, as he conceived, so audaciously violated the honour of his family. With this view he retired for that time unperceived, and ordered a couple of sturdy fellows to way-lay Guiscard, and take him into custody the next time he paid a secret visit to the princess. This order was executed accordingly, and Sigismonda was stretched upon the lover's hell a whole night, impatiently waiting for the appearance of her husband, and burning at once with all the vehemence of the most ardent expectation, and all the fury of the most inordinate love.

Next morning, when she appeared before her father, the good old king, to preserve the dignity of both their characters, treated her with his accustomed tenderness till all their attendants retired: he then, in the most affecting terms, declaimed upon her guilt, mentioned his own excessive fondness for her, and begged she would say something in extenuation of her crime, since it was impossible to varnish it over with any feasible excuse. He concluded, however, with the strongest menaces against Guiscard, still imagining that he was nothing more than the paramour of his daughter.

Hitherto Tancred's behaviour was nothing but what might be reasonably expected both from a monarch and a man. But the delicate Sigismonda, to establish the character of a heroine, was to act in immediate opposition to the sentiments of nature. Instead, therefore, of falling at her father's feet, and endeavouring to excite his pity and forgiveness, she put on the unblushing front of a Covent Garden strumpet, called him a tyrant repeatedly, and told him, that she had married Guiscard from an impossibility to live without an intercourse of sex with some body, since he (Tancred) took so little pains to get her another husband. That I may not seem to exaggerate, I shall here give part of Tancred's speech, and part of her reply—

- As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more,
- Than ever father lov'd a child before;
- So that indulgence draws me to forgive;
- Nature that gives thee life would have thee
 ' live.
- But as a public parent of the state,
- My justice, and thy crime, requires thy
 ' fate.
- Fain would I chuse a middle course to steer;
- Nature's too kind, and justice too severe:
- Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
- On either side the father and the king.
- Heav'n knows my heart is bent to favour
 ' thee;
- Make it but scanty weight, and leave the
 ' rest to me.

Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make the last expression good.

From this behaviour of Tancred's, and from the prodigious fondness which he had always manifested for her, Sigismonda had the strongest reason in the world to expect a pardon from her father; but no—she was to treat the venerable prince with the utmost indignity; to set an example of ignorant disobedience to all posterity, and to sacrifice the life of a man whom she passionately loved, merely because the poet wanted to make her an heroine.—*Risum tegetis amici*.—Here begins her answer—

- Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
- Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;
- Much less deny the deed, but least of all
- Beneath pretended justice weakly fall;
- My words to sacred truth shall be con-
 ' fin'd,
- My deeds shall shew the greatness of my
 ' mind.
- That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,
- I call to witness all the pow'rs above:
- Yet more I own; to Guiscard's love I give
- The small remaining time I have to live;
- And if beyond this life desire can be,
- Not Fate itself shall set my passion free.
- This first avow'd; nor folly warp'd my
 ' mind,
- Nor the frail texture of the female kind
- Betray'd my virtue; for too well I knew
- What honour was, and honour had his
 ' due.
- Before the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
- So came I not a strumpet, but a bride;
- This for my fame, and for the public voice:
- Yet more, his merits justify'd my choice;
- Which had they not, the first election thine,
- That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine;
- Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny)
- Had paren' spous'd even second vows to tie;
- Thy little care to end my widow'd nights,
- Has forc'd me to a course of marriage rites,
- To fill an empty side, and follow known ac-
 ' lights.
- What have I done in this deserving blame?
- State laws may alter, nature's are the same:
- These are usurp'd on helpless women kind,
- Made without our consent, and wanting
 ' pow'rs to bind.

Sigismonda's harangue, you know, Mr. Babler, is a very long one, and in several passages contains sentiments infinitely too gross for the ear of a delicate reader. The public, however, from these cursory observations, will immediately see that the conduct of Tancred, if not totally excusable, has at least not a little to be said in its defence; and they will also see, that highly as Sigismonda has been admired for her spirit and her virtue by a number of writers, that admiration has been much more the effect of their complaisance than the result of her deservings.

I am, Sir, &c.

CRITO.

N^o LXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 22.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,
WALKING lately through a church-yard to the northward of this metropolis, I was not a little entertained with an inscription upon the tombstone of an honest Cooper, which, by way of arrogating his consequence, mentioned, that had he lived but two years longer, he had been junior warden of his company.

It is an absurd opinion which a great many people entertain, that pride and self-sufficiency are entirely confined to the superior orders of mankind, since the minutest examination into human nature would sufficiently convince us, that the veriest plebeian in creation has his species of vanity, and is possessed of some particular advantage, which, in his own opinion, gives him a pre-eminence over all the world: a ribband or a star we generally imagine to be no inconsiderable sources of self-sufficiency; yet I have seen a farmer's servant, in his Sunday's cotton waistcoat, assume more airs, and strut about a village with a look of greater consequence, than ever I saw among a crowd of the first nobility in the drawing-room.

However we may look upon pride to be the offspring of condition, a very small share of recollection will convince us, that the latent principles of it are equally implanted in the bosoms of high and low by the unrespecting hand of nature; and perhaps, when we come to consider matters a little farther, we may find that this very pride is given us by the particular goodness of Providence to reconcile us to our various situations, and to raise the cheerful fun of serenity upon that lot, which we might otherwise be tempted to look upon with a constant mortification and regret. Thus far self-sufficiency may be looked upon, not only as useful, but as fortunate: the moment, nevertheless, in which it leads us to forget what is due to the merits of others, that moment it deviates from the original end of it's institution, becomes criminal as well as ridiculous, and equally exposes us to the universal aversion and the universal contempt.

The more we examine the behaviour

of mankind, the less difference we shall find made by the circumstance of rank. The vices of the most opposite orders, like their follies, are pretty nearly related, and spring pretty much from the same motives, if we may form the least opinion by their ends. If the man of fashion squanders away an estate at Newmarket, the journeyman artizan is equally ready to part with his all, at an humble game of Dutch pins, or the throwing of a piece at the shuffle-board: if his Grace finds the summit of human felicity in a *bon vivant* circle at Almack's, or the Cocoa Tree, the porter is equally happy over a tankard of *Calvert's Entire Butt*, at the Horseshoe and Magpye; and looks upon himself to be every whit as much entitled to a right of damning the waiter, and disturbing the company, as the first lord in the universe; nay, in his amours, he is to the full as profligate, and will pick up his occasional *fille de joye* with the same happy inattention to the constitution of his wife and the welfare of his family. Condition, in fact, is the child of Fortune; and rank, though it may polish the course of nature, can never totally alter it; so that to suppose the various situations of life are not actuated by similar inclination in the main, is to suppose ourselves totally unacquainted both with the sentiments of the world, and the principles of common understanding.

To make a proper application of the foregoing reflections, we must consider, that in disposing of the various lots in human affairs, the benignity of Providence intended an equal portion of felicity for all: he wisely designed that if the poor man had nothing more than a cottage, his wishes should be contracted to the scanty limits of his little hut; and meant to bless him with as ample a portion of content over an humble meal of vegetables, as if all the luxuries of the universe were collected for his entertainment, and served up in the most captivating rounds of an exquisite variety and a striking magnificence. It is generally the fault of man himself, if ever he is wretched. True happiness, as I have already said, exists only in the mind, however absurdly we may suppose

pose it to result from an affluence of circumstances, or an elevation of dignity: he therefore that complains of being miserable, does nothing more in fact, than upbraid himself with inconsistency; his wretchedness, if he seriously enters into a discussion of the matter, will be found to proceed from the want of something which he can do very well without; and every foundation of complaint will appear to be the consequence of his own folly, notwithstanding the impious supposition that it entirely arises from the unkindness of his God.

Of all the philosophers I ever met, I do not remember to have known so truly sensible a fellow as poor Dick Wilkins. Dick, by never indulging too sanguine an expectation, was sure to encounter but few disappointments; where he wanted real foundations for *affirmative* happiness, if I may beg the word, he would build himself a kind of negative felicity; and out of misfortunes, which other people loo'ed upon as irreparable, furnish himself with continual subjects of consolation. Thus, when his house

was burnt to the ground, instead of lamenting over the loss, he rejoiced that he himself had not perished in the flames; and once, when the small-pox had snatched away a fine little girl of whom he was excessively fond, Dick returned thanks to Providence, that the distemper had communicated to no other person in his family; by this means he got the better of calamity, and started from the furnace of affliction with an additional degree of excellence in proportion as he was tried. Is it necessary to enforce this example with the reader of understanding? By no manner of means. Heroes and philosophers have been frequently proposed as objects of universal admiration; their lives, however, are infinitely inferior, in point of moral instruction, to honest Dick Wilkins; they may dazzle, but he delights; and though we dwell with a kind of awe upon the exalted tinsel of a celebrated name, yet reason always gives a preference to those characters who have most eminently distinguished themselves both as Christians and as men.

Nº LXX. SATURDAY, MAY 29.

THOUGH it is universally allowed that we are every day arriving to a greater degree of knowledge in our theatrical entertainments, yet a number of sensible critics are continually insisting that there is a visible decay in our dramatical productions; not only our performers, but our writers, are mentioned in a light of the most contemptuous comparison with their predecessors of the last half century; and it is considered, by the generality of people, as an instance either of the grossest ignorance, or the strongest presumption, to suppose any thing like an equal degree of abilities.

The gentlemen who criticise in this accurate manner, seem, however, to pay but little attention to the original institution of the stage; they imagine it was entirely calculated for amusement, without having the least view to the great business of instruction; and so it could produce a ridiculous laugh, no matter what became either of our morals or our understandings. This whimsical mode of thinking, it is easy to discover, has taken its rise from the comedies of

Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburg, who always, with a culpable degree of levity, were endeavouring to say brilliant things rather than just ones; and injudiciously imagined that a lively flash of wit was a sufficient excuse for the rankest indecencies, or the most palpable attack upon the religion of their country.

That our dramatic writers, before the last half century, might possess a greater share of wit than their successors, I shall by no means deny; but then it does not follow that this superiority in wit should entitle them to a superiority of reputation. Wit, in fact, is but a secondary requisite to a dramatic poet; judgment is the first qualification; and he that wisely attends to the cultivation of the mind, is by much a preferable writer to him who sacrifices every thing to an agreeable flippancy of expression, and aims at nothing more than to excite the risibility of his auditors. For these reasons, though I admire Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburg, as men of wit, yet, as dramatic authors, I hold them in no extraordinary estimation; on the contrary, I look upon them with the greatest

greatest contempt, for perverting the original end of the stage, and prostituting such abilities as they possessed in the infamous purposes of licentiousness and immorality.

I am well aware that upon this occasion it will be remarked, that the literary levity of these celebrated writers was the vice of their age; and that, in conformity to the general opinion, they were under a necessity of writing to the depravities of the people. 'If,' say a number of our sagacious critics, 'the authors under consideration represented human nature in a dissolute light, they represented human nature as they found it. Their villains and their strumpets were characters very frequently met with, and they only caught the manners as they rose to reflect them with an additional energy on the public.' This argument is evidently fallacious, and can scarce deserve a serious examination: to represent human nature as they found it, would have given no room for exception; but their great error was in representing those parts of it in an amiable light, which were entitled to universal abhorrence and contempt. Their villains and their strumpets were set up as objects of general admiration; and vice fought under the mask of an agreeable vivacity, with a success that should make every feeling mind tremble, lest so dangerous a weapon as wit should at any future period be unhappily lodged in such desperate hands.

It has often filled me with astonishment to hear men of good sense frequently arguing in defence of Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburg; by saying that their wit should be an excuse for their licentiousness; and pleading that it was even worth our while to have vicious compositions, provided the vice was but decorated with such forcible attractions as these writers have given it. People who talk in this manner may indeed look down upon the correcter productions of later days with an air of in-

superable disgust; they may equally laugh at nature and instruction, and affect to ridicule every argument to which they find themselves unable to reply; but the judicious enquirer will consider wit, when employed in the destruction of virtue, as the most infamous of all prostitutions. It is like a man of genius, who argues against the existence of the Deity; and becomes obnoxious to society in proportion as he is cursed with abilities; instead, therefore, of being found a justification of the writers in dispute, it becomes, in my opinion, an invincible objection to their works; and the more we are fascinated with the brilliancy of their productions, the more we see a necessity for wishing those productions had perished at their first appearance under the hands of the common executioner.

The writers of the present times, however despised by the bigots of a dramatical heresy, have, if we may judge by their performances, an infinitely stronger claim to our admiration than any of their celebrated predecessors, who, actuated by an illiberal thirst of fame, were led to seek it from the depravities of mankind. They sensibly recollect the sole end of the stage is to blend amusement with instruction, and therefore never neglect the heart through a view of bawling to the imagination; hence, instead of finding them eternally on the scent for snip-snap and repartee, we see them studious in the discovery of manly sentiments and laudable reflections; and observe a general endeavour, while they labour for our approbation as writers, to obtain our good opinion as men. This good opinion they will be always sure of obtaining, as long as they prosecute the exalted principles which have hitherto influenced their conduct; and it is with the greatest satisfaction I see their pieces frequently represented to crowded audiences, while the productions of a Wycherly, a Congreve, and a Vanburg, are suffered to languish in the most merited contempt.

Nº LXXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

I Know nothing more dangerous than for a man of narrow circumstances to possess an agreeable voice, or to be master of any other requisite which ex-

poses him to a continual round of company, and renders him particularly entertaining to his acquaintance. In such a case, the general applause with which he

he meets, gives him an eternal disgust to industry; and fills him with no ambition but that of being called upon for another song, or requested to relate the last frolic within the purlieus of the Garden.

I was yesterday taking a solitary walk in the Park, when I accidentally saw a figure seated on one of the benches, with the lines of whose face I found myself somewhat familiar; and in the course of half a turn recollected that it was a young fellow who had formerly been clerk to my friend Mr. Demur, a counsellor in Lincoln's Inn, and was turned away by his master for a total neglect of business. I had been often at Mr. Demur's, and had always heard him speak of this young man with a particular esteem: to me he frequently recommended him on the score of uncommon honesty, and extraordinary abilities; nevertheless, he at the same time observed, that he never would be worth a groat. 'The blockhead,' he used to say, 'sings an excellent song, and has a fund of humour that renders him infinitely entertaining: on this account he has such a number of engagements upon his hands, that I cannot keep him a moment at the desk; and though I love him almost as well as my own son, I must look out for some body else to supply his place.'

When I came down the walk, the young fellow bowed to me; and as his appearance was uncommonly shabby, I had either the curiosity or the good-nature to go over to him, and enquire what brought him into such a miserable plight: with the frankness that always accompanies a good heart, he told me it was his own folly; and added, that those who wantonly sported with their own felicity, ought never to be pitied in the day of distress. The manner in which these last words were delivered, struck me very sensibly; I therefore sat down with him on the bench, and requested, if he could with propriety, that he would favour me with his story, assuring him, I always had a tear at the service of the unfortunate, and probably he might experience that I had something else. Encouraged by this information, he gave a bow of assent, and proceeded with the following little narrative—

'It is unnecessary, Sir, to tell you any thing about my education or family; suffice it, that though the former

was not despicable, nor the latter ungenteel, yet I had nothing to depend upon but my profession; this indeed afforded me a tolerable probability of passing decently through life, had not an unhappy propensity to company fatally intervened, and rendered that application to business intolerable, which prudence pointed out as the only means of my support.

'This propensity to company was increased to a considerable degree, from some trifling talents which I possessed to amuse, such as a passable song, and a mode of telling a story with tolerable success. These qualifications procured me so much regard among my friends, that there never was a merry meeting appointed but Will Hargrave received an invitation; they were sure he would favour them with a joyous catch; and often these applications were made with a solicitude which tickled my vanity so highly, that I have suffered myself to be engaged a whole month without intermission, and kept as regular a list of my various taverns, as if I had been allowed a very handsome salary for my attendance. A custom of this nature could not be supported without a great deal of expence; a crown or half a guinea every night was rather too much for a man who, with salary and perquisites, scarcely made eighty pounds a year; the consequence of which was, that I ran into debt with every body that would trust me, and forfeited my reputation through an utter inability of discharging their demands: besides this, as I was always one of the last people who quitted company, I was generally intoxicated before I retired, and destroyed my constitution as much as I ruined my circumstances. A man who constantly went to bed in such a condition, at four or five o'clock in the morning, was but ill qualified for the necessary business of the day. After putting up with a thousand irregularities, your friend Mr. Demur at last dismissed me; and my character being pretty well known to all the gentlemen of the profession, not a soul of them would receive me into his employ. In this situation, a vintner, whose house I had often filled with company, arrested me for a debt of fourteen pounds, threw me into jail, and

and kept me there till I was set at liberty by an act of grace at the end of four years. The hardships I underwent during the time of my confinement were unspeakable; for days together I have subsisted on nothing but the common allowance of the prison, and have thought myself happy if I could get a handful of straw to sleep on at night: a shirt was a luxury with which I was utterly unacquainted for eighteen months; and, during the last year, my entire wardrobe consisted of an old plaid night-gown, a pair of decayed Morocco slippers of different colours, a worsted night-cap, and a black stock. I almost forgot the use of breeches and stockings; and could, I dare say, have passed a winter in Greenland without any apprehension from the coldness of the season or the place. Fortunately, a week or two before my release, an Irish author, who was just put in for libelling the government, happened to hear of me, and gave me an invitation to his room. I had long learned to disregard the delicacies of dress, and therefore attended him without delay; he was sensible and generous in every respect, unless his compassion to me should be reckoned an impeachment either of his understanding or his munificence; for, before I took my leave, he made me a present of two very handsome suits of cloaths, and half a dozen ruffled shirts, together with every other necessary, such as hat and wig, shoes and stockings; so that when I equipped myself, I might easily have made my escape at the gate, as it was scarcely possible to know me in such a happy alteration of circumstances. My benefactor's generosity did not stop here; for, the morning after I was discharged, he sent me five guineas; and wishing me every happiness I could wish myself, advised me to make a good use of what instruction I had received in the school of adversity. I intended to have thanked him the next day; but, unhappily, that evening he had a difference with a brother prisoner about some considerable subject of a political nature, in which he received the lye. This being an affront which an Irishman never pardons, he insisted upon instant satisfaction: both parties immediately drew; and my generous friend by

some accident happening to stumble just as his antagonist was making a lunge, he received a thrust through the body, and expired on the spot. The other gentleman was tried; but as it was proved the challenge was given by the deceased, the survivor had a verdict of manslaughter brought in against him, and suffered the punishment of being burned with a cold iron, agreeable to the customary practice.

To return, however, to myself—Being now quite clear with the world, and dressed in a manner tolerably smart, I sallied forth, and was met by some of my quondam acquaintance, who, when I was perishing, would not supply me with a sixpence, but who now were rejoiced at seeing me in so happy a situation: they insisted on my spending the evening with them at the club, which they held every night in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar; and hoped I would not take it amiss if they insisted upon charging my quota to the general account, for the pleasure of my company. I was not lost to sensibility: in the meridian of my own little affluence I had done kind things to others, but never insulted their distresses. The manner of the proposal affected me, though I was under a necessity of agreeing to the proposal itself; I therefore went, and was treated with all the usual disrespect which poverty generally feels from underbred prosperity. I was commanded to sing by one with a look of authority; a second ordered me to tell a story; and a third cracked an insolent joke about my want of breeches in prison; and told me, with a loud laugh, I would have made an excellent Highlander. In short, though every body courted my conversation, yet every body treated me with contempt; and I never suffered more severely under the hand of insolence, than when I ministered most to it's satisfaction: though I tore my lungs almost to pieces for half a dozen hours, still I was under an obligation for being treated to a two-shilling reckoning; and it even now has come to such a pass, that I am looked upon as an incumbrance to the society. Not knowing where to get a bit of bread, I came here to-day, intending to list myself in the Guards; but being torn by a thousand

‘ thousand different thoughts, I threw myself into this seat to ruminate a little further, when the earnestness with which you were pleased to eye me obliged me to pull off my hat, and laid a foundation for all this insignificant garrulity.’

Here poor Mr. Hargrave ended. I will not comment on this story; if the re-

lation itself is not capable of instruction, it is in vain to moralize, and in vain to talk of prudence and oeconomy: all I shall therefore mention is, that he sets out next week in a lucrative employ for one of our plantations; and I doubt not, as he is yet a very young man, but a few years will see him in possession of a very ample fortune.

Nº LXXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 12.

I Was chatting yesterday evening over a dish of tea at my sister Rattle’s, when the amiable Kitty Harold, a distant relation of ours, happened to come in with her usual freedom, but with an appearance of mingled concern and resentment. The moment she saw me, she cried—‘ O, Mr. Babler, I have an admirable subject for your next paper! You must know,’ continued she, ‘ that in my way here I accidentally called at your old acquaintance Mrs. Acid’s, in Pall Mall, and found her engaged with an extensive circle of company. While I staid there, one of the footmen came up and informed his lady that there was a well-dressed gentlewoman below enquiring after her health; but that, hearing she was so much engaged, she was preparing to go away, and would take some other opportunity of paying her respects. Mrs. Acid, you know, is one of those prodigiously important people who pique themselves upon their superior understandings, and are continually giving an air of consequence to the minutest actions: in hopes, therefore, of displaying her sagacity before her company, she sent to desire the lady would be so kind as to walk up; in consequence of which, a mighty genteel woman indeed was introduced, who came in with a very visible diffidence, and was with much pressing prevailed upon to sit down. “ Madam,” says Mrs. Acid, with her customary dignity of tone and solemnity of feature, “ pray, what has procured me the honour of this visit?” The lady, with a respectful hesitation, replied—“ I thought, Madam, I should not have presumed— But I suppose you have quite forgot a Sally Edwards, who lived with you about

“ seven years ago?”—“ What!” exclaimed Mrs. Acid, in an air of the greatest surprize, “ are you Sally Edwards, who lived with me at Richmond, and had a bastard by young Mr. Barrington of Twickenham?”—“ O, I remember you very well—Why, I hear he has since married you—Well, and come, tell me.” Mrs. Acid would probably have continued this good-natured strain considerably longer, had not the poor woman’s confusion got the better of her spirits, and thrown her into a fit, from which she was not recovered without much difficulty: as soon, however, as she came to herself, she burst into tears; and, making as decent a curtsy as her situation could possibly admit, went out of the room. Unmoved with her distress, the obliging Mrs. Acid called after her down stairs—“ Don’t be uneasy, Sally; when you come this way again, pray bring the little boy with you.” I really could have slain the unmerciful woman for her barbarity: but she, as if she had performed the most meritorious action in the world, turned round to the company, and gave us the following history of poor Sally Edwards.

‘ Her father was a Shropshire clergyman, of very little preferment in the church; but if a large family might be looked upon as a foundation for felicity, there was not a happier man in the country, for he had fourteen children. The excellence of his character, however, made some provision for the most of them; and one friend or another gradually took the greatest number off his hands. This Sally, of all his children, was the greatest favourite; he would never part with her, but brought her up with a remarkable degree of tenderness;

ness; and even pinched himself very frequently to give her an education rather superior to her fortune. His solicitude for her improvement, Mrs. Acid declares, was not thrown away: on the contrary, she assured us that Sally was very prettily accomplished; and added, in her way, that she was also not intolerably tempered, nor much unacquainted with the management of a family.

When Sally had reached her twentieth year, a fever, which her father had caught in attending a poor parishioner, carried him off; and the amiable orphan was obliged to look out for some tolerable family, where her servitude might furnish her with bread. Mrs. Acid at that time happened to be down at her sister's in Shropshire, near whose house Mr. Edwards had lived. At her sister's request she took Sally, being then without a maid, and in a few weeks after departed for London. From thence she removed to Richmond, where Sally became by some means acquainted with a very genteel young fellow, one Mr. Barrington, the son of a gentleman who possessed two thousand pounds a year. Mr. Barrington made use of numberless arts to steal her from the paths of virtue, and even offered half the reversion of his father's estate to purchase her disgrace. These overtures Sally treated with a becoming scorn; yet she had a latent prepossession in his favour, which would not suffer her to resign the dangerous pleasure of his acquaintance. Every hour she could spare was passed with him; and he kept himself so secretly concealed, that his rank was never once suspected in the neighbourhood. Young Barrington did not want honour; he saw the goodness of his mistress's heart, notwithstanding the humility of her station; and therefore, disregarding what the world might say on the occasion, very frankly proposed to marry her. This proposal immediately ruined the unfortunate Sally Edwards: what formerly he could not obtain for worlds, now fell an easy sacrifice to his generosity. She confessed she loved him; but absolutely refused the honour of his hand till after the death of his father, declaring she could not support the shock of creating a di-

sturbance in his family. When a woman once owns her love for a man, there is scarce a toils up between her and destruction. Every hour she is alone with him, after such a confession, she totters on the verge of her fate; and, even let the man have ever so much honour, there are times in which the whirlwind of his passions will tear up every trace of recollection, and occasion more guilt in a second, than can possibly be atoned for in the course of a whole life. In one of these times Mr. Barrington met Sally Edwards; and, in about six months after, the consequences of this criminal intercourse obliged the unhappy girl to take an abrupt leave of her place. The sequel, however, is more fortunate than could be expected. Old Mr. Barrington died near a twelve-month since, and his son has been married to Sally above half a year. This, it seems, was her first coming to town since that joyful event; and, in hopes to recover the good opinion of her former mistress, she had taken the liberty of calling at Pall Mall. Mrs. Acid, nevertheless, embraced the opportunity to insult her in the manner I have mentioned; and, so far from feeling any compunction, she told us at the end of the story, that she was always known to speak her mind; and fancied, upon this occasion, that she had given a *tolerable* *hint*, as she called it, to Sally Edwards.

Here Miss Harold finished her little narrative; but the subject being dwelt upon while she staid, I shall conclude the present paper with one or two of her remarks. 'I always observe, Mr. Babler,' says she, 'that those people who pique themselves particularly on the virtue of a rude sincerity, have seldom any other virtue in the composition of their characters. A complacency of manners, though it does not always constitute humanity, nevertheless gives an embellishment to human nature; and often, from the very appearance of goodness, we are apt to fall in love with the reality. It would therefore be well, that people who are fond of speaking indelicate truths to others, would reverse situations a little, and only imagine what effect it would have upon their own feelings, was an indelicate truth to be mentioned to
P themselves.

' themselves. Whenever we change
' situations with mankind, we are most
' likely to judge with propriety; and
' we may be certain of never censuring

' the errors of our neighbours with too
' great a degree of severity, if we make
' but a candid examination into our
' own.'

N^o LXXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

NOtwithstanding what is generally understood by the terms *good breeding*, it is become a sort of science; and notwithstanding the generality of a man's acquaintance may be able to come into a room with a tolerable grace, and behave upon most occasions with the most perfect decorum; there are nevertheless a number of indelicacies in which many of our first pretenders to politeness imperceptibly indulge themselves, though a moment's recollection would convince the most obstinate that nothing can possibly be more disagreeable.

I dined about a week ago in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, at the house of an old friend, with whom I make it a kind of point to pass a day once a twelvemonth. This gentleman, together with his whole family, pique themselves not a little upon their knowledge in the minutest article of breeding, and are universally esteemed a very polite set by the most critical circle of their acquaintance. Upon my entrance, I was received with all the forms of the nicest ceremony: my health was particularly enquired after by the lady of the house and her four daughters; and a tooth-ach, which I laboured under about ten months before, was lamented with a world of complaisance by them all. When the salutations of the season were over, I was permitted to take a chair, which I did by my friend, at one corner of the fire, and left the rest to the old lady and her daughters. For a full half hour we sat in a sleepiness of silent stupidity; not so much as a single question passed between us, either about the state of the nation, or the state of the theatre: on the contrary, both the ministers and the players were suffered to remain in peace; and the only instance which any of us gave of being alive, was the youngest Miss Martin, who occasionally played with a favourite cat,

and once or twice threw down the poker and tongs in the prosecution of that pretty amusement.

Silence was, however, at last broke by Mrs. Martin; who, taking out a pocket handkerchief, which in several places was almost glued together by a certain quantity of snuffy saliva, sagaciously took notice, that the weather was very damp: at the same time that she made this remark, she pulled the handkerchief out of it's plaits, and held it before the fire to dry; where, to do her justice, it smoked in such a manner as evidently supported the propriety of her observation. She had no sooner done this, than Mr. Martin, as if he understood it to be a signal, began an incessant coughing, and every other inoment discharged large lumps of tough phlegm against the bars of the stove, which kept up a constant hissing like so many sausages in a frying-pan. A concert of this kind I cannot say was very much to my fancy; so that, by the time the summons came for dinner, I had completely lost my stomach, and was infinitely more fit for a bed than a haunch of venison.

During dinner-time, however, matters were rather aggravated than redressed; Mr. Martin helped me with the same fork that just before had been employed in picking his teeth; and his amiable lady more than once dropped some of Hardham's best Stratzburg among my gravy, though that was a favour which I by no means wished for or solicited. To encrease my satisfaction, I happen to be a great favourite with two of the young ladies, and generally sit between them when I pay a visit at their father's: in order to shew their attention to me, therefore, whenever I wanted any thing, rather than suffer me to wait an instant, they kindly helped me from their own plates; and Miss Jenny, in particular, insisted, when the footman went down stairs for bread, that I should take her slice, though it bore the sign of half a dozen teeth, no

way

way remarkable either for their whiteness or regularity.

Dinner being at length happily over, I flattered myself that I had gone through the principal fatigue of the day; though, had I once taken the trouble of reflecting on the practice of former years, I might have easily known I was to suffer some additional mortifications. The interval between dinner and the hour of tea was employed in a general invective against the plague of keeping servants, in which Mrs. Martin gave notable proofs of a profound domestic understanding. This subject, I found, was perfectly agreeable to the young ladies; they remembered, with great facility, the saucy answer which their maid Hannah had given on such a time; how long Edward had stayed on such an errand; and with what a degree of pertness the cook took her warning on such an occasion. To the various parts of this delightful topic, politeness obliged me to answer with a—'Very true, Madam;' and—'You are perfectly right, Miss;' though, at the same time, I could have almost wished the whole group in a horse pond, for teasing me with such a mixture of common-place cant and sober malevolence. Whether my friend, Mr. Martin, saw me uneasy or no, I cannot answer, but he luckily desired that tea might be ordered in, which gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

There is a practice at the general run of tea-tables, for the company to pour the remains of every cup into a particular basin; and in this comfortable mixture of slops, the elegance of underbred delicacy always rinses the various cups in the order they are emptied. Mrs. Martin, who values herself highly on the proper discharge of the tea-table

duties, is a warm friend to this delicious custom; and always takes care to clean the cup of each individual in the united flabberings of the whole. For my part, though I am far from being a nice man, yet I prefer my own dirt to the dirt of other people; and, on that account, endeavour to guard my cup from undergoing so extraordinary a purification, wherever I know this mode of rinsing is kept up. Mrs. Martin, however, was not to be eluded: under a supposition that my backwardness in this respect proceeded from a fear of giving her the least trouble, she insisted on my cup, with a good-natured peremptoriness, and obliged me to pretend a sudden pain in the head, to avoid the disagreeable consequences of her misguided civility. Armed with this excuse, I took my leave, not a little happy at so fortunate an escape, where I was afraid I should have been obliged to pass the whole evening.

From this little picture, Mr. Babler, your readers may perhaps be led to reflect upon the disagreeable shake of a sweaty hand; the indelicate custom of picking one's nose; and the unpardonable practice of standing with our backs to the fire on a cold day, by which we entirely cut off every possible beam of warmth from the rest of the company. These, Sir, are errors in which the politest part of our people indulge themselves, as well as the most underbred; and they are errors of so disagreeable a nature, that I heartily wish, for the credit of our country, we would once resolve to shake them off; as they are not only the objects of our own ridicule, but are also ridiculed by every sensible nation in Europe. I am, yours, &c.

DEMOCRITUS.

Nº LXXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

THEODOSIA was the daughter of a gentleman in Oxfordshire, who possessed an estate of seven hundred pounds a year. Her education was remarkably elegant, and her person was such as procured her a crowd of admirers before she was quite eighteen. Among the number who declared themselves openly her lovers, a young baronet of great fortune made his addresses, and offered settlements so ex-

tremely advantageous, that old Mr. Leftock, her father, immediately gave his concurrence; and a day was set apart for celebrating their nuptials with the greatest magnificence.

It has been very judiciously observed by an able writer, that there is no time of a woman's life so dangerous as the interval between her confession of an affection for a lover, and the day of her marriage. The consciousness of being

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tenderly

tenderly beloved emboldens an admirer to take liberties; and the man who, but the moment before, would have knelt down with all the respect of the profoundest veneration to request the favour of kissing her hand, will think himself sufficiently warranted, when she acknowledges that he has a share in her heart, to dwell upon her lips for an hour, and to loll upon her bosom with the most intimate fullness of familiarity. Besides this, the freedom of access which is always allowed to a man in such a situation, furnishes him with numberless opportunities of repeating his liberties; and even if he goes to indelicate lengths, he knows he can easily obtain an excuse from a fond and believing woman, who attributes his very licentiousness to the extravagance of his love.

The truth of this observation was never more fully verified than in the unhappy subject of the present little narrative. She doated upon Sir Edward Ellison with the most passionate fondness; and could scarcely be said to exist but when he was in her company. Naturally susceptible of the softest impressions, she would even burst into a flood of tears, with an excess of tenderness, when she only looked at him attentively; and more than once did she actually sink under the weight of her own transports, when he squeezed her hand with any great degree of vehemence, or gave a loose to the language of his love with more than an ordinary share of fervour and extasy. The misguided father of the unfortunate young lady, so far from being continually on his guard against the dangerous tendency of his daughter's affection, rejoiced that he had found a husband so very much to her taste; and so far from seeing the absolute necessity of never trusting her any time alone with her lover, left them frequently together after he went to bed; and permitted them to pass whole hours in the most uninterrupted exchange of mutual vows and felicitations. One fatal Monday night, however, about eleven o'clock, the two lovers were by themselves in the back-parlour, making up a little quarrel which had happened between them in the beginning of the evening. The reciprocal concessions which this circumstance occasioned, insensibly softened the bosoms of both; and as insensibly led the one to offer, and the other to

permit, a still encroaching freedom of caress: at such a crisis, neither reason nor pride can prescribe a limit to the passions, nor take upon them to say—'Thus far will I go, and no farther.' In proportion as the tide of tenderness arises, both reason and pride are absorbed; and it is no wonder, when we suffer such a sacrifice to be made of our understanding, that we become equally regardless of our peace and reputation.

The morning after this guilty intercourse, when Sir Edward came a little to his recollection, he was distracted with a variety of different opinions relative to Miss Lestock's behaviour; but, though he really loved her as he did his own soul, he at last concluded with a degree of meanness pretty common with the generality of his sex, that her weakness was more the effect of a natural incontinence than the result of an excessive tenderness for him; and therefore he determined to break off all correspondence with her at once, as a woman utterly unworthy the honour of being his wife.

This resolution he had no sooner formed than he carried into execution, by dispatching a letter to the wretched Miss Lestock and her father, with the common-place awkward apologies for his behaviour, and a repeated wish for the happiness of the lady, though he himself was taking the only step which could rob her of happiness for ever. It is as needless as it is difficult to paint the distraction which this unexpected information created in Mr. Lestock's family. Poor Theodosia now loved the baronet with an increased affection; the guilty commerce which had passed between them, so far from diminishing her regard, had given a sharper edge than ever to her love; and mingled a sort of phrenzy with her affection, that rendered it impossible to live in a state of separation from Sir Edward Ellison: suffice it, therefore, that when she heard the purport of his epistle, she fell senseless on the floor, and was conveyed by her father and some of the servants to bed, where she continued delirious for four days, incessantly raving on her perfidious lover, and relating the indiscretion into which he had so unhappily drawn her on the preceding Monday evening. In this exigence the unhappy father wrote up to his son, who was a lieutenant

lieutenant in the guards, desiring to see him immediately, as an affair had unexpectedly happened which greatly concerned both the honour and happiness of the family. On the receipt of this letter, Captain Lestock instantly set out, and reached his father's seat in a few hours after.

Captain Lestock was about Sir Edward Ellison's age, just twenty-four, but possessed of a certain elevation of sentiment to which the baronet was a stranger: he was, besides, a young fellow of a temper naturally impetuous and daring; had reduced the various points of honour into an absolute system; and among the various points of polite education in which he excelled, he was universally allowed by his acquaintance to be one of the best swordsmen in this kingdom. A man of this cast, therefore, was the most improper person in the world to be consulted in an exigence where the honour of his family and the happiness of his sister were at stake. Mr. Lestock, however, was in too distracted a situation of mind to give a serious consideration to consequences: on the contrary, he rather aggravated matters than softened them; and desired his son, the instant he came down, to take a ride over to Sir Edward's, to talk to him about his barbarity to Theodosia; and to persuade him, if possible, into a performance of those engagements which formerly subsisted between him and his unfortunate daughter.

Captain Lestock scarcely heard his father out, than flying to his horse, he instantly set off for Sir Edward's, boiling with rage, and determined to call the perfidious baronet to the severest account, unless he made the most ample satisfaction to his sister and the whole family. Fraught with sentiments of this nature, he arrived at Sir Edward's house, and found him unluckily at home. At the first mention of his name, Captain Lestock was admitted; a few minutes, however, were wasted in that idle parade of an affected good-breeding, which the custom of this country has rendered absolutely necessary to be observed between the greatest enemies. Sir Edward was rejoiced to see Captain Lestock, though he was the only man existing whom he would wish to avoid; and Captain Lestock, with the most obliging solicitude, enquired after Sir Edward's health, though he

could that moment have taken him by the throat, and sacrificed him to the manes of his sister's murdered reputation.

At last business was proceeded upon; and the captain expressed his utmost indignation at the treatment which Theodosia had received, and hoped the man of honour which Sir Edward had always proved himself, would immediately repair the injury he had committed, and prevent the disagreeable necessity of forcing that person to be an enemy, who was most in the world inclined to be his friend. Captain Lestock pronounced this with a tone and manner which were rather a little of the most peremptory. No body could love a sister with more tenderness than the captain; his affection, therefore, mingled with his pride, and his resentment possessed a kind of dignity, which the baronet, who was to the full as proud a man as himself, could by no means allow. The superiority which young Lestock seemed to claim upon this occasion, he therefore answered with a determined air, that, though he could not pretend to justify the part he had acted to Miss Lestock, he nevertheless could not bear to be bullied into any concessions, and would by no means do that at the request of her relations, which he did not think proper to perform at her own. An answer of this nature soon produced very desperate consequences: the captain gave Sir Edward but one alternative, an immediate marriage, or an immediate duel; the baronet accepted of the latter, and in less than three minutes was left dead on his own floor.

The news of this affair reached the unfortunate Theodosia even before the captain himself returned to his father's; but though that wretched young lady exclaimed against her perfidious lover in the most violent terms, before any measure was taken for punishing him, she was now utterly unable to bear the news of his death; the remembrance of his crime was totally absorbed in the recollection of his misfortune; the elegance of his person, the softness of his address, and the vehemence of his passion, alone rose up to her imagination, and filled her once more with tenderness and despair. In the confusion, therefore, which the whole family were in about her brother's safety, she took

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an opportunity of stabbing herself with a penknife, and died pronouncing the name of her adored Sir Edward Ellison. The affair, however, did not terminate here: Captain Lestock was tried for the murder of the baronet, and with much difficulty acquitted; while his unhappy father had the gout thrown into his stomach, in consequence of the agitation which he suffered, and was carried off lamenting that he ever had a passionate son, or an infatuated daughter.

The moral which I would deduce from this little story shall be contained in the following observations. The generality of people, when the reputation of a sister sustains an injury, always look upon themselves as obliged to call the spoiler to an account who has thus infamously violated her honour, without recollecting that the very means which he seeks to redress her, is the surest method of rendering her miserable; and that she would a thousand times sooner see a dagger plunged into the heart of the man who stands up in her defence,

than see the least accident whatsoever happen to the person who has so cruelly destroyed the tranquillity of her own. Highly soever as the women rail against a perfidious lover in the whirlwind of their fury, nevertheless, they experience a multitude of moments in which the dear deceiver becomes, if possible, more exquisitely beloved on account of his very perfidy, and gains an additional empire over the heart of his injured mistress, from the only circumstance in nature which should entitle him to her everlasting abhorrence and contempt. For these reasons, therefore, I would never advise a parent or a brother to take a manual revenge on the man who injures his daughter or his sister with her own consent: if she has been weak enough to sacrifice her honour, she will be base enough to sacrifice her family; and therefore nothing can be more absurd than to hazard a life in vindication of a woman, who all the time wishes the person may be murdered, who generously rises in her behalf, and labours for her redress.

N° LXXV. SATURDAY, JULY 3.

THE following letter is the production of a young lady, and carries so much justice and good sense, that we insert it with pleasure, and take the liberty of soliciting her future correspondence.

TO THE BABLER.

I AM the daughter of a man of fashion at the west end of the town, and have received as liberal an education as my sex would admit of, through the care of the most indulgent parents, whose principal study seems a solicitude for my welfare: yet, Sir, though they have taken the utmost pains in the formation of my mind by precept, they set me such unaccountable examples, that if I was not possessed of some little fortitude in the application of their lessons, I might be very apt to shew a perfect unconcern for the most rigid they have hitherto endeavoured to instil.

My father's first admonition, upon my arriving at any years of discretion, was to warn me against the libertines of his sex; and above all things, to set the

most invaluable esteem upon my reputation. Yet, Sir, the very father who gave this advice, is, to my infinite mortification, as free a liver as any of those whom he advised me to detest. He has been laying schemes for the seduction of innocence, at a time he has been proving the betrayers of virtue to be the most infamous of men; and striving to destroy the character of another person's daughter, at the very hour he appeared anxious for the security of his own.

This, Sir, is not all: my papa has often lectured me to avoid the least acquaintance with any man notoriously attached to his glass, declaring, as his positive opinion, that none but fools or madmen ever drank to excess: yet, would you believe, Sir, that he himself frequently stays out whole nights at the tavern, and particularly piques himself upon bearing a bottle more than any of his acquaintance? He has told me to avoid a quarrelsome man as a pest to society, at the moment he himself was writing a challenge to a friend; and forbade me, on pain of his displeasure, ever to think of a Newmarket lover, though



C. F. Murray del.

J. G. Thompson sculp.

though he never misses a meeting himself, and is known to be passionately fond of the turf.

My mamma, Sir, is a truly good woman, but has her inconsistencies too: the first lesson I received from her was to be humble to all my inferiors, and to lessen any seeming severity in their situations of life, by shewing the utmost complacency in mine. Would you think, Sir, that after a document of this nature, my mamma herself should forever insist upon preserving her dignity, and look upon it as a derogation if she favoured any of her inferiors with any thing more than a constrained interrogation, or a forbidding sort of nod? She has always advised me to shew complaisance and condescension to the servants, though she treats them in a very different manner herself; and above all things, has instructed me to avoid satirical reflections on my acquaintance, though she never spoke of her's without some little acidity, some colour of reprehension, or appearance of dislike.

Cards I am under the severest prohibition of touching, yet my mamma has sat up whole nights, to my knowledge, at a party at whist; and I have been taught an aversion to all finery and parade at a time when her own table has been covered with diamonds, and the room scattered over with patterns of the most expensive silks. In short, Sir, I

have scarcely received a lesson from my mamma, which her own example has not been calculated to destroy; nor a document from my father, but what his conduct has turned into contempt. In my religion, as well as the less important concerns, I receive instructions which they never practise; and am taught to look upon an absence from church as a most unpardonable error, though it is seven years since they have appeared at any place of public worship themselves.

It may, perhaps, be thought something extraordinary, Sir, that a daughter should speak of her parents in a manner so free as I have just taken the liberty of doing; but sure it is rather more extraordinary of parents to supply the opportunity, and to differ so widely in every instance of their conduct from every precept of their advice. Young people, Sir, are but too apt to give into the follies of their time, without having the example of the sage and the sensible to keep them in countenance; and it is no way surprising that they should adopt the manners of those people whom they have been taught for many years to reverence and esteem. If my notions are honoured with your approbation, Mr. Babler, give this letter a place; and believe me to be, with much respect, yours,

ELEONORA.

N^o LXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 10.

IT is a fine observation of the very learned and ingenious Doctor Goldsmith, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, an excellent novel, with which he has lately obliged the public, that though the poorer part of mankind may in this world suffer more inconveniencies than the rich, still, upon their entrance into another life, the joys of hereafter will be enhanced by contrast, in proportion to their afflictions here; and that consequently there can be no room to suppose the least partiality in Providence, since sooner or later those who are entitled to it's benignity are certain of meeting with an equal degree of favour from it's hand.

This reflection must undoubtedly be considered as a masterly vindication of

that exterior disparity in the dispensations of Providence, at which our modern infidels seem to triumph with so unceasing a satisfaction; and it must as undoubtedly yield a sublime consolation to the bosom of wretchedness to think, that if the opulent are blessed with a continual round of temporal felicity, they shall at least experience some moments of so superior a rapture in the immediate presence of their God, as will fully compensate for the seeming severity of their former situations.

Yet though there are a variety of calamitous circumstances in which this reflection must administer the most lively consolation; nevertheless, if we make a proper enquiry into the state of human nature, we shall find, that in general

neral the justice of Providence can be fully vindicated without going to this remote and delicate consideration. It does not by any means follow, that because people are contracted in their fortunes, they should be wretched in their minds; nor does it by any means follow, that the greatness of their opulence should be put up as a criterion of their content.

The principal number of those hydra-headed evils, with which we perpetually torment ourselves, are the mere effect of a ridiculous pride, or a narrow understanding. Actuated by one or the other of these unfortunate causes, we are busy in creating an endless round of imaginary difficulties, as if the numberless accidents to which we are naturally exposed, were not in themselves abundantly sufficient to imbitter the little span of our sublunary durations, and to dash the short-lived moments of satisfaction with anxiety and distress.

The generality of mankind, when they take a survey of the world, are apt to estimate by the gradations of rank the gradations of happiness: hence, next to a man with a coach and six, we think he must necessarily be the greatest object of envy who keeps a coach and four; after this we rank a chariot and pair; and think that person indeed possesses but a little share of felicity, who cannot afford an hour or two's excursion in an humble hack, or take an eighteen-penny fare in an occasional sedan.

Look on the other side the scene, and see how amazingly the picture is altered. The pride of coroneted pomp continually languishes for the peaceful cottage of rustic obscurity; and the man who has a hundred downy pillows at his command, imagines that repose is only to be met with in the peasant's solitary shade. Thus all of us discontented with the lot which we really possess, and languishing for the state with which we are utterly unacquainted, it is no wonder that many inconsiderate people endeavour by an act of suicide to throw off the severity of their own yoke, and to get free from a weight of oppressions which is constantly becoming more and more insupportable through the folly of themselves.

Yet, as in the extensive round of the most elaborate investigation, we generally find the rich as discontented with their lot as the poor, we must naturally conclude, that the great Author of all things has even in this world designed a pretty equal degree of happiness for his creatures, notwithstanding the evident disparity of their situations. Indeed, if we saw felicity in proportion to opulence, or could measure the real enjoyments of life by the standard of rank, we might reasonably imagine that the poor were not to receive their share of the divine benignity till they were going to possess it in a glorious eternity; but when we see that the meanest labourer in the street reaps as much pleasure over his underbred amusement as the first nobleman in the kingdom can possibly boast from the politest entertainment; and when we see the first make as hearty a dinner on a single shin of beef, as the latter ever enjoys at a table of fifty covers, we cannot but suppose that the common lot of mankind is nearly alike; and that all the impious accusations which have arisen from an imaginary partiality in Providence, are the mere result of an ignorant pride, or the consequence of an affectation, no less destructive to our reputation in this world, than injurious to our felicity in the next.

Upon the whole, however, if we consider that, let our lot in this life be ever so severe, it is still infinitely better than what we are entitled to from our own deserts; if we reflect that every blessing which is showered upon us by the hand of Heaven, is a blessing which proceeds from the excess of its own goodness, and does not arise from any immediate merit in us: I say, if we consider these things with a proper degree of weight, and follow the dictates of that conviction which they must instantly strike upon our minds; we shall soon see that, till we deserve the favour of existing at all, we cannot deserve to have our lives rendered comfortable in this probationary state; and that of course we ought to be thankful to the Deity for such instances of his benignity as he may think proper to distinguish us with, instead of blasphemously murmuring that he does not honour us with more.

N^o LXXVII. SATURDAY, JULY 17.

THE term *world* is a word which every body uses to signify the circle of his own acquaintance; and which the meanest plebeian of the community has as frequently in his mouth as the greatest personage in the kingdom. The man of fashion confines the world entirely to the elegant card-tables, and well-bred assemblies which he frequents; the soldier to the customary licentiousness in which the gentlemen of the army are indulged; the lawyer to the clamour of Westminster Hall; and the merchant to the most dextrous method of driving a bargain. Thus, in fact, the world is not the general state of nature, but the narrow little circle of our own connections; and thus, instead of judiciously endeavouring to extend the scanty limits of our knowledge, we mislead ourselves into an opinion that we already know every thing; and sink into an absolute ignorance of the most essential points, from an absurd supposition of being perfectly acquainted with them all.

I remember, about thirty years ago, when my old acquaintance Tom Welbank first came from the university, that there was scarcely a company which he went into for six months, but what considered him as a fool or a madman. Tom lodged at an uncle's near the Hay-Market, who lived in a very genteel manner, and frequently saw the best company. This uncle, having no children himself, had adopted Mr. Welbank as his son; and conceiving from the reports which the university of Oxford, gave of his nephew's erudition, a very high opinion of the young gentleman's abilities, he made a party on purpose to display the talents of his boy, who was previously advised to exert himself on the occasion. The company consisted of two noblemen in the ministry, an eminent divine, a celebrated physician, a dramatic writer of reputation, the late Mr. Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

The time before dinner was passed in one of those unmeaning random sorts of conversation, with which people generally fill up the tedious interval to an entertainment; but after the cloth was

taken away, poor Tom was singled out by Lady Mary, who asked him, with the elegant intrepidity of distinction, if he did not think London a much finer place than Oxford. Tom replied, that if her ladyship meant the difference in size, or magnificence of building, there could be no possibility of a comparison; but if she confined herself to the fund of knowledge which was to be acquired at either of the places, the advantage lay entirely in favour of Oxford. This reply he delivered in a tone confident enough, but rather elevated with the dignity of academical declamation; however, it would have passed tolerably, had he not endeavoured to blaze out all at once with one of those common-place eulogiums on classical literature, which we are so apt to meet with in a mere scholar quite raw from an university. In this harangue upon the benefits of education, he ran back to all the celebrated authorities of antiquity, as if the company required any proof of that nature to support the justice of his argument; and did not conclude without repeated quotations from the Greek and Latin writers, which he recited with an air of visible satisfaction. Lady Mary could not forbear a smile at his earnestness; and turning about to Mr. Pope—'I think, Sir,' says she, in a half suppressed whisper, 'Mr. Welbank is a pretty scholar, but he seems a little unacquainted with the world.' Tom, who overheard this whisper, was about to make some answer, when Mr. Pope asked him, if there were any new poetical geniuses rising at Oxford. Tom upon this seemed to gain new spirits, and mentioned Dick Townly, who had wrote an epigram on Chloe; Ned Frodsham, who had published an ode to Spring; and Harry Knowles, who had actually inserted a smart copy of verses, on his bedmaker's sister, in one of the weekly chronicles. Mr. Pope wheeled about with a significant look to Lady Mary, and returned the whisper by saying—'I think indeed, Madam, that Mr. Welbank does not seem to know a great deal of the world.'

One of the statesmen seeing Tom rather disconcerted, kindly attempted to
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relieve him by expressing a surprise that so many learned men, as composed the university of Oxford, should seem so generally disaffected to the government. He observed, it was strange that learning should ever lean to the side of tyranny; and hinted, that they could never fall into so gross an error, if, instead of poring perpetually over the works of the ancients, they now and then took a cursory dip into the history of England. There was a justice in this remark, which poor Tom being unable to answer, was at a considerable loss to withstand; however, thinking himself obliged to say something, he ran out in praise of all the ancient historians, and concluded with a compliment to the good sense of the university in giving them so proper a preference to the flimsy

productions of the moderns. The nobleman turned away with disgust; and it was the general opinion of the table, that Tom would make a pretty fellow when he knew a little more of the world.

The deduction which I would make from the foregoing little narrative is, that people, before they think themselves acquainted with the world, should endeavour to obtain a general knowledge of men and things, instead of narrowly drawing their notions from any one profession, or any particular circle of acquaintance: they may perhaps laugh at all the world, but all the world will be sure of laughing at them; and the general ridicule of every body is much more alarming than the private derision of any one.

N^o LXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 24.

NOTHING is more commonly met with in the world than an affectation of liberality where people are notoriously narrow in disposition; and where, captivated with the charms of a generous behaviour, they even force the natural littleness of their tempers into some awkward act of reluctant benevolence.

I supped last night, in consequence of a pressing invitation, at the house of a gentleman near Pall Mall, who is always endeavouring to establish a character for generosity, though there is scarcely a circumstance in which he does not manifestly betray the avaricious cast of his temper, and expose himself to the contempt of the very person upon whom he endeavours to confer an obligation.

There were eighteen of us at supper, but not the sign of a petticoat in company. Our catables were remarkably elegant: the table was covered with every expensive rarity of the season; and I do not suppose the expence could be less, from the variety and cost of the dishes, than ten or a dozen pounds. Yet, notwithstanding so much magnificence on one side of the question, our liquor consisted of no more than two bottles of four Port, a little jar of Welch ale, and a small bowl of brandy and water. As for lights, though the room was very spacious, we had no more than an humble pair of tallow lights to the pound,

which were almost lost in a couple of superb candlesticks, which the master of the house, with an air of negligence, informed us were a great bargain, and had cost him no more than a hundred guineas at Mr. Grimstead's, the great toyshop near St. Paul's.

For my own part, there are few people who drink less claret and Burgundy than myself, or who indeed indulge themselves less in any extraordinary freedoms with the glass. When a young man, I never considered intoxication as an appendage to gentility; and now that I have advanced pretty far into the vale of years, I should look upon the smallest excess to be unpardonable. A grey-headed drunkard is to me a character no less of abhorrence than contempt: since he must indeed be the worst of all profligates, who jests with the mandates of his Maker, while he stands tottering on the very verge of eternity. Notwithstanding this declaration, I must acknowledge myself extremely displeased with the mixture of parade and parsimony which was conspicuous in our entertainment. I expected at least that matters would have been of a piece; and really wished, that a little part of the profusion which appeared at supper, had been spared to furnish a tolerable bottle of wine for the conclusion of the evening.

Next to the great art of regulating our

our appearance either at home or abroad by the standard of our circumstances, nothing is so sure of maintaining us on a respectable footing with the world, as a constant uniformity in our dress and entertainments. Should we see a knight of the garter with his ribband across a livery-coat, or perceive a man in an embroidered suit of velvet with a dirty pair of worsted stockings, our ridicule would be very naturally excited, and half the boys in town would probably hoot after the first as a fool, or the latter as a madman. In like manner those who give fifty covers at an entertainment, should make a proportionable figure in the choice of their wines; and those for ever avoid Burgundy and Champaign, who treat with nothing more than a simple veal-cutlet, or an humble beef steak.

One of the most extraordinary mixtures of parsimony and parade, whom I ever remember to have known, was poor Jack Greedy: Jack made it a constant point to take four box-tickets in public company, for the late Mr. Ryan's benefit, declaring his high regard for the character of that worthy man, but always demanding the odd shilling out of the guinea. If any of his friends wanted a sum of money, he never scrupled to lend it without interest, though at the same time he teased them everlastingly with what it would produce in the funds. No gold did he ever give in charity, but what was considerably deficient in weight: and once, when he

made his borough a present of a town clock, he charged the corporation with the carriage from London. Thus doing things continually by halves, and destroying, with a perpetual attention to the merest trifles, all the merit which he gained from the distribution of large sums, he sunk into universal contempt, and squandered away the principal part of his fortune to procure the character of a miser.

His neighbour, honest Will Frankly, was a man of a quite contrary temper, though possessed of scarcely half his fortune; by doing things with a good grace, he obtained more applause from the disposal of a shilling, than the other did from a gift of fifty pounds. There was something generously unostentatious about him, that gave the smallest act of benevolence an air of dignity; and by never seeming to demand the admiration of his friends, he was always certain of enjoying it. To Mr. Greedy the village gave nothing more than a distant bow of unwilling respect; but to Mr. Frankly they were officiously forward to pull off their hats, and gazed at him till he was out of sight, with an air of visible satisfaction. Upon the whole, they were two striking proofs of the wise man's observation, that he who does a good action, merely for the sake of virtue, is always sure of that applause from the world, which the ostentatious man constantly loses, by aiming to raise his own reputation.

Nº LXXIX. SATURDAY, JULY 31.

THERE is a sentiment in Mr. Coleman's comedy of the Jealous Wife with which I am not a little pleased, as it is no less an indication of a benevolent heart than a sound understanding. Harriet reproaching young Oakley on account of his extraordinary attachment to the bottle; the lover, sensibly struck with the justice of the reproof, exclaims, that were all ladies alike attentive to the morals of their admirers, a libertine would be an uncommon character.

Indeed, if we take but ever so slight a view of the sexes, we shall find the behaviour of the one to depend so entirely upon the opinion of the other, that was

either to set about a reformation, the amendment of both would be easily effected; and those virtues would be immediately cultivated through the prevalence of fashion, which neither the force of conviction, the dread of temporary misfortune, nor the terrors of everlasting misery, are now sufficient to steal upon our practice, even while they engage our veneration.

As the ladies in general are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than the men, it often surprises me that they do not endeavour to look those vices out of countenance among our sex which are so frequently fatal to their own tranquillity. A man, through the establish-

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ment of custom, considers it as infamous to marry a prostitute, to connect himself with a drunkard, or to pay his addresses to a woman whose lips are continually fraught with indecency or execration: though accustomed himself to the midnight excesses of the stew, yet, when he fixes for life, he enquires into the character of his mistress, and prosecutes his suit in proportion as she is eminent for her virtues. Her follies he readily laughs at, but overlooks by no means the smallest want of reputation. Whereas the lady, though bred up all her life in the strictest delicacy, expresses no repugnance whatsoever to venture with the most public betrayer of innocence, the most open enemy of mankind, and the most daring defier of his God. Nay, unless he has been in some measure remarkable for the number and blackness of his vices, she holds him in contempt; and sets him down as an absolute idiot, if he is not intimately conversant with every thing that can either lessen him as a Christian, or degrade him as a man.

What, however, is most extraordinary on these occasions, is the facility with which a father usually contracts his daughter to a libertine; as if, because custom did not involve her in the infamy of his character, his habitual propensity to vice must not necessarily endanger her happiness. For my own part, I am shocked when I see a parent less regardful of a daughter's felicity than attentive to the welfare of a son. Is there a father who would persuade his son into a marriage with a prostitute professed? I hope not. Why, then, is his daughter so relentlessly sacrificed to a libertine? Is there not as much danger for the one to be miserable with her husband, as the other to be wretched with his wife? And since the natural claim to paternal indulgence is equal between each, must it not be highly inequitable to treat the first with such an excess of unmerited partiality?

I am insensibly led into this subject from a perusal of some sermons, addressed to Young Women, which have lately made their appearance, and were yesterday put into my hands by my bookseller. Who the author is I know not, but he deserves the greatest encomiums, for the perspicuity of his style, and the energy of his arguments; he is elegant without levity, and pious without affectation. In one of his discourses,

where *female virtue* is the object of consideration, he gives so admirable a lesson to the sex, on account of this unhappy approbation with which the very best women so frequently honour a profligate lover, that I cannot but transcribe it for the benefit of my amiable readers.

How common is it to see young ladies, who pass for women of reputation, admitting into their company in public places, and that with visible tokens of civility and pleasure, men, whom the moment before they saw herding with creatures of infamous name!—Gracious God, what a defiance to the laws of piety, prudence, character, decorum! what an insult, in effect, to every man and woman of virtue in the world! what a palpable encouragement to vice and dishonour! what a desperate pulling down, in appearance, and with their own hands, of the only partition that divides them from the most profligate of their sex! Between the bold and the abandoned woman there may still remain, notwithstanding such behaviour, a distinction in the world's eye; but we scruple not to declare, that religion, purity, delicacy, make none.

To return from this digression, if it be one, we will allow it possible to put cases wherein no particular rules of discovery, no determinate modes of judgment, will enable a young woman, by her own unassisted skill, to discern the dangers that lie in her way. But can a young woman be justly excused, or can she fairly excuse herself, if, where all is at stake, she calls not in the joint aid of wise suspicion, friendly counsel, and grave experience, together with prayers for God's protection more than ordinarily fervent?

But, methinks, I hear some of you ask, with an air of earnest curiosity—“Do not reformed rakes, then, make the best of husbands?” I am sorry for the question; I am doubly sorry, whenever it is started by a virtuous woman. I will not wound the ear of modesty by drawing minutely the character of a rake; but give me leave to answer your enquiry, by asking a question or two in my turn. In the first place, we will suppose a man of this character actually reformed, so far as to treat the woman he marries with every mark of tenderness, esteem, fidelity;

' fidelity; and that he gives up for ever
 ' his old companions, at least as to any
 ' chosen intimacy, or preference of their
 ' company to her's. We grant it possible; we rejoice when it happens. It
 ' is certainly the best atonement that can
 ' be made for his former conduct. But
 ' now let me ask you, or rather let me
 ' desire you to ask your own hearts,
 ' without any regard to the opinions of
 ' the world, which is most desirable
 ' on the score of sentiment, on the score
 ' of that respect which you owe to your-
 ' selves, to your friends, to your sex,
 ' to order, rectitude, and honour; the
 ' pure, unexhausted affection of a man
 ' who has not by intemperance and de-
 ' bauchery corrupted his principles, im-
 ' paired his constitution, enslaved him-
 ' self to appetite, submitted to share
 ' with the vilest and meanest of man-
 ' kind the mercenary embraces of har-
 ' lots, contributed to embolden guilt,
 ' to harden vice, to render the retreat
 ' from a life of scandal and misery more
 ' hopeless; who never laid snares for
 ' beauty, never betrayed the innocence
 ' that trusted him, never abandoned any
 ' fond creature to want and despair,
 ' never hurt the reputation of a woman,
 ' never disturbed the peace of families,
 ' or defied the laws of his country, or
 ' set at nought the prohibition of his
 ' God;—which, I say, is most de-
 ' sirable, the affection of such a man,
 ' or that of him who has probably done
 ' all this, who has certainly done a great
 ' part of it, and who has nothing now
 ' to offer you, but the shattered remains
 ' of his health, and of his heart? How
 ' any of you may feel on this subject,

' I cannot say. But if, judging as a
 ' man, I believed, what I have often
 ' heard, that the generality of women
 ' would prefer the latter, I know not
 ' any thing that could sink them so low
 ' in my esteem.

' That he who has been formerly a
 ' rake may after all prove a tolerable
 ' good husband, as the world goes, I
 ' have said already that I do not dispute.
 ' But I would ask, in the next place, is
 ' this commonly to be expected? Is
 ' there no danger that such a man will
 ' be tempted, by the power of long ha-
 ' bit, to return to his old ways? or that
 ' the insatiable love of variety, which
 ' he has indulged so freely, will some
 ' time or other lead him astray from
 ' the finest woman in the world? Will
 ' not the very idea of restraint, which
 ' he could never brook while single,
 ' make him only the more impatient of
 ' it when married? Will he have the
 ' better opinion of his wife's virtue,
 ' that he has conversed chiefly with wo-
 ' men who had none, and with men
 ' amongst whom it was a favourite sys-
 ' tem, that the sex are all alike?—But
 ' it is a painful topic. Let the women
 ' who are so connected make the best of
 ' their condition; and let us go on to
 ' something else.'

The scanty limits of my paper will
 not allow me to make as large an ex-
 tract from this benevolent writer as I
 could wish. But I am the more easy
 on that account, as I dare say the ge-
 nerality of my readers, from the fore-
 going little specimen, will look upon
 his works as a very valuable addition to
 their libraries.

Nº LXXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.

THOUGH I have more than once,
 in the course of my little animad-
 versions, endeavoured to explode the
 preposterous custom of toasting, yet I
 have within this week met a circum-
 stance which has, if possible, increased
 my aversion to the practice, and in a
 manner compelled me to resume the sub-
 ject, however tedious the repetition may
 appear to some of my *bon-vivant*
 readers.

I dined accidentally a few days ago
 at a well-known coffee-house in the
 Strand, at the pressing request of my

nephew Harry, who assured me that the
 company would be highly to my taste;
 for though the most part of them were
 young fellows, yet there were very few
 by whom they were surpassed either in
 politeness or understanding. This as-
 surance, joined to the regard which I
 always entertain for my boy's conversa-
 tion, induced me to give a very ready
 acquiescence; and it is no more than
 justice to acknowledge, that Harry had
 not over-rated the merit of his friends,
 notwithstanding the latitude of the fore-
 going character.

Unhappily,

Unhappily, however, just as we were circulating our jokes with the utmost good-humour, two or three gentlemen belonging to the army, who were intimately acquainted with some of our company, and overheard us from an adjoining room, sent in their compliments, and begged permission to join us, if we were not engaged about any particular business. This request was urged in too polite a manner to be refused, and we accordingly sent word how much we thought ourselves obliged by so friendly a proposition. The addition to our company scarcely took place, when one of the most manly and sensible characters I ever conversed with made his appearance, pursuant to a promise which he had given to my Harry, attended by two young gentlemen, his sons, the eldest of whom did not seem to be quite eighteen. As the stranger carried a considerable degree of consequence in his very looks, he was received with a suitable respect; and conversation began to circulate even with an additional share of life, when our harmony was liberally interrupted by a toast from one of the gentlemen in red, no less offensive to good sense, than repugnant to good manners. I stared with an equal mixture of surprise and indignation; but there was no describing the situation of Harry's friend, or the distress of the modest youths who accompanied him. The father seemed totally abashed at the company into which he introduced his sons; and the sons, utterly unaccustomed to so licentious an example, were quite unable to hold up their heads; they sunk with confusion as if they had actually given an offence, instead of having received one; till entirely at a loss how to recover themselves, they sensibly withdrew, and left the grown gentlemen to indulge themselves with ill-breeding and obscenity.

Among the numberless absurdities which, in this happy country, are kept up among our men of sense, the custom of confining vice to the ages of discretion is one of the most extraordinary. A person now-a-days is not allowed to be a profligate till he arrives at one and twenty; as if, in proportion to the encrease of his understanding, he was to act diametrically repugnant to the principles of decency and virtue. An uninformed stripling must by no means either presume to swear or talk smuttily; his father will correct him severely for

the licentiousness, and he will be looked upon with contempt or abhorrence by all his acquaintance. The father himself, however, may utter the most shocking blasphemies, and ransack the stews for the rudest obscenities of a brutal imagination. He is old enough to know the profligacy of the practice; and is sensible how offensive it is both to politeness and religion, to the laws of his country, and the ordinances of his God.

I have been often surprised, that in a nation which values itself so justly upon the character of its good sense, there should be still such palpable remains of barbarity. What can be a greater reflection, either on our morals or our breeding, than the custom of driving our wives and children out of the room immediately after dinner, and telling them we are going to begin a conversation which is utterly improper for their ears? Shall men, who pretend either to manners or to virtue, enter upon such discourses as are dangerous to their children, or shocking to their wives! Shall it be said, that a child is not to be trusted with his own father, for fear of being corrupted; nor a woman permitted to enjoy a social hour with her own husband, for fear of some palpable affront? Yes, it must be said—yes, it must be mentioned, to the everlasting disgrace of the civilized people of England, that they are utterly unable to pass an evening without the most infamous indulgence of obscenity and execration; and that the happiness of their convivial entertainments is always estimated in proportion as they debase the dignity of their understandings, and violate the mandates of their God.

A very laudable association has been lately set on foot in several places of this kingdom, to raise the wages of our honest servants, and to abolish the inhospitable custom of making our friends continually pay for their entertainment. Infinitely would it be to the honour of those gentlemen who so generously exert themselves in the cause of hospitality, if they also stood up in defence of true politeness and real virtue. Dissipated as the present age is, a few examples would produce an universal reformation; and I dare be bold enough to affirm, that the purposes of rational festivity would be much better answered, should such a regulation happily take place. When men begin to throw off decency, they soon
throw

throw off all esteem for one another; and few retain any regard for their friends, when they wantonly sacrifice every consideration for themselves: whereas by an observance of good-breeding, we should always maintain

our friendships, and enjoy what Pope finely calls—

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,
where we are now filled with disgust, or
sunk into all the excesses of brutality.

N° LXXXI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Know few subjects more written upon, and less understood, than that of Friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection; and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendship which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy.

It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it in some measure make itself. A similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds, and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation. Friendship is like a debt of honour, the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the terms of their connection more nearly equal; and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Encreasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only encreases their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resent-

ment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus soliciting by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing. It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude, and such indeed, in the common acceptance of the world, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the *ungrateful man*; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor; and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that station of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. Two Jewish soldiers, in the times of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers; they felt, and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a general under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each others lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged joining with the Romans, it became victo-

rious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen burning alive within it's circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now therefore returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The friend from above heard and obeyed; and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other being dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

Nº LXXXII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THE generality of young women, when once they get a lover in their heads, imagine that their relations are the most cruel creatures in the world, unless they give an immediate consent to every absurdity of their inclinations, and bestow them at once with a considerable fortune upon the sweet fellow who has thus happily made himself master of their affections. If a parent pretends to any authority, he instantly, from a tender father, is looked upon as an absolute tyrant; and pretty Miss very dutifully wishes him fifty fathom under ground, that she may have a handsome sum of money to throw away upon a rascal, whom she has not possibly known above a month or six weeks.

I am, you must know, Mr. Babler, a miserable woman, whom a partiality of this nature for a most infamous villain has plunged into the deepest distress. About five years ago, Sir, I lived with my father, a beneficed clergyman in the

north of England, and had every reason to be satisfied that the happiness of the venerable old gentleman's life was placed in mine, from the excessive tenderness with which he constantly treated me; and from the enjoyments of which he debarred himself, merely to lay up a fortune for my advancement in the world. I was his only child; and though my mother died while I was quite an infant, he never would alter his condition, for fear, as he kindly expressed it, he might place a very different sort of woman over his poor Isabella.

I had scarcely turned my twenty-first year, Mr. Babler, when a company of strolling players came into our neighbourhood; a principal of which, being an excellent scholar, and master of a very genteel address, had a letter of recommendation to my father, from a brother clergyman in the last town where they exhibited. My father, who was benevolence itself, though he did not greatly approve of such a guest, nevertheless desired him, out of compliment to his friend, to stay dinner; and assured him

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him of his best services whenever the benefits came to be advertised. Mr. Villars, the comedian, thanked him in a handsome manner; and we soon after sat down to table, where the designing hypocrite, by a behaviour the most specious and polite, and by an unassuming pretence to all the virtues with which he was utterly unacquainted, soon got the better of my father's reserve, and not a little silenced the contempt which I had always entertained for those itinerant dependants on the theatre. Not to be minutely circumstantial, suffice it, Mr. Babler, that Villars received an invitation, no less warm than general, to our house; and, in less than a week, made such good use of my father's hospitality, as entirely to captivate the affections of his inexperienced daughter, and to fill her with an insuperable aversion to the happy habitation in which for her whole life she had been so carefully brought up.

I was too much a novice, however, in the business of amour, to keep the matter so perfectly concealed from the eyes of a father, who in his youth had been remarkably well received among the ladies, as I could wish: he saw with what eagerness I hung upon every syllable that fell from Villars; and remarked, with concern, that unless Villars was in the house, I studiously avoided his company. One Sunday afternoon, therefore, while I imagined he was at church, he unexpectedly darted from a closet in the very room where Villars and I were exchanging vows of everlasting fidelity; and ordering my lover, with a look of indignation, never to come again into his presence, desired me immediately to retire to my room.

Though shame and confusion kept me silent in the presence of my father, I was, nevertheless, no sooner alone, than I began to think his behaviour a very unjustifiable piece of barbarity: all the care and anxiety which for more than twenty years he had manifested for my welfare, was immediately banished from my remembrance. I looked upon him as the greatest enemy I had in the world; and, full of nothing but the idea of my adorable Villars, I determined, like the inconsiderate, the unnatural monster I was, to quit the man who gave me being, who educated me with the nicest circumspection, and of whose worth I was perfectly convinced, to go

off with a fellow who, for ought I knew, might be a highwayman, to whom I never owed an obligation, and whose person I had never seen till the week before, in which he so unfortunately brought a recommendation to my father's.

Before I had time to execute this dutiful project, however, my unhappy father came into my room; and looking at me for some time with an air of inexpressible anguish, at last burst into a flood of tears. When he had somewhat recovered himself—'O Isabella!' said he, 'little did I think to have seen such a day as this; and little did I imagine you would ever give me cause to regret the hour of your birth. In what part of my duty, tell me, child, has there been a deficiency, to occasion so fatal a negligence in yours? What has your father done, that you wish to shake off every sentiment of nature and affection, and desire to fly from the arms which have cherished you since the first moment of your existence, to refuge with a villain, whom you have not known above ten or a dozen days? In the alienation of your affections, has he hesitated to break the sacred laws of friendship and hospitality; or scrupled to put on the awful form of virtue, to prosecute the most infamous ends? While I entertained him with the greatest cordiality, he was doing me the most irreparable injury; and when I harboured him most in my bosom, like the venomous adder, the more deeply he stung me to the heart. And will you, Isabella, instead of revenging the cause of so injured, and, I hope I may say, so tender a parent, become yourself accessory to the destruction of my happiness? Will you be guilty of a parricide to reward an assassin, who has attempted more than my life? And shall it be said, that a common-place compliment to her beauty is of more consideration to so sensible a young lady, than the everlasting tranquillity of her father? Alas! my child, let not your youth and inexperience lead you into an irretrievable mistake. The man that would be guilty of a crime to engage your affections, would not stop at a crime to cast you off, when time and possession had rendered you less attractive to his imagination. Consider, my dear, the man who courts you to quit your father's house, is in-

'terested in his solicitations. I cannot be
 'interested. He wants you to gratify his
 'own purposes; whereas I have no end
 'to answer but the advancement of *your*
 'felicity, and am willing to contract
 'every enjoyment of my life for the sake
 'of building that felicity on a permanent
 'foundation. As I am determined never
 'to lay a restraint upon your inclina-
 'tions, weigh well the advice I have given
 'you. You are now a woman by the
 'laws of the land, and your person is at
 'your own disposal: if, therefore, to-
 'morrow morning, after having mat-
 'turedly considered the affair, you can
 'sacrifice your doating father for this
 'inhospitable villain, pack up your
 'cloaths, and every thing else which be-
 'longs to you; go, and favour him
 'with your hand at the altar of that
 'God who sees into the bottom of my
 'afflictions; and do not incur the addi-
 'tional disgrace of an infamous flight
 'from a house in which you have been
 'treated with such a continued excess of
 'paternal indulgence. Remember, how-
 'ever, if such should be your resolution,
 'that I am no more your father. In
 'humble imitation of the Deity, by
 'whom I hope to be forgiven, I here of-
 'fer you a cheerful forgiveness for what
 'is past. But if you persevere, know,
 'that though my humanity may weep
 'for your transgression, my justice will
 'never permit me to reward it.'

My father, after this, desired me to
 recollect that I was far from being de-
 stitute of admirers; that three or four
 young gentlemen of agreeable persons,
 unexceptionable characters, and hand-
 some fortunes, had for a considerable
 time paid their addresses; and that con-
 sequently I could not have even the ri-
 diculous plea of being *neglected* to pal-
 liate my attachment for the object whom
 I had so preposterously distinguished by
 my choice. Saying this, he left me with
 an air of dejected resolution; and taking
 his horse, rode off a few miles to the
 house of an intimate acquaintance,
 where he lay that night, as if he was un-
 willing to throw the shadow of an im-
 pediment in the way of my determination.

It is no easy circumstance to describe
 the situation of my heart at this beha-
 viour of my father's: he convinced my
 reason, but at the same time he alarmed
 my pride; and I absurdly imagined, that
 it would be a derogation from my own
 dignity, if I offered to make him the

least concessions, after he had thus indi-
 rectly commanded me to quit his house.
 Presumption is always the daughter of
 indulgence: where children have been
 treated with an excess of tenderness,
 they most commonly think it very inso-
 lent in a parent, if he happens to tell
 them of any little mistake; and are won-
 derfully ready to expect a most punctual
 performance of his duty, however remiss
 they themselves may be in the discharge
 of their own. Unhappily for me, I was
 one of these hopeful children; accus-
 tomed to nothing but the heart-directed blan-
 dishments of paternal affection, I could
 not bear the accent of reproach, though
 conscious of it's being merited; and
 thought that my father should have
 made me a submissive apology, though it
 certainly would have done me the great-
 est credit if I had fallen at his feet, and
 implored his forgiveness with a torrent of
 tears.

While I was thus agitated between
 the sober remonstrances of my reason
 and the unnatural workings of my pride,
 Villars, who had waited at a little ale-
 house in the neighbourhood to watch
 the motions of our family, no sooner saw
 my father's back, than he boldly came
 up to the house, and pressed me, in the
 most passionate manner, to embrace that
 opportunity of packing up my little all,
 and escaping from the tyranny of a man,
 who made no other use of his authority
 than to render me perpetually miserable.

—'Parents, my charming Miss Bran-
 'don,' said the artful villain, 'imagine
 'they do mighty things, if they give a
 'young lady a decent room, a tolerable
 'gown, and treat her now and then with
 'a box at the theatre: this they call an
 'excess of tenderness, and think a very
 'meritorious discharge of their duty.
 'But see the strange inconsistency of
 'their characters; though they so rea-
 'dily allow her to please herself in little
 'things, yet they absolutely deny her a
 'will in the most material article of all,
 'and permit the mere amusement of an
 'hour, with no other view but to claim
 'such an authority over her inclina-
 'tions as may render her miserable for
 'life.' These sentiments, Mr. Babler,
 joined to the fascinating importunity of
 the fellow, did my business completely.
 I set about packing up my cloaths and
 trinkets in an instant, and in less than
 two hours was entirely out of sight;
 glowing all the way with a revengeful
 list

fort of satisfaction, to think how mortified my father must be when he found I had so chearfully taken him at his word.

As it would not be prudent for Mr. Villars to stay in the neighbourhood when our affair became any way public, we quitted the country with the utmost expedition; and by the following evening arrived at a considerable town, near an hundred miles off, in which a strolling company was at that time performing, from whom Mr. Villars had received several very pressing letters, requesting him to join them, and offering him by much the most capital cast of all the characters. At this place we were married the morning after our arrival; and, to my everlasting infamy I mention it, no one reflection of what might be felt at home was once suffered to discredit the festival with a sigh.

I had not, however, been many weeks married, before I found a very material alteration in the behaviour of my husband; instead of the good humour and complaisance which he formerly assumed, he treated me with nothing but a round of the most silent furliness, or the most sarcastic contempt. If he talked sometimes, it was of having thrown himself away; and, in proportion as our circumstances became contracted, (for the players had but very little business, and the principal part of my wardrobe was now disposed of) he was base enough even to reproach me with running away from my father. I now saw, when it was too late, the imprudence of my conduct, and would have given the world, had I been mistress of it, to call back the days of my former tranquillity. I perceived clearly that Villars's sole motive in ever addressing me was the consideration of my father's opulence: he saw me an only child, and naturally imagined that, though the venerable old gentleman might be offended with me at first, he would, nevertheless, quickly relent, and take me again to the arms of his affection as a daughter. With this view, he obliged me to send home letters upon letters, all expressing the deepest penitence for my fault, and painting the wretchedness of our situation in colours the most affecting. A post scarcely went, for several weeks, but what carried some petition of this nature; and, perhaps, I might have continued writing consider-

ably longer, had not the following note been at last sent in answer to my various epistles—

TO MRS. VILLARS, AT THE THEATRE IN SHREWSBURY.

MADAM,

WHEN I had a daughter, she never spoke a word but what gave me pleasure, nor mentioned a want which I did not fly to remove. You, Madam, have robbed me of that daughter; yet, after the barbarity of plunging a dagger in my bosom, are now mean enough to throw yourself at my feet, and to solicit my compassion for bread. In reality, I do not know whether I should most detest you for the inhumanity of your conduct on the one hand, or despise you for the baseness of your behaviour on the other. Is it not enough to be guilty, but you must try to be despicable? For shame, Madam, exert a little more spirit, and be uniformly culpable: talk as much of duty and affection to your husband as you please; but let not the heavy hand of necessity squeeze you into a paltry affectation of either to a father, about whose heart you have twisted a thousand scorpions, and who, probably, before you receive this, may be ready for that grave which you kindly opened for him on the sixth of August. Trouble me, I beseech you, no more; I am familiar with your hand, and shall never open another letter of your writing. As you have disposed of your person, give me leave to dispose of my property; for be assured, no consideration on earth shall tempt me to provide for a villain, or to mitigate the punishment which Providence has in this world pronounced against filial disobedience. Could you abandon a father, and yet hope for felicity? Could you rise up against the fountain of your being, and yet form an idea of content? The very supposition is a blasphemy against Heaven. Make, therefore, a proper use of your present chastisement, and rather rejoice at it as an happiness, than lament it as a misfortune; since, had you escaped the indignation of Omnipotence in this world, there was but too just a foundation to expect an eternity of torments in the next.

HORACE BRANDON.

This letter, which my conscience convinced me was what I ought to have expected, putting an end to all our hopes, Mr. Villars no longer kept measures with me: he wanted money—money he would have; and even told me, in very plain terms, I might that very night put him in possession of fifty guineas, if I would. O, Mr. Babler, his proposal was a horrid one. A young gentleman of great fortune had, it seems, praised me to his face; and knowing, perhaps, his character, taken the liberty of—I cannot enter into an explanation. You may judge, Sir, with what a degree of united rage and astonishment any woman must have heard such a circumstance from the husband of her heart. For my own part, though I had forfeited all pretensions to the filial character, I was yet tremblingly alive in all my other relations. I received the overture, therefore, with the indignation it merited; and Mr. Villars, finding that neither the most soothing language of hypocrisy, nor the most vehement arguments of a horse-whip, were sufficient to alter my resolution, he privately decamped in a few nights after, leaving me in a strange country, not only without a sixpence, but over head and ears in debt, and in a situation also that required the tenderest circumspection. This was too much; it brought on the pains of parturiency;

and I was delivered of a boy, who, happily for himself, poor orphan, died in a few hours after his birth. For me, I languished a long time in the most deplorable circumstances; and must have inevitably perished, had it not been for the humanity of the company, who, notwithstanding their own distresses were extremely urgent, nevertheless strained a point to relieve mine; and, when my health was somewhat established, enlisted me at a full share, though I had never before appeared in any thing but *Isabella* in the *Innocent Adultery*.

In this way of life, Sir, I have ever since continued, not knowing how to better myself. Was my heart at ease, I might possibly entertain you with some very humorous little narratives. But, alas! Sir, remorse is the only companion of my bosom. My unhappy father, who did not survive his letter three days, is ever present to my remembrance; and even Villars, greatly as he is the object of abhorrence to my reason, now and then draws a tear from my tenderness, and gives me a moment of distress. He has for these four years been strolling with a company, in various parts of the American Plantations; and is lately married to a woman infinitely better calculated for his purposes than the

UNFORTUNATE ISABELLA.

Nº LXXXIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 28.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

YOUR unfortunate correspondent, Mrs. Villars, at the conclusion of her letter, in your last paper, gave an intimation that, if her heart was any way at ease, she could amuse the public with some curious adventures of a strolling company. Now, Sir, that your readers may not be disappointed of such an entertainment, I have taken the liberty to send you the following little narrative; and shall not, through an ill-timed affectation of modesty, say you will confer a great obligation on me by giving it an immediate place.

By some such unhappy attachment as Mrs. Villars, I became, about three years ago, a member of a strolling company in the west of England; and, as my voice was tolerably good, my person

not disagreeable, and my passion for the stage not a little vehement, I made a very capital figure in all the country towns of our circuit, and shone away every other night as a *Juliet*, a *Monimia*, an *Eudisia*, or a *Statira*. To be sure, it was often whimsical enough to see a heroine of my consequence in distress for a pair of stockings, an odd ruffle, or a tolerable cap. Yet the novelty of the profession, and the greatness of my applause, very readily induced me to overlook all difficulties: add to this likewise, that I possessed the invaluable society of the amiable vagabond who undid me; a circumstance of itself sufficient to compensate for every other inconvenience or misfortune.

My first appearance, Mr. Babler, was in the character of *Cordelia*, in *King Lear*. My husband performed the part of
Edgar;

Edgar; and our theatre, which was little better than a large barn, was remarkably crowded against the time of representation. The universal approbation which I met with, at my very entrance, gave me spirits to go on in the part with tolerable propriety; and, had it not been for an unexpected accident or two, the piece would, in general, have been pretty well personated. The first cause of complaint was given by the lady who played the part of Goneril. It seems, this illustrious princess was violently afflicted with a weakness of her nerves; and this unfortunate disorder obliged her to make frequent application to a certain underbred potable called gin; an additional quantity of which, as the *tincture of sage* was not then in existence, she generally took, to fortify herself against the terrors of an audience. Unluckily, however, this medicine always disappointed Mrs. Torrington in its operation: instead of removing her complaint, it constantly increased her infirmity, and rendered her sometimes scarcely able to utter an articulate syllable. This was the case the above evening; and nothing could be more diverting than to see a staggering princess upbraiding the intemperance of her father's followers. The barn—I beg pardon—the house, was in an absolute roar all the time of her performance; which her majesty conceiving to be rather the shout of contempt than the voice of approbation, she advanced with a haughty step to the edge of the stage, and in a language little suited to the dignity of her character, stammered out—

‘That it was no unusual thing for a woman to be overtaken a little; and that she warranted many of the conceited b--ch-s who were patched up in the boxes could drink double the quantity she had taken; and therefore need not turn away their faces with such an air of insolence.’ Whether her efforts to make this excellent, elegant harangue, occasioned any agitation at her stomach, or whether nature of itself was determined to throw off the load with which it was oppressed, is not my business to determine: but, to the everlasting stain of the drama, I am obliged to acknowledge, that her oration was not half a minute pronounced, before it was attended with such a disagreeable discharge upon the two fiddlers who composed our entire band of music, as reduced them to the necessity of making a precipitate retreat;

and made it absolutely proper for two lords, a candle-snuffer, and journeyman barber, to carry off the queen by force to her own apartment.

The confusion occasioned by this unlucky accident was just beginning to be removed, when a fresh affair arose, that excited, if possible, a still stronger laugh of ridicule from the audience. Mr. Grandison, (for all our strolling players are very fond of sounding names) who performed the part of Gloster, and was reckoned one of the best studies in the company, depending too much upon the goodness of his memory, found himself at a dead stand in the most essential part of his character. Till his eyes were put out, no man could be more perfect; but this melancholy sentence had no sooner taken place, than he was obliged to beg permission to read the remainder of his character; and not easily finding this remarkable line—

Alack, I have no eyes!

there was no restraining the merriment of our auditors: a thousand jokes were incessantly cracked upon every one who appeared; so that we were fairly obliged to drop the curtain in the middle of the fourth act, and forced to spin out the evening's entertainment with the Mock Doctor, Mr. Pope's Prologue to Cato, and a double hornpipe.

There are a number of insatuated young people, Mr. Babler, who, because they see what an easy appearance the performers of the London theatres generally make, are idle enough to suppose that the very meanest stages of an itinerant actor must afford at least a tolerable maintenance. But, alas! Sir, abstracted from the continual contempts to which the profession is liable, there is not a more miserable way of getting bread in the universe. I have many nights played Calista for two-pence halfpenny; and sometimes, after exhausting my spirits perhaps as a Tragedy Queen for a whole night together, have returned home to a wretched little room in an alehouse, and there, without having a morsel for my supper, been obliged to buck up my only shift in the wash-hand basin, and to get a part of twenty lengths by heart against the next night of performance.

In all these mortifying scenes, the wretched itinerants are under a necessity of assuming a contented aspect, and putting

putting on an air of the utmost life, when perhaps they are absolutely perishing for bread. Forced, in the decay of business, to beg a little credit from chandlers-shops or alehouses, they are continually subject to insults from the meanest members of the community; and even if matters answer their amplest expectations, the despicable shifts which they must try to make a benefit are insupportable to any mind which retains the least trace of spirit or sensibility. As for the men, they must court an acquaintance with the lowest journeyman artizan, and spend their time in the most

dreadful of all employments, the amusement of underbred ignorance and brutality. As for the women, they must patiently hear the pert solicitations of the veriest little prentice of a country town; and submit to the infamy of an imaginary prostitution, even where they have virtue enough to avoid the reality. Let our young readers, Mr. Babler, seriously think on these circumstances; and then I hope few, especially of the softer sex, will ever think of embracing so despicable an employment. I am, Sir, &c.

MARIA OSBALDISTON.

N^o LXXXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

IT is a privilege with the greatest number of those people who entertain a high notion of their own wit, to rail forever at the only institution upon which the happiness of all society is founded; and to pour out an incessant torrent of ridicule upon poor matrimony, though they owe their own existence to the establishment of that sacred ordinance. The motive, indeed, which the generality of our libertines assign for this aversion to marriage is, that the rite is a restraint upon all their other enjoyments; and that the moment a man devotes himself to one woman, that moment he is obliged, not only to alter the former tenor of his conduct, but to put up with every petulance of the lady's temper, however unreasonable she may be in her requests, or however arbitrary she may be in the exercise of her authority.

For my own part, though I have hitherto continued an old bachelor, I have yet seen but few women who rule with an improper authority over their husbands; nor can I entertain any high notions of the man's understanding, who once makes it a doubt whether or no he should be able to maintain that connubial pre-eminence in his own family, which he receives from the hand of reason and the custom of his country. If he possesses but a dawn of sense, the object of his choice will be such as can give him no cause to apprehend any turbulence of disposition; and if he possesses but a dawn of spirit, he will always have it in his power to prevent any disagreeable exertion of it, even in case he should be unhappily deceived.

The pleasantest argument of all, however, is the necessity which a married man is under of forsaking all those enjoyments which, while he was a bachelor, created the principal part of his felicity. Yet, surely, if those enjoyments are repugnant to reason, the sooner he forsakes them the better, since it never can be too early a period to regain the paths of discretion and virtue; and if they are not opposite to the dictates of prudence, he must be a very pusillanimous fellow indeed who could once dream of giving them up. In fact, those men are always for finding fault with the poor women, who are conscious of imperfections in themselves; whereas men of sense, being determined to proceed on a rational plan, are constantly desirous of doing justice to the merit of the ladies, and never preposterously suppose that they are destitute either of benevolence or understanding.

The general run of our libertines, though they are much too sensible and much too spirited to put up with any impropriety in the behaviour of a worthy woman, nevertheless submit with the greatest cheerfulness imaginable to any treatment which a woman of the town thinks proper to give them, and bless their stars with a kind of rapture that they are not husbands. This is, in plain English, they rejoice that they are not obliged by the laws of their country to bear a merited reproach from the lips of a deserving wife, though the narrowness of their minds, and the baseness of their spirits, can induce them so readily to put up with the most impudent airs

of

of a despicable strumpet, and to crouch with an infamous servility at her feet.

Sam Squander is a melancholy proof of this assertion. Sam, at the age of twenty, came into an affluent fortune, and launched into all the licentious dissipation which generally captivate young men of opulent circumstances. Fearful that his pleasures, if folly and vice may be called pleasures, would be manacled by the filken bands of wedlock, he declared himself an early enemy to marriage; and has continued to this hour, when he is near as old a fellow as myself, without even wishing to taste the sweets of a domestic felicity. Yet, though averse to an honourable connection with the sex, he could not exist without some feminine attachment; attentive, therefore, to the mere gratifications of sense, he singled out a favourite nymph from the purlieus of Drury Lane, took her publicly to his house, and has cohabited with her now above thirty years. A more ungovernable termagant probably never lived; yet Sam is quite happy he is not married. She has more than

once been detected in an amour with his footman; but what of that? Sam put it up, she was not his wife. If she throws a glass at his head, which is sometimes the case, or confines him within doors for a fortnight, it is no matter, Sam is still happy, and laughs at any of his acquaintance who go home at twelve o'clock, for fear of making their wives uneasy by a longer absence from their families. One thing, indeed, makes him miserable; he has two sons by this infamous woman, of whom he is passionately fond; and the reflection that his estate must go into another line for want of a legitimate offspring, is a circumstance which renders him constantly unhappy, even in his fortunate state of bachelorship: so that, I believe, if the truth were known, Sam is secretly of opinion with me, that a good wife is the first of all the human felicities; and that the greatest of all fools is he who puts up with the numberless vices of a profligate woman, through a fear of meeting some natural imperfections in a woman of intrinsic merit and character.

N^o LXXXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER II.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THE ingenious Mr. Percy, in the preface to his edition of *Old Ballads*, declares it as his opinion, that nothing indicates the nature of the times more strongly than the composition of those songs which are in every body's mouth. Should what he advances upon this occasion be generally allowed, I am very much afraid that the present *anno Domini* would come in for a very despicable sort of a character; our ballads, for the principal part, being so flimsy in their composition, and so dangerous in their end, that very few of them are fit to be taken up by any person either of delicacy or understanding.

In the infancy of English poetry, though the versification of our bards was naturally rough and inharmonious, still the elevation of sentiment, and morality of design, which breathed through all their compositions, rendered them always passible, and frequently entertaining and instructive. But in these politer times,

when every man is either a critic or a poet, sentiment and design are equally disregarded: so a little smoothness in the numbers, and a little chastity in the rhymes, are attended to, we never once trouble our heads about entertainment or instruction; but go on through thirty or forty lines of luscious insipidity with the most perfect composure, as if the lyric walk of poetry was invented merely to flatter our feelings, or to corrupt our principles.

The only subjects upon which our modern lyric poets ever think of exerting their talents, are love and wine. When the stranger-up of a love-song condescends to take the pen, he tells us that young Colin met with Chloe one May-morning in the grove, and that there he pressed her to be very naughty, and offered her a bit of ribband as a reward for submitting to his infamous solicitations; but that the good girl, not chusing to prostitute herself for such a trifle, Colin is so struck with the dignity of her virtue, that he marries her at once; and the delicate young virgin thinks it the greatest

greatest happiness in the world to be the wife of a rascal who wanted to ruin her peace and blast her reputation.

If a modern ballad-writer, indeed, wants to be uncommonly arch and humorous, he goes a different way to work; he tells us, that brisk Will the ploughman, having long had a passion for Nell the dairy-maid, way-lays the girl as she is going to milk her cows; and finding that there is no possibility of arguing her out of her virtue, he seizes that by force which she refuses to grant through favour, and very fairly ravishes her. Nell, who all her life before had been a girl of principle, instead of harbouring the least resentment against the villain for so infamous an outrage, bursts into a loud fit of laughing, acquaints him that all her former pretensions to virtue were nothing more than the result of affectation; and invites him, with all the confidence of habitual prostitution, to a repetition of their guilty intercourse. The more bare-faced the indecency, the more humorous we reckon the composition; and the prudent mamma teaches it to her infant daughter, and inflames the opening imagination with the earliest description of that glowing connection of the sexes, which in a little time is but too likely to endanger both her happiness and her character.

The gentlemen, however, who celebrate the virtues of the grape, go still farther than the professed votaries of Cupid: with all the stupidity of the love-song writers, they inculcate a greater share of immorality, and advise us no less to the utmost brutalities of intoxication, than to the utmost excesses of a libidinous sensuality. They teach us to think that the joys of futurity are infinitely unequal to the profligacies of the stew; and that we are raised into something equal with the Deity, when we have debased ourselves considerably lower than men.

It may perhaps be remarked on this occasion, that the song is much too inconsiderable a species of poetry to possess either entertainment or instruction, and that if it affords our musicians an opportunity of exerting the force of sound, it is all that can be reasonably expected. With the greatest deference, however, to the opinion of such accurate critics as

may argue in this manner, I shall only observe, that if this species of poetry is capable of being perverted to the purposes of vice, it is also capable of being turned to the interests of virtue. It does not follow, because a poem is set to music, that it should be destitute of decency or sentiment. Those sacred compositions which we sing in honour of the Deity, however execrably we have seen them versified, are nevertheless fraught with instruction, and it is that instruction only which in their present miserable dress has rendered them any way tolerable. Of consequence, therefore, if a little good sense in our hymns does not disgrace the importance of the subject, it cannot possibly lessen those inferior productions which we compose for the business of social enjoyment and friendly festivity.

Inconsiderable as the composition of a song may seem upon its first appearance, nevertheless, when we reflect that, of all the different kinds of poetry, it is what is most generally in our mouths, and consequently what is most familiar to our recollection, a man of any sense or benevolence cannot but regret to find it so generally prostituted to the purposes of folly or vice. The elegance of an air can by no means destroy the profligacy of a scandalous sentiment. Music, on the contrary, is well known to give an additional energy to language; and many a young lady, by habituating herself to hear the insidious addresses of a designing lover in verse, has been brought to countenance the most immediate applications of palpable prose; and led at last into an esteem of those principles by a song, which would have shocked her to the last degree had they been first of all communicated in common conversation.

For these reasons, therefore, I wish to see the lyric species of composition rescued from contempt, especially since it is a mortification to every gentleman of musical abilities to be under a necessity of giving such an embellishment to the productions of vice or stupidity, as must not only greatly disgust his own good sense, but materially injure the morals of the public. I am, Sir, &c.

CRITO.

N^o LXXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

IT has been justly observed by a very sensible writer, that there is nothing in the world which possesses more humility than pride; and nothing which induces us to make more unnecessary concessions to other people, than a desire of enhancing the importance of ourselves. This vanity leads us into a thousand absurdities, and not seldom into a number of vices: to expose it, therefore, shall be the business of the present paper; and if I can make but one reader a little ashamed of his low-minded exaltation, I shall do more essential service than if I had employed half a century in the more elegant purposes of that delicate amusement, where sober instruction is sacrificed to a prettiness of style, and the imagination kept perpetually alive at the total expence of the understanding.

My nephew, Harry Rattle, called upon me yesterday, and told me, if I would pass the evening with him at the Cardigan Head, he did not doubt but what I should meet with a sufficient subject for a paper or two, as he was engaged in a party where there were to be some extraordinary characters. Having nothing very material on my hands, I assented to his proposal; and calling upon him about seven o'clock in a hackney-coach, we went together to the tavern, where all his friends were already assembled, and good-naturedly lamenting the want of his company.

The first person who attracted my observation was a young fellow of about thirty, dressed in regimentals, whom I found to be a captain of dragoons, and who, it seems, had raised himself from the humble station of a quarter-master to the command of a troop, merely by the bravery of his behaviour in the celebrated battle of Minden. I had not been in company many minutes before I saw this gentleman entertained the highest notions imaginable of his own importance: when he spoke, it was with an air of visible superiority; he assumed a dignity of look, and an indifference of accent, as if he conferred a prodigious favour in every syllable he uttered; and took care to lose no opportunity of informing us what a number of the first nobility he had the honour of rank-

ing among his most intimate acquaintance. If any body differed from his opinion, he had canvassed the point with Lord Such-a-thing but the day before; and as to secrets of a political nature, no man in the kingdom knew more of the most private transactions of government. He had called upon a certain Earl in the morning, who let him into some matters of the first consequence; and dined with a noble Duke, who assured him, that there would be no change whatsoever in the ministry. In short, let the conversation turn upon what it would, he bore down all opposition with some right honourable friend of his; and thought it an unaccountable presumption in any person who did not allow a nobleman's name to have more weight than an absolute matter of fact in an argument.

When Harry and I were returning home, he gave me the captain's history in nearly the following words. 'The captain,' says he, 'though an honest and a brave man at bottom, is nevertheless such a compound of arrogance and servility, that I am often at a loss to know which he most deserves, our resentment or our contempt. Originally bred in obscurity, he conceives a sort of adoration for every man with a title; and, to be admitted into the company of a lord, is mean enough to put up with all the insolence of coroneted pride, and even stoops to run on the most pitiful errands, for the satisfaction of being reckoned among the number of it's acquaintance. Yet this assiduity to oblige the great is not sufficient to preserve him even from their ridicule; they see from what trivial motive his attachment arises, and treat him with more disrespect than the lowest of their footmen, because they know his pride will not suffer him on any account to discontinue his attendance. Thus his vanity defeats it's own purposes: instead of encreasing his consequence, it renders him utterly despicable, and makes him no less a jest to his superiors, than to those who are merely on a footing with himself.

'That little man, whom you took notice of, in black,' continued Harry,

‘ is also a dupe to his own vanity, but
 ‘ that vanity is entirely of a different sort;
 ‘ he wants to pass upon the world as a
 ‘ man of prodigious understanding; and
 ‘ to gain this important end, he is con-
 ‘ tinually commencing an acquaintance
 ‘ with every author of reputation to
 ‘ whom he can get introduced, from a
 ‘ strange supposition that his friends will
 ‘ encrease their estimation of his abili-
 ‘ ties in proportion to the intimacy of
 ‘ such a connection. It is incredible to
 ‘ think with what a humility of defe-
 ‘ rence he courts a man of letters on this
 ‘ account. He praises him to the skies
 ‘ in all companies, and repeats a poem
 ‘ with the most fulsome adulation, even
 ‘ before the face of the very author. An
 ‘ opinion of his own he never pretends
 ‘ to; nor does he once presume to have
 ‘ a will in the most trifling transaction.
 ‘ Pinning his faith entirely on the sleeves
 ‘ of his literary directors, he squares his
 ‘ religious principles by the writings of
 ‘ his theological friends; and regulates
 ‘ what concerns his health by the pro-
 ‘ ductions of his physical acquaintance.
 ‘ His taste he conforms to the standard
 ‘ which is set up by the professors of
 ‘ Belles Lettres: and let that standard be
 ‘ ever so absurd, he adopts it for fear
 ‘ of being discarded for the insolence of
 ‘ a dissent. Indeed, this complaisance
 ‘ often involves him in no trifling diffi-
 ‘ culties; for if two of the literati should
 ‘ happen to disagree, he is puzzled how
 ‘ to act; if he takes part with one, he

‘ is sure of destroying himself in the esti-
 ‘ mation of the other, and it is no easy
 ‘ circumstance in such a case to concili-
 ‘ ate the good opinion of both. I
 ‘ once knew,’ proceeded Harry, ‘ when
 ‘ two doctors of his acquaintance were
 ‘ called in to attend him in a fit of the
 ‘ gout: each proposed a different me-
 ‘ thod of treating his case, and neither
 ‘ would submit to the arguments of his
 ‘ competitor. In this dilemma he re-
 ‘ solved to comply with the prescriptions
 ‘ of both; therefore, lapping up his feet
 ‘ in a rye poultice, according to the ad-
 ‘ vice of one, he took an elixir which
 ‘ was recommended to him by the other,
 ‘ and was very near being carried off by
 ‘ the injudicious application of such op-
 ‘ posite medicines. This, however, is
 ‘ not all: his conscience, like his health,
 ‘ is sacrificed to the mandate of the the-
 ‘ ologist in company. Hence he is by
 ‘ turns a Protestant and a Dissenter: if
 ‘ there happens to be more than one sect,
 ‘ he is a jumble of each; and some-
 ‘ times, with a party of Freethinkers,
 ‘ he has no religion at all. From these
 ‘ little anecdotes,’ concluded Harry,
 ‘ we may easily see that nothing is so
 ‘ sure of rendering us contemptible, as
 ‘ a ridiculous vanity of stealing a repu-
 ‘ tation from the consequence of others,
 ‘ especially where a goodness of heart,
 ‘ and an attention to the sentiments of
 ‘ modest plain sense, are so certain of
 ‘ building up the noblest character for
 ‘ ourselves.’

Nº LXXXVII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

AS there are none of my readers for
 whose happiness I am more solici-
 tious than the younger part of my fe-
 male purchasers, I must now and then
 be excused, if I should write a paper
 wholly for their instruction. Cut off
 from that general intercourse with the
 world, which the other sex so univer-
 sally enjoy, they stand infinitely more
 in need of advice: and endued with an
 infinitely greater share of sensibility,
 they are more likely to retain it than the
 men, who look upon the finer feelings
 as a kind of disgrace to their spirit; and
 imagine that the least regard to the sen-
 timents of any body else, is the greatest
 insult that can possibly be offered to
 their own understandings.

It is with no little indignation that
 I frequently hear the capacity of the la-
 dies ridiculed by the wits of the other
 sex; and even find that the gravest of our
 modern writers look upon an enlarged
 education rather as a prejudice than a
 benefit to the most beautiful part of the
 human creation. For my own part, I
 can by no means see how cultivating the
 mind can be in the least prejudicial to
 the morals; nor discover how a woman
 can be rendered more unfit for the ma-
 nagement of a family, by acquiring an
 additional share of knowledge and dis-
 cretion. I readily grant, that a female
 pedant is of all pedants the most intol-
 erable, and that nothing is so likely to
 disturb the judgment as a superficial ac-
 quaintance,

acquaintance, either with the languages or the sciences; but a progressive and well-grounded instruction in the useful parts of literature must always be productive of benefit, and must always give an equal encrease of understanding to either of the sexes.

Notwithstanding this declaration, however, there is one branch of education which even the wits themselves think the ladies cannot attain too early, that I wish, with all my heart, was delayed till they arrive at years of discretion, and began to form notions of the world with some little degree of propriety. I the more readily express this wish, because the protraction of the branch I allude to can by no means be prejudicial, either to their interest, their morals, or their capacities. The part of education which I am here so desirous of keeping a considerable time from the ladies, is nothing more than the knowledge of writing. I do not know that a young woman has a greater enemy in the world than an ink-stand; and many a parent who boasts of the rapidity with which his daughter now improves in the art of writing, may in a year or two have a very lamentable motive for wishing that she had never learned to write at all.

A young woman now-a-days, let her be ever so homely, scarcely reaches her fifteenth or sixteenth year, but what some body takes an opportunity of pouring the fascinating language of adulation into her ear; and it rarely happens that this somebody is the person who, if a treaty of marriage was proposed, would meet with the approbation of her family. Naturally credulous at so early a period, the most distant compliment is actually set down as a positive declaration; and the man is exalted into a *first love*, as it is called, for behaving with little more perhaps than an ordinary share of civility: the consequence therefore generally is, that an amour ensues, and the place of personal interviews is supplied by a literary correspondence. Miss, while her doating relations suppose that she is reading some pious meditation, is most devoutly employed in the composition of darts and daggers to her Stephen; and setting her imagination on fire with the thoughts of a husband, when her infatuated father believes that her very motion, to use the language of the poet, 'blushes at

'itself;' and is certain that she would sink into the earth, if a man was to look her in the face with any extraordinary degree of steadiness. A girl at sixteen is most commonly as desirous of being thought a woman, as when a woman of forty, wishes to be a girl of sixteen. Attentive to nothing but the impulse either of her passion or her vanity, the *dear creature* of a man probably receives half a dozen letters a day, till his vanity blazes the matter about, and her deluded parents find their lovely little innocent has very vehement desires under all that specious veil of simplicity; and burns for the possession of a bed-fellow, notwithstanding all her terrors if a man but accidentally comes into her company.

In reality, a woman of this country has very few occasions for the art of writing, but to carry on a literary correspondence; and this correspondence is always begun so very early, and directed so very injudiciously, that it is generally unhappy in the end. A woman can have no occasion to correspond with a lover who meets the approbation of her family; and nothing can be more imprudent or dangerous than to correspond with a man who does not. But, besides the imprudence and danger of writing to young fellows, there is a disgrace always attending such a circumstance, which I am surprised does not more frequently deter a lady from committing the indiscretion. The men, however just in their engagements with one another, are most commonly unjust in their connection with the other sex: the glory of being esteemed by an amiable woman is too much to be concealed; a bosom friend must be trusted with the important secret; and this bosom friend has *his* confidante, with whom it must of course be deposited; so that, while the unsuspecting fair-one believes her reputation is carefully locked up in the bosom of her adorer, she is the general subject of conversation with fifty other fellows, and is profligately jested with perhaps in half the taverns of the kingdom. Many a sensible woman, when she has reached two or three and twenty, has blushed for her epistles of sixteen; and sickened, when she has married a man of intrinsic worth, at the bare recollection of the power which some rascal may possibly possess of exposing the weakness of her earlier years. For

these reasons, therefore, I cannot but think that a hasty introduction of a girl to paper and pens, is as injudicious a measure as a parent can fall into. She can at any time get a messenger to carry a letter, when fear or shame will prevent her from applying to any person to write one. If, therefore, parents would be a

little more attentive in teaching their daughters to read and spell with propriety, than anxious about the goodness of their hand-writing, they would improve their minds considerably more, and keep them from a number of temptations which often prove too powerful both for their pride and their virtue.

N^o LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2.

THERE is no supposition more absurd than that which is generally made by the world in favour of learned men: a profound scholar, we imagine, must of course be a person of uncommon wisdom; and the more his head is fraught with unnecessary knowledge, the more we encrease in our veneration of his abilities. Learning, however, is a thing widely different from wisdom: a man may be deeply versed in all the mysteries of a classical erudition, and yet at the same time scarcely possess a grain of common understanding; whereas, on the contrary, he may be master of an excellent judgment without knowing a single syllable of Greek or Hebrew; and be able to manage the most intricate concern, though he has never seen so much as the eight humble parts of speech in Lilly or Whettenal. That knowledge, in fact, is most useful which is best calculated to carry us through the world with ease and reputation; and as learning itself was instituted for no other purposes, we must allow that it fails of attaining it's most salutary views where it is merely employed in the vain pursuits of a ridiculous parade, or an idle speculation.

Indeed, if there was no commerce whatsoever to be carried on between mankind, and if there was no necessity for the scholars of an academy ever to make an essay on the great stage of life in the parts of men, it might be right enough to breed our children up in a total ignorance of all worldly affairs; but when, as I have just hinted, it is with the professed intention of enabling them to appear with a tolerable grace in this important theatre that we give them an education, nothing surely can be more preposterous than to employ them entirely in those studies which render such an appearance additionally difficult, and give them rather a disgust than an in-

clination to put on their respective characters.

These reflections I have been insensibly led into by recollecting some anecdotes of my poor friend Dick Thornhill, of St. John's in the university of Cambridge. Dick being in possession of a very pretty fortune, used to console himself prodigiously, whenever he heard any body talk about the stocks, that none of his money was employed in the business of government. He imagined, that in proportion to the encrease of these political barometers, the burdens of the subjects were encreased; and believed, that instead of receiving so much *per cent.* for the use of his property, he actually paid so much for having it protected. In this sensible manner he still continues to go on, and laughs very heartily at the fools, as he calls them, who wantonly throw away such prodigious sums of money, merely that others may take care of those affairs which, he says, they can manage so very easily themselves.

I was standing a few days ago at the shop of a second-hand bookseller, in a populous part of this metropolis, where I often meet with an odd volume of some antiquated author, and have sometimes the pleasure of seeing my own works rusting in all the peaceable dulness of the most perfect obscurity. The bookseller, agreeable to the practice of his trade, has his various old volumes classed into different arrangements, and at the head of each the price is affixed, to avoid being pestered with the questions of occasional purchasers. My old friend Dick happening accidentally to come up—he made a full stand; and being struck with the appearance of a thick octavo which lay under the fourpenny catalogue, he asked the man if he would take a shilling for that book; to which the conscientious shopkeeper answering in

in the affirmative, he marched off with an air of visible satisfaction, and I suppose thought he had met with a very tolerable bargain.

The pleasantest story, however, which I have heard for a long time of my old friend, was one which was mentioned to me yesterday evening at the coffee-house. Dick, it seems, the day before, was going through Clare Market, where accidentally struck with the sight of a nice shoulder of lamb, a joint of which he is particularly fond, he asked a good woman to whom it belonged, what was the price of it; she answered—'Six groats.'—'Six groats,' returned Dick, a little peevishly, 'do you imagine, Mistress, that people pick up their money in the streets? Six groats, indeed! At one word, I will give you half a crown for it.'—'Well, Sir,' replied the woman, 'I will not haggle with a customer.' So taking the half-crown, she tossed the lamb into a basket, and sent it to Dick's lodgings, who plumed himself not a little upon his address as a market-man. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding all this, is a very excellent scholar; few young fellows ever left the university with greater credit than himself. But unhappily poring over the customs of Greece and Rome, when he

ought to have made some little acquaintance with the manners of his own country, he is as much a stranger to the common transactions of life, as if he had been bred up to the present moment in a wilderness, and was now let loose upon the world for the mere entertainment of society. Unable to converse with any company but those who, like himself, are elevated on the awkward stilts of a merely classical education, he despises every body who is not a proficient in the dead languages; and, in return, meets with nothing but the general aversion of the people whom he treats with this general contempt. Upon the whole, his very best friends pity his total ignorance of the world; and lament that so honest a fellow, as he is in the main, should be such a torment to himself, such a trouble to every body else, and such a useless member of society. In short, if it were possible for him to change all his learning for the experience of the barber's boy who attends him, they think he would be a considerable gainer by the bargain; though this poor fellow is the constant object of his ridicule, and one of the people whom he incessantly bandies about with significant sentences of Greek and Latin from some of his favourite authors.

Nº LXXXIX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.

WALKING in the Park a few mornings ago with my nephew Harry, a gentleman of a very prepossessing appearance came up, and shaking Harry with the utmost cordiality by the hand, insisted upon his going to dine with him, with a friendly sort of peremptoriness; and, in a manner extremely polite, begged the favour of my company. As I found Harry accepted the invitation readily, I bowed my assent to it likewise; and, after taking a turn or two more, we set out for the gentleman's house, in the neighbourhood of Great George Street, and amused ourselves in his library, which was judiciously furnished, till the summons arrived for dinner, about four o'clock. We were then conducted to an elegant dining-room, where we found an excellent family dinner, and where I had the honour of being introduced to a most amiable young lady, whom I took

to be the sister of our host, but who, upon enquiry, I found to be unhappily no less than his daughter.

I say unhappily no less than his daughter, because I am perfectly of opinion with the late excellent Mr. Richardson, that a gay young fellow of eight or nine and thirty is a very improper person to be the father of a young woman of eighteen or nineteen. Full of life and levity himself, he is unable to pay a proper attention to the felicity of his child; and if he chances to be a man of the town, like my nephew's friend, he treats her in a manner that must either excite her continual detestation, or destroy that purity of principle which only can lay a solid foundation for the establishment of her future happiness and reputation.

Mr. Medlicot, the gentleman with whom we dined, piques himself, as he is so juvenile a father to so grown a young

young lady, upon behaving to her as if she was no relation whatsoever, and is never so happy as when a stranger at any public place seems to take him for one of her admirers. During the time of dinner, he enjoyed my misconception excessively, and heard me once or twice say *his sister*, without offering to rectify my mistake. This, however, I could have cheerfully overlooked, had not his conversation, even before the servants, been of a nature so extremely indelicate, that there was scarce a possibility of sitting at table. An odious round of the most palpable *double entendres* was frequently offered to our attention; the nocturnal excesses of which he had been guilty the last week, were related with an air of triumph; and he even went so far as to mention the name of some celebrated courtezans with whom he had the honour of an acquaintance.

All this time the poor young lady sat in the most mortifying state of distress; cut to the very soul of her sensibility, yet unable either to retire, or to mention how greatly she was affected with this intolerable behaviour of her father. My Harry, however, took the very first opportunity of relieving her; for, the moment the cloth was removed, he begged Mr. Medlicot would shew us the fine hunter which he had purchased a few days before from a noted dealer in Yorkshire. Mr. Medlicot, as proud of shewing his horse as desirous of parading his daughter, immediately complied with the request; and the young lady retired with a look of complacency at Harry, which sufficiently testified how much he had obliged her, by procuring her so fortunate a release from her father's company.

Harry supping with me in the evening, I could not help expressing my wonder, that a young fellow of his good sense and delicacy should continue the least correspondence with so shameless a profligate as this Mr. Medlicot. 'An indecency of conversation in any man,' says I, 'is always as sure a sign of a little understanding, as of a vulgar education; and nothing ought to give a generous mind more offence, than where we see the modesty of a virtuous woman insulted by any of those infamous obscenities which your bucks, and such like despicable fellows, imagine to be the criterion of spirit and vivacity: but when a li-

bertine is so dead to all sensibility as to wound the ear of his own daughter with a grossness of this nature, we are filled with horror as well as with indignation, and cannot help considering him as a monster who would even violate her honour himself, did not a latent fear of the world restrain the licentiousness of his shocking imagination, and happily confine him to mere innuendoes and simple gesticulations.'

'Your observation, my dear Sir,' returned Harry, 'is perfectly just; and I ought to blush at ever visiting such a man as Mr. Medlicot, unless I had some other design than merely to possess his company. But you must know, that this fellow, unless he is particularly engaged abroad, always makes it a rule to engage a friend or two to dine with him every day; and if by any accident he should happen to be disappointed, he traverses the Park, as he did this morning, to pick up an acquaintance for the credit of his table. By this means, it often happens that poor Hortensia, his daughter, is exposed to the heaviest torrent of licentious ribaldry; and obliged to sit out many a conversation which would appear scandalous in a Covent Garden tavern. Medlicot piques himself upon a knowledge of the world, and treats every appearance of female delicacy as a monstrous affectation. He has found many fools among the sex, and this has given him a preposterous opinion of the whole; therefore, to maintain his character as a knowing one, he uses his own daughter with the same disrespect that he uses every other woman; and thinks it adds to the reputation of his understanding, to put off all appearance of necessary decorum and parental partiality. It is for common fathers, he thinks, to behave with common discretion; but young fellows, like him, who are acquainted with life, should be above such a weakness; as the only way, he thinks, to preserve the obedience of a daughter, is to shew your sensibility of her sex's imperfections. Hortensia, who has an amiable mind, and a fine understanding, is unspeakably afflicted at this behaviour; and always rejoices when I take a dinner with them, as I constantly invent some excuse or other to set her at liberty. This is the only reason of my acting with com-

mon

' mon civility to Medlicot, as he is a
' man for whom I entertain the most so-
' vereign contempt. Would you believe
' it, he keeps two women in the very
' same house with his daughter? and
' these worthy ladies often take it in
' their heads to find fault with Horten-
' sia, and even complain to him that
' she will not treat them with a sufficient
' share of respect. Matters, however,
' if I have any penetration, cannot long
' go on in this manner, for Hortensia
' has been some time courted by a very
' worthy baronet of fortune; but Med-
' licoat having an aversion to become

' a grandfather yet a while, has abso-
' lutely refused his consent; and, in the
' most illiberal terms, accused the young
' lady of amorous inclinations. Not-
' withstanding this, they carry on a
' private correspondence, as I have good
' grounds to believe; and perhaps the
' next moon-light night may see the
' young couple on their journey to Edin-
' burgh. May this, I say, be the case;
' and may every father who follows the
' steps of Medlicot be rendered equally
' contemptible, and become equally dis-
' appointed in his expectations.'

Nº XC. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are few qualifica-
tions which afford us so general a
satisfaction as an agreeable voice; yet
there are few things which give us so
general a disgust as the universal propen-
sity which every body has to sing,
without recollecting the judgment of
their company, or considering the scope
of their own abilities. This observation,
Mr. Babler, I had but too much reason
to make yesterday evening, at a meeting
of some friends, who had particularly
assembled on purpose to pass three or
four hours with a degree of more than
ordinary pleasure and festivity. Our
party, Sir, was carefully selected; and
there was not a single man in the room
but could hold a toast, give his sen-
timent, or sit up all night with a coun-
try candidate at a contested election.

The Royal Family had scarcely gone
round, Mr. Babler, when Dick Thomp-
son was called upon for a song, who ac-
cordingly prepared to oblige us; and
in an instant struck up the celebrated
air in Aine's opera of Artaxerxes—

Water parted from the Sea.

This, however, he executed in a man-
ner so very execrable, that it was with
the utmost difficulty the whole compa-
ny could keep from laughing in his
face: we all of us sat upon thorns till
he had done; and either picked our noses,
or bit our nails, till the complimentary
bow at the conclusion happily released
us from so uneasy a situation. Never-

theless, every body honoured him with
a plaudit; and Dick really assumed as
much dignity in his look as if he had
performed to a miracle.

The next person singled out was
Kitt Turner; a young fellow with a
voice quite of a different cast from
Mr. Thompson's, and well enough
adapted for the softer species of songs,
where there is no extraordinary num-
ber of shakes or divisions. Kitt un-
happily, regardless of the walk in
which he could actually make a tolera-
ble figure, attempted *the School of Ana-
creon*; and strained his little lungs to so
unconscionable a degree, as rendered him
utterly unable to give us any thing else
the remainder of the evening.

When Kitt had concluded, he called
upon Tom Nelson; who offered us *the Sol-
dier and the Sailor*, provided we suffered
him to accompany this delightful com-
position with the music of a pewter dish.
As Tom's principal motive was to en-
tertain, nobody could be rude enough to
dissent from his proposal, and a pewter
dish was therefore ordered upstairs, which
Mr. Nelson kept spinning on the table all
the time of his song, occasionally lessening
or increasing the velocity of it's mo-
tion, according as the different move-
ments of the tune rendered such a cir-
cumstance necessary.

Fired with the approbation which was
bestowed upon the pewter dish, the mo-
ment it came to Will Webby's turn, he
chalked the back of his hand in two or
three places, and rubbing it in two or
three other places with a piece of burnt
cork, he got up, and placing his hand
against

against a particular part of the room, roared out, *An old Woman clothed in Grey*, working his fingers in such a manner as to raise some faint idea of an antiquated face. This was considered as a high stroke of humour, and produced no less than a solo on the tongs, a concerto on a pair of bellows, and Handel's water-piece on the salt-box. The various performances, Mr. Babler, lasted a considerable time, and every body seemed to be pleased; though, in fact, it was no way difficult to see that every body was secretly dissatisfied and disappointed. For my own part, I was never more uneasy in a company since I knew what a company was, and took an opportunity of stealing away about two o'clock in the morning.

It is in reality not a little odd, Mr. Babler, that people, who are acquainted with their own deficiencies in point of voice, do not, when they are called upon among their friends, give such a song as is most naturally suited to their compass. What business has a fellow, who can scarcely get through a plain derry-down tune, to think of meddling with a difficult Italian air? Or what necessity is there for a man, who never saw a gamut in his life, to aim at executing a piece of music which actually calls for a performer of the most capital abilities?

The generality of people, when they hear a song in our theatres which happens to hit their fancy, are constantly endeavouring to retail it among their acquaintance, without ever considering that, notwithstanding all the advantages of an exquisite voice, and a consummate musical knowledge, the performer who sings it may scarcely be able to go through it with a sufficient share of delicacy or judgment. A man, however,

who would escape ridicule, ought to consider that those songs may be, to the last degree, intolerable from him, which in Vernon would almost drag the theatre down with acclamations; and, next to the merit of making himself pleasing, he should remember, that the greatest proof of good sense is not to render himself disagreeable: on which account, therefore, those who have but plain voices, ought to stick to plain songs; since, instead of gaining any reputation by an attempt to soar beyond their proper powers, they will do nothing more than offend the ears of every company they go into, and draw an everlasting smile of derision upon themselves.

It would also be judicious in those ladies or gentlemen, who occasionally oblige their friends with a song, if, as well as taking care not to meddle with any difficult pieces of music, they likewise took care never to meddle with a song where they were not perfectly acquainted with the words. How often have I heard a delicious morsel of poetry most barbarously mangled, through the inattention of a negligent singer; and every grammatical institute inhumanly butchered, through the want of a little recollection! Sorry am I to add, that I have most generally observed these imperfections among the ladies; and have frequently conceived a disgust to a very passable face, merely because the possessor was so totally unacquainted with English.

At some other opportunity, Mr. Babler, perhaps I may again trouble you with a scrawl: for the present, I believe, I have given you enough; and therefore shall only add, that I am, &c.

CRITO.

Nº XCI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

AS happiness is the pursuit of every body, it is not a little surprising that so few of us arrive at this universal goal of human desire; and still more surprising, that when we see the various quicksands upon which the expectations of others have been shipwrecked in steering to this favourite point, we are not a little more cautious in the direction

of our own course, especially as something more than a temporary felicity rests upon our attention, and the transports of a future life immediately depend upon the rectitude of our conduct in this.

The principal reason why the generality of the world are disappointed in their search after happiness, seems to me to be that strange infatuation of placing our

our highest felicity in objects which are either weak or vicious in themselves, and which, consequently, our reason, upon a sober consideration, must either despise or detest. A man, whose utmost wishes are centered in the luxuries of a fashionable table, must be miserable the moment he is incapable of emptying another plate: he who has no other comfort in life than his bottle, must be robbed of his *summum bonum*, the instant he is stretched upon the floor; and he whose desires are absorbed in still greater sensualities, must be equally unfortunate, the moment those desires have been indulged. In fact, every pursuit of this nature is rendered lifeless and insipid by its very gratification, till continual repetitions so deaden the appetite, (to say not a syllable of consequences) that experience makes us exclaim with the wisest fool that ever existed—

‘ All is vanity under the sun.’

Were we, however, to make reason the guide of our actions, instead of being eternally directed by inclination, our enjoyments would always be certain; and recollection would afford us the most perfect satisfaction, instead of filling us incessantly with mortification and disgust; for, in reality, if we think but ever so hastily on the affair, we shall find that no object can promise us the smallest glimmer of real felicity which is repugnant to the sentiments of virtue. It is from the recitade of our conduct only that we are to look for any happiness at all; and surely, when we give an unbounded loose to every depravity of inclination, it is a degree of absolute madness to expect the self-approving testimony of our own conscience to the very actions which that conscience cannot but highly discountenance and condemn.

The glittering noise and pompous bustle of the world, may for a time, perhaps, lull the sentiments of reason, or cry Hush to the pleadings of conscience, but can never entirely subdue either. In the moments of retirement, the most hardened of us all are dragged up in turn before the bar of our own minds; and the deity which presides there pronounces a just, though a severe, sentence on every breach of morality and virtue. Callous as we endeavour to make ourselves, that sentence screws itself in the memory; clouds the eye amidst all the

splendour of the drawing-room; and harkens up the very soul, in the warmest sunshine of a court. Where is the man who can say, he has never acknowledged the omnipotence of conscience? Where is he who can affirm he has not, in the strictest sense of the expression, been condemned by the deity of his own bosom, and doomed to a temporary perdition in his mind? Stand out, ye fashionable deniers of another existence; come forth, ye daring blasphemers of your God—from the irresistible something, which acquits or condemns during this life in your breasts, learn to believe that there is a sovereign Disposer of all things in the next, who will decide with an equal severity and justice; and that the power of the divinity which you experience so frequently below, is nothing but a faint resemblance of that authority which, at the dreadful day of account, you must meet with above.

I am very frequently amazed, (abstracted from every consideration of future happiness) that the mere dictates of self-concern for the felicity of the present, does not generally induce us to follow such pursuits as are certain to give us a real satisfaction while they engage us; and sure in their consequences of establishing, not only an increase of honest reputation, but a source of inconceivable content. Was the libertine, instead of squandering thousands to destroy some unsuspecting innocent, to employ a fiftieth part of the sum in her protection—what a foundation would he lay for arriving at that goal, which his very greediness after happiness destroys in the contrary course! Was the miser, instead of hoarding up useless millions, to expend a little of his wealth in wiping away the sorrows from affliction and distress, the action would be its own reward; and he would own, that if he went to the proper market, happiness was to be purchased at a very reasonable price. In short, if mankind would consider that virtue and vice create their own heaven and hell even on this side the grave, the principal part of us would endeavour to act in such a manner as would enable them to look with confidence beyond it, and experience in this world some tolerable idea of that felicity which is prepared to await the righteous in the next.

N^o XCII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30.

I Have often remarked, that one half of the pleasures so eagerly prosecuted by the generality of mankind, if changed in their appellations, and ranked under the denomination of labour, would be shunned with as much assiduity as they are now followed, and rendered every whit as disgusting to the fancy, as they are now flattering and agreeable. Through some unaccountable infatuation, we are ravished, in the literary sense of the expression, with the whistling of a name; and infinitely fatigue ourselves more in the bare pursuit of our several amusements, than in the closest attention to the duties of our respective vocations, though these evocations are the only means which we have of raising a necessary provision for our families.

The truth of this position was never more evidently ascertained than in the character of poor Bob Beetle. Bob is engaged in a very extensive way of business; and is at once the most lazy and the most industrious fellow alive: he is fatigued to death if he writes a few lines to a correspondent; but he will ride after a pack of dogs for a dozen hours together, and call it glorious sport, when he has ventured his neck over a score or two of gates, and come home as dirty as a ducked pick-pocket from a forty miles chace in the middle of winter. When he is in town, he complains of it as a prodigious hardship if he rises at ten o'clock in the morning, though in the country he makes no scruple whatsoever to get up at three or four to drag a fish-pond; and will scarcely walk a street's length to receive a hundred pounds in the way of his business, though he would trudge eight or ten miles with the greatest satisfaction after a brace of partridges. I met Bob a few days ago in the city, and stopping him on the privilege of an old acquaintance, demanded the reason of his seeming out of temper—'Seeming!' repeated he, 'Mr. Babler, it is more than seeming; I am half inclined to hang myself. Here, in such a roasting day as this, must I trudge to Change, and broil for two whole hours under the intense heat of a perpendicular sun. Damn it, Sir, I lead the life of a galley-slave;

and it is better not to live at all, than be liable to such continual anxieties.' I was ill-natured enough to smile at his distress; but giving him a cordial shake by the hand, I wished him a good morning, and so we parted. Next day, about twelve o'clock, going to dine at a relation's near Hammer-smith, who should I see, stripped and playing at cricket in a field near Kensington, but Bob? Though the weather was rather warmer than when I met him the preceding day, he was engaged in that violent exercise with all the appearance of a most exquisite satisfaction, and scoured after the ball with as much agility as he could possibly use to get himself into a heat on a frosty morning.

If we take but ever so slight a survey of mankind, we shall find that most people are actually pretty much in the same manner with my friend Bob Beetle. Looking upon that as an insupportable toil which is most conducive to their interest, they absolutely find a pleasure in fatigue, and run into downright labour, in hopes of enjoying a little recreation. I would by no means be understood as an arguer against a moderate share of manly exercise or rational amusement: on the contrary, I look upon such relaxations to be essentially necessary, both because they add considerably to our health, and give us a fresh inclination of returning to the business of our various employments. What I am offended at is, to see men of excellent understandings, in total opposition to the dictates of their good sense, applying themselves wholly to the prosecution of their pleasures, and creating a number of imaginary difficulties, to embitter every moment which they set apart for the management of their most necessary employments.

Were temporal concerns, however, the only ones which we sacrifice to our idleness, nay, to our most culpable amusements, something still might be said in our defence; but our happiness hereafter, as well as our interests here, are obliged to give way to the meanest dissipations; and a fox-chace or a cricket-ball, a hunting match or a dice-box, are not only able to stifle every impulse of

of regard which we ought to entertain for our families, but every sentiment of adoration which we ought to entertain for our God. The duties of religion, like our domestic concerns, are utterly neglected; and even the awful business of eternity is thrown aside for a contemptible game at whist, or a despicable pack of hounds.

The parallel between the neglect of our temporal and spiritual concerns will be found considerably stronger, when we recollect, that where unavoidable necessity compels a momentary attention to either, we enter upon them with an equal degree of reluctance and ill-will. But in the consequence, however, there is the widest difference: our disinclination does not often interrupt the business of our callings, while we continue in opposition to the natural bent of our tempers to carry it on. Many a man, though he hates his profession, nevertheless, by subduing his antipathy to it, and managing his affairs with discretion, makes a good fortune;

but let us be ever so diligent in the discharge of our religious obligations, yet, if our hearts are not actually engaged in the service of our Creator, all our personal attendance on his worship will be so far from availing us, that it will rather encrease the enormity of our guilt, and expose us more inevitably to the thunders of his hand. Reluctance is an aggravation of our crime; and we become less and less excusable, the more we appear in his temple, unless we approach it with the most exalted fervency of inclination. Let us be careful, therefore, whenever we steal an hour from the elysium of our amusements, and condescend to enter a church, that we do not suffer so precious a part of our time to be lost. Let us take the greatest pains we are able to prevent that hour from being an evidence against us at the dreadful day of judgment; and consider, in the language of the poet—

That, unless we desist from our crimes,
'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.

Nº XCH. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

CONVERSING yesterday with an old acquaintance on the vanity of human wishes, we fell insensibly into a long discourse about the absurdities of mankind, even in their best actions; and particularly dwelt upon the insolence of their very devotion, when, though they affect to submit themselves entirely to the resignation of Providence, they nevertheless presume to point out immediate objects for the exercise of the Divine Benevolence, without once recollecting that the nature of their request may be totally opposite both to the greatness of its wisdom, and the justice of its laws.

The subject of conversation possessed me so very much upon my going to bed, that it continued to employ my imagination; and I dreamed how Jupiter took me up to the skies, as he was said to have formerly done by Menippus the philosopher, in order that I might be convinced the accusations so generally brought against the equity of Providence were totally without foundation; and that the great Author of the universe, notwithstanding the impious murmurs of his creatures, was perfectly just and consistent in the minutest of his decrees.

Having taken my station, as I fancied, at the feet of the deity, the crystal gates of the celestial region were thrown wide open; and by a particular order of Jupiter, the softest whisper addressed to him from earth was so distinctly heard, that during the continuance of the various supplications I never missed a single syllable.

The first who offered up his prayers to Olympus, was a man who had been ruined by being a security in a large sum of money for a very intimate friend. 'This,' says Jupiter, turning to me, 'is a fellow of unquestionable worth and integrity; through the whole course of his life he has paid so inflexible an attention to the dictates of virtue, that I do not believe I have any thing to charge him with besides a human infirmity. He thinks it hard, therefore, that I should suffer him to be plunged into distress, though this distress is nothing more than the natural consequence of his own indiscretion; for, instead of building his esteem upon the honesty of the man by whose means he is thus unhappily stripped of his all, he founded his regard entirely

‘ upon the length of their acquaintance;
 ‘ and assisted him, not because he was
 ‘ a person of probity and honour, but
 ‘ because he was a person with whom
 ‘ he generally cracked a bottle in an
 ‘ evening, and took a sociable pipe.
 ‘ On this account he is justly punished
 ‘ for his folly; and though I intend to
 ‘ reward his virtues very amply in this
 ‘ world, yet I must permit him to be
 ‘ chastised below, that other worthy
 ‘ men may take warning by his ex-
 ‘ ample, and learn to shower their fa-
 ‘ vours upon those only whom they
 ‘ know to be truly deserving.’

The next person who offered up his petition was a merchant in the city, who prayed devoutly for a fair wind for a ship which he had richly laden in the river, and intended for a very valuable market on the coast of Africa. ‘ Now here,’ resumed Jupiter, ‘ is another very honest fellow, who will think himself particularly aggrieved if I decline to comply with his request; and yet, if I was to grant it, a thousand others would inevitably be ruined, who are bound upon voyages that require quite a contrary wind. Your people of virtue imagine that they should in the minutest circumstance be the particular care of Providence, and absurdly fancy that the attention of a Being, who has the whole universe to govern and support, should be entirely engrossed by themselves. These people must, however, be informed, that I am the God of an extensive world, and not the immediate patron of any one man. Of course, therefore, I shall never invert the order of things to oblige a private person, though that person should be the very best of all my votaries; more particularly too, when, let his merits be what they will, my favour shall so incredibly exceed them in the end.’

After the departure of the merchant, I thought a whole kingdom came at once, and begged of Jupiter to destroy a neighbouring nation with whom they happened to be at war. ‘ Here are precious fellows for you!’ cried Jupiter; ‘ and so I must sacrifice a country of ten or twelve millions, merely because their conscientious votaries think proper to make the request; that is, in plain English, I must be their bully, and arm myself in passions, that would disgrace the meanest of themselves, for the mighty honour of executing the purposes of their revenge.’ Jupiter, upon this, turned his head aside with indignation, and bid me observe another body of people, rather larger than the former, who were singing hymns to his praise, and invoking his favour with all the energy of the most solemn adoration. ‘ This,’ says he, ‘ is the nation with whom my late set of worthies are at war; and you hear they are just praying in the same manner that I would be graciously pleased to cut the throats of all their enemies. Now, which of these must I oblige? Their pretensions to my regard are alike insignificant; and they are quarrelling for a tract of country in America, to which neither of them have the smallest right. To punish, therefore, both their injustice to the poor Americans, and their insolence in thinking to make me an abettor of their infamous contention, I shall leave them entirely to themselves, and make each by that means the scourge of the other’s crimes.’ Jupiter delivered these last words in a tone so tremendous, that I awoke with affright; but recollecting the various circumstances of my dream, I thought it would make no indifferent paper, as it taught so absolute a resignation to the awful dispensations of God.

Nº XCIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

HYPOCRISY, for the honour of the present age, is a crime so very little practised, that people are not at the trouble of concealing their follies or their vices, but generously run into the most palpable mistakes, or the most culpable errors, in the full face of day; and even expect that we should look

upon this exalted disregard of shame as a mark of the highest candour and sincerity.

For my own part, however, I should be glad if the generality of mankind were less ingenuous in this respect, since so open a commission of our faults must necessarily raise vice into a sort of reputation,

tation, and establish an example to the last degree prejudicial to posterity. Hypocrisy, therefore, so far as it regarded a concealment of our faults, I should look upon as a sort of negative virtue, because, though it did not extenuate our own errors, it nevertheless prevented us from debauching the principles of other people.

The great misfortune of the present age is, that the universal force of example has rendered a number of the most atrocious crimes absolutely fashionable: formerly it was looked upon as infamous to the last degree, if a man alienated the affection of an acquaintance's wife, or plunged a dagger into the bosom of a friend. Now-a-days, it is impossible for a young fellow to be allowed a dawn of spirit, unless he has destroyed his woman, or killed his man, and trampled upon every institute which ought to be sacred to society. Nay, to such a height are matters at present carried, that we often boast of our crimes as if they were so many virtues; and recount, with an air of the most exquisite satisfaction, how many times we have been drunk within the course of the week, how many strumpets we have visited, or how many times we have endangered our lives in the midnight disputes of a common brothel. If any body is sensible enough to decline accompanying us on these pretty expeditions, we set him down as a spiritless, ignorant milkop, equally destitute of ambition and understanding. What is more, in proportion as he manifests a repugnance to join in our extravagances, in proportion we turn him into ridicule, and load him with the most insuperable contempt, when we ought to honour him with the greatest share of our admiration.

But what in the course of general observation astonishes me most, is, that a man shall claim a right to be profligate, in proportion as we allow him to be sensible; and think himself entitled to be vicious, according to the estimate which we make of his understanding. Nothing is more common, now-a-days, than to praise our intimate friends in something like the following manner. 'Why, to be sure, Tom or Jack Such-a-one is a very wicked dog, but then he's no fool.' Thus that very good sense which should be considered as an aggravation of his conduct, is looked upon as an extenuation at least; and we

think him entirely justified in the most criminal undertakings, in proportion as he is really without the shadow of excuse.

Some people, indeed, who affect to possess an extraordinary share of principle, propose a limitation to their vices, and make a sort of agreement with their own consciences not to be wicked above such a certain number of years. The period which they fix for the date of their reformation, is generally the day of marriage; without ever reflecting on the possibility of never living to this period, they go on in an uninterrupted course of licentiousness, and imagine they may with propriety disturb the peace of every other person's family till they have actually got a family of their own: nor does a parent or guardian once suppose any of these worthy gentlemen an improper match for their daughters or their wards, on account of their professed profligacy; on the contrary, it is a received opinion, that a reformed rake makes the best husband; and that he is the properest companion in life for a woman of virtue and honour, who never before had an acquaintance with a woman of virtue or honour at all.

From these considerations on the prodigious encouragement which vice so incessantly receives from the force of example, I am led to be an advocate for hypocrisy; and induced to wish, that those who are too wise or too spirited to be reasoned out of their errors, would at least be humane enough to practise them with some share of caution, that they may not seduce others from the sentiments of virtue, nor be instrumental in the destruction of any body but themselves.

I am very sensible how extremely unfashionable it is for a writer to press any considerations of a future state upon the mind of an elegant reader. Now-a-days it is indelicate to talk of eternity with any kind of weight, and repugnant to every sentiment of politeness for a man to speak with the smallest veneration of his God. Yet, surely, as long as we are sensible upon how precarious a tenure our existence depends, we should now and then think that a day of account will come; and where we are so certain of our mortality, we ought to recollect that we are some time to die. It was an excellent remark of Julius Cæsar's,

Cæsar's, the morning of his assassination, when Antony asked him why he talked so much on death—That what might each moment happen, should employ every moment of a wise man's thoughts. Certain indeed it is, that

a frequent consideration of this awful period is the best means of enabling us to sustain it; and as certain it is, that those are only fit to live who are always in a condition to die.

N° XCV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

GRATITUDE is a quality of so bewitching a nature, that we generally look upon it as a complication of all the virtues, and suppose that no man can be destitute of any other who is happily in possession of this; yet, amiable soever as it is universally considered, perhaps there is no excellence in the catalogue so little studied, or for which in general we entertain so unaccountable a contempt.

In former ages, an attention to the dictates of gratitude was reckoned an indispensable part of our duty; and nothing was looked upon in a more detestable light than an insensibility of favours, or an unworthy return where we had been in the least obliged: one particular species of gratitude was held inviolably sacred; and the Romans were so religiously punctual in the performance of it, that they put the offender's life in the power of his benefactor wherever they saw it transgressed.

The instance where the Romans punished the want of gratitude with such severity, was the breach or neglect of that tenderness and affection which was indispensably due to a father from a son. That sensible people judiciously considered, that if a man could behave with ingratitude to a parent that had endued him with no less a blessing than his very existence, he must be dead to every sense of obligations from any other quarter; and fancied that a person capable of bursting through the most sacred ordinances of nature, was capable of bursting through the most sacred of society too. From this principle, in the early ages of that celebrated republic, a father was invested with an absolute authority over the lives of his children; and he that was not a good son, was universally looked upon as a bad member of society.

Though we are perhaps the only na-

tion in Europe who retain any part of the Roman freedom, yet perhaps we are the only one that does not retain a glimmer of it's exalted sentiments in this respect; for with us, small a portion of gratitude as we still continue to keep up, a parent is the only person in the world to whom we think it utterly unnecessary to be shewn; as if he who was entitled to the greatest share, should be the only one denied a mark of it at all. Nay, to so preposterous a length is the general opinion hurried away in this point, that a man who lends us a single guinea to riot in excess and sensuality, shall receive much greater instances of our gratitude, than an indulgent parent who toils during a whole life for our welfare, and makes a comfortable establishment for us and our posterity.

It is a received notion among the generality of people, that a son is no way obliged to his father for any tokens of affection which he may receive, because the old gentleman finds a particular satisfaction in providing for his happiness, and is sufficiently repaid if he sees his solicitude attended with the desired effects. Alas! Mr. Babler, what sentiments are we to entertain of people who reason in any manner like this? Does it follow, that because a parent finds a pleasure in the performance of his duty, that a son should think himself exempted from the necessary prosecution of his? The very pleasure which is here pleaded as the sufficient reward for the affection of the father, is to the last degree an aggravation of ingratitude in the son; and, instead of palliating the breach of his filial affection, leaves him without a possibility of excuse; for surely those who take a pleasure in the promotion of our happiness must be doubly entitled to our gratitude; and we ought to feel a glow of veneration arising from a consciousness of their motives, as much as from the actual benefits themselves.

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For my own part, Mr. Babler, I am perfectly of opinion with the primitive Romans, that an ungrateful son can never make a good man; the ties subsisting between father and child are of a nature so inconceivably delicate, that he who is capable of bursting them asunder, is incapable of being bound either by gratitude or honour to any body else. It is incredible, Sir, to think the numberless hours of anxiety a parent must endure before he can rear a son to maturity. It is incredible to think, after he has even brought him to years of discretion, how unceasingly solicitous he is lest some unforeseen calamity should blast the harvest of his happiness, and cut him unrelentingly off. And what does a parent require for all this? What does he demand for the gifts of life, education, and fortune, which he has

so liberally bestowed; but that the son will pay a little attention to his own interest, and treat the hand to which he is so eminently obliged with tenderness and respect?

From the foregoing cursory reflections, Mr. Babler, if filial ingratitude should of all other crimes appear the most odious, let me address myself to the bosoms of our youth, and, for their own sakes, request they will immediately shake it off; lest in their own old age, Providence might be pleased to make them know, in the emphatic language of the poet—

—How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a disobedient child.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SENEX.

Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

NOTHING is so general a topic, with all the old fellows of my acquaintance, as the depravity of the present times, and the visible degeneracy of manners, since they themselves were at the blooming age of five and twenty, and shone away in a splendid round of the various fashionable amusements. For my own part, though pretty far advanced in the vale of years, I am not altogether so passionately attached to my juvenile days, as not to be sensible that we had as many follies and vices among us then, as the severest satirist now existing can possibly point out; nor am I so complaisant to the present period as not to see that there is the greatest room, as well as the greatest necessity, both to be ashamed and to amend. In short, the world, with regard to vice and virtue, is pretty much the same as it was five hundred years ago; and, probably, for five hundred years to come, it will still continue to be actuated by the same motives, however it may differ in the manner or the means.

Greatly soever as we may imagine human nature to be degenerated, yet if we take but a slight survey of mankind, we shall find the principal number of our vices and follies to be rather the consequence of our inconsideration, than the effect of an absolute badness of heart. We are weak and vicious more

through the levity of temper, and the prevalence of example, than either a narrowness of understanding or a depravity of inclination; and it is by denying ourselves time to examine either the absurdity of our most favourite pursuits, or the danger of a slavish obedience to fashion, that we so generally become the objects of our own detestation or contempt. Instead of making reason the guide of our actions, we are directed by example; and instead of enquiring how far such and such a behaviour may be agreeable to the sentiments of virtue, we never ask any question, but how far it is consistent with the custom of the times; hence we drink, fight, swear, and run through the whole catalogues of vices and follies, not so much because we like drinking, fighting, or swearing, as to avoid the appearance of singularity; and risque not only our happiness in this world, but our everlasting salvation in the next, for no other reason but to join in with the crowd, and seem of the same stamp with the general run of people.

Kitt Hairbrain is a young fellow of many good qualities, and has a heart as ready to relieve the distresses of his fellow creatures as any man of my acquaintance; yet Kitt would look upon it as the greatest insult imaginable, if you supposed he was not at any time willing to

to cut the throat of his most intimate companion, and to debauch the wife or sister of his nearest friend; not but he would feel the utmost reluctance in the perpetration of either, and be sensible that it was a very unpardonable crime; but the force of example gets the better of his humanity, and he is more afraid of a laugh from a fool or a villain, than the eternal displeasure of his God.

Ask Kitt how he reconciles this behaviour, and he will answer, by the force of example too—'Damn it,' will he reply, 'I am sure I am no worse than Bob Brazen, Dick Dare, Will Wildfire, and a thousand others of my acquaintance;' and thus, as long as he finds any body as bad or worse than himself, cries hush to every argument of his reason, and goes on in the commission of new follies, or the perpetration of new crimes. Sometimes he compounds matters, and opens a sort of debtor and creditor account between his conscience and himself, with which he is not a little satisfied: as for instance, because he pays his debts punctually, he imagines he

has no occasion ever to appear at the public worship of his Creator; because he frequently relieves one poor family, he looks upon himself as justified in plunging another into the worst of distress and disgrace; and because he sometimes fulfils the duties of Christianity, he fancies that in the general he has a right to make a jest of them all.

Alas! how many Kitt Hairbrains might be found, on an accurate inspection, through the kingdom! If the present paper should fall into any such hands, let me, if I cannot make an appeal to their reason, at least address an admonition to their pride, and advise them, if they must follow the example of their neighbours, to copy those actions only which are worthy of imitation and regard; since nothing but wisdom or virtue can vindicate the credit of our understandings in an imitation of any nature; and since he must be an idiot or madman, who treads in no other footsteps than those which are marked by the rascal or the fool.

N^o XCVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4.

THOUGH nothing is so common as to find every man dissatisfied with the lot in which Providence has thought proper to place him, yet nothing is so certain, as that no man, take his situation all in all, would be his neighbour instead of being himself. The great Father of the universe has graciously planted an inherent sort of pride in the breasts of all his creatures, which exalts them in their own opinion, and gives them an advantage over the rest of the world in some particular point that compensates for a thousand inconveniencies, and reconciles them to the severity of real or imaginary evils upon the whole.

If we examine the frame of the human mind, we shall immediately see, that every man holds much the same opinion of himself which he entertains of his country: he readily acknowledges, that in some particular circumstances such and such a person has an advantage of him; but, in the main, he nevertheless thinks himself the superior, and looks down with an air of disdain on all who are hardy enough to dispute his

opinion. A modern author has not described this sort of vanity unhappily—

E'en the pale Russian, shivering as he lies
Beneath the horror of his bitterest skies,
While the loud tempest rattles o'er his head,
Or bursts all dreadful on his tottering shed,
Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,
Which soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole,
Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,
And smiles contempt on all the world beside.

I was conversing with my nephew Harry last night upon this subject, and the young rogue made an observation or two that gave me much satisfaction. 'I don't know how it is, Sir,' says he, 'but though my acquaintance are everlastingly wrangling with themselves, I can find none of them, upon a fair examination, willing to be any body else. There's Ned Grovely, for instance, who is perpetually cursing his stars for not giving him a good estate like Dick Bumper; yet, at the same time, the universe would not bribe him to make an exchange with Dick for legs. In the same manner Dick is very miserable at the clumsiness of

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his calves, but nevertheless hugs himself up in the recollection that he can drink as much as any man in England at a sitting, and play an admirable game at all-fours.

'You know Sally Bromley in Pall Mall who visits at my mother's, and is so terribly pitted with the small-pox: Sally is to the last degree unhappy on that account, and envies every woman with a tolerable face; yet I have frequently heard her declare that a fine set of teeth was the first of all the beauties; and then observed how she turned round to receive the universal admiration with as much confidence as if she was an absolute Dutchess of Hamilton. In short, let me go where I will, I can find nobody but what is the *rara avis* of self-imagination: neither poverty nor disease can eradicate the consequential something of the bosom that lifts us to the pinnacle of distinction, and gives us so great a pre-eminence above our neighbours. I have known a man with a tolerable voice refuse the acquaintance of a very deserving young fellow because he could not sing; and heard of an Oxford scholar, who, when he was asked his opinion of Shakespeare, came out

with a *pshew* of disgust, and replied, 'the fellow did not understand Greek.'

When we consider these various foundations for happiness which Providence has planted in the minds of all its creatures, we cannot help admiring the goodness of the Divine Being in making our very foibles a source of felicity, and creating such fountains of satisfaction from such inconsiderable means. What gratitude is there not then due to so all-sufficiently wise and beneficent a hand! Devotion itself is lost in admiration at so stupendous a bounty, and scarcely knows which most to wonder or adore.

But notwithstanding we derive so much pleasure from the indulgence of particular foibles, we ought always to be uncommonly careful how we take any satisfaction in the indulgence of our faults; these, though for a moment they may afford us some degree of felicity, are always productive of anxiety and wretchedness in the end. Unfashionable as the doctrine of virtue and morality may appear, experience however fully convinces us, that nothing else can lay a solid foundation for happiness; and that every other basis is, literally speaking, building on the sand, and grasping alone at emptiness and air.

Nº XCVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

IT was a very sensible observation of Sir Richard Steel's, that in order to make a good fortune, it was necessary to carry the appearance of an easy one. The generality of mankind are always ready to respect us in proportion as they think us opulent; and pay a veneration to our circumstances which they frequently refuse to ourselves: neither the most excellent understanding, nor the most benevolent heart, are ever treated with half the deference which the arrogant swell of fortune receives at our hands; and we even pause with a degree of reverence at the mention of ten thousand pounds, when we speak with the greatest familiarity of Omnipotence, and jest with the awful majesty of our God.

The most whimsical fellow of this cast with whom I ever have been acquainted, was poor Ralph Harper: Ralph had an unaccountable respect for rich men, though he never expected to reap a single sixpence from the happiness of their cir-

cumstances; and, though utterly out of business, he would not be a day absent from Change for the universe. It did him good, he affirmed, to see such a number of rich people assembled together; and the surest way in the world of gaining his heart was to introduce him to any body possessed of a large fortune. Whenever he met with a strange face in company, instead of asking about character, the constant question was, *what is he worth?* And instead of an enquiry about good sense, he never troubled himself about any thing but what his name would bring at the bottom of a piece of paper. For a man with twenty thousand pounds he had always a low bow; for one of fifty, a profound reverence; but if he found a person in possession of a plumb, he was ready to pay him an implicit adoration. This unaccountable peculiarity he frequently carried to very ridiculous extremes. One day, in particular, he met me in the

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city, and upon the score of an old friendship, insisted I should go home with him and eat a bit of mutton. I consented; but unhappily, as we came down Cheap-side, he saw a sober Quaker on the opposite side of the street who kept a tallow-chandler's shop somewhere in the neighbourhood of Barbican. On this gentleman he had no sooner fixed his eye, than totally forgetting that I was his guest, he broke from me with all possible haste, saying—'My dear Mr. Babler, you must excuse me; yonder is a person worth thirty thousand pounds, whom I would not miss speaking to for the world; he has asked me repeatedly to dine with him, and I think now is as good a time as can be—God bless you; I suppose we shall see you at the club in the evening.'

I could not help laughing very heartily at Ralph's manner of behaving; and having nothing particular to do, I took it into my head to follow him as close as I conveniently could without being observed. I had not, however, gone above a hundred yards, before he gave an instant spring across the kennel to a fresh face, and calling out to his little friend the Quaker, desired him to go on, for it was out of his power to dine with him that day, having some very pressing business to transact, which till then had entirely escaped his memory. I shrewdly suspected that this new acquaintance was a man of rather greater fortune than the person for whom I had been so strangely discarded. I was not deceived in my conjecture: he stopped to speak to somebody, and Ralph likewise making a halt to wait for him, happened to meet my eye, and gave me a glance of no little significance. As I was passing by him, he caught hold of my hand, and assured me, that that tall gentleman in black, who was standing at such a door, was one of the worthiest fellows in the kingdom—'For,' says Ralph, 'there is not a day he rises, but what he is master of sixty thousand pounds.'

In a few minutes Ralph and his friend passed me by, and the odd mortal was acquiescing to every thing he said with such a humility of respect, that I thought it was wholly improbable he should find any fresh opportunity of shifting his company. Notwithstanding the plausibility of appearances, however, in less than five minutes he was in full chase after a chariot that drove through St. Paul's Church Yard with the greatest

rapidity, and was said to belong to a Jewish merchant of the first eminence, well known at that time for his intimate connection with Sir Robert Walpole.

If the possession of a large fortune could bestow either worth or good sense, I should never be surprised to see the rich treated with the utmost respect; or had people even but a distant expectation of gaining any advantage from the opulence of their purse-proud acquaintance, something might be said in their defence; but where without a shadow of merit, or a hope of his conferring a favour, a man is next to be idolized, merely *because* he is master of ten or twenty thousand pounds, I own I cannot help being hurt at the little-mindedness of his worshippers, and must inevitably tax them with a palpable poverty of spirit, if not a total want of understanding.

In the dissolute reign of Charles the Second, the celebrated Killigrew was one night at supper with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, Lord Rochester, and some other noblemen of the most eminent abilities: the latter, by some means, happened to turn the conversation on the great honour which Killigrew received from the dignity of his company. The wag, who, notwithstanding the inferiority of his rank, possessed more real sense than the whole groupe put together, took all in good part for some time; till at last, finding matters grow a little serious, he stood up and delivered himself to the following effect. 'And pray, my lord, whence proceeds all this mighty honour which I am thought to receive? From your dignity, I suppose, and your fortune? As to the first, you find, by sad experience, that where there is a want of worth, this gew gaw of title won't keep a man from contempt; a fool, or a rascal, is equally a fool and a rascal, whether he is a plain Killigrew, or a great Earl of Rochester. As to the second point, your fortune, when you make me the better for it, why then it will teach me to esteem you; till then don't mention it as a matter of the least importance to me; for as long as I pay my reckoning, and receive no obligations, in regard to circumstances I am company for a Crefus, and would not suffer an emperor to treat me with the shadow of a disrespect within the walls of a tavern.'

N^o XCIX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.

I Have often delivered it as my opinion, that one of the principal indiscretions which any woman can possibly be guilty of, is to receive the addresses of a lover whom she does not mean to encourage. If he happens to be a worthy man, it is ungenerous as well as cruel to keep him in suspense; and he is too poor a sacrifice even for her vanity if he happens to be a fool. But if a just consideration for the lover does not more commonly excite an exalted share of benevolence in the female bosom, it is surprising that the ladies are not more generally actuated by a sensible regard for themselves, since this indiscriminate permission which they grant to the addresses of an indifferent admirer, may very fatally injure them with the real object of their esteem; and give the man who has indeed the possession of their hearts, but too much reason for imagining that the same vanity might induce them *after* marriage to encourage that fascinating voice of admiration, which was found so exquisitely ravishing to their ears *before*.

It is a mighty pleasant notion which prevails among the greatest number of our young ladies, that there is a sort of destiny in love; and that it is utterly impossible to resist the orders of their fate in the disposition of their hearts. Perhaps neither the army nor the playhouse has destroyed the quiet of so many bosoms as the belief of this delightful predestination; for a girl now-a-days, no sooner has a hankering after a fellow, but she imagines the stars have been at work about her, and looks upon it as obeying the will of Heaven to follow—the bent of her own inclinations.

One thing indeed very remarkable in the decision of the stars, is, that it never lays any disagreeable restraints upon the mind of a young woman; on the contrary, with an unparalleled degree of good-nature, the stars always give those orders which are most certain of meeting with her own approbation, and are as tender of her repose and satisfaction as she can possibly be herself. This excessive complaisance in the stars furnishes the designing and illiberal part of our sex with many opportunities of gain-

ing the most mercenary or most infamous ends; it enables us to rob a woman, not only of all filial affection, but to strip her of her fortune and her honour; and puts it in our power not only to destroy all her happiness in this world, but to endanger her everlasting felicity too.

That my fair readers may know with certainty at what time the stars begin to influence their conduct, I shall set down some infallible rules which will serve them upon all occasions; and which, if rightly attended to, may possibly prevent a thousand inconveniencies to many individuals, and a thousand anxieties to many families.

First, then, Whenever a young woman begins to make secret appointments with a man, for the mere sake of chatting with him, and taking an agreeable walk, she may be pretty confident that the stars are then debating about the future disposition of her life, and that she is in a fair way of losing her reputation.

Secondly, Whenever she receives a letter upon the subject of love, and declines either peremptorily to forbid the addresses of the sender, or to disclose the affair to her friends, she may be satisfied that her stars are very deceitful, and that they are only tempting her to wretchedness and disgrace. The reason is obvious. A lover has no occasion to be concealed who would make an unexceptionable husband; and few ever require the secrecy of a mistress on this head, but those who have a design against her honour or her fortune.

Thirdly, Whenever she is uneasy about the absence of any particular man, nettled at seeing him with any other woman, or angry at hearing any part of his conduct condemned, the symptoms strongly indicate that the stars are going to deprive her of her heart; and it behoves her to be uncommonly attentive to the principles and merit of the person for whom she feels this partiality.

And fourthly, But if, instead of real worth, and fine understanding, the object of this partiality should be fashionable only by his vices, and eminent only for his knowledge in the superficials of

behaviour, let her then, if she would counteract the malignity of her destiny, and soar superior to the stars themselves, let her exert her reason to tear the growing tenderness from her heart; and above every thing, if her favourite has

once in his life betrayed the confidence of any other woman, let her banish him instantly from her sight, and recollect, that a man who has once violated the vows of love, is too despicable ever to be loved at all.

N^o C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

IT is really surprising, when we consider that the people of the present age have just the same senses of taste, smell, and feeling, and just the same faculties of hearing and sight as their ancestors possessed, that there should be so wide a disparity in their manners, as almost to furnish a supposition that we are quite a different species, and have nothing in our compositions that can indicate our descent, but the mere form of our progenitors.

To be sure it must be acknowledged, that our deviation from some manners of former ages was a very sensible proceeding, as many of the ancient customs were infinitely too barbarous to be kept up among a people who every day made so rapid a progress in all the delicacies of breeding which constitute the standard of real gentility. Formerly, a blunt sincerity, little better than absolute rudeness, was the characteristic of the times, and every man thought himself obliged to deliver his genuine sentiments upon every occasion, let those sentiments be ever so offensive to his acquaintance. At this happier period, we are entirely for accommodating our language to the wishes of the world; and therefore the whole tendency of our expressions is to make every man more and more satisfied with himself. Hence we soften the most palpable avarice into discretion and œconomy; dishonesty passes for wildness and dissipation; blasphemy, for humour and wit; and absolute murder, for spirit and vivacity. In short, we are so extremely well bred, that there is not a vice but what we keep in countenance by our politeness, nor a folly which we do not support from a principle of civility.

The refinement of the present age does not, however, content itself with making people happy in their own opinions, but it recommends them also to

the respect of the world, and raises the most inconsiderable characters to an instant degree of dignity. Now-a-days it would be unpardonably vulgar to call a milk-woman by any other appellation than that of a lady; and the meanest artisan within the weekly-bills, if he happens to want an apprentice, will publicly advertise for a *young gentleman*. A bit of lace upon a waistcoat makes a squire of a fellow who has not sixpence in the world; and a paltry little ensigncy is as sure of conferring the formidable word *captain*, as if the owner had actually given a thousand guineas for a company. As to the more elevated titles of knight, lord, marquis, and duke, they are so notoriously kept sacred for men of real integrity and virtue, that complaisance never has it in her power to degrade them by any casual prostitution to the undeserving; these, therefore, must be exempted from the severity of animadversion, and supposed to continue in the same pristine state of purity as when they were originally conferred upon our ancestors.

But of all the deviations which we have made from the customs of antiquity, I know of none which does a greater honour to our politeness than the judicious disregard which at this season of the year we shew to a ridiculous festival, that used to be formerly celebrated with so much solemnity by our progenitors. As the name of this festival may possibly be forgotten among people of extraordinary elegance, it may not be amiss, perhaps, to observe, that it was called Christmas, and was held as an annual commemoration of the Deity's wonderful goodness in sending his only Son to take upon him the form of human nature, and to make an awful atonement for the sins of mankind. Among our forefathers this anniversary was constantly considered as a test both of their principles as Christians, and their benevolence as

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men: an event which brought no less than everlasting happiness to all the world, they thought it improper to pass without marks of particular joy; and were ambitious to imitate the benignity of their Creator, as far as their abilities would reach, by exercising every act of benevolence between themselves. Hence, at the return of Christmas, the sighing heart naturally expected a mitigation of its sorrows; and it was reckoned nothing more than a duty to wipe away the tear of affliction from the eye of distress. After the offices of charity were thus performed, nothing prevailed but a universal festivity; and every face was either dilated with the emotions of gratitude, or expanded with the more tumultuous sensations of joy: a continual intercourse of the most friendly nature subsisted between family and family; and, in short, the acknowledgments which were made for the mercy of the Divine Being, participating in some degree of a divine fervour, *all* (to use the poet's definition of paradise) *was harmony and love.*

In the present age, as we are much too polite to entertain any notions of religion, so we are much too sensible to shew any solicitude about the day in which the Almighty Founder of what was once a belief in this country, came into

the world. Instead, therefore, of sending at this period to relieve the sons and daughters of calamity, we fly where it is impossible for their lamentations to reach us; and, instead of maintaining a social intercourse with our neighbours, we lock ourselves up, and give an unlimited scope to the gloominess of our own reflections. Indeed, a most perfect intimacy of cards all this time goes on between us and our acquaintance; we visit one another in the most unreserved manner by message and compliment, and are the dearest friends on earth, through the negotiation of a couple of fellows in livery.

If posterity should happen to differ as widely from us as we have differed from our forefathers, I suppose, in the course of a century or two, it will be looked upon as inelegant to know that such a festival as Christmas ever existed, and thought preposterously Gothic for a man to be acquainted with the names of his own family. Politeness may render it necessary, perhaps, to make a total revolution in the affairs of the world; and as now we are all ambitious of being reckoned men of sense, it may then be the mode to appear in the real character of the present times, and the universal wish of every man, like honest Dogberry, to be set down a fool.

Nº CI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 2.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

IT was an excellent observation of the celebrated Rochefoucault, that vice and virtue were never judged of in proportion to the real deformity of the one, or the native excellence of the other, but only in proportion to the respective rank of those with whom either were to be found; the difference of stations always aggravating the enormity of the first, or derogating from the beauty of the latter.

That there is but too much foundation for the remark of this illustrious writer, no man acquainted in ever so small a degree with the world can take upon him to dispute: the same action, which in a tradesman would be mentioned as a matter of no merit, in a nobleman would be spoke of with the highest admiration. My worthy friends

upon the Change seldom think there is any great compliment due to a mechanic for being punctual in discharging what he owes; but let me ask, if they do not talk in raptures of a nobleman, at the court end of the town, if he happens to be unfashionably remarkable in paying his debts? If a tradesman seduces an unhappy innocent from the paths of virtue, the crime is heightened in the blackest dyes; but let a man of fashion be guilty of the very same action, and it sinks under the softening appellation of modish indiscretion, or illiberal vivacity. If a general behaves gallantly in the field of battle, his reputation is immortal; but let a private centinel perform the most astonishing prodigies of valour, the obscurity of his situation casts a veil over his merit; we mention him perhaps a second time, and then consign him to oblivion ever after.

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If a proper examination was to be made into the case, this partiality on the side of rank would appear no less ridiculous than unjust; for people in the more elevated stations of life receiving an education that ought to teach them the nicer proprieties of behaviour in a manner superior to the ordinary classes of mankind, are consequently bound to a stricter observance of their duty than those by whom they are not so perfectly understood. Yet such, we see, is the depravity of the age, that those claim the widest dispensation from their moral obligations who ought to be best acquainted with the necessity of their being discharged; and those only are rendered inexcusable, who, from their education and rank in life, are neither so convinced of the necessity, or so happy in the means.

Was a poor ignorant foot-boy to blaspheme his Maker, the crime would be considered in it's proper colours; but should his master take the same liberty with the Divine Being, it would be reckoned no more than a lively stroke of wit, or the casual result of a sprightly imagination. We have lately seen a poor man publicly punished for speaking too freely of Moses's legation; while a Bolingbroke has been held in general admiration, though he denied the diviner mission of Christ. Happy, however, is it for the meaner orders of people, that they are bound to a rectitude of behaviour from which their superiors think themselves exempted by the indulgence of the laws; as the wholesome restriction which they live under in this world will be of infinite advantage to their situation in the next.

But to condemn the present æra only for this glaring partiality to rank, would be injustice to ourselves. The history of all ages, and the annals of all nations, are fraught with examples where the vices of the low are dressed up in the most aggravating light, and their virtues as constantly suppressed. Patriots and poets, heroes and philosophers, owe as much to their rank as to their abilities, unless they lived at particular periods when they were uncommonly rare, or had indeed an uncommon share of abilities to recommend them. Had not Ovid been a man of fashion, his writings would not have outlived himself, notwithstanding his egregious vanity; but his rank stamped a sort of

merit upon him in his days, and hence they are looked upon with admiration in ours; nor would the immortal Marcus Brutus have ever been handed down with reverence to posterity, had he, like the unhappy Mr. Felton, been only an obscure lieutenant of foot.

As I have touched upon patriotism, I shall beg leave to conclude my paper with as great an instance of patriotism as history can possibly produce, though the patriot was no more than an ignorant malefactor, who suffered for a highway robbery when the necessity of the times had left his family without bread.

The third of June, 1734, one Michael Carmody, a journeyman weaver, was executed in the county of Corke, in Ireland. His branch of business had been long in a very declining way, owing to the wearing of cottons, which was highly destructive to the woollen manufactory, and in general injurious to the kingdom. The criminal was dressed in cotton; and not only the hangman, but the gallows, was decorated with cotton too. When Carmody was brought to the place of execution, his whole thoughts were turned upon the distresses of his country; and instead of making use of his last moments with the priest, the poor fellow addressed the surrounding multitude in the following extraordinary oration—

' Give ear, O good people, to the words of a dying sinner. I confess I have been guilty of many crimes that necessity obliged me to commit; which starving condition I was in, I am well assured, was occasioned by the scarcity of money that has proceeded from the great discouragement of our woollen manufactures.

Therefore, good Christians, consider, that if you go on to suppress your own goods by wearing such cottons as I am now clothed in, you will bring your country into misery, which will consequently swarm with such unhappy malefactors as your present object is, and the blood of every miserable felon that will hang, after this warning from the gallows, will lie at your doors.

' And if you have any regard for the prayers of an expiring mortal, I beg you will not buy of the hangman the cotton garments that now adorn the gallows, because I can't rest quiet
' in

' in my grave if I *should* see the very things worn that brought me to misery, thievery, and this untimely end ; all which I pray of the gentry to hinder their children and servants, for their own characters sake, though they have no tenderness for their country, because none will hereafter wear cottons, but oyster-women, criminals, whores, hucksters, and common hangmen.'

I submit to the reader of judgment, if sentiments of a more patriotic nature could heave from the bosom of a Sidney or a Russell, than what breathed in the coarse unstudied harangue of this unfortunate malefactor ? At the very hour of death, in the immediate apprehension of an eternity, dressed up in all the horrors of Popish bigotry and superstition: I say, at such an hour, an ignorant, poor wretch, to be only mindful of his

country's welfare, is a greatness of soul superior to the most celebrated Stoic of antiquity, and throws even the *Cato of Utica* in a scale of comparative cowardice, was there a possibility of a parallel. But, as Mr. Pope beautifully says—

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
A judge is just ; a chancellor juster still ;
A gownsmen learn'd ; a bishop—what you will ;

Wife, if a minister ; but, if a king,
More wise ; more just ; more learn'd ; more ev'ry thing.

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties ; here, as wonders strike.

Though the same sun, with all diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We own the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And always set the gem above the flow'r.

Nº CII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Have not been more pleased a long time than at reading one of your late papers relative to the general absurdity of toasting. You have very justly observed, that in proportion as any kingdom is inclined to drinking, it is barbarous of course ; and have, with the greatest reason imaginable, estimated the understanding of every people by the criterion of sobriety.

My motive for taking so particular a notice of that paper, Mr. Babler, is my being married to as worthy a little man as any within the weekly bills, who has one unhappy propensity, and that is an invincible attachment to the glass. At a very early period he was introduced into life, and commenced an acquaintance with a set of subaltern worthies, who were distinguished by the name of *Damn'd honest fellows*, and always placed the summit of human felicity in the midnight roar of a tavern.

Having, through some unaccountable infatuation, imbibed an extraordinary opinion of this hopeful class of gentlemen, he always regulated his conduct, not by what the considerate part of mankind was likely to think of his beha-

viour, but by what it was probable the little circle at the Black Swan would be inclined to imagine at the next meeting: hence there was scarce an absurdity into which he did not launch with an exquisite relish, nor an irregularity which he did not look upon as a mark of superior understanding. He got upon the table to sing—'When forc'd from dear Hebe to go,' and burned his wig out of honour to the royal family. Every battle which our armies gained abroad was sure to keep him in a constant state of intoxication for a fortnight ; till, by incessantly pledging the health of our various gallant commanders, he had almost entirely exhausted his own.

By this time his friends thought it absolutely necessary that he should look out for a wife, and take up. By means of an old family connection, I was the first person proposed to him: his relations spoke to mine, settled the affair, and we were married in about three months. For near six weeks there was not a more domestic man in the universe ; he supped regularly at home, drank a cheerful pint, or played a game at cards with two or three orderly friends in the neighbourhood. But, unluckily, this mode of living was too unexceptionable to last for any continuance: a favourite companion of his

his came accidentally to town, took him out one evening to the Black Swan, and re-kindled that rage for underbred festivity which originally led him into such a perpetual round of excess. He now went out every night, and seldom returned till two or three in the morning. My fears for him kept me continually up till he came home, and then I had the pleasure of receiving him in such a pickle as is much more easy for a gentleman to imagine, than it is either possible or proper for me to describe. Suffice it, however, that he was intoxicated every night, and every day underwent a most severe indisposition to recruit himself against the fatigues of the next evening.

This has been the case, Mr. Babler, for almost five years; and you can scarcely suppose how miserable I have constantly been from his ridiculous mode of proceeding: yet, Sir, though I flatter myself that I am capable of advising him pretty much to his benefit, I have never presumed to say a single syllable. Let the admonitions of a wife be ever so tender or respectful, they are always looked upon as so many indirect commands; and a husband is immediately set down among the hen-pecked fraternity, if he pays the least attention to her advice, however necessary for the interest of his fortune, or the credit of his understanding.

I am forcibly led, Mr. Babler, into a communication of family-affairs, because I do not chuse to lay the folly of my husband's behaviour immediately before himself, and have no friend whatsoever on whom I could rely for the proper execution of so difficult a task. Every body supposes, because I have the key of the cash, and am never checked for laying out what money I think proper, that I must be a very happy woman. But, alas! Mr. Babler, the case is widely

different: my husband has, to be sure, a thousand good qualities; but do these qualities secure him from broils in the hour of intoxication, or prevent him from being contemptible in the interval of excess? About a week ago he came home to me with his eye almost cut out by a drinking-glass, which was thrown at him for refusing a particular toast; and, no later than last night, he was brought to the door in a coffin, upon the shoulders of four companions, who, by way of dirge, sung the Roast Beef of Old England, as they carried him; while the helpless poor creature, at the end of every stanza, endeavoured to raise himself up, and chorus with—'O the rare English Roast Beef.'

My husband's health every day decaying, through these irregularities, and his character likewise sinking into contempt; I beg, Mr. Babler, you will tell him that the name of *an honest fellow*, or the applause of a noisy room, is but a poor compensation for the sacrifice of his life, and the ruin of his family. Tell him, Sir, that his companions are people who cannot possibly have the least regard for him; because they are dead to every consideration for themselves—a rational entertainment they are utterly unable to enjoy, because they are never happy till reason is totally destroyed. Tell him, Mr. Babler, in short, that life is a matter of much importance, and should never be laughed away for the applauses of a fool. Next to being a blockhead himself, the greatest impeachment of his understanding is to associate with blockheads; and, next to being a profligate himself, the greatest reflection upon his heart, is to throw away his time upon men of professed irreligion and immorality. I am, Sir, &c.

MARIA.

Nº CIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.

THE high and mighty lords of the creation are for ever valuing themselves upon the superior dignity of their sex, and not only deny the poor women any thing like an equal share of understanding with themselves, but even refuse to ratify their claim to an equal degree of principle; as if it was not sufficient to entertain a contemptible idea of

their intellects, without establishing as mean an opinion of their hearts. Hence has the notion of female friendship particularly been an object of constant ridicule to every fashionable writer; hence have we been a thousand times assured, that a laced cap, or an elegant pair of ruffles, was a matter consequential enough to break the strongest bonds of esteem that

that ever subsisted between two of the most sensible women in the universe: and hence it hath been asserted, that there is no possibility for their intercourse to subsist a single moment after each of them had entertained a favourable sentiment about the same man.

Without once striving to refute any of these positions, I shall only lament that the gentlemen have not endeavoured to give some testimonies in support of their own conduct, before they attempted in this good-natured manner to cast the first stone; because it is rather unfortunate, that the charge so strongly urged against the ladies, should at the same time exist with infinitely more justice against themselves. Let us, however, for argument, suppose, that the friendship of two women, extremely worthy in every other respect, is capable of being entirely broken by the minutest circumstance which we can possibly conceive; still, will not a moment's examination of the other sex convince us, that their boasted friendships are equally liable to the strongest interruptions from causes equally trivial; and that men of the best understanding frequently run into the most dangerous excesses, from circumstances generally more despicable, and always as absurd?

I readily grant, that it is very ridiculous in a woman to break off all manner of connection with an intimate acquaintance, merely because this acquaintance may unfortunately happen to be better dressed: but is it not to the full as ridiculous for a couple of fellows, who perhaps possess the most exalted understandings, and are besides, in all probability, intrusted with a part of the national welfare, to fall out about the niceties of a horse-match, or to disagree about the superior excellence of a gamecock? Undoubtedly, yes; and though I shall not even pretend to exculpate the ladies where they chance to be rivals, and suffer their resentment to transport them beyond the bounds of discretion; still I think it much more excusable, when they have a little scene of altercation about a worthy man, than when the lords of the creation proceed to put one another's throats about some infamous strumpet, whom they both look upon with an equal degree of contempt.

This being the case, then, in the name of wonder, whence comes it that the poor women are eternally condemned for the

instability of their friendships, when this very instability is carried to excess infinitely more criminal, as well as ridiculous, among ourselves? Are the lords of the human kind, with all the mighty superiority of their wisdom, to be continually indulged in the commission of errors, of which the meanest driveller among the ignorant wretches of the other sex would be to the last degree ashamed? Alas! the ladies may cry out, with the lion in the fable—It is well that the men are the only painters on this occasion, or the tables would be instantly reversed!

We may blame the caprices of the women as we please, and censure their absurdities as we think proper; but our partiality will never be able to change the positive nature of things: few of their follies are ever more than ridiculous; few of our own are ever less than criminal. How heartily do we laugh, when a couple of ignorant girls, as we call them, have the least disagreement, and break out into altercation: yet, which of ourselves would not imagine he was bound in honour to resent the most unguarded expression of vehemence in a friend, even at the hazard of his life in this world, and the risque of his eternal happiness in the next?

The quarrels of the women, as they are generally less absurd in their beginnings, so their resentments are generally more sensible too. Where a lady has received an offence, she seldom does any thing more than withdraw her acquaintance, and treat the person who offers it with a proper degree of contempt. The regard she entertains for the dignity of her sex, renders it unpardonable to go further: but the lord of the creation is, by the superior degree of his species, allowed a right of plunging into the deadliest crimes; and, by his exalted understanding, a privilege of committing the grossest absurdities. If he happens to meet with a slight injury, he insists upon giving his enemy an opportunity of doing him an irreparable one; and must wash away the imaginary dishonour, either with the blood of his antagonist or his own. To be sure, it is rather hard to take away the life of a friend, for a casual vehemence of temper; and rather strange, to reduce one's self to a level with a person from whom we have received an offence. But what of that? The glorious inconsistency of manhood obliges us to act in contradiction to our reason; and the fear

of a laugh from a blockhead, is infinitely more terrible than the vengeance of our God! We all of us, in short, are ready to run a man through the body, who calls us either a scoundrel or a fool; though the invariable tenor of our con-

duct indicates the strongest ambition for both of these respectable characters; and we are infinitely more offended at being *supposed* either a rascal or an idiot, than at being *absolutely* the very thing itself.

N^o CIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Have read Mr. Johnson's celebrated preface to Shakespeare with much attention; and though I look upon it on the whole as a very masterly piece of writing, yet I think in some places he has dealt rather uncandidly with his author; and, in others, argued not a little repugnant to reason in his defence.

Mr. Johnson, in the first place, gives Shakespeare very little credit for his tragedies; and calls them, in more places than one, rather the consequence of labour than the effect of genius. There is, to be sure, great deference due to the opinion of so learned a commentator; but yet, with all possible respect to Mr. Johnson, the opinion which he here pronounces is nothing more than bare assertion, and consequently cannot be admitted as absolute proof. For my own part, I know several gentlemen of the first abilities, who declare that Shakespeare's tragedies are replete with such beauties as every dispassionate reader must allow to be the spontaneous result of the most exalted imagination; in fact, it is the genuine force of genius, which, amidst such a heap of absurdities, renders his tragedies so universally admired, and gives them so prodigious a superiority over all the other poets that ever appeared in this country.

In a question of this kind, the feelings of a man's own heart are infinitely better judges than the most elaborate arguments of the first scholar in the kingdom. We may be frequently lost in the mazes of erudition, and be led into a thousand perplexities in the immediate pursuit of perspicuity; but the feelings never can draw us into any mistake. When the voice of nature calls at our bosoms, we may be certain that genius is not very far off, however she may appear clogged with an uncouth

heaviness of expression, or a total disregard of the unities.

Indeed, if Mr. Johnson means that the versification, necessary for tragic poetry, must be more laboured than the familiar stile of comedy, where every man converses as if he was in common company, his observation may have some weight; but still it will be no impeachment of Shakespeare's genius for tragedy. Every body knows that verse requires more attention than prose; and nobody is a better judge of this truth than Mr. Johnson. All, therefore, that the remark can prove upon the whole is, that Shakespeare being more confined to verse in his tragic than in his comic compositions, necessarily employed a greater portion of time in writing the former than the latter, and might, consequently, in a comparative sense, be said to labour at his tragedies. That this is the real state of the case, whoever has read him with any degree of care, will readily confess; for wherever he has introduced verse into his comedies, we find just the same toil after the nicety of expression, as we see he has used in the most distressful of his opposite performances.

It must undoubtedly be allowed that, in all the versification of Shakespeare, there is a stiffness which frequently appears disagreeably uncouth, or ridiculously affected. But when we consider at how early a period this great man wrote, instead of being surprized that we meet it so often, we ought to be astonished at not meeting it oftener still. Our language was then almost in it's infancy, and verse wanted the hand of experience to polish it into harmony and grace. Exalted, therefore, as the genius of Shakespeare was, he could not work miracles, nor take upon him to give that melliflence to numbers which was only to be obtained from the ripening tenderness of time.

Mr.

Mr. Johnson having urged this objection against the tragedy of Shakespeare, he tells us, that in comedy this great man was passionately fond of a quibble; and in order to ring the changes of a despicable witticism upon a word, he would frequently sacrifice both justness of expression and natural propriety. To be sure, I must acknowledge that Shakespeare was rather too much addicted to this error; but Mr. Johnson, while he indulged the severity of the critic, ought to have maintained the candour of the commentator: he should have considered, that this mode of quibbling was the literary vice of the time; and that consequently the whole æra was more to be censured than any individual who gave into the absurdity. Every age has some certain species of wit to distinguish it; and this wit the ablest authors must sometimes study with attention, but none more particularly than those who write for the theatre. A popular joke has more than once turned the fortune of a piece; and in the early periods of the drama, before the taste of the people was tolerably established, it might be necessary to countenance a general foible, for the sake of securing a general approbation. A dramatic writer, unlike all others, has his fate frequently depending on the whimsey of an audience; and therefore it is sometimes dangerous to combat with received prejudices. If a conjecture might be hazarded, I should imagine that this was Shakespeare's opinion; for after he had fully fixed his character with the world, we find him in several of his pieces finding fault with the quibbling propensity of the times, and telling us that—

Every fool can play upon a word.

On these accounts, I should imagine that where Shakespeare condescends to sport upon words, he has a great deal to be said in his extenuation; and therefore I cannot agree with Mr. Johnson, that a quibble was the Cleopatra for which he was content to sacrifice the world; since, had he made that the sole object of his admiration, he would have lost that world in a very little time, instead of keeping it as he has done for near a couple of centuries, without any thing like the shadow of a competitor.

Having thus animadverted upon Mr. Johnson's capital objections to Shake-

speare, I shall make one observation upon his defence of that illustrious writer, with respect to the general disregard of unity which appears in his productions. The unities, or the consistency of times and place, Mr. Johnson seems to think as matters of no great importance in dramatick representations. It is impossible, argues this learned commentator, for any spectator to suppose, that a stage and a few scenes are in fact either Athens or Rome; and it is also impossible for an auditor to imagine a Timon or a Cæsar can now be actually presented to our view, who have been dead such a number of centuries: of consequence, infers Mr. Johnson, the preservation of time or a place can be no way essential, since every body is sensible that the whole representation is nothing more than an agreeable story, calculated entirely for the amusement of the public.

With great deference, however, to Mr. Johnson's sentiments, I must remind him, that the principal pleasure which arises from any play, arises from a supposition of it's being a reality. We all know that we sit to see a set of people paid for the public entertainment; yet we also know, that unless we insensibly lose every idea of their real persons and employments, we imagine either that they perform extremely ill, or that the play is a very insipid production. If, then, in the appearance of the actors, we wish to see probability preserved, why should we not expect this probability in the circumstances of time and place? The more probability is kept up, the easier we are deluded into what we wish, and consequently the more properly an author consults the material business of the drama; when we also add to this, that the unities may do much good, and cannot possibly be productive of the smallest disadvantage, I don't see how a single argument can be urged in favour of Mr. Johnson's hypothesis, to have the least weight with an intelligent reader.

When I look back and see what I have said, I am absolutely struck with my own presumption, in contradicting such a writer as Mr. Johnson; but as I am not stimulated either by petulance or vanity, I am tempted to venture it for the public opinion; and, perhaps, if it should be favourably received, you may hear again from yours, &c.

ANIMADVERTOR.

N^o CV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

AMONG the several branches of oratory which have been lately taught by the celebrated Mr. Sheridan, I am not a little surprized that he has struck out no species of this valuable science for the use of the bar, nor thought of the proper method of instructing a pupil how to become a shining ornament to the long robe, notwithstanding the variety of examples which he might find in this kingdom. Perhaps Mr. Sheridan may suppose a good education, a fortunate memory, and a florid delivery, the principal requisites to form an orator for the bar. If he does, he is very much mistaken; for, to the honour of the present æra be it spoken, we are blest with an infinite number of eminent lawyers, who have become a credit to the profession without either education or memory, and indeed almost without any delivery at all.

Nor are the gentlemen in question more generally distinguished for their genius and abilities, than remarkable for their learning and elocution; on the contrary, they are universally acknowledged to be incumbered with no great load of intellectual faculties: a happiness which they themselves seem so sensible of, that they scorn to lay a claim to any qualification besides an inflexible kind of impudence which is known under the fashionable title of the *Enfrent*.

As I have paid some attention to the customary practice of these gentlemen, especially in the most material of all points, the examination of witnesses upon life and death, I shall take the liberty of laying down some invariable rules for the benefit of students, a tolerable adherence to which is more likely to render them conspicuous at the bar, than the elocution of a Cicero or the equity of a Yorke.

In the first place, let it be a fundamental maxim with every student, that a lawyer (who should be a gentleman and a Christian) ought upon all occasions to shew a perfect contempt for decency and good manners, and maintain a laudable insensibility to every tender feeling which is a credit to the human breast. It is beyond the possibility of

a doubt, if he lays this principle for the foundation of his conduct, but he must in a little time rise to the dignity of a silk gown, and pave a ready way to an ermined robe, and a title-giving perriwig.

Upon no account, let a love of justice impertinently intrude itself into his thoughts, or make him imagine a moment, that whatever side of the question he engages to support is not infallibly the best. Let the robber confessed be supposed an unfortunate sufferer from malice or mistake; the catamite on record a person scandalously accused; and the hand yet reeking with the blood of innocence, the instrument of a justice too precipitate, or at most the inflicter, though of an illegal, yet an equitable revenge.

If an evidence compelled to appear against his client gives a testimony fair and unsullied as the soul of truth, every means must be made use of to confound and perplex him; every expedient of insolence and chicanery practised to make him prevaricate; and if by some masterly stroke there should be a possibility of making him seem perjured, this violation of all law, this murder of all justice, shall save the villain from the gibbet, and render the lawyer immortal.

With regard to evidence, there are two methods of examination which must never be forgot: if the person to be examined is a poor ignorant rustic, or some awkward artizan, he must be constantly reminded that he is on his oath, and frightened into an acquiescence with some necessary circumstance, which the council shall good-naturedly make for him, to render the former part of his testimony inconsistent, and occasion the whole to be set aside. If this should not be sufficient to answer the laudable purpose in view, a number of hard and difficult expressions may be seasonably introduced; the lawyer may also tell him 'You said so or so, Sir,' (the confessions which he wants him to make) till the poor fellow, terrified at the thoughts of his oath, and almost ignorant of what he says, either in his fear or confusion, shall acknowledge that he did.

On the contrary, when a gentleman conversant with the principles, though unacquainted with the infamous arts of the law, is to be called as a witness, he must be treated with scurrility and abuse; he must be called 'You fellow,' and asked the meaning of every obvious word, in order to rouse his indignation, and throw him off his guard. The moment his anger appears, the council in examination must be sure to keep it up, and by convenient repetitions of the most provoking and derogatory expressions he can think of, render him incapable of giving a clear testimony, and so invalidate every thing he says.

If it is his fortune to be on the side of the crown, let him follow the method already laid down of examining a witness; and though the prisoner's innocence be apparent as the sun, take every possible means of convicting him, as it will be highly to his reputation if he can get him cast. His abilities receive an additional lustre from his dexterity in the suppression of justice; and his character will be established for life, if the guiltless unfortunate should be hanged. Let him moreover sport with the hopes and fears of the unhappy wretch thus tottering on the verge of life, and humanely try every expedient to aggra-

vate his misery, by occasional puns and witticisms on such circumstances in the course of the trial as may give him the smallest opportunity for a stroke.

There are no ill consequences to be apprehended by any student, and no resentment to be dreaded from the court from this method of going on; for, now-a-days, lawyers talk before a bench of judges, the immediate representatives of God and the king, with the same illiberal freedom as the respectable orators of Billingsgate; and use every artifice for the suppression of truth, as if it was criminal for justice to be satisfied, and absolutely necessary for *robbers* and *murderers* to make a triumphant escape. In slavish countries, indeed, uninspired by a sentiment of liberty and honour, the man who would take upon him to brow-beat an evidence would stand a chance of losing his head, and a judge who would suffer it might feel something more than a public disgrace. But in these happy regions, the person insulted in the cause of justice is the only one exposed to punishment, which he has more than a probability of undergoing, should he have the insolence to complain of being scandalously treated, to the court.

Nº CVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

THERE is an unaccountable ambition among the generality of people, to enhance the consequence of their posterity, though at their own expence; and there is scarcely a father within the weekly bills, but what, if we are to judge by the mode of his behaviour, thinks his son considerably a better man than himself. I am naturally led into this consideration by a visit which I made to my landlord, an honest carpenter at the west end of the town, a day or two ago, to talk with him about repairing my house, and to pay him a twelvemonth's rent.

As it was past one o'clock before I set out, I arrived at Mr. Roof's just about dinner-time, and without much ceremony sat down with the family to a leg of pork and pease-pudding, and a couple of fine fowls with egg sauce. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Roof, his two sons, and a young

lady of about nineteen, very elegantly dressed, whom I took for some person that boarded in the house, but who, to my great surprize, I found was no more than my honest landlord's daughter. Mr. Roof and his wife were very plainly decorated; but the two sons had their hair done up in the *ala-mode à Paris* taste, and wore each a plain blue coat and a scarlet waistcoat very richly laced with gold. Upon enquiry into the professions to which they were brought up, I found that the eldest was a sort of superintendant to his father; and that the other had, by the recommendation of a nobleman in the neighbourhood, been lately advanced to a fifty pound place in the Excise. The young gentlemen, I perceived, by their conversation, looked upon themselves in a very consequential light, and so did their sister: they talked of nothing but earls and dukes, and frequently swore upon their honours;

honours; whereas their father scarcely mentioned any thing higher than the bricklayer or timber merchant, and never presumed to swear by any thing more elegant than his God.

Dinner was scarcely over, when the young lady and the two gentlemen got up in a careless manner, and took their leaves with a polite elegance; taking care to let me know, however, that they were to drink tea at a gentleman's in New Bond Street, and from thence to adjourn to Covent Garden House, to see the Maid of the Mill, having sent a person for that purpose to keep places.

'Ay,' says the father, after their departure, 'Suke has been teasing us a long time to see this opera; and so Bob and Alick, being disengaged this evening, agreed to go with her, and have sent Ralph Jenkins, our youngest apprentice, to keep a row for them in one of the green boxes. For my own part, my dame and I seldom go above once a year, and that is to Dick Yates's benefit; we even then sit in the two shilling gallery, and go at half after two, for the sake of getting a good place.'

'But why, Mr. Roof,' says I, 'do not you send Ralph Jenkins to keep a place for yourself and your good woman in the boxes at the same time? It would be much more comfortable than going so very early, and running the chance of being squeezed to death, by crowding into the two-shilling gallery.'

'Why, Lord, Sir,' returned my honest landlord, 'you do not think it would become a poor carpenter to be elbowing it among people of fashion in the boxes! No, no, I am sure you know a great deal better than that, and have only a mind to be a little merry with me.'

'You bring your eldest son, I think, Mr. Roof, up to your own business?'—'Yes, Sir; and a cleverer lad never stepped in shoe-leather: he shall draw a plan, or make an estimate, with any carpenter in the kingdom; nay, with Phillips himself, though every body must allow him to be an honour to the business: and then, if he was put to it to-morrow, he could get his bread as a journeyman—Why, Sir, I had

him the matter of four years at the bench.'

'Well, then, Mr. Roof, is not your son a carpenter too?'—'Undoubtedly, Sir.'—'Then, if it be improper for you, as a carpenter, to sit in the boxes among the persons of quality, must it not of course be equally as improper for him?'

'Ay, Sir, consider he dresses in a very different manner from me; and that, you know, will make it overlooked.'

'True, Mr. Roof; but do not you look upon yourself to be as good a man as your son?'

'To be sure I do, Sir.'

'Why, then, Mr. Roof, do not you dress as well as your son?'

'Why, because I do not think it would become my station.'

'Then, give me leave to ask you, Mr. Roof, why you suffer your son to run into an error which you are so sensible as to avoid it yourself? Young men, you know, are naturally inclined to be vain; and indulgences of this nature, where a young man is obliged to live by his industry, very often disqualify him for trade. As he dresses like a gentleman, he is ambitious of appearing like a gentleman in every respect; and will consequently aim at being equally idle and extravagant. This is one great error which I think many tradesmen (excuse me, my worthy friend, for it is my friendship makes me speak) run into: as if their sons were better men than themselves, they dress them a thousand times better; and not only add, by this means, to their constitutional vanity, but give them an early turn to idleness and expence. The circumstance of youth can be no extenuation of their conduct; because, if there be a degree of distinction any where due, it is to age, which is entitled to a much greater share of veneration and respect.'

Finding the conversation rather awkward to my landlord, I changed the subject; but have the pleasure of informing my readers, that Mr. Roof has since, with his own hands, ripped the lace off the young gentlemen's waistcoats, and has positively ordered his daughter never to appear in his sight with a tack.

N^o CVII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THERE is no subject which at present employs the pens of our essayists so much as Luxury. Every writer who is desirous of shewing a profound knowledge, either in ethics or in policy, exclaims against it as a vice replete with the most dreadful consequences; and insists, that it will one time or other be the utter destruction of this infatuated kingdom.

Though I am very sensible luxury is the common parent of many considerable evils, I am at the same time perfectly satisfied it is the common parent also of the first blessings in every society; for which reason I must differ widely in opinion from those ingenious gentlemen who are for having it totally suppressed; and must not only express my wonder at the tendency of their arguments, but even insist that such a circumstance, so far from being desirable, would be the inevitable ruin of every civilized kingdom.

The enemies of luxury, in all the arguments I have hitherto met with, seem to consider this vice, as they call it, on no more than one side. They tell us, it leads us into a thousand excesses, bursts frequently through all the laws of humanity, and excites so strong a propensity to pleasures and parade, that reason is never able to govern our actions, and but seldom powerful enough to keep us from the commission of any crime which has an appearance of promoting this general depravity or voluptuousness of our inclinations. With all possible deference, however, to the opinion of these gentlemen, I shall beg leave to ask if, by a state of nature, they mean that original condition of mankind, when their food was the herbage of the field, and their drink the water of the spring; when their covering was the skin of some leopard, and their couch the naked lap of earth; when, in short, though possessed of extensive regions, they were scarcely possessed of any thing; and wandered, to use the poet's expression, with their only acquaintance, the beasts,

Joint tenants of the shade?

In those early ages, before luxury was born, do we not read of continual frauds, oppressions, and murders? Do we not find, that when there were but two brothers in the whole compass of creation, one of them killed the other through envy, and hurled the boldest defiance to the very throne of his God?

The principal argument which political writers have ever brought against luxury is, that it imbecillitates the mind of every body; and, from gaining a universal ascendancy, sinks a whole state at last into a degree of softness and effeminacy, which renders it utterly unfit for warlike enterprizes; and consequently exposes it to the machinations of every enemy. The Romans, say these gentlemen, while they continued undebauched by luxury, could conquer the whole world; that is, in plain English, they could rob and murder the nations of the earth, through an infamous principle of avarice, which they varnished over with the name of glory. Truly a blessed effect arising from this boasted disregard of luxury! But when, continue the sagacious reasoners, they once suffered this vice to gain footing among them, that moment they lost all their usual ardour, and were incapable of performing those heroic achievements which raised their ancestors to immortality; that is, to explain this principle of argument still farther, being by this time polished into something like humanity, they no longer had a passion for rapine or blood, but let other people enjoy peace and tranquillity for the sake of enjoying so invaluable a blessing themselves. And this is one of the dreadful effects arising from the prevalence of luxury. Truly a very proper subject for a moralist to complain of, who feels for the private distresses of his country, or the general good of all mankind.

In every age, since the commencement of English literature, poor luxury has been an everlasting butt, as I said before, for our moral and political writers. The first have been continually talking how prejudicial it must prove to individuals; and the latter have been as continually mentioning how fatal it must inevitably

inevitably turn out to kingdoms: yet, what a pity is it that universal experience gives so palpable a contradiction to all their declamations! Great Britain, I grant, has for many years been absorbed in luxury; yet that luxury has rendered us no way effeminate. In the late war we convinced our enemies that the most hardy æras of the Roman republic did not exceed us in valour; and possibly, should hostilities re-commence to-morrow, we should give them this conviction again with the greatest alacrity.

With regard to individuals, luxury may, in some measure, be considered as the immediate source of their existence. Every thing beyond the absolute necessities of life is luxury. What, then, would become of our merchants without it? Our commerce would in an instant be annihilated, and our manufactures totally destroyed. People of fashion, instead of encouraging the sciences and

the arts, would be hedging in the country; and our poets, painters, musicians, mercers, jewellers, and, in short, every person of every profession, would be reduced to much such a situation as the savages of America. For these reasons, therefore, let us not rail against luxury: if, in some cases, it gives us desires above our situation, and hurries us into excesses; let us, on the other hand, look upon it as the only parent of trade, and the general support of society. Above all, let the enemies of luxury be a little consistent with themselves, and recollect, that when they advise us to grow rich by a close application to our commerce, they in fact advise us to be luxurious; unless they can prove that it is criminal to enjoy this wealth after we have acquired it; and that it is to decline the gratification of our wishes, that we so incessantly labour for the means.

I am, Sir, &c.

A VOLUPTUARY.

Nº CVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

IF we take an accurate view of the world, and make a just observation upon the various characters it abounds with, we shall find those which in general attract our greatest admiration, seldom, if ever, entitled to our esteem; and those which work the strongest upon our wonder, the least entitled to our love. The glare of heroism or dignity only dazzles our imagination; whereas the milder virtues of domestic life never fatigue upon the sight, but, on the contrary, like a beautiful landscape, supply us with everlasting charms, and increase upon the fancy the more they are enjoyed. The reader will easily see from the following letter, which my nephew Harry (who constantly acquaints me with every thing) lately received from Charles Hastings, a young fellow of his acquaintance, how I have been led into the foregoing reflection.

TO H. RATTLE, ESQ.

DEAR HARRY,

SINCE my return to Gloucestershire, a most melancholy circumstance has happened in poor Dr. Winterton's family, our old tutor, which I scarce know how to communicate, on account

of some little concern which I have had in the consequences; but as I am sensible you will not imagine I have any self-sufficient motive to gratify by the relation, I shall proceed to the particulars, without any further apology.

Doctor Winterton had, it seems, gone indiscreetly as a security for his wife's brother, in a much larger sum than his circumstances could possibly bear; and the brother, being a villain, thought proper to make off a few days before the money became due: the obdurate creditor insisted upon instant satisfaction, and the doctor being unable to give it him, all his little effects were cruelly seized, and he himself thrown into the county gaol.

The circumstance reached my ear the third day after I went down, and though you know I have very little reason to be an admirer either of the doctor or his family, as I lost my uncle Goodwin's estate by the ill-natured representation which they gave the best action of my life, my setting our old school fellow Raymond's sister up in a milliner's shop, yet I determined to interest myself a little in his affairs; and thought it ungenerous to remember any thing in the day of an enemy's calamity, but the greatness

greatest of his distress. Accordingly I got an intimate friend of his to prepare him for my visit, and called on him the next day. The unhappy man scarcely knew how to receive me; Mrs. Winterton affected to be very busy in setting the room to order; Miss made an excuse for absenting herself; the three other daughters never took their eyes from some plain work about which they were employed; and the only person who seemed rejoiced at my coming was poor little Tommy, who is grown a most charming boy since you saw him; he ran to me the moment I came in, and crying—'Ah! Mr. Hastings!' seized hold of my coat, and hung on me with a degree of innocent sensibility that almost melted me into tears.

As I heartily felt for the situation of the doctor, I embraced the first opportunity of taking him to an apartment of the gaolers, where I might offer him my service, without disconcerting him in the face of his family. I did so in the least offensive manner I was capable; and when I found him touched about his treatment of me to my uncle Goodwin, made use of every argument to reconcile him to himself, and applauded the goodness of his intention, without lamenting the consequence which it had produced. By degrees I restored him to some appearance of cheerfulness; assured him, I heartily sympathized in his misfortunes; and begged, in a manner the most open I could assume, that he would tax my ability in the present exigence. To a mind not utterly destitute of feeling, my dear Harry, no circumstance is so afflictive as an obligation from a person whom we have wronged. This I fully saw manifested in our old friend: he blushed incessantly, changed his seat every moment, still attempted to apologize for former occurrences; till at last, incapable of holding it out any longer, he snatched my hand, kissed it with vehemence, and burst into a violent flood of tears. In fact, Harry, I was as much to be pitied as himself: I was

afraid every thing would carry the appearance of a triumph; and therefore studiously avoided whatever I considered as tending to so unmanly a behaviour. This enhanced the little merit of my conduct with him; and the more I endeavoured to avoid giving him an anxiety, the more I added to his distress.

I will not dwell on the minuter parts of this transaction; suffice it, by advancing four hundred and fifty-seven pounds, I have brought him and his whole family back to the parsonage house; and am amply overpaid by a consciousness which I flatter myself is no way culpable, I mean that of having discharged a duty both as a Christian and as a man. I shall be in town the first day of term, till when, my dear Rattle, adieu; and believe me to be, with an unalterable esteem, your own

CHARLES HASTINGS.

When I see the immense sums which people of fortune daily squander in search of felicity, I am astonished to think how any man with a glimmer of understanding can think of recurring to the customary methods of obtaining it, when the secret conviction of his own heart points out the most eligible means. What is the winning of a thousand battles? What is the possession of a thousand thrones to the performance of a single action like this? If universal applause is our ambition, Virtue leads on to the immediate possession of our wish; and while the trappings of pomp and precedence gain a cursory plaudit from our follies, she, with the milder lustre of one meritorious circumstance, commands an everlasting admiration from our hearts! It is in every man's power to throw the conquerors of the world at a distance in honest reputation: a humanity of temper outweighs a universe in value; and an immortality is to be purchased by a proper application of the smallest sum, which the giddy profusion of our nobility daily risque upon a single card.

N° CIX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

THOUGH no body is better pleased to see a husband place a proper degree of confidence in his wife than myself, nor wishes more ardently to

have the married ladies treated with delicacy and affection; yet there is one situation in which I am frequently sorry to find them distinguished with extraordinary

dinary marks of regard, and in which I think it would be much more for the credit of our understandings rather to doubt of their discretion, than to suppose it impossible for them to run into capital mistakes. The situation which I here mean, is, where at our deaths, though we have a number of children, we rely implicitly on the tenderness of our wives, and leave our whole fortunes entirely in their power, from a preposterous opinion that they will faithfully employ every shilling for the benefit of these children, and be actuated by no other view than a maternal concern for their happiness.

It is true, when we consider the natural softness of the female character, and recollect with what an aching intenseness of sensibility a mother generally beholds her own offspring; when we see a woman's life apparently depending on a child, and have beside for a long series of years experienced in her fidelity every possible proof of a worthy heart and a clear understanding, it appears unaccountable that we should entertain any doubts of her tenderness in those last important moments, where all her feelings must be tremblingly alive for the loss of a worthy husband, and where the unprotected situation of her little orphans demands a double share of her affection. Experience, however, fatally convinces us, that we cannot rely with any tolerable certainty upon the conduct of the ladies in general: neither their esteem for the memory of a man whom they once idolized, nor their fondness for the very children in whom they seemed only to exist, are sufficient to preserve them from sacrificing every thing which ought to be dear to a woman of sense and humanity. The moment their tears are a little dried up, their hearts become susceptible of second impressions; and their unfortunate poor innocents are infamously plundered, to obtain the possession of some insidious admirer, whom they have not known perhaps a week, and whose principal adoration was excited by their fortunes.

I am insensibly led into this subject by an application which was made to me for charity yesterday morning, from a woman once the wife of my old acquaintance Tom Easy. Tom was bred at Oxford, in the neighbourhood of which city he fell accidentally in company with this lady, the daughter of an

obscure clergyman; and, being smitten with her person, married her at once, not regarding in the least her utter want of fortune. Happily for Tom, his father, who was a merchant in London, died before this marriage was discovered, otherwise it might have greatly endangered his inheritance; however, on taking possession of the old gentleman's estate, which consisted of money in the funds to a very large amount, he brought Mrs. Easy to town, set up an elegant equipage, and lived away in a manner entirely suitable to the affluence of his circumstances. I have dined more than once at his house, and never beheld a more affectionate husband. His whole study was to guard his wife from the uneasiness even of a wish; and three charming little prattlers, with which she blest him, so absolutely rivetted her empire over his heart, that he often broke out into tears of exquisite tenderness, if he gazed at her with any extraordinary share of attention. Uncommon as these marks of regard might be considered, Mrs. Easy, nevertheless, seemed to merit them all. During the whole seventeen years of her marriage, she never knew a will but her husband's, nor ever passed a moment in the most fashionable places of pleasure, with a fiftieth part of that satisfaction which she received at home from her little family. During Tom's last illness she sat up with him for seven weeks; and when, through the incredible distresses of her mind, and the excessive fatigues of her person, she was at last rendered unable to move across the room, she had a mattress brought to her husband's bedside, where she constantly echoed to his groans, and answered in a perpetual unison to those sorrows which she could no longer attend upon with the medicines of relief.

Such unexampled proofs of conjugal attachment deserved every mark of the most grateful acknowledgment, and Mr. Easy accordingly rewarded it with every shilling he was worth in the world; and died perfectly satisfied that so excellent a woman could never deviate in the least from the just regard which was due to her children. But, alas! poor Tom was not buried ten weeks before this very woman gave her person and fortune to an Irish gambler; and threw both herself and her children entirely upon the capricious bounty of a rascal, who was as totally lost to shame, as he was desti-

tute

tute of humanity. The consequence of this unpardonable step will be easily conceived by the reader of imagination. In less than six months Mr. Easy's three children were turned out of doors by the merciless step-father. A subscription was, however, raised among some friends for their support; and they were all put out to professions, in which they have a genteel expectation of earning their own bread. But as to the wretched mother, she was marked out for a fate of much greater severity: after the barbarous expulsion of her children, her hopeful husband gave her the modest alternative, either of going about her business also, or of waiting upon a strumpet in her own house, with whom he had been many years connected. The latter part of this proposal, incredible as it may seem, she rather chose to accept, than to part entirely with the company of a villain who had brought such destruction on her family. Though he was detestable to her justice, he was nevertheless dear to her heart; and she thought it better to undergo every shame, and every mortification, than to be totally banished from his sight. A woman, who could act as she did, deserved to be treated as

she was: for three whole years she lived the most miserable of all slaves to her husband's mistress; underwent all the various rounds of insult which could possibly be thrown upon her by the brutality of his profligate companions—till at last the Hibernian's death, in a duel, which was occasioned by a reflection upon his honour at the moment he was detected in coggling a die, set her free; but left her wholly without support; for her fortunate rival, the moment she heard of his death, seized upon all his money and papers, sold off the house and furniture, by virtue of a will which she had for some time in her possession, and ran away with another Irish gambler, before the unfortunate wretch, who was best entitled to every thing, could take any steps in her own defence, or even recover from that extravagance of grief in which she was plunged by the loss of a villain so utterly unworthy of her affection.

Is it necessary to argue with a sensible man about trusting his fortune entirely to a wife, after I have told him the foregoing story? If it is, I must pity the weakness of his understanding, or he must tax me with a total want of abilities.

Nº CX. SATURDAY, MARCH 5.

THE subject of my last number has brought me the following letter from a reader, who seems a young fellow of so much merit and good sense, that I am doubly sensible of his misfortunes.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

I Received no little satisfaction from your strictures on the absurdities of those husbands who, through a ridiculous confidence in the tenderness and discretion of a wife, at their deaths invest her entirely with their fortunes, and trust the welfare of their children wholly to the precarious continuance of her affection, or the casual rectitude of her principles. I am, Sir, the unfortunate son of such an inconsiderate father, and am starving upon a fifty pound place in the Customs, while the offspring of a stranger are rioting in his wealth, and vying in appearance with the first nobi-

lity on what should be, properly considered, my inheritance.

My father, Sir, was an attorney of great practice in the city, lived universally beloved, and died as universally lamented. My mother and he had been married above sixteen years, and a more affectionate couple was not to be met with in the kingdom: that he had at least the most cordial tenderness for her appeared sufficiently evident at the time of his decease, for he left his whole fortune entirely in her power, and assigned it as a reason for his conduct, that his disconsolate relief would be sure of my duty when all my expectations depended upon her hand. But, alas! Sir, while he was thus doubtful of my behaviour to her, he did not consider the possibility of her swerving in any points of affection to me; he did not consider that a woman with a large fortune in her pocket, whether she is handsome or homely, in the May-bloom of life, or

in the declining vale of years, is always certain of numerous admirers. He did not moreover recollect, that my mother was scarcely thirty-five; that she was remarkably pleasing in her person; and that consequently she had attractions which were liable to cause a change in her condition, even without the greatest of all attractions, the ineffable beauty of her person.

Be this, however, as it may, the excessive concern which my mother testified for the loss of her husband, and the determined energy, even sometimes of execration, with which she exclaimed against a second marriage, induced numbers to think that my father was not altogether so preposterous in his will, especially as I was a smart boy of fifteen, rather tall for my age, and seemed entirely to engross my mother's affection. But, as Hamlet finely observes—

Frailty! thy name is Woman.

A little time lessened the good lady's detestation to second marriages: in about three months she wanted company; and, to remove this disagreeable circumstance, admitted of visits from a few particular acquaintance; in less than half a year, she could smile at a compliment to her looks, though she was sensible 'nobody could like such an old woman as her;' and before the turn of the third quarter, out of pure humanity, bestowed her hand upon a handsome young fellow, without a shilling, who had sworn to destroy himself if she repulsed his addresses, and who doubtless was a man of too much honour to be worse than his word.

To do my father-in-law justice, however, though he was a poor man, his reputation was unsullied, and he was neither destitute of sense nor humanity; so that for some time I fared tolerably well, and received many little instances of his good-nature and affection: but unhappily, Sir, before the expiration of a year after the wedding-day, my mother was brought to bed of a fine boy, and I was no longer considered with any remarkable share of attention; on the contrary, the birth of this little stranger rendered me a kind of interloper in the family, and it was looked upon as a mighty obligation that I was allowed the common necessities of life out of my misguided father's fortune. As I

was young, and naturally impetuous, a treatment of this kind frequently led me into complaints which, however justly they might be founded, were certainly injudicious; because they might encrease the difficulties of my situation, but could not possibly procure me the smallest redress. They were also attended with this inconvenience, that they exposed me to the censures of the world; for as long as I had a decent subsistence, it was thought by numbers the highest instance of ingratitude to my father-in-law, that I presumed to find fault. In this uncomfortable manner things continued to go on, till my mother was brought to-bed of another child, about which time my father procured me a fifty pound place in the Customs, and desired me to shift for myself.

It is now five years, Mr. Babler, since I obtained this trifling independence; and you may be sure that I must have practised the most rigid economy to support myself with any tolerable decency in these difficult times. I am indeed welcome to a dinner occasionally at my mother's; but a single guinea I have never received either from her or her husband, since the time I quitted the house to the present hour. Both of them behave with civility enough, but neither with any degree of affection. All their tenderness is confined to the young children; and every sixpence of my poor father's money is to be set apart for those who are strangers to his name and aliens to his family. My step-brothers, and there are now no less than four, will have five thousand pounds a-piece; while I, who should in justice possess the whole after my mother's decease, must probably sit down with an humble suit of mourning, or even a paltry pair of gloves.

I have introduced this little narrative, Mr. Babler, to shew that where widows of fortune, who have children by a first husband, even are happy in a second choice, and bestow their persons on a man who treats them with the utmost tenderness, the children of the former husband must nevertheless be material sufferers. No people live together upon better terms than my mother and my father-in-law; yet I am injured in the highest degree, notwithstanding the reciprocity of their affection. The property which should have been mine, is now my father-in-law's entirely; and it

it is but reasonable he should give every preference to his own children. Nay, supposing my mother had still retained every thing in her own hands, the issue of her second marriage is as dear to her as the offspring of the first; and my father's substance would, even in that case, be divided, to make an establishment for the posterity of a stranger, at the manifest expence of his own. Thus,

Mr. Babler, you see it is dangerous, at any rate, for a man to leave his children dependant on the discretion of a wife; especially when we see the person thus trusted with the management of their interest so generally incapable of acting for herself. If this letter is no improper supplement to your last paper, print it; and believe me your's, very sincerely,

HORATIO.

N^o CXI. SATURDAY, MARCH 12.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THOUGH the observation is not over new, it is nevertheless extremely just, that the life of man is marked by dissatisfaction; and that in the most flourishing situation of our circumstances, we are still pretty certain to repine under the hand of discontent.

I was educated for the church, Mr. Babler; and having but small expectation of preferment, I endeavoured pretty successfully to accommodate my mind to the narrowness of my expectations; and flattered myself that I should be the happiest man in the world, could I get but a curacy of fifty pounds a year. On this I thought I could provide every thing in a handsome manner; and when I was fortunate enough to be appointed to an income of such a sum, I actually lived for some time highly to my satisfaction; had a decent apartment, owed no man a shilling, and never wanted those two capital essentials in the compound of sublunary felicity, a mortuary guinea and a clean shirt.

I had not, however, been long in possession of my curacy, before an increase of acquaintance brought on an increase of wants: I found that I had deceived myself, when I thought of circumscribing my wishes within such a trifle as fifty pounds. A hundred I then aspired at, with all the eagerness my character could possibly admit; and was certain that this sum would entirely answer all my wishes. Well, Sir, this hundred was at last obtained, and I set myself down for an uninterrupted round of happiness. But see the futility of all human expectations! My desires were again enlarged with my fortune; and though my

circumstances were now doubled, I did not find myself in the least richer than when I was confined to my humble fifty pounds. What was still more extraordinary, I did not live a bit better than formerly: I seldom had more than the same simple joint of meat, and the same moderate glass of punch as usual. My dress could undergo scarce any alteration; and as I still lived in the country, and was a bachelor, I had no great occasion to enhance the elegance of my apartment. My expences, therefore, were accumulated in mere articles of dissipation, which could be of little service to myself, and of less advantage to society. I received continual invitations from some of the families round my parish to pass an evening, and to make one at a party of cards. Here I generally lost a shilling or two every night; and, as I was above living upon any body, I now and then requested the company of my hospitable friends, bachelor as I was, with their whole families. By this means, though I resided in a very cheap part of the country, the profits of my parish were commonly eaten up by the time they became due; and I found myself even in a more embarrassed situation than when I had but half the same revenue for my support.

I now began to think, Mr. Babler, that a hundred pounds a year was infinitely too small an allowance for the maintenance of any gentleman; and therefore, as my person was not very disagreeable, I fancied matrimony as the most likely expedient to arrive at competence and content. In pursuance of this opinion, I accordingly looked out for a wife with money; and, in a short time, had the good fortune to marry a very deserving woman with
eight

eight thousand pounds. Possessed of such a handsome sum, I considered it as nothing more than a proper compliment to my wife to live away for some time; and therefore set up a smart post-chaise, and acquired an additional share of respect through the whole neighbourhood. But, alas! Sir, while I kept my post-chaise, I was obliged to make a suitable appearance in every other article of my expence. My table was furnished sumptuously; and those who were formerly among my most intimate acquaintance, now thought me too great for their company; and instead of those cordial salutes of unaffected regard, which I was once secure of receiving in every quarter, I met with nothing but a distant bow of lifeless respect. This revolution, however it gave me uneasiness, apparently gratified the pride of my wife. She, like the generality of her sex, was fond of glitter and parade, and openly rejoiced that we were extending the elegant circle of our visitors. She piqued herself particularly on giving the best entertainments of any body in the country; and never saw a new gown or a fresh ornament upon her friends, but what she was certain of having a richer silk, or a more valuable trinket, to appear in, if possible, the next Sunday. Thus, Mr. Babler, the number of wants which followed the enlargement of my circumstances, reduced me to my original situation; and I had just as much money at command when possessed of five hundred a year, as I was master of at my first setting out.

My lot, Sir, is however infinitely more uncomfortable. If I lessen my port, or disengage myself from the company of those with whom I have associated since my marriage, I am sure of being treated with ridicule or contempt. Besides, to let your readers into a secret, I am what many wiser men than myself have been in all ages, nothing more than the second person in my own house. Mrs. Cassock, you must know, has a great spirit; she is also of a good family; and as every thing originally proceeded from her, I think her rather entitled to

some indulgences. For these reasons, though I could perhaps stand the severest bolts of ridicule, I am fearful to propose any salutary reduction in my expences; and yet, Sir, the difficulty I have to make matters meet in the end is inconceivable. With all this swellingness of appearance, I am frequently obliged to expose my necessities, and to borrow twenty or thirty pounds from some of those very people whose acquaintance the vanity of my wife has so foolishly thrown off. Our high-bred friends must not for the world be made acquainted that we want a sum of money, till the four per cents. are paid at the Bank in London—that would lessen us for ever in their esteem. But we can meanly stoop to solicit a favour from those whom we have insulted; and become absolute suitors for the occasional good nature of the people whom we have treated with the most insuperable contempt.

This, Mr. Babler, to a man of any sensibility, is a very grating situation—I am a beggar in the midst of affluence; and by too prodigal a use of those favours with which Providence has been pleased to bless me, I feel all the wants of the most pungent distress. I am sensible what steps I ought to pursue, yet actually want the resolution to be right: and though I know that a gaol must be my inevitable portion in two or three years, without I immediately alter my plan of living; still the fear of giving uneasiness to the woman I love, unmans my temper; and I am rather more inclined to suffer even such a disgrace, than to give her any occasion to suspect either my gratitude or my love.

Now, Sir, that I have wrote this letter, I scarcely know for what purpose; but as it may possibly warn giddy-headed people from extravagance at their first setting out in the world, and shew your readers that the man who would be truly happy, must always live within the limits of his circumstances; I shall even send it to you, and am your very humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER CASSOCK.

N^o CXII. SATURDAY, MARCH 19.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

IF the gentleman who wrote the last letter in your entertaining paper has reason to complain of his lady's spirit as the cause of an impoverishment in his circumstances, you will think my case a still more extraordinary, as well as a still more lamentable, one, who am actually undoing by the oeconomy of a wife; and have the pleasure of hearing my turtle continually expatiating on the mighty merits of her prudence and management, in proportion as she pushes me still nearer to the verge of destruction.

My entrance into the world, Mr. Babler, was as promising as most people's. I had a good two thousand a year to my fortune; and my wife, who was the only daughter of an ancient family, brought me thirty thousand pounds. Possessed of such an affluence, one would scarce imagine that my circumstances could have been prejudiced by the prudent management of my help-mate; or suppose that any thing but the most unbounded prodigality could, in less than three years, run me behind hand in the full sum of fifty thousand pounds.

My wife, Mr. Babler, is descended from a family, the female branches of which have for many years been distinguished by some remarkable peculiarity. Her great grandmother, in Charles the Second's time, cured the best hams in all England; her grandmother never wore any ribbands but orange-colour after the Revolution; her aunt Molly always rode her horse like a man; and her mother never sat down to a knuckle of veal without eating two pounds. Sukey, at a very early age, was discovered to have her peculiarity too: in her little intercourses with her play-fellows, she would purchase all their toys at an inferior rate, and wait with the nicest circumspection till she saw a wax-doll very visibly wanting in a young lady's affection. By this means she became mistress of more playthings than all her acquaintance put together, and established in the minds of her doating relations such extraordinary ideas of her sagacity,

as made them regard her with an equal degree of tenderness and admiration.

The same peculiarity which distinguished her early years, now continues to mark her conduct; and her whole study is to obtain what the world calls *a bargain*, without ever considering whether she has the least occasion in nature for the commodity which she purchases: hence, she is eternally running from auction to auction, from broker to broker, and from shop to shop. Wherever there is the least probability of coming at a bargain, they are always sure of Mrs. Busy's company; and it is a matter of little consequence whether she bids for a piece of porcelain, or an hoghead of tobacco, a Michael Angelo, or a parcel of salt beef. Let there be but the appearance of a bargain, let her only know that the thing is sold beneath its intrinsic value, and that is a temptation not to be withstood; she strikes off an agreement at once, and kindly leaves the payment of the money to poor Pill Garlick.

Through this unaccountable humour, Mr. Babler, I have scarce a room in my house but what is crammed with some of Mrs. Busy's oeconomical purchases. I have more china, Sir, than is requisite to fit out an East Indiaman in her return, and more glais than the largest manufactory in England. I have above three thousand Turkey carpets rotting in my garrets, and five hundred dozen of as good buck-handled knives and forks rusting in my cellars as ever attacked a buttock of beef or an apple-dumpling. In short, Sir, notwithstanding all the heaps of money which Mrs. Busy has squandered in the prosecution of her ridiculous propensity, she has not laid out so large a sum as five pounds upon any one article that could either be of the least use, or the smallest elegance, in her family. On the contrary, her purchases have been chiefly trumpery, which were lessened in their value by neglect, and owed the mighty merit of their cheapness to the universal contempt in which they were held by every sensible chapman.

I do not send you this little narrative, Mr. Babler, with a view of working upon

upon the temper of my wife, or the pity of your readers. As to my wife, I have talked often enough to her to know the inefficacy of the soundest reasonings; and as to your readers, I neither want their pity nor desire it. My sole motive for this publication is, to inform the world that for the future I shall not be answerable for her whimsies; that I shall not receive a single article from any place with the following inscriptions: 'Now selling by auction—The stock

of a tradesman quitting business—'Parting with below prime cost;' and a number of equally significant insinuations, to take in the thoughtless or the ignorant. The proprietors of these places may look out for other dupes, as I am determined they shall never get another sixpence of my money, unless it be personally contracted for by, Sir, your's, &c.

BENJAMIN BUSY.

N° CXIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 26.

LOOKING over Doddsley's collection of poems a day or two ago, I met with the following little ode, which, though there is nothing more than a prettiness in the versification, nevertheless contains such an uncommon degree of benignity in the sentiment, as must fill every reader with the highest admiration for the excellence of the writer's heart; if he should even conceive but a slender idea of his poetical abilities.

ODE TO CANDOUR.

I.

THE dearest friend I ever prov'd,
My bitterest foe I see;
The fondest maid I ever lov'd,
Is false to love and me.

II.

Yet, shall I urge the rising vow,
That tempts my wav'ring mind?
Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,
And bid me shun mankind?

III.

Avaunt, thou hell-born fiend—no more
Presume my steps to guide;
Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
But let me still confide.

IV.

If this be folly, all my claim
To wisdom I resign;
But let no sage pretend to name
His happiness with mine.

Nothing is more customary with most people, than when they themselves have made an injudicious choice either in friendship or in love, to exclaim at once against the world; and to declare that no consideration shall ever induce them to honour any body with their good opinion a second time: in pursuance of this

strange resolution, they act as if every body was unworthy of a place in their esteem, and make the behaviour of a single individual an invariable standard for the integrity of the whole universe. Hence they are continually tortured with the severest pangs of anxiety and suspicion; wear away their existence in an open warfare with society; and die as unlamented as they have lived unbeloved.

A sensible mind should, however, consider, that the tempers of mankind are not less opposite than their various complexions; and that nothing can be a greater act of injustice than to entertain an ungenerous apprehension of our whole acquaintance, merely because we have been deceived by any particular one. If we examine into the general course of our connections, whether they are founded upon friendship, or established upon love, we shall find, that so far from having any right to quarrel with the world, the world will upon the whole appear not a little entitled to our regard, since in the general we meet with a much greater share of sincerity, both in friendship and in love, than what, from the ridiculous nature of our attachments, we have any probable reason to expect.

Now-a-days, what is it which forms the foundations of our friendships, or constitutes the basis of our loves? Is it a similarity in our manners, or an agreement in our pursuits? a conformity in our virtues, or a resemblance in our crimes? Alas! these questions, if candidly answered, must load us with confusion and reproach. In the choice of our friends, it is not an excellence of understanding, or a benignity of heart, which produces our intimacy, or attracts our



Plate IV.

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our esteem. It is not the suggestion of our virtues which is consulted in the choice of our friends, but the depravity of our inclinations. Does a man drink a bottle more than the generality of our companions—good; that man is a very honest fellow, and very proper to be set down as a friend: does another tell a story, sing a song, or spend the substance of other people with an uncommon degree of spirit—better and better; there can be no doubt of his worth; and we clap him in our heart's *core*, as Hamlet has it, in our *heart of hearts*: or has a third butchered his neighbour in some scandalous quarrel, arising from the outrageous excess of midnight profligacy—best of all; such a friend is inestimable; an intimacy with him is not more flattering to our pride than agreeable to our wishes; we mention his heroism upon every occasion; and in proportion to the closeness of our acquaintance, we constantly claim a share in the lustre of his reputation.

In like manner, where we form a still nearer connection than friendship is capable of admitting, when we absolutely look about for wives, by what salutary standard do we regulate our inclinations? Will not a tolerable face have more weight with us than the most exalted understanding? And will not a tolerable fortune appear of more consequence than the united recommendation of all the mental accomplishments? When these things are notoriously so, what are we

to expect but shame and disappointment, but mortification and regret? At a situation like this, who are we to find fault with but ourselves? If we trust our property to the hands of a robber, can we expect it to be safe? And if we lodge our confidence or our felicity in the bosoms of the worthless, what greater security can we possibly hope to find, either for the prodigal deposit of our friendships, or the frantic repose of our affections? Instead, therefore, of quarrelling with the world for deceiving us so often, we should acknowledge ourselves obliged that we are not deceived still oftener. Our connections for the most part are injudicious, and consequently should be for the most part unfortunate; yet, for the honour of human nature be it mentioned, the world is not so ready to deceive as we are to let it; nor are our acquaintance half so much disposed to be villains as we are disposed to be fools. Let us not, therefore, because we ourselves are profligate or ridiculous, impeach the integrity of other people. If we have a mind to be fortunate in our friendships, or happy in our loves, let us not form attachments according to the advice of our passions, but according to the direction of our reason: the wise and the virtuous are those which will stand the test of the closest examination; and these are the only people whom reason will ever point out as entitled in the least to our esteem or our affection.

Nº CXIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 2.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,
I Make no doubt, Sir, but the conduct of a weekly essay must be very troublesome; and that a great part of your labours are unseen, spent in efforts that produce nothing, and thrown away upon subjects that are sound barren in the experiment.

If you should at any time be at a loss for a subject, I flatter myself you would find something new in the history of those obscure ages, which modern readers have hitherto thought unworthy of their curiosity, and which lie deserted because unknown.

The history of the unfortunate Arantes and Aspasia is among this number;

and though their epitaph at Lyons in France has been printed in our books of travels, yet their story at length is but little known.

Arantes was son to the governor of one of the Mediterranean islands, and favoured with all the advantages of nature, fortune, and education. Aspasia was a Greek lady, beautiful beyond expression, and admired by all the youth of Athens, which was then the place of concourse for all the polite of the Roman empire.

Their mutual merit soon produced a mutual esteem; and this was after some time converted into the most ardent passion. They both indulged the hopes of being happy in each other for life, when

Aranthes returning home to obtain his father's consent, was taken by a pirate, sold into the internal parts of Africa, and there condemned to toil with the most unremitting severity.

In the mean time, Aspasia felt all that love and impatience could inspire; one year passed away without hearing any news from her lover; another came, but still the same silence: at length, an account arrived that Arantes was no more; so that Aspasia now lost her love in desperation.

Time, that obliterates every passion, by degrees assuaged the pain which was felt by Aspasia; she was at last brought to listen to new addresses, and so far prevailed upon by the admonitions of her parents, that she consented to go into France with an old merchant who designed her for his son, then in Africa, trading with the natives of that barbarous region. Her voyage was successful; and if her refined manners charmed the old man, the son, who soon after returned, was not less enchanted.

A day was fixed for their nuptials; and as he was the most opulent man of the country, all the inhabitants came successively to offer their congratulations; and in order to add still greater splendour to the solemnity, the young merchant who was to be bridegroom made her a present of fifty slaves, who were at that time just landed, and within half a day's journey to attend her.

As the presence of such a number of slaves, it was thought, would add to the magnificence of the entertainment, they were led up to the merchant's palace, loaded with merchandizes, as was then the custom, and bending beneath their sorrows and fatigue. Aspasia felt all that humanity can inspire upon the

sight of such distress, while they passed on successively before her. But what could equal her emotions, when among the hindmost of those unhappy wretches she beheld her own Arantes, emaciated with labour and affliction, and with his eyes unalterably fixed upon the ground! She gave a loud convulsive shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of her attendants. As her situation naturally drew the eyes of all upon her, Arantes saw once again the dear object of her earliest passion, and flew with haste to her assistance. Their story, and his misfortunes, were soon made known to the company, and the young merchant, with peculiar generosity, resigned his mistress to the more early claim of Arantes.

Were this story a novel, it would end with the greatest propriety in this place: but truth disagreeably lengthens the account; for one day sitting in a window of one of the apartments, happy in each other, and flushed with expectations of still greater rapture, a youth, who with a bow had been shooting at birds in a neighbouring grove, drew it at random, and the arrow pierced both lovers at the same time. Thus a life of misfortune was terminated by as unfortunate an end. They were both laid in the same grave; and their epitaph still continues legible, though erected near a thousand years, a monument at once both of the caprice of their fate, and of their mutual fidelity.

I shall not make any addition to this story, Mr. Babler, by unnecessary observations: if the story itself is not worth the attention of your readers, it can receive no benefit from any remarks of mine; so that I shall trespass no longer on your patience than to assure you, with how much regard I am your constant reader, and very humble servant,

NARRATOR.

Nº CXV. SATURDAY, APRIL 9.

THE character of an author is what such numbers are ambitious of obtaining, that every day produces some addition to the republic of letters, and shews us a great many honest gentlemen who imagine that the publication of a book, let it be ever so useless or despicable, must raise them in the estimation of the world, as if the surest way to establish an idea of their understanding was

to prove themselves triflers or fools. For my own part, great a partiality as I may feel for the productions of the press, I set but a very small value on those works which are not likely to be of service to society. The most ingenious treatise on the wing of a butterfly has but very little merit, in my opinion; and my ridicule is much more easily moved where a man of real talents takes an

an infinite deal of pains to prove some hypothesis, which, when it is proved, does not signify a sixpence to the world, than where I see a writer setting out to gain some point which will be really advantageous to mankind, but failing, through an obvious want of abilities, in the attainment of his end.

There is, however, no part of literature in which men of genius are so apt to trifle, or in which blockheads are so apt to be insufferable, as in poetry. Who, for instance, that reads Mr. Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, can forbear lamenting to find so much sterling fancy and exquisite versification thrown away upon a subject which cannot possibly be of the smallest benefit to the reader? Perhaps, of all the pieces which this great man ever published, the *Rape of the Lock* is the most finished and poetical; yet, must it not grieve a considerate mind to recollect that the *Rape of the Lock* is at best but a glittering toy, an elevated gewgaw, merely capable of amusing the fancy, but no way calculated to enlarge the understanding? Must it not grieve a considerate mind to see those astonishing abilities prodigally squandered on such despicable objects, when the choice of subjects suited to their natural dignity would have afforded the world a still greater degree of entertainment, and given it besides the most ample and salutary sources of instruction?

It is a very absurd opinion which a great many people adopt in regard to the end of poetry. So it amuses the fancy, they imagine it may neglect the heart; and so it tickles the ear in an agreeable manner, they never once trouble themselves about the effect which it is likely to have upon the understanding: thus they conclude, that the most exalted walk of all literature is to be the least useful to the world, and set down men of inferior talents only as the proper instructors of society. Absurd as this opinion is, it has nevertheless a prodigious number of advocates; and the generality of our modern poets seem to be so perfectly satisfied of it's justice, that one half of our compositions are nothing more than elegies on linnets or black-birds—descriptions of a river or a meadow—verses to the spring—and ballads about milliners girls and mantua-makers apprentices.

Did these worthy gentlemen, however, consider, that poetry is to the full as capable of improving the mind as of amusing the imagination, perhaps they would endeavour to give us some gleams of common sense in their productions. Did they consider, that the principal number of our celebrated poets, while they entertained us with the finest ebullitions of genius, have given us also the soundest lessons of morality; and did they consider, that the harmony of numbers is almost entirely calculated to enforce the sentiments of virtue more strongly on our bosoms; they might be kindly led to mix a little reason now and then with their rhyme, and induced to believe, that the most polished versification is but a poor apology for dullness and insipidity.

The herd of modern versifiers unfortunately copy nothing but the defects of our celebrated writers. Instead of endeavouring to imitate the exalted flights of a Pope, they only follow him where he evidently descends; and because he, or because other great men, like Scipio and Lælius, have employed themselves in skimming some little poetical pebbles on the surface of genius, they claim an everlasting privilege to trifle also, and run continually into their faults, without once spiritedly attempting to reach the least of their perfections.

It is in reality surprising, when the main end of literature is to make mankind wiser and better, that the press is unceasingly teeming with productions which often want even the negative merit of having no harm to countenance the grossness of their stupidity. Whoever is desirous of being an author should always carefully attend to this material circumstance, the instruction of his reader; he should judiciously consider with himself, whether the publication which he is about to make is such as can either be serviceable to the judgment or the heart; advantageous to the cause of good sense, or beneficial to the interests of morality: unless it answers one of these ends, he never can promise himself either profit or reputation; and it will be much more for his credit to continue in his usual state of obscurity, than to call for the attention of the world to shew himself a weak or a worthless member of the community.

N° CXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

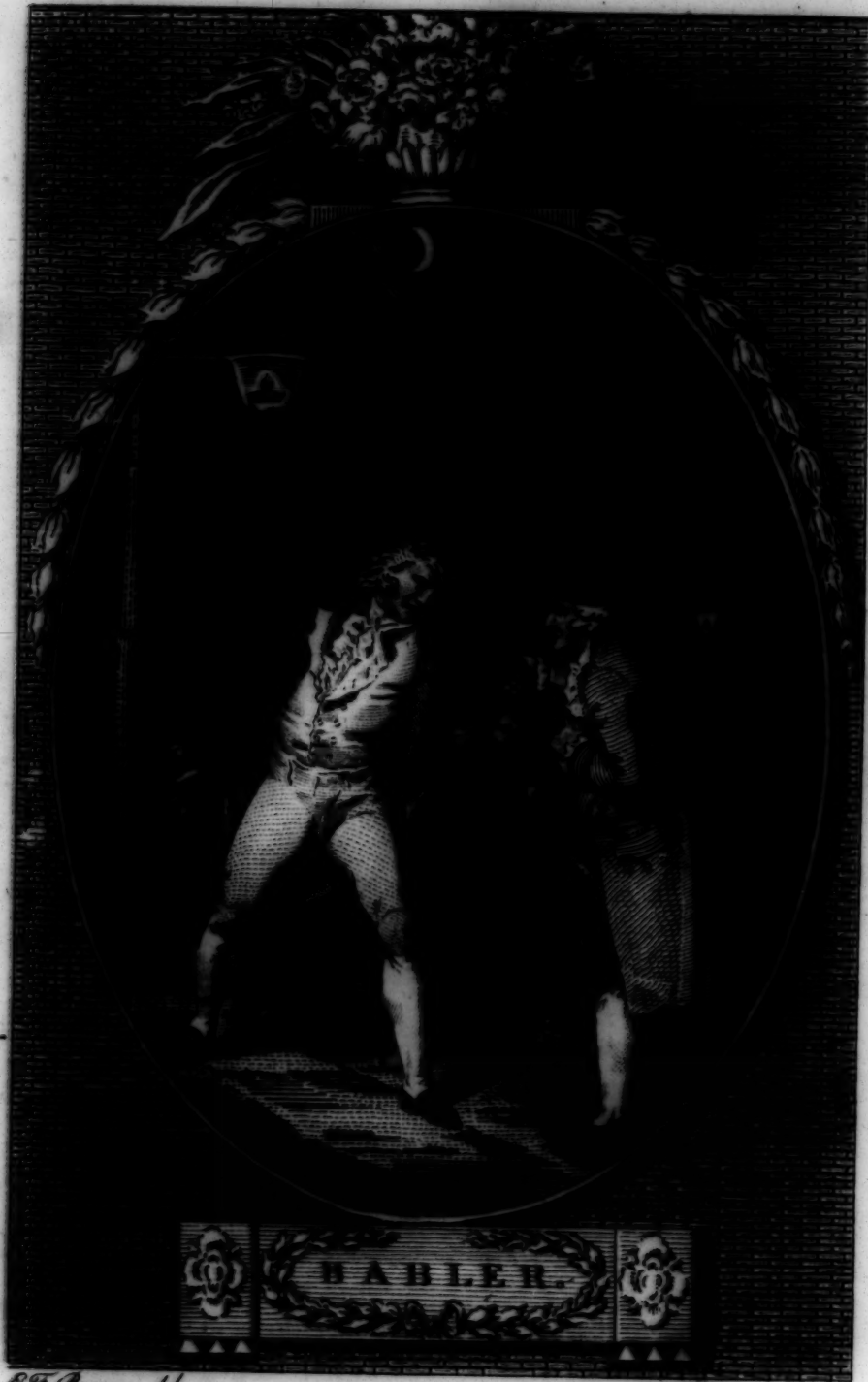
IT sometimes happens, that men who make the most dangerous deviations from the laws of society and the principles of virtue, in a great measure owe their crimes to the very benevolence of their hearts; and that, in the midst of all their guilt, we find a dignity of soul which commands our highest admiration.

Frank Leeson was the son of a country gentleman in Ireland, who possessed a little estate of about three hundred pounds a year; but who, with that liberality of sentiment so particularly the characteristic of his nation, gave into an hospitality rather beyond the power of his circumstances, and in promoting the happiness of his friends, too frequently forgot a necessary attention to his own. The consequence may be easily foreseen by the intelligent reader. Old Mr. Leeson was involved in perpetual difficulties, and was upon the eve of being thrown into prison, when he was saved from a disgrace of that nature by the extraordinary piety of his son. Frank, to a very excellent understanding, joined a very amiable person; on which account, a young lady with an independent fortune of 8000*l.* had long beheld him with a favourable eye: but Frank, being attached to another, whose beauty and merit were her only recommendations, had hitherto declined to profit by this lady's partiality; however, when he saw there was no other method of saving an infirm father and mother from poverty and bondage, the force of his filial affection got the better of his love. He tore himself from the woman of his soul, and married the eight thousand pounds. With this money he paid off all the old gentleman's debts, and entered the world with a degree of reputation considerably superior to the generality of his acquaintance.

As nothing could separate Frank and his father, the old couple and the young lived for some time in the most perfect state of harmony under the same roof; and the severity of their former situation producing a necessary regulation in their expences, they were every day rising no less in opulence than in felicity; when an unexpected misfortune left them, in

the moment of their utmost security, without shelter and without bread. Old Mr. Leeson, finding his health very much impaired, and conceiving a disgust, moreover, at the part in which he resided, because his friends had not formerly been so ready to assist him in his necessities as he had reason to expect; resolved, with the concurrence of his son, to dispose of his estate, and to make an adequate purchase in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where he might have an opportunity of consulting the best physicians, and establishing a more agreeable circle of acquaintance. Pursuant to this plan, he sold every acre he possessed; had the purchase-money home in bills; and was preparing to set off for another part of the kingdom in a day or two, when an accidental fire reduced his habitation to an heap of ashes, destroyed all his effects, and gave him scarcely a moment more than was absolutely necessary for the preservation of his family. Frank, whose whole property was also in bills, and packed up ready for the intended departure, lost all in the general calamity; and was obliged, together with his father, his mother, and his wife, to take refuge at a neighbouring gentleman's for a few days, till they were in a capacity of reaching the metropolis; where Frank expected, from some letters which he obtained to the lord lieutenant, to procure a little establishment either in the army or the public offices.

On the arrival of our unfortunate family in town, young Mr. Leeson applied himself industriously to profit by his recommendations; but, alas! though he met with civility, he could obtain no relief. Every fresh application gave him nothing but fresh occasion to lament the miserable prospect before him; and while he was continually cheering every bosom at home with the speedy expectation of halcyon days, he had nothing but despair in his own. At length, destruction became too evident to be concealed: his father, who was now confined to his bed, had been a whole day without sustenance; and young Mrs. Leeson was every hour trembling, lest the pains of parturency should oblige her to solicit the charitable assistance of the



R. F. Burney del.

Grignon sculp.

the public. Thus situated, torn with a thousand pangs for a wife who possessed his highest esteem; for a father, whom he almost worshipped, and a mother, whom he tenderly loved; Frank sallied out one evening into the streets, and stopping a gentleman, whose appearance indicated opulence, he demanded his money with such a wildness of accent, that the gentleman, terrified out of his wits, immediately gave him a purse of fifty guineas, and Frank eagerly retreated to his lodgings, depositing the money with his father, and telling him he had received it from the lord lieutenant's order, as an earnest only of future obligations. The family at home not doubting the truth of this relation, poured out their whole souls in acknowledgment of the viceroy's goodness, and once more refreshed themselves with a comfortable repast.

Next morning, however, the robbery became noised abroad; and, to the great surprize of every body, a merchant of the first character and fortune was apprehended for the fact, and lodged in Newgate. On the earliest knowledge of this circumstance, Frank immediately wrote to the innocent gentleman, desiring him to be under no apprehension; for if he was not honourably acquitted, the person actually guilty would, on the day of trial, appear in court, acknowledge his crime, and surrender himself to the violated laws of his country. The gentleman naturally read his letter to every body; but though such as were his friends talked of it as a most extraordinary affair, the generality of people considered it as a despicable artifice, calculated to impose on the credulity of the public. However, the day of trial at last came; and notwithstanding the merchant's character appeared irreproachable before this unfortunate stain; notwithstanding several personages of the highest figure proved him a man remarkably nice in his principles, and opulent in his circumstances; the prosecutor was so positive in his charge, and a number of circumstances so surprisingly concurred, that he was actually convicted, and the judge proceeding to sentence; when a loud noise of *Make way* ran through the court; and young Mr. Leeson, with a manly yet modest countenance, rushing forward, demanded to be heard, and delivered himself to the following effect—

‘ You see before you, my lord, an unhappy young man, who once little thought of violating the laws of his country, and who wished rather to be the friend than the enemy of society: but who knows to what he may be urged in the hour of a piercing calamity; to what he may be wrought when destitute of friends, and destitute of bread! I, my lord, was born a gentleman, and bred one. Six months ago I was master of an easy fortune, but an accidental fire in a moment reduced me to beggary; and, what still more distressed me, reduced also an infirm and excellent father, an aged and tender mother, together with the best of women and the best of wives, to the same lamentable situation. Encouraged by some recommendations to the great, we came up to town, and expected a decent means of procuring a subsistence: but, alas! my lord, those who want compassion most, are those who are most commonly disregarded. Instead of assistance, we received compliments, and met with the bow of frigid politeness where we looked for the bounteous hand of relief; so that in a little time our all was totally exhausted, and my unhappy father, with the venerable partner of his youth, were above a day without any sustenance whatsoever; when, unable to see them expiring for food, I rushed forth, and committed the robbery for which this gentleman, now prisoner at the bar, has been condemned.

‘ This was not the whole of my affliction: a fond deserving wife, who had brought me a plentiful fortune, lay also perishing with hunger, and that too in a situation which demanded the tenderest attention, and the most immediate regard. Such, my lord, were my motives for that unjustifiable action. Had the gentleman condemned been happily acquitted, I had not made this public acknowledgment of my guilt. Heaven only knows what I have suffered during his confinement; but the empire of the universe would not bribe me to injure him farther; nor tempt me, by an infamous sacrifice of his life, to consult the safety of my own. Here, then, my lord, I claim his sentence, and demand his bonds. Providence will, I doubt not, now take care of my innocent family, who are equally ignorant of my crime, and

and my self-accusation. For my own part, I am resigned; and I feel nothing in consequence of my approaching fate, but from what I am sensible my miserable friends must suffer on my account.

Here Mr. Leeson ended, and the whole court was lost in approbation and tears. He was, however, condemned, but pardoned the same day; and his

character suffered so little upon this occasion, that the lord lieutenant gave him, with his life, a place of seven hundred pounds a year; while the merchant, who had been accused from resembling him excessively, dying some time after without issue, left him his whole fortune, as a reward for so exemplary an act of justice and generosity.

Nº CXVII. SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

AS the managers of our theatres are, I am satisfied, gentlemen of too much understanding to be offended with any body for pointing out such casual improprieties as, in the great multiplicity of their business, may possibly escape their own observation, I shall employ the present paper in acquainting them with a circumstance or two which may be altered much to the satisfaction of the public, without exposing themselves to the smallest inconvenience, or the minutest expence.

As I am very fond of a play, and generally take my station in the pit, I am frequently offended at the constant interruptions which the performance meets with from the restless dispositions of the musicians, who, the moment an act is begun, always get up, stare about, perhaps, with an idle gape of stupidity, and then withdraw, though conscious that their presence is indispensably requisite in half an hour at the farthest. When the prompter touches his bell towards the close of the act, the audience is again disturbed by their entrance; and this entrance is made with so little caution, that the actors are absolutely impeded in the prosecution of their parts, and the attention of the spectators very frequently called from the most interesting passages of the play. Sometimes, these considerate gentlemen will even tune their various instruments while the performer is actually speaking; and I have more than once heard Lear exclaiming against the unnatural hags his daughters to the disjointed squeak of a hautboy, the impertinent sharp of a fiddle, or the drowsy hum of a bassoon. In every play we are sure of being disturbed ten times by the very people who are paid to increase our entertain-

ment; and who surely should, from motives of interest, if not from principles of gratitude, seize every opportunity of adding to our satisfaction.

What kind of corporeal qualities may go to the composition of a fiddler, I neither know, nor am I very solicitous of being informed. I cannot, however, help thinking but they might sit as quietly in their seats as their paymasters the public. During the course of an evening's entertainment, not one in a hundred of the auditors find it necessary to go out. Why, therefore, the whole band of music should have occasion to interrupt us regularly every half hour, is somewhat extraordinary. A little common sense cannot surely prejudice the nicety of their ears, or the expertness of their fingers; and if not, what excuse can they possibly assign for a behaviour so generally disagreeable to the town, and so palpably below the practice of any men who pretended in the least either to manners or to modesty?

It is a circumstance mentioned highly to the honour of the late Prince of Wales, his majesty's father, that having by some unavoidable accident outstaid his time one evening when he had commanded a play, he was no sooner informed that the audience had been obliged to wait in consequence of his delay, than he pulled out his watch in the full face of the house, as if he had recognized his error, and bowed with such an acknowledgment of gracious condescension, as rendered him inconceivably amiable from his little mistake. With all possible deference to the gentlemen of the catgut, and the professors of the pipe, I think the Prince of Wales a personage of as much consequence as the best of them; and therefore, if an
apology

apology was amiable in him for detaining an audience some minutes from a favourite entertainment, it must be thought a little presumptuous in them to be perpetually disturbing it. It is not, however, the members of the band to whom I address myself, it is to their *immediate masters*; and I flatter myself, after what I have here said, I shall have but little occasion to expatiate on the subject for the future, as the managers have good-sense, and the public have recollection.

The next abuse which I think wants reformation in our theatres, is the practice which some of the capital performers have of raising the price of the pit at their benefits. This, of all the acts of presumption which I ever remember in the professors of the stage, is by much the most glaring and unpardonable; and if it should be tolerated but a few seasons longer, there is no knowing to what lengths the temerity may be carried. I am far from being an enemy to the drama; on the contrary, I wish particularly well to the actors; and am never better pleased than when I see their merits properly rewarded by the munificence of the public. But I think there is none of our performers who ought not to be very thankful for a clear benefit of two hundred pounds. This either of the theatres will afford them at the common prices; and one should surely imagine that they ought to testify their acknowledgments for the annual company of their friends, rather than make use of that very esteem which the town entertains for them to load it with an additional charge. What they may think of the affair, I know not; but of this I am fully persuaded, that the man who would not think himself highly obliged by a clear benefit of two hundred pounds, never deserves to have a benefit at all.

Let us, however, examine a little into the general excuse which the gentlemen of the theatres think proper to urge in extenuation of this extraordinary behaviour. Whenever they are reprehended on this account, their constant plea is, that they raise their price in order to oblige their friends; and that as nobody is forced to come, nobody can complain of an injury. This excuse scarcely merits a reply; yet let me ask the people who urge it, whether the theatre is not

entirely a public entertainment; and whether they can properly dispose of those places to any particular individuals, which are equally appointed for the indifferent reception of all? Custom has for a long time authorized the letting of places in the boxes; but custom has never authorized an addition to the regular price—Why, therefore, the frequenters of the pit should be excluded from their usual seats without the payment of two shillings extraordinary, is a circumstance which surprises me much. What have the pit part of the audience done that they should be singled out to bear the imposition of some arrogant favourite, whom they themselves have probably raised into reputation? If an addition must be made to the price of tickets on benefit nights, let the tax become general; let the boxes and the galleries come in for their portion of the burden, and let not the people of the pit be the only persons destined to bear the scourge of theatrical avarice and temerity. If an actor's friends want to put a sum of money in his pocket, let them give double or treble the value for their own tickets; but let not the indifferent part of the public be obliged to pay for friendships in which they have no manner of connection. The buildings which formerly disgraced the stage on benefit nights have been judiciously removed by the good sense of the managers; it is therefore to be hoped, that they will shew as much readiness in the suppression of a palpable injustice as in the suppression of a mere inconvenience; and that they will not suffer their performers to take a liberty with the public which they dare not take themselves.

The last thing which I shall recommend to the managers is, to consult the propriety of places, and to pay a little attention to the rank of their characters. What business has a party of the English foot-guards to attend upon a Persian emperor! Or is it a reason that a prince should not be habited like a prince, because the actor who appears in the character has but thirty shillings a week? It is inconceivable how these little things affect an accurate observer! Who can bear to see the Duke of Cornwall's gentleman dressed better than the Duke of Cornwall himself? or endure with patience to see the persons of one single family

famly drest in the manner of half a dozen different countries? The probability of the fiction becomes destroyed by means of these slovenly inattentions; and Drury

Lane or Covent Garden stare us continually in the face, when we want to be in Spain or in France, in Italy or Illyria.

Nº CXVIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 30.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

THERE is a set of good-natured people in the world who, so far from rejoicing at the prosperity of their neighbours, are continually mortified whenever they see others growing up happily into life, and encreasing in their circumstances either by the force of their own industry, or some unexpected turn of good fortune.

You must know, Mr. Babler, that I was lately a shopkeeper in the Strand, and, though I say it myself, was as pains-taking a young fellow as most are. Being assiduous in my duty, I was successful in my trade; and would in all probability have soon acquired a comfortable independence, had not the will of a generous relation rendered it unnecessary for me to labour any longer, by bequeathing me a fortune of full twelve hundred a year. On this acquisition I made over my shop to a worthy young fellow of my own family, and began to shew away a little smartly, naturally supposing, that as I was now a man of fortune, there could be no impropriety whatsoever in assuming the appearance of a gentleman; more especially too, as my education had been tolerably genteel, and my friends were of no little consideration in the country. Yet unhappily, Sir, though I shook my old acquaintance with as much cordiality by the hand as ever, and was as ready as ever to pass an evening with them at the Crown and Anchor, nevertheless, the presumption of setting up a carriage, and the vanity of wearing a bit of lace upon my coat, were inexhaustible sources of ridicule. It was expected that I should be still the very self-same haberdasher I originally set out in life; and instead of acting in the character I was now entitled to put on, it was thought inconceivably arrogant that I deviated in the least from the simplicity of my mechanical appearance. Hence a thousand sarcasms of under-

bred smartness were continually spurted at me; and so far from gaining any little credit from the preservation of my former affability, that very affability was ascribed to some motives of affectation, and only served to plunge me in additional contempt.

Wearied out with the malevolent reflections of the town, I determined at last to retire into Nottinghamshire, where my property principally lay, in hopes that a new set of acquaintance would treat me in a very different manner; and that, so long as I behaved like a gentleman, I should at least be entitled to good manners and civility. But, alas! Sir, here I found, if possible, fresh causes of uneasiness and mortification. My profession had been noised through the whole neighbourhood; and the gentlemen of fortune found it utterly below the consequence of their characters to associate with a despicable fellow who had formerly been a tradesman: when I went down, therefore, they unanimously resolved to avoid the most distant intercourse with me. Instead of visiting me as a stranger, they even returned my cards of invitation; and one worthy wight in particular, the grandson of a cheesemonger, threatened to horse-whip my servant, if he ever more presumed to come again on such a message from a pitiful little shopkeeper. What to do, Mr. Babler, I knew not: possessed of a good estate, I could not herd with the very plebeians of the country; and those with whom I thought myself entitled to rank disdained to keep me company. Thus circumstanced, I was obliged to return to the metropolis which had used me with so unremitting a degree of ill-nature, and forced to trust to the casual acquaintance of the play or the coffee-house, rather than detach myself entirely from society.

The old adage, Mr. Babler, is a very good one, which says—'Consider what I *am*, and not what I *have* been.' If mankind were in general to be estimated by their original situations

tions in life, we should find but very few of our most dignified characters entitled to respect. The bishop that pronounces the benediction in our churches would be found some inconsiderable little chaplain; the chancellor, who, like another deity, directs in all matters of equity, would come out perhaps an obscure chamber-council; and the minister, who made both bishop and chancellor, appear no more, at his first setting out, than a paltry cornet of horse: yet, surely, upon their advancement in the world, it would be quite wrong were they to crawl in the contracted circumference of their primeval circles. It would be ridiculous for the first to spend his evenings continually at the Chapter coffee-house; idle in the second to pass away his leisure hours at the Grecian; and as improper for the third to be perpetually lounging at George's. If, therefore, those who appear in the most elevated characters are to act consistently with what they *are*, and not

in conformity to what they *have* been, it cannot, surely, be improper for those who move in a more subordinate sphere to follow the same examples. A man, while he continues in trade, should appear like a tradesman; but if by any accident he should arrive at the possession of a plentiful estate, is it not as requisite that he should appear like a man of fortune? Upon all occasions is it not necessary to act with a characteristic degree of propriety? Propriety, in fact, is constituted by the observance of character; and consequently he that acts agreeable to the rules of propriety, is infinitely less entitled to the general ridicule, than he who is terrified, by the thing which he formerly has been, from assuming the consequence really belonging to what he is. If you approve these sentiments, Mr. Babler, you will kindly give them a place; if not, they shall be sent for in a few days, by, Sir, your constant reader,

ANIMADVERTOR.

N^o CXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 7.

TO THE BABLER.

SIR,

AMONG all the extraordinary characters in the extensive rounds of infamy, who are entitled to the detestation of the public, I know of none more odious than those who depend upon the bounty of some prostitute for a maintenance, and live upon the wages which some miserable woman earns by the most abandoned sacrifice both of her peace and her reputation. Yet, that there are men so callous to every dictate of delicacy, so dead to every sentiment of shame, as to boast of such a support, and even make an absolute profession of living by the profligacy of the other sex, experience every day must fatally convince the sensible observer: let those, however, who doubt the truth of the remark, cast an eye over the following little portrait, and every ninety-nine readers in a hundred will immediately point out the person from whom I have taken the resemblance.

Codrax was born of very obscure parents in Shropshire, and had little obligations either to nature or education, but the advantages of a tolerable person

and an impudence unparalleled. Being sent into the world at a very early age, with little other dependance than these two qualifications, he strove upon all occasions to make them answer some account. Hence, wherever he went, he was a man of professed gallantry; yet, having no passions to gratify besides the despicable avarice of his temper, his attacks were constantly directed against those who were likely to supply him with money, the moment he obtained any place in their affections. Ignorant as he was of every thing else, he knew that a woman who parts with her heart, would be easily led to a sacrifice of her interest, and therefore made use of the same passport to the purse which gave him first of all an admittance to the person.

Among the number of those who distinguished him by particular marks of liberality, the mistress of a certain noble lord, who was herself allowed an ample income by the munificence of her lover, made him an appointment out of her salary of four hundred pounds a year; furnished an elegant house for his convenience; and even set up an equipage to gratify his vanity. It is the constant curse of keepers to be disregarded by

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those wretches on whom they are most lavish of their bounty; and it is as constantly the curse of the miserable wretches themselves to squander away what is thus obtained from the object of their aversion, on rascals who treat them with cruelty or contempt. This was the case of the unfortunate woman before us. Every sixpence which her artifice stole from the misguided partiality of her lord, she immediately gave into the possession of Codrax; and thought herself amply rewarded if he even condescended to receive these instances of her regard with any tolerable share of civility. Her fondness, however, was too palpable to be always concealed: her lord found out her attachment, and discarded her with the obloquy she merited. She, however, had still some jewels, and other valuable moveables. These she parted with gradually, to support the prodigality of her infamous paramour; and at last reduced herself to a single change of cloaths. Finding there was no prospect of benefiting any farther by her weakness, Codrax decamped without beat of drum, and left her to all the stings of pinching poverty and a despairing love. In this situation the keenness of her sufferings found a refuge in distraction; and a cell in Bedlam is now the retreat of an unhappy wretch, who some time ago could waste no less than thousands in the pursuit of her licentious dissipations. In the midst of all her distresses, Codrax, though opulent through the means of her very affection for him, refused to give her a shilling: he saw her for some time wandering naked through the streets, bereft alike of habitation and bread, yet still he denied the smallest relief. But who could expect a dawn of humanity in a bosom which was totally lost to honour; or think that a mind could be tinged with the minutest touches of benevolence, which could become scandalously dependant even upon infamy for a support, and stoop to be a prostitute to actual prostitution!

One of the next strokes in the character of Codrax, is the destruction of a whole family in the country. Having, in consequence of his last connection,

now got a handsome sum in his pocket, he went down to a certain country town in an elegant chariot, attended by a couple of servants, and took lodgings just by the house of a widow lady, who had been left, by the ridiculous partiality of a doating husband, the sole care of two children, one a daughter, quite marriageable; and, what was still worse, the sole possession of their father's estate, which amounted to five hundred pounds a year. Our hero's appearance was smart, and his person, as I have before observed, agreeable; he therefore easily got himself introduced to the old matron's house, and made such good use of his time, that in less than a fortnight both mother and daughter were entirely at his devotion. He continued this hopeful connection with the two, till he had either squandered away or engrossed the principal part of their fortune into his hands: he then took his leave triumphantly of the family; the female part of which did not long survive his departure. The mother died of a broken heart, in all the miseries, as I hear, of a parish work-house; and the daughter perished in childhood for want of common necessities. What became of the son, I know not; but I think somebody told me that he is now either a common seaman in our fleets, or a common soldier in our armies.

Codrax is now leagued with a profligate performer in the service of the public, who has a considerable sum of money and some valuable jewels in her possession. He has for some time assumed the title of knighthood, and ordered in a variety of articles from various tradesmen, who have not yet perhaps repented of their credulity. How long this connection may continue, is a matter of little consequence to the world. Those, however, who see this, may be warned by the advice of a friend, and take care how they admit such a man into their families. Should my letter be productive of so salutary an effect, my wish will be answered; and I shall with pleasure acknowledge myself your very humble servant,

JUSTICE.

N^o CXX. SATURDAY, MAY 14.

IN one of my papers, some time ago, I threw out a hint relative to a passion which my young rogue Harry had conceived for Miss Cornelia Marchmont, whom I mentioned as the very abstract of every mental perfection, and every personal accomplishment. My conjecture, for a considerable while, was acquiring fresh foundation; but as my nephew said nothing of the matter to me, I took no notice of it to him, though I could not help smiling at the belief which he entertained, that I was totally ignorant in regard to the object of his affections. Last Monday sevensnight, however, he came to me with an air of the greatest transport, and after apologizing for not having made me acquainted with the business a little sooner, informed me, that Miss Marchmont had blessed him that morning with the acknowledgment of a reciprocal esteem, and that I was the person whom she had pitched upon to open a negotiation between the two families.

As I do not know any young lady existing who possesses a greater share of my esteem than Miss Marchmont, nor ever saw a person so immediately calculated to make my boy happy, I shook him cordially by the hand, wished him joy from the bottom of my heart, and instantly set out to my sister Rattle, who is a very worthy woman, though she sometimes will argue with me about a point of philosophy; and is a very sensible one too, though she has within these three months found fault with one or two of my Bablers. Luckily, on my entrance, I found Mr. Marchmont, Cornelia's father, chatting with her at the parlour fire; and as he and I have been intimately acquainted above thirty years, I opened the business of my errand without any ceremony, and this the more especially, because I knew neither could have any reasonable objection to the match. Every thing turned out as I expected; both were rejoiced at the affection between the young people; and there being no mighty matters of law to retard the celebration of the nuptials, I thought it best to make short work of the affair, and accordingly fixed the wed-

ding for the following Saturday. The proposition being approved by the parent of each, I retired to make Harry happy with the intelligence; and in pursuance of the agreement, I saw him blessed with one of the worthiest, as well as sweetest, girls in the universe, with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, last Saturday morning. Harry has fifteen hundred a year himself; and my sister, who has a very good jointure, is, I fancy, making a purse for him into the bargain; so that, between what he must have upon her decease, and upon the decease of another person, who shall be nameless—there will be ample provision for a rising family.

As I look upon a wedding-day to be one of the most important calls which either of the sexes have in their whole lives for the exertion of an extraordinary delicacy, I was not a little attentive to the behaviour of my two favourites; and it gave me infinite pleasure to observe, upon the whole, that Harry's behaviour was manly, tender, and respectful, without deviating into that fulsome disagreeable fondness, of which even men of the best sense are often guilty, when they have just obtained the woman of their heart. As to Cornelia, I never saw a young creature in her situation conduct herself with more propriety: to all the dignity of conscious virtue, she joined all the ineffable sweetness of an engaging timidity; and though she seemed proud of the man whom she had thus preferred to all the world, yet she had too much sensibility not to feel some amiable terrors, at so awful an alteration of her circumstances.

After the performance of the ceremony, we all retired to Mr. Marchmont's; and there being a large company of us, Harry judiciously proposed an unremitting round of amusements, both before dinner and after, which entirely employed the attention even of the most volatile, and prevented the circulation of those indelicate ambiguities with which the generality of wedding-days are frequently disgraced. So that our mirth was, as it ought to be, mingled with good sense and manners; and

of course the harmony of a day could be little liable to interruption, while that harmony was regulated by reason and civility.

I have been often shocked, at the solemnization of a marriage, to see the ridiculous, I had almost said the profligate, levity with which people have approached the altar of the Divine Being, and jested with one another at the instant of supplicating a blessing from his hand: nay, I have been many times present where the clergyman who read the service has considered the affair as a matter of the greatest merriment, and even winked with a peculiar degree of archness at the bride, when he came to mention the procreation of children.

One would imagine, on a wedding-day, that if the friends of the married couple had even no veneration for the Deity, they would at least have some little share of politeness; and be actuated by a tender concern for the feelings of the lady, if they even felt no awe whatsoever in the presence of their God. A woman of any sensibility, on her wedding-day, must naturally be in

circumstances sufficiently embarrassed, without hearing any illiberal pleasantries from the company to enhance the difficulties of her situation. When she considers that the happiness or misery of her life materially depends upon the choice which she has then made, she has cause enough for terror; and when she considers the privilege which is shortly to be claimed by the object of that choice; when she considers that the delicate reserve, in which she has all her life been brought up, is in an instant to be sacrificed to his inclination; I say, when all these things are considered, nothing can be more insolent, or indeed more cruel, than to aggravate her distress by the practice of any improper jocularities. People, I am sensible, are strangely attached to old customs; but every custom should be abolished, which is in the least repugnant to reason and civility: on which account, I flatter myself the reader will give a proper attention to this subject, and correct the error I have here been speaking of, as far as he is able, in the circuit of his acquaintance.

Nº CXXI. SATURDAY, MAY 21.

DURING the time of the celebrated Thomas Kouli Kahn, it was a common amusement with him and his officers to take a number of asses, and try who could make the deepest incision in the backs of those unfortunate animals with a sabre: he that cut farthest was allowed the reputation of the strongest man; and frequently it happened that one of the miserable creatures was entirely divided asunder by the force of a single stroke. This anecdote was mentioned at a club, to which I have the honour of belonging, by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity and good sense, who was many years a resident in Persia, and was an occasional spectator at several of these inhuman diversions: the whole company, to their honour it must be mentioned, expressed an honest abhorrence at such barbarous relaxations; and we all congratulated ourselves upon living in a country, where it would be scandalous for the very first orders to imitate the Persian hero in his brutal exercises.

When I got home, however, I could not help reflecting, that notwithstanding the conscious pride of heart which we all possessed in the moment of self-congratulation, a number of amusements could be pointed out in this kingdom considerably more barbarous than the practice of hewing an ass to pieces, though this appeared so justly shocking to our imaginations: nay, what is still worse, the enjoyment of several barbarities is particularly reserved for people of the first figure and understanding, as if those, whose feeling should be uncommonly tender, had an additional title to the commission of cruelties, and as if a violent outrage upon every sentiment of humanity should be the peculiar privilege of birth and fortune. My readers may be surprized at this observation upon the people of England; yet, let me ask, if it be more cruel to torture an ass, than to torture a stag? or whether it is not even more compassionate to dispatch the first at a blow, than to pursue the latter for a number of hours,

hours, encreasing the wretched animal's agony at every step, and yielding it up at last to a death that must harrow up the bosom of any good-natured man who allows himself a moment's space for reflection?

The more, in reality, that we consider this point, the more we shall find it necessary to condemn the inhabitants of this civilized, this benevolent country. The Persian, when he dispatches the unfortunate ass, commits no trespass upon the property of his neighbour; nor manifests any disregard to the distresses of a friend. The animal whom he destroys is his own, it is confined to a particular spot, and nobody can suffer in it's death but himself; whereas, in the prosecution of the chase with us, we trample inconsiderately through half a county, perhaps over the corn grounds and inclosures which the industrious farmer has cultivated, or planted at a very great expence; and if the person whom we thus injure expresses any resentment at our conduct, we possibly horsewhip him for his insolence, and send him home with the reparation of a bleeding head to comfort his wife and children. This is not all; in the phrenzy of a hunting-match, as well as being sensible of the wrongs which we offer to others, we become wholly unmindful of the prejudice which we do ourselves; for, let our lives be of ever such consequence to our families, we become regardless of dangers, we never hesitate at leaps that are manifestly big with destruction; and even if the brother of our breast should meet with any accident in this mad-headed course, so far from stopping to assist him, we make an absolute jest of his misfortune, and express a sense of pleasure in proportion as we find him involved in distress: if he dislocates a leg or an arm by a fall from his horse, he affords us an exquisite entertainment; but if he actually fractures his skull, our mirth becomes extravagant, and we continue wild with delight, till happiness is totally effaced by intoxication.

The civilized nations of Europe are extremely ready, upon all occasions, to stigmatize every other part of the world with the epithet of barbarians; though the appellation might, with infinitely more propriety, be conferred upon themselves. Among the politest of our neighbours there are a thousand customs kept up which would fill the most un-

cultivated savage with horror, and give him, if possible, a still more contemptible idea of Christianity. An Indian Brachmin, for instance, will frequently go to the sea-side, while the fishermen are drawing their nets, and purchase a whole boatful of fish, for the humane satisfaction of restoring the expiring creatures to their natural element, and snatching them from death: nay, the tenderness of the Brachmins is so excessive with regard to the animal creation, that they have been known to purchase cattle at an extraordinary price, merely to save them from slaughter; compassionately thinking the lowing heifer or the bleating lamb an equal, though an humbler heir of existence, with themselves. What, then, would men of this exalted benevolence think of the British nation, were they to see with what solemnity the right of murdering an innocent partridge, or a harmless hare, is settled by the legislative power of the kingdom? Were they to see the armies which at particular seasons issue forth to destroy the warbling inhabitants of the air for actual diversion, the sportive tenants of the river for idle recreation; but, above all, what would they feel to see a generous domestic little bird scandalously tied to a stake, and denied the smallest chance of life, at the eve of a sacred fast set apart by our holy religion for the purposes of extraordinary sanctity, and the business of unusual mortification? It is impossible to imagine what they would feel, when there are even Christians to be found who cannot see the practice without horror, nor think of it without tears.

I am far from carrying my notions of tenderness to the animal creation beyond the bounds of reason, as the Brachmins do, who think it irreligious to feed upon any thing which has ever been endued with life, because I believe the great Author of all things designed these animals principally for the use and sustenance of man: yet, at the same time that I suppose they were formed by the Deity for the relief of our necessities, I cannot imagine he ever intended they should be tortured through wantonness, or destroyed for diversion. Nor can I imagine, but that even the superstitious forbearance of the Brachmins is infinitely more pleasing in his sight, than the inconsiderate cruelty of those who profess an immediate obedience to his word. A God all-mercy never takes
delight

delight in the unnecessary agony of a creature whom he has been pleased to endue with existence: we therefore offer an insult to him, when we give a needless pang to the meanest of his creatures; and absolutely pervert the design of his Providence, whenever we sacrifice those animals to our amusements which he has constituted entirely for the relief of our wants.

I have thrown out these reflections with a benevolent purpose. As such numbers of the ignorant and the thought-

less are apt to promote their amusements at the expence of their humanity, should what I have here offered be attended with the reformation but of an individual, I shall think my time well employed. Ridicule I must naturally expect from numbers, for daring to combat with favourite prejudices; but it is my consolation, that no witticism whatever which may be aimed at me as a writer can, on the present subject of animadversion, do me the minutest injury as a man.

Nº CXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 28.

WE are told by Plutarch, that whenever the celebrated Phocion stood up in the senate to speak upon the business of the nation, Demosthenes, who generally espoused a different system of politics, would whisper the person who sat next him, and say, *Here comes the pruning-hook of my periods.* For my own part, greatly as I myself may fall under the common censure with the generality of my brother scribblers, I could nevertheless wish that the present age had some salutary pruning-hook to lop off the redundancies of expression in literary composition, that the reader might not be put to the trouble of going over an unnecessary number of words, which, instead of helping out a writer's sense, most commonly have quite a contrary effect, and only serve to obscure the tendency of his arguments.

In the prosaic productions of the press, our modern writers, instead of aiming at conciseness and perspicuity, are too apt to study what is called a *rotundity* of period; and too ready to trespass upon propriety, for the mere consideration of embellishment. Thus, to make a sentence roll floridly on the ear, they often run into the most tedious repetitions; and use double the requisite quantity of words, from an unaccountable supposition that an elegance of style is constituted by an absolute prolixity: whereas, a moment's recollection must satisfy a sensible mind that the sooner we discover our meanings, the more masterly our pens must be naturally esteemed; and the sooner we inform the understanding of a reader, the more capable we are to answer the important designs of his instruction.

In poetical composition, there is nothing more frequent than the practice of clogging a line with a load of useless epithet, or unmeaning pleonasm, merely to fill out the necessary quantity of syllables. To point out what I mean more strongly, I shall give the reader an example from a man of no less consequence than Addison. The following ill-written simile in Cato has been greatly admired, and even in the Guardian it is quoted as one of the principal beauties which excites the admiration of Lady Lizard and her family—

So the pure limpid stream, when foul'd with
 . stains
Of gushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines:
Reflect each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in it's fair bosom shews.

In the four first lines of this simile, the judicious reader will immediately perceive that the poet has done little more than called a spade a spade; that is, made use of synonymous epithets or meanings entirely similar. The epithet *pure* is just the same as *limpid*; and we all know that when a stream is *foul'd*, it must be *stained* of course. In like manner, *to work itself clear*, it must *refine as it runs*; and, consequently, refining only as it runs, it's shining must be gradual. To be serious: the poet might as well repeat the term *pure*, as follow it with the term *limpid*; and he might with just the same elegance tell us, that the stream was stained with stains, as use a word of just the same signification. Mr. Addison, however highly entitled to our admiration as a
prof-

prose-writer, has, as a versifier, but small pretensions to our applause; it is not therefore so much to censure him that I have pointed out the present imperfection, as to warn my poetical purchasers from copying the mistake. In poetry our epithets should never be forced—properly used, they have a fine effect; but when they are visibly dragged in to spin out the measure of a line, and are moreover bald repetitions of the same idea, they become abominable. Nothing contributes more to their beauty than variety; and nothing is easier than to render them various. A stream, for instance, has more qualities than one; it may be smooth as well as limpid; and a rose, besides it's colour, has fragrance to distinguish it. When, therefore, our objects have qualities enough to supply us with a diversity of epithets, it must be a strange forgetfulness indeed to pick out a synonym, and to tell the world that what is excellent is excellent.

The great art of all style is for a writer never to throw away his words; never to introduce any thing into his piece but what is really necessary for the main purpose of his design. It is not because he has a pompous period of prose to display, or has a mind to parade with a particular blaze of poetical fancy, that he should overleap the bounds of propriety. No composition can have merit but in proportion as it is founded upon good sense; and good sense must always feel an injury where a stab is directed at propriety. For these reasons, an author should always aim at saying pertinent things in preference to fine ones; and when his partiality for some new sentiment is running away with his judgment, he ought to consider that the eye

of the world is much more inclined to kindle with disdain, than to sparkle with admiration; he ought to consider that an indifferent reader may look with the greatest contempt upon the very passage which he himself views with so exquisite a degree of satisfaction; and he ought also to consider, that the noblest flight of genius, improperly brought in, is at best but a shining absurdity.

For these reasons, therefore, when a writer sits down to work upon a subject which he imagines of consequence to mankind, let him by all means prefer the substantial advantages of intrinsic use to the flimsy fripperies of outside ornament; let him endeavour to be clear before he strives to be florid; and let him, where he aims at a floridity of style, take care that he is not in danger of striking on the quicksands of a dull repetition, or a lifeless prolixity. Style is but a very insignificant circumstance, unless it has actual matter to embellish; and it must render a man truly ridiculous indeed, who takes a world of pains in the formation of a sentence which cannot possibly answer the most inconsiderable end. Upon the whole, if we cannot attain a style in literary composition without tediousness or tautology; if we are forced to load every period with an unnecessary weight of words, merely to give our sentiments a little air of smoothness and order; I think it would in general be advisable if we avoided an acquaintance with pen and ink; though, at any rate, a plain little frock will become us infinitely better than a tawdry fantastic coat covered entirely with tinsel, and marking us out to the world as a ridiculous compound of affectation and inability.

Nº CXXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

IT is now above four years since the Babler first presumed to solicit the attention of the public; and during that period he has been happily favoured with a reception which, while it does the highest honour to the generosity of his readers, impresses the most lively sense of gratitude upon his heart: yet this encouragement he has not vanity to ascribe, even by implication, to the account of superior abilities; on the contrary, he is

humble enough to confess a consciousness, that the rectitude of his intentions in the cause of virtue has been the principal basis of his success; and is satisfied that he owes his little reputation more to the uprightness of his design than to the extent of his understanding; yet, upon recollection, he is not sure but he betrays a greater share of self-sufficiency, even in his humility, than if he had laid the most arrogant pretension

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to parts: the world, however, has it's forms, and those forms should be constantly complied with where they are neither ridiculous nor criminal; therefore, though a well-meaning mind may be reckoned among the first of all the human qualifications, still, as it is a qualification which every body has it in his power to possess, a man cannot be said to raise himself insolently above his neighbours, when he claims no more than what he willingly allows to the meanest of them all.

The kindness of the public having now put it in my power to make a tolerable selection from my various papers, and the marriage of my nephew, with whom I reside, having considerably lessened the necessary time which should be devoted to the conduct of a weekly essay; I propose taking leave of my readers in the present number, with an observation or two upon the nature of periodical publication, and an excuse for the evident disparity which must be constantly expected in productions of this kind. The generality of writers, when they undertake to amuse the world upon a plan of this nature, imagine that, because a paper or two may be struck off with a happy facility, a thousand may be composed with an equal degree of readiness; and never once doubt, while the world continues in good humour with these works, but what they will be able to go on with an unceasing variety of subjects, and an unabating fervor of inclination. The novelty of the undertaking, however, is scarcely worn off, before the mind, with that lassitude which it feels in a constant application to all it's other pursuits, flags under the weight of study and fatigue, and anxiously wishes to be disengaged; it sickens at the oppressive tax which it has thus laid upon it's own enjoyments; and was it not for a secret fear that the discontinuance of it's toil would be attributed, not to an impatience of constraint, but to a want of abilities, many of our most celebrated essayists would have soon relinquished their task, and consulted their convenience, even before the instruction of the world, and the establishment of their reputations.

There is scarcely a walk of literature which is reckoned so easy, or which in fact is so difficult, as this species of periodical publication. In every other stile of composition, a writer may display

his abilities on that particular subject with which he is most intimately acquainted, and may raise a considerable share of character by expatiating on such topics as are most immediately agreeable to his imagination: besides this, he may allow himself what time he thinks proper for the perfection of his works; and is never confined, by a want of room, from delivering himself fully upon the minutest point of speculation. But the case is far otherwise with the unfortunate essayist; the miscellaneous nature of his undertaking forces him to furnish a variety of subjects, and obliges him to enter upon numberless discussions, which require not only a general knowledge of the world, but are often repugnant to his inclination: nor do the inconveniencies under which he labours rest here; under an indispensable necessity of publishing on a particular day, whether he is either at leisure or in health, unembarrassed in his situation or undisturbed in his mind, he must go on, and even compromise his thoughts within such a compass as may suit the convenience of his printer. Before he can well begin, the scanty limits of his paper renders it necessary to conclude; and his whole essay must be contained in a quantity of words which is scarcely sufficient to serve for an introduction.

I do not mention these matters by any means to enhance the merit of my performance, but to apologize in reality for it's faults. A reader who does not consider how an essayist is circumstanced, will often have opportunity to animadvert upon his productions with the greatest severity; he will find many subjects handled with little knowledge, and others discussed with less force; his good-nature must therefore mitigate the harshness of his criticism; and he must never pronounce upon the work without considering the situation of the author. When I first began to make a selection from the various papers which have appeared under the title of the BABLER, I was in reality astonished at the intolerable dulness of a number which I committed to the flames; and could not help admiring the goodness of the world, which, for the sake of a few, I hope not altogether unworthy the regard of a good man, could patiently put up with such heaps of stupidity. The more I considered the generosity of the public, the more I was encouraged to go on with my

my selection. The same candour which I experienced when I appeared periodically, I flattered myself would attend the publication of a volume or two; especially when, by weeding out the most insufferable papers, I had in some measure rendered myself less undeserving of the general protection: such of my readers, therefore, as may not be ashamed to see me in their libraries, have now an opportunity of buying me in volumes. Yet, greatly as I have been encouraged by the public, the purchasers of

OWEN'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE

will have occasion to be pleased at my declining to labour any longer in their service, as a gentleman of *real* genius

is to fill up the column which I have enjoyed in that paper, with an essay, intituled,

THE WISDOM OF THE WEEK;

OR, A

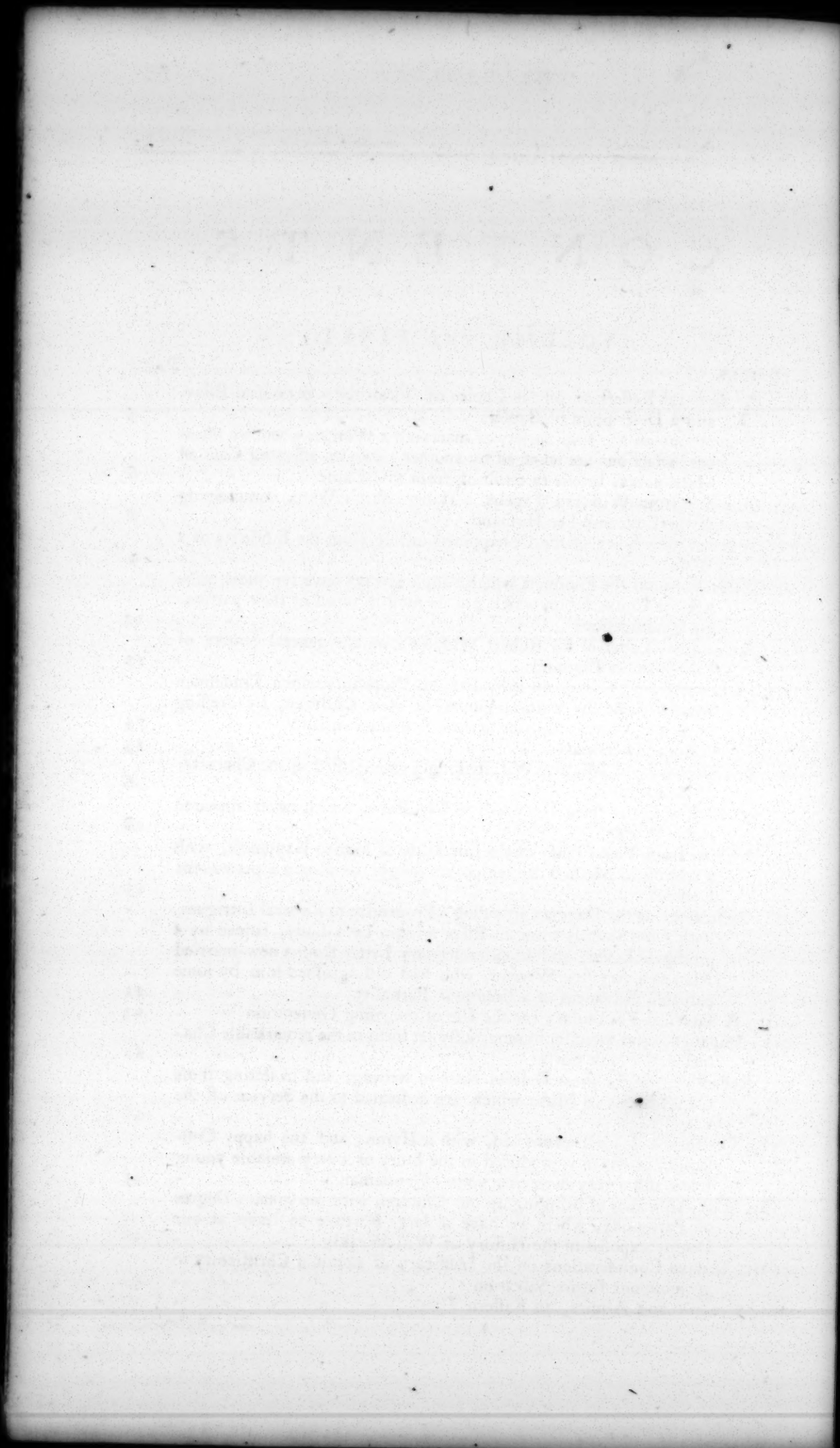
REGISTER OF PUBLIC ABSURDITIES:

in which I doubt not but they will find infinitely more entertainment. Occasionally, I shall request the author to favour me with a place; for though my engagements will not allow me to write without intermission, I shall embrace every opportunity of assuring the ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto honoured me with their protection, that I am, with the greatest gratitude and respect, their most devoted humble servant,

THE BABLER.

: B

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